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**OCTOBER 1993**

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**MICROFILMED**  
**August 1993 - April 1994**

**BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA**  
**SCRAPBOOK MICROFILMING PROJECT**

**Funded in part by**

**THE NATIONAL ENDOWMENT FOR THE**  
**HUMANITIES**

**Grant No. PS-20709-93**



## **BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA MICROFILMING PROJECT**

**A COOPERATIVE PROJECT BETWEEN THE BOSTON SYMPHONY  
ORCHESTRA ARCHIVES AND THE BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY  
(AUGUST 1993 - APRIL 1994)**

**This microfilming project includes two collections of scrapbooks housed in two separate repositories. The first set of scrapbooks (80 volumes) resides within the Allen A. Brown Collection in the Music Department of the Boston Public Library (BPL). Their call number is \*\*M.125.5. The second set of scrapbooks (132 volumes) resides within the Boston Symphony Orchestra (BSO) Archives' Press Clippings collection. They have the designation Pres 56.**

**The BPL scrapbooks begin with the founding of the BSO in 1881 and continue, through 79 seasons, to 1960. Articles consist mainly of reviews and feature stories from Boston and New York newspapers. Occasionally, magazine articles and press releases are also included. The scrapbooks cover most aspects of the BSO.**

**The BSO scrapbooks run from 1889, the Orchestra's 9th season, to 1973. In addition to local reviews and features, the volumes contain articles culled from national and international publications. The scrapbooks document, in detail, all aspects of the BSO: The Symphony Orchestra (including subscription concerts, tours, and trips), the Boston Pops, the Tanglewood Festival, the Tanglewood Music Center, and Symphony Hall.**

**The two sets of scrapbooks have been filmed as two separate entities. Researchers wanting to look at specific seasons or subjects must examine both sets of films to ensure full coverage.**

**The scrapbooks do not represent the complete holdings of either location on the subject of the BSO.**

**Requests for positive microfilm copies of individual rolls, or of film sets, should be directed to the respective repositories.**

**Music Department  
Boston Public Library  
P. O. Box 286  
Boston, MA 02117**

**Boston Symphony Orchestra Archives  
Symphony Hall  
Boston, MA 02115**



\*\*M.125

.5

## BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

### SCRAPBOOKS

1881-1882 TO 1959-1960

1181-18 to 1915-16 compiled by Allen A. Brown

1916-17 to 1937-38 compiled by Mary A. Brown

1938-39 to 1959-60 compiled by the Music Department

These scrapbooks contain reviews of concerts, articles concerning the Symphony, its players and conductors, interviews with soloists and composers, occasional letters and notes, an occasional autograph, ticket stubs, pictures of conductors, the Symphony, soloists and composers, and caricatures.

In the scrapbooks compiled by Mr. Brown, it is possible to find articles or reviews pasted on a program which does not have the same date. Mr. Brown used multiple copies of programs for his scrapbook "fillers;" the fillers have no relation to the articles pasted on them. The fillers may be partially to completely covered.

These scrapbooks do not contain the complete programs. For the complete program, the researcher must consult either the hard copies found in either the Boston Symphony Archives or the Boston Public Library's Music Department or the microfilm of programs published by KTO Microform (Millwood, New York) and dating from the 1881-82 season through the 1974-75 season.

Generally, one volume represents one Symphony season; the volume and season should therefore match. Depending upon the compiler and the clippings available, some reviews and articles may be found concerning the Promenade Concerts, Boston Pops, the Berkshire Music Festival and Tanglewood.

The Music Department of the Boston Public Library does maintain other materials concerning the Boston Symphony Orchestra in other scrapbooks and files. Please consult with the Music Librarian for these materials.



VOLUMES 22-25

1902-03 TO 1905-06

# TECHNICAL DATA

IMAGE PLACEMENT: IA IB IIA **IIB**

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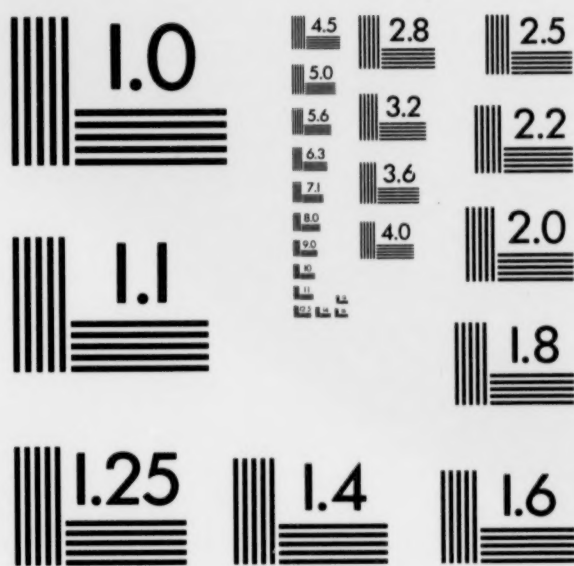
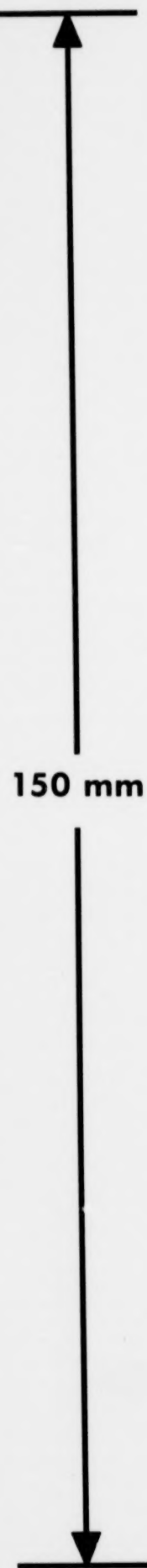
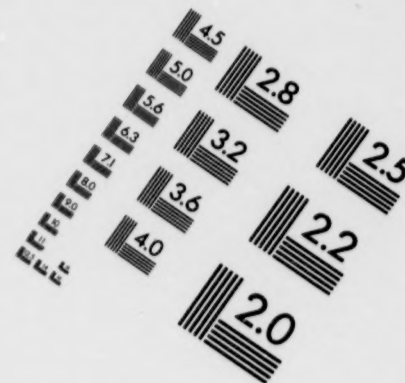
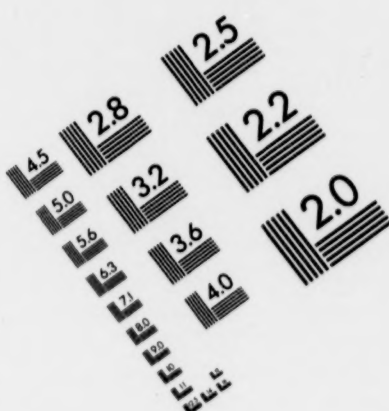
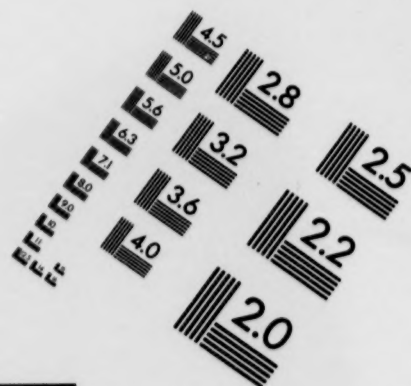
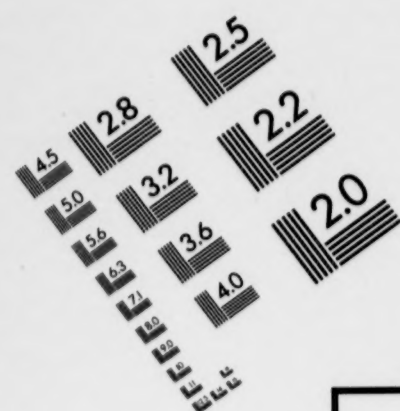
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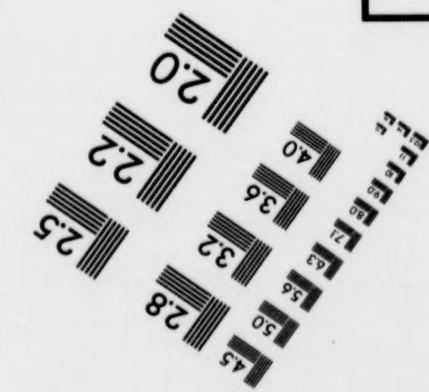
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AND OVERLAPPING  
MATERIAL**

# VOLUME 22

1902-1903





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NEW YORK



THE PUBLIC LIBRARY OF THE CITY OF BOSTON.

THE ALLEN A. BROWN COLLECTION.

\*\*M 125.5 vol. 22







BOSTON  
SYMPHONY  
ORCHESTRA



SEASON

✻ 1902 — 1903. ✻

PROGRAMMES AND COMMENTS  
COMPILED BY

ALLEN A. BROWN



1197  
L. S. Spence, Inc.

M. 125.5 vol. 22  
 Allen A. Benson  
 June 15, 1903

# Index

Composer	Name of Work	Date of Performance
Albert, Eug. d'	Ouv. to "The Ruby"	Nov. 29. 1902
Arensky	Intro. to "Nala + Damayanti"	Jan. 24. 1903
Bach, J.S.	Ouv. No. 2 in B minor Concert in A min. Violin + Orch. <u>Franz Kneisel</u>	Oct 18. 1902 Dec 6. 1902
Beethoven	Symphony No 1. op 21 " " 3 " 55 " " 4 " 60 " " 5 " 67 Concerto Violin + Orch. op 61 <u>Hugo Hermann</u> Concerto No 5 Piano + Orch. op 73 <u>Fredric Lamond</u> Ouv. Leonora No 2. op 72 " " " 3 " Andante Cantabile from op 97 Rec. + aria "To Hope" op 94 <u>Anton van Rooy</u>	Apr 25. 1903 Dec 6. 1902 Nov 15. " Feb. 14. 1903 Feb 28 " Nov 1. 1902 Oct 18. 1902 March 1. 1903 Jan 31. " Nov 22. 1902
Berlioz	Ouv. "Roman Carnival" op 9 " "Les Francs Juges" " 3 Two Three Movements from Romeo + Juliet op 17 Two " " "	Oct 25. 1902 Dec 6. " Dec 27 " Feb 7. 1903
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Borodin	"On the Steppes of Central Asia" op 7	Apr 20. 1903
Brahms J.	Symphony No 1. op 68 " " 3 " 90 "Hungarian Dances" for orch. Concerto for Violin + Orch. op 77 <u>Miss Maud Macarthy</u>	Dec 27. 1902 Nov 1. " Jan 24. 1903 Nov 15. 1902



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Convers F.S.	"Endymion's Narrative" op 10.	Apr 11. 1903
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Elgar, Edw	"Sea Pictures" 5 songs with orch. op 37 <u>Mad. Kirkby Lunn</u>	Jan 3. 1903
Fibich	Ouv. "A night at Karlstein" op 26	Jan 31. 1903
Foot, Arthur	Suite in D min: op 26 for orch:	March 28. 1903
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German, E.	"Love the Pedlar" with orch. <u>Miss Ada Crossley</u>	Apr 26. 1903
Giovanni	Aria "Caro mio ben" <u>Miss Ada Crossley</u>	Apr 26. 1903
Gluck	Ouv. "Iphigenia in Aulis"	Apr 18. 1903
Goldmark B.	"Chorus of Spirits, Spirit Dance" for orch from Merlin	Jan 10. 1903
Gounod, Ch	Stances from "Tappho" <u>Mad. Kirkby Lunn</u>	Jan 3. 1903
Guilmant	Symphony for organ + orch. op 42 <u>Mr Wallace Goodrich</u>	Apr 11. 1903

Hahn R.	"Paysage" with Piano <u>Miss Ada Crossley</u>	Apr 26. 1903
Handel	"Largo" for Violins, Harp, orch, + organ organ, <u>Mr Wallace Goodrich</u>	Apr 26. 1903
Haydn J.	Symphony Bth. No 10 in D maj: "The Chase" "D"	Dec 20. 1902 Feb 28. 1903
Huber, Hans	Symphony No 2. op 115	Oct 25. 1902
Liszt, Fr.	"Dante Symphony" with Orchestra and Chorus Symphonic Poem "Parso" "March of the Three Holy Kings" from "Christus" Concerto No 1 in E flat Piano + orch <u>Mr Mark Hambourg</u>	May 2. 1903 Dec 6. 1902 " 20 " Jan 24. 1903
Litolff	Ouv. "King Lear" for orch	Apr 11. 1903
Loeffler C.M.	"Two Poems" for orch:	Jan 3. 1903
Mackenzie & C.	Suite for Violin + Orch. op 42 "Pibroch" <u>T. Adamowski</u>	Jan 31. 1903
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Marsé	"L'Oiseau s'en vole la bas" <u>Mr Chas. Gilibert</u>	Apr 4. 1903
Massenet	"Pensée d'Automne" <u>Mr Chas. Gilibert</u> "Les Larmes" with Piano <u>Miss Ada Crossley</u>	Apr 4. 1903 Apr 26. 1903
Mendelssohn	Symphony "Italian" op 9 Ouv. "Holy Bless" op 95	Nov 22. 1903 Apr 25. + 4



Mozart	Symphony in C maj. with Fugue finale " D maj. K. 504 Aria " Il mio tesoro with orch. Mr Ben. Davies	Jan 24. 1903 Mch 28 " Apr 11 "
Parker, Horatio	Concerto for Organ & Orch. op 55 Horatio Parker	Dec 27. 1902
Raff J.	Symp. No. 5 "Leonore" op 117	Apr 18. 1903
Reinhold, Hugo	"Prelude, Minuet & Fugue" for strings op 16	Apr 4. 1903
Rimsky-Korsakoff	Ouv. "The Betrothed of the Czar"	Nov 15. 1902
Rossini	Ouv. to William Tell	Apr 26. 1903
Rubinstein, A.	Symphony No 2. "Ocean" op 42 Concerto No. 2 op 96 Cello & orch Miss Elsa Ruegger	Jan 3. 1903 Oct 25. 1902
Saint-Saens E.	Symphonic Poem "Onphalo" op 30 " " "Dance Macabre" Septet in E flat op 65 Piano - Miss Gzumowka Concerto op 33. Cello & orch Mr Alwin Schroeder Concerto No 2 for Piano & orch. Miss Gzumowka	Oct 26. 1902 Apr 26. 1903 Mch 1. 1903 Jan 10. 1903 Mch 28. 1903
Schubert F.	Symphony in C No. 9 Ouv. in E minor Fantasia in F min: for 4 vocal parts & orch op 103 " C maj. Piano & orch op 15 Raoul Pugno	Mch 3. 1903 Feb 28. " Nov 29. 1902 Oct 18 "
Schumann R.	Symphony No 2. op 61 " " 3 " 97 " Overture, Scherzo & Finale" op 52 " to Genereva" op 81	Nov 29. 1902 Feb 7. 1903 Apr 4. " Jan 10 "

Schumann R.	Concerto in A min op 54 Piano & orch " Mine Fanny Bloomfield-Leisler	Feb 14. 1903
Smetana	Symp. Poem "Richard the Third"	Apr 25. 1903
Strauss, Joh	Waltz "Wine, Women & Song" for orch.	Apr 26. 1903
Schumann G.	Ouv. "Dawn of Love" op 28	Mch 14. 1903
Strauss, Rich:	Tone Poem "Don Juan" " " "Death & Transfiguration" Burleske in D min: Piano & orch Mr Heinrich Gebhard Song "Allerseelen" with Piano Miss Ada Crossley	Nov 1. 1902 Feb 7. 1903 Apr 18. " Apr 26. 1903
Suk, Joseph	Suite op 16. "A Fairy Tale"	Nov 29. 02
Svendsen	"Carnival at Paris" op 9. for orch.	Mch 29. 1902
Tanneier	Ouv: "The Orestia" op 6	Feb 14. 1903
Thomas A. G.	Aria "O vision entrancing" with orch Ben Davies	Apr 11. 1903
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Wagner R.	"Kaiser march" for orch: Intro. & Love Death "Tristan" "A Siegfried Idyl" Excerpts from "Siegfried" & "Götterdämmerung" A Faust overture "Wotan's Farewell & Fire Chorus" Walkyrie Anton van Rooy	Nov 1. 1902 Jan 3. 1903 Feb 14. " Mch 1 " " 7 " Nov 22. 1902



Weberlin

"Mennet d'Exaudet" with Piano  
 "Jeunes Filles"  
 Mr Chas. Gilibut

Apr 4. 1903

Widor C.M.

Choral & Var. for Harp & Orch. op 74  
 Mr Heinrich Schuecker

Feb 28. 1903

Weingartner J.

Symph. Poem "The Elysian Fields" op 21

Mch 7. 1903

Weber C.M. &amp; M.

Overture to "Oberon"

May 2. 1903

Wieniawski

Fantasia on Faust for Violin & Orch.  
 Adolf Bak

Apr 25. 1903

Willeby C.

"Four leaf clover" with Piano  
 Miss Ada Crossley

Apr 26. 1903

Withinsky

Symphony in D min.

Apr 4. 1903

### Soloists

#### Piano

Bloomfield-Zeisel, Fanny  
 Gebhard, Heinrich  
 Hamburg, Mark  
 Lamond, Frederic  
 Pugno, Raoul  
 Randolph, Harold  
 Tzumowski, Mad.  
 " " "

Feb 14. 1903

Apr 18 " "

Jan 24 " "

Nov 1. 1902

Oct 18 " "

Dec 20 " "

Mch 1. 1903

" 28 " "

#### Violinists

Adamowski J.  
 Bak, Adolf  
 Heermann, Hugo  
 Kneisel, Franz  
 MacCarthy, Miss Mand

Jan 31. 1903

Apr 26. " "

Feb 28 " "

Dec 6. 1902

Nov 15. " "

### Violoncello

Ruegger, Miss Elsa  
 Schroeder, Alwin

Oct 25. 1902

Mch 28. 1903

### Harp

Schuecker, Heinrich

Feb 28. 1903

### Organ

Goodrich, Wallace  
 Parker, Horatio

Apr 11 + 26 1903

Dec 27. 1902

### Vocalists

Crosley, Miss Ada  
 Davies, Ben  
 Gilibut, Charles  
 Lunn, Miss Kirkby  
 Rooy, Anton van

Apr 26. 1903

Apr 11 " "

" 4 " "

Jan 3 " "

Nov 22 1902

a Female Chorus for the last  
 Concert

### Conductor

Wilhelm Gericke

Jan. 3 10	Dec. 27 9	Dec. 20 8	Dec. 6 7	Nov. 29 6	Nov. 22 5	Nov. 15 4	Nov. 1 3	Oct. 25 2	Oct. 18 1
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**SYMPHONY HALL**  
BOSTON  
HUNTINGTON &  
MASSACHUSETTS AVE.

**BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA**

CONDUCTOR -  
**MR. WILHELM GERICKE**

**CONCERTS:**  
**SATURDAY EVENINGS AT 8 O'CLOCK**  
**TWENTY-SECOND SEASON, 1902-1903**

Feb. 7 14	Jan. 31 13	Jan. 24 12	Jan. 10 11
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15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
Feb. 14	Feb. 28	Mar. 7	Mar. 14	Mar. 28	Apr. 4	Apr. 11	Apr. 18	Apr. 25	May 2

**RIGHT**

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# SPECIAL NOTICE.

The owner of this ticket will please write name and address on the lines below as an aid to its recovery in case of loss.

NAME

Allen et. Brown

ADDRESS

P.O. Box 1802  
Boston, Mass

This ticket must be presented to the door-keeper at every performance. Persons neglecting to bring tickets will be admitted to the hall only by purchasing an evening ticket.

## Boston Symphony Orchestra

For the twenty-second time, the musical public of Boston and vicinity are expectantly awaiting the announcement of the soloists to appear during the coming season with the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The true enthusiast finds ample satisfaction in the orchestra itself which, notably in an organization like the Boston Symphony Orchestra, is simply an assembly of soloists merging their individualities into one complete composite. But so many patrons enjoy the added feature of a solo performer, the management provides as strong and attractive a list as can be secured, and this season it is quite in keeping both with the orchestra and the record of past seasons.

The simple announcement of Madame Melba as easily the first in importance is all-sufficient, with the added assurance that it will be her only appearance in Boston in concert. Madame Schumann-Heink is, like Madame Melba, too well-known and too great a favorite to need extended exploiting. A new comer is Madame Kirkby Lunn, the English contralto, fresh from a season's triumph at the famous Royal Opera, Covent Garden, London. Of her remarkable success there the London Times says: "The phenomenal voice with which Mme. Kirkby Lunn is gifted is truly a marvel, showing, as it does, a quality, volume, and range that encompasses the profundity of Wagner's Ortrud with the same apparent ease and graceful indifference that justifies her in undertaking, and with such a large measure of success, the leading prima donna role in Bizet's 'Carmen.'" The Telegraph refers to her as having "long been the bright particular star of a large section of London concert-goers, who view her final 'arrival' with unmixed sympathy."

For instrumentalists, the return of Madame Fanny Bloomfield-Zeisler, after an absence of three years, will be most heartily welcomed by all in recollection of her splendid virtuosity as a pianist. Another new comer is Miss Maud MacCarthy, the youthful Irish violinist. That her artistic career abroad has been most brilliant is evidenced by the following excerpts from the English press. The London Times says: "Miss Maud MacCarthy's place among the first violinists of the day is being rapidly established, and the time cannot now be long before she is universally recognized as one of the greatest and most thoroughly artistic players before the public." While "Black and White" adds the following: "Miss Maud MacCarthy can with more truth be described as an artist than nine-tenths of the musicians who are dignified by that title. At her concert on the 3d instant she played two important works—a sonata in C minor by Beethoven and Brahms' sonata in A major. Both were distinguished by intense artistic feeling, thoroughly controlled, and, as regards technique, the greatest facility."

Miss Elsa Ruegger, the Belgian violoncellist who three years since made her

Boston debut with the orchestra, has since that time, although now but twenty years of age, won added reputation and a position among the greatest virtuosi of the age. She has had the honor of twice playing before the emperor and empress of Germany since her appearance here. First among the men soloists is the basso, Mr. Anton von Rooy, whose magnificent work as a leading exponent of Wagner's operatic school while a member of the Metropolitan Opera Company will long be remembered. He stands quite unsurpassed and unique among his associates. Another most charming singer, always welcome and absolutely sure to satisfy, is Mr. Ben Davies.

Mr. Raoul Pugno makes his Boston debut in this series of concerts as the soloist of the first performance. Of an Italian father and a Lorraine mother, born at Montrouge, France, rightly claims the honor of being his country. His artistic triumphs in Berlin, Vienna, Paris and London, were of the most sensational kind, and to reproduce his press notices would require a book of considerable dimensions. He is not only an artist and virtuoso, but he is a composer and authority on musical matters. He is honorary professor of the Paris Conservatoire of Music, the only one who can claim such distinction. The Government of the French republic decorated him with the Cross of the Legion of Honor, and similar honors were conferred on him by the courts of Italy, Spain, Holland and Turkey.

A new comer is Mr. Frederic Lamond, a native of Glasgow, and in this connection it is of interest to note the extent and variety of countries from which the soloists are drawn. Australia, England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, Germany, France, Belgium, Poland and the United States, all send their representatives to the musical Mecca of America. A pupil of both Liszt and Von Bülow, Mr. Lamond by his score of successes at home and on the Continent has only this country to conquer to complement his career.

Mr. Harold Randolph, director of the famous Peabody Conservatory of Music in Baltimore, who has already earned a place among leading pianists by his success with the orchestra elsewhere, will be heard early in the season. The deserved popularity of Messrs. Kniesel, Schroeder and Adamowski with Boston Symphony patrons is the best possible reason for strengthening an already imposing list by the addition of their names.

The sale of season tickets for the twenty-four Friday afternoon public rehearsals will be held at Symphony Hall on Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 29 and 30, and for the twenty-four Saturday evening concerts on Thursday and Friday, Oct. 2 and 3. All sales begin at 10 A. M. and continue through the day.

Sept. 1902



## Boston Symphony Orchestra

If one wished to condense a description of the Boston Symphony Orchestra into a single expression, perhaps the most apt to be found would be the word "unique." This organization is unique in its founder who, asking no governmental subsidy after the manner of foreign musical institutions, has had for twenty-one years the courage of his conviction that the public wanted and would support an orchestra presenting good music in the best way. It is unique in its absolute adherence to careful and repeated rehearsals with which no other engagements must in any way interfere, and in sparing no expense to secure the best performers in the world. It stands absolutely alone in the total number of concerts given, for early in the coming season the 2000th mark will be passed, indisputable proof that in instrumental work the Boston Symphony Orchestra is making the musical history of America. Considering its years, it has the record for the least number of changes in its personnel, and can justly claim an unsurpassed esprit de corps.

Its present abiding place, the new and beautiful Symphony Hall, was erected especially for it, a voluntary tribute from hundreds of its staunchest friends at home. Engagements outside the field of distinctly concert work are frequently and steadily declined, in adherence to its creed, which is "A permanent orchestra maintained solely for concert purposes." Its field of usefulness covers ten cities outside of Boston, including a series of ten concerts at Harvard University, and there is a consistent and justifiable pride in the generous and unswerving loyalty of its clientele in each and every city visited.

In its ranks can be found a variety of admirable smaller organizations, notably two string quartets of highest standing, an absolutely unique organization of wind instruments, soloists with standard reputations, and composers whose works have been accorded highest honors, both at home and abroad.

When en route, the most careful attention is paid to its comfort and convenience. Long exhausting journeys and night rides are avoided, and ignoring all commercial advantages, only one performance a day is the inviolable rule. Whenever extraordinary orchestration of a work calls for novel and rarely used instruments, special musicians are always engaged, thus avoiding the too-prevalent doubling of performers, which weakens the department from which this special player is temporarily borrowed. And so one could go on at great length, recounting the features peculiar to this organization which justify its claim to the word "unique."

The twenty-second season, and the third in the new hall, opens on Oct. 18, 1902, and closes on May 2, 1903. There will be the usual twenty-four Friday afternoon public rehearsals and twenty-four Saturday evening concerts. Five trips to New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia and Baltimore will be made in the weeks of Nov. 3-8, Dec. 8-13, Jan. 12-17, Feb. 16-21 and March 16-21,

and during these weeks the Boston concerts will be omitted. Mr. Wilhelm Gericke will begin his tenth year as conductor, five seasons representing his first régime from 1884 to 1889. No more favorable comment can be offered than this decade of devotion to high ideals, with the inevitable resultant of a satisfied public.

Patrons of the concerts by this organization will read with interest the announcement of the auction sales of season tickets, which will be held in Symphony Hall. The sale of tickets for the twenty-four Friday afternoon public rehearsals will be on Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 29 and 30, and for the twenty-four Saturday evening concerts on Thursday and Friday, Oct. 2 and 3. All these sales will begin at 10 A. M. and continue throughout the day, as usual. Admission to the second balcony at twenty-five cents each for the Friday afternoon public rehearsals only will be under the same rule which proved so practical and satisfactory last year. The Huntington avenue entrance will be opened at one o'clock precisely before the performance on each Friday afternoon, and exactly 505 people, which is the capacity of the second balcony, will be admitted. Another rule which has proved a marked success, that of allowing no standees whatever in the hall, will again be enforced.

In due season further details as to soloists, the works to be performed, with a list of novelties, and other interesting information will be published. The usual indications to be relied upon at this early date promise the same complete sale of every seat in the house which has obtained for the past two years.

Can we have coal and symphony concert seats, too, this winter? That's the two-horned dilemma present in the minds of many heads of families just now, and they have not much time to turn the question over and to discover what their neighbors are going to do before making a decision, as during next week the four regulation sales take place, after which there's little opportunity to secure them first hand. One best seat for the entire season, shorn of premiums, costs just a bit less than a ton of coal at today's prices; two seats cost almost as much as two tons, reason some proprietors of families while others construct the "example" converse, but all arrive at the same conclusion, namely, that whereas faith is yet strong and firm in a coming circumvention of the schemes which withhold our coal and that whereas symphony concerts are among the necessities of a life in Boston, tickets for them must be bought. So when the auctioneer spreads his canvas on the stage at Symphony Hall next Monday morning and waves his own peculiar baton the response will be as prompt and fulsome as it ever has been.

# \$305

## Premium Paid on Symphony Seat.

## Spirited Bidding by the Agents.

The \$12 seats for the Friday afternoon public rehearsals of the Symphony Orchestra were sold at auction at Symphony Hall, beginning at 10 a.m. today, and the average premiums were fully up to the best prices of last year.

A premium of \$305 was the record for the day.

The same familiar faces of society leaders and the squad of ticket speculators were early in evidence, and as the morning progressed the number of ladies increased.

In A row, the highest premium was \$26.50 for three seats in the middle, and the lowest was \$11.50 for seats at the side.

C. S. Saunders took four good ones at a premium of \$15.

The lowest premium for seats in B was \$12.50.

For seat 18, the same speculator who bought the highest price seats in A paid \$34.

Mrs. J. L. Gardner arrived at about 11 a.m., and, after sitting downstairs a few moments, proceeded to her favorite eyrie in the first balcony to view what was going on.

She stayed but a few moments, however, and drove away in her coupe alone.

In E the premiums jumped above \$50.

Seats 14, 15, 16, and 19 went at \$50.50 to a ticket broker. Mr. Anderson of the Metropolitan Coal Co. got four seats in F cheap at \$16.

In G a leap of \$10 to \$20 was easily taken, and 17 and 18 brought \$73.

In H the lowest premium was \$20, paid by a speculator, who got a bargain by taking the end seats and thus securing an option of three in the next row.

UP TO \$200.

There was spirited bidding over 17 H. The price went by \$5 leaps to \$200. The contest was apparently between two agents, and the man who got it took the next two at the same price, and as one of the three was across the line he got the next four at \$55.

The contest between the same two men was duplicated over seats 17 and 18 I, and the price was bid up to \$305, the same agent securing it and taking the next two, as in the previous contest.

He also bought the next three at \$69.

The record premium paid in any year is \$330, which was paid several years ago for a seat in this same locality.

Last year's highest was \$225.

It is rumored that the \$305 seats were bought for Mrs. Gardner. S. L. Brackett, the artist, got two seats in the same row next to the \$69 ones at only \$50.

## A PREMIUM OF \$305

Highest Paid at Symphony Auction

Three Seats in Row I Bought by a Broker

Record Premiums for the Present Hall

Other Prices of the Morning Unusually Good

For the first time since the present Symphony Hall has been built, bidding at the auction sale of seats for the Friday afternoon rehearsals this morning reached the \$300 mark. Three seats in row I, numbered 17, 18 and 19, on the centre aisle, were knocked down to Mr. Pratt, a ticket broker, for a \$305 premium. Since the premium must be paid on each seat, plus the regular price of \$12, these three seats cost their present owner \$951. Who that owner is could not be discovered, but rumor had it (as it invariably does when the highest Symphony premium is paid) that the one behind the broker was Mrs. J. L. Gardner. Mr. Pratt paid also the next highest premium of the morning, \$200, for the three corresponding seats in row H. The six seats, practically together, cost him no less than \$1597. There were no other premiums in the morning that approached even this lower figure, which, indeed, is only \$25 less than the high-water mark of last year. The record of the year before was \$280, brought at the first sale in the new hall, largely for the honor of purchasing the first seat. Today's record, in fact, comes within \$75 of the highest paid in the whole history of Boston Symphony concerts.

Mr. Pratt's bid on the seats in row H was the first exciting incident of a sale that had progressed in a rapid, business-like manner for more than two hours, with good premiums that promised a satisfactory return in the long run. The highest up to that time had been \$59.50, for three seats on the left-hand aisle of row G. Three seats in row H had just been knocked down for \$37, when the auctioneer called out number 17. The bidding was started at \$40 by a gentleman in the middle of the hall, and was at once taken up by Mr. Pratt from his station with the other brokers at the left near the platform. Both were eager bidders, and knew their minds. The auctioneer sent the figure up by ten-dollar jumps as quickly as he could move his wand and catch the nods of the contestants. The price reached \$200 before people had caught their breath, and there the gentlemen in the middle of the hall balked, for it seemed very evident that



Mr. Pratt was bound to purchase at any price. Of the three seats which he took, two were on one side of the aisle and one was on the other. This blocked off excessive bidding on the seats immediately succeeding, all four of which Mr. Pratt took quietly for the normal premium of \$55.

The premiums fell down for the rest of the row from \$53 to \$20 at the end, and people thought they had seen the highest bidding of the morning. Row I, starting out at \$20, worked up gradually to an even \$50 for numbers 13, 14, 15 and 16. This left 17 the next seat—a situation exactly like that in the preceding row—and out of a confusion of bids at first the same two bidders emerged for the same contest. Only this time they did not stop at \$200; the figures went rapidly upwards until finally \$300 was offered by the gentleman in the middle of the hall. Mr. Pratt nodded to the auctioneer's "\$305" with decision, and his opponent for a second time gave in. By naming his former choice of three seats, Mr. Pratt easily obtained the succeeding three at \$69.

In the next row seat 17 had been reserved by the management of the concerts, but 18 and 19—the other two of the combination—brought \$95. In row G (immediately in front of the seats which brought \$200) numbers 17 and 18 were sold for \$73, and 19 and 20 for \$68. In row K the numbers 17, 18 and 19 went for \$77; but in row L Mr. Pratt had no difficulty in taking in the aisle seats 17 and 18 for \$39.

The other premiums varied from \$20 to \$50 and a little more, the majority of the larger premiums being paid by the brokers. Mr. Herrick also bought numbers of seats with smaller premiums; the greater part of those at the ends of each row, in fact, were purchased by him. He would often bid in the final seat of a row and then take with it (at the same premium) the first three of the next row back. He would usually follow this up by bidding in the next four or six. For most of these he paid premiums varying from \$20 to \$25. Mr. Connelly was the first man to bid above \$50, going 50 cents over that figure for four seats in row E.

The lowest price paid during the morning was for the first seat sold, number 1 in row A—the same seat which two years ago brought \$280, and last year went for \$20. The highest in this row (which is not, of course, among the most desirable) was \$26.50, for number 14. Thirty-four dollars was the highest price in row B, and \$33.50 in row C. In this row General W. W. Blackmar purchased four seats in the centre at a premium of \$27.

The auction was stopped for an intermission at half-past one, and the sale was taken up again at two o'clock. It was planned to continue until all the \$12 seats (the majority in the hall) had been sold. The sale for the \$7.50 seats for the rehearsals will begin tomorrow morning at ten o'clock, and the seats for the Saturday evening concerts will be sold on Thursday and Friday at the same time, the \$12 seats first.

## SYMPHONY SEATS AT \$305.

### Mrs. Jack Gardner the Reputed Purchaser of Three.

**Last Season's Prices for the \$12 Rehearsal Seats Generally Exceeded—The Average Premiums Yesterday Ranged from \$17 up—The \$7.50 Seats Go on Sale Today.**

The sale of seats for the coming Symphony concerts was opened in Symphony Hall yesterday morning, and it brought out the usual interested gathering of bidders and spectators.

The day's sale was confined to the \$12 seats for the Friday afternoon rehearsals; the \$7.50 seats for the rehearsals are to be sold today, the \$12 seats for the concerts on Thursday, and the \$7.50 concert seats Friday.

The prices paid averaged very well, while in one instance at least the record price of last year, \$225, was put away in the background by a bid of \$305 for seats 17, 18 and 19 or row I. The seats were purchased by Mr. Pratt, who was one of the heaviest bidders during the morning, and it was rumored, though positive admission was refused, that the seats were bought for Mrs. "Jack" Gardner. The seats which went at that high figure flank the centre aisle and are in the locality for which Mrs. Gardner has shown a decided preference in the past.

The prices at the opening for seats in row A were somewhat above those paid last year. For three seats in the centre a premium of \$26.50 each was paid, while the lowest premium paid for any seat in the row was \$11.50.

Seat 18 in row B was purchased by the same speculator who had purchased the highest-priced seats in row A. The price for the seat was \$34. The cheapest seat sold in the row brought a premium of \$12.50.

In row E seats 14, 15, 16 and 19 brought \$50.50, and from then on the price steadily advanced. Seat 20 in row E dropped off a little to \$47.50; the next three seats went back to \$50, and then, when row G was reached, the price went up to \$73 for seats 17 and 18 and \$68 for seats 19 and 20.

Row H brought out the first really stiff contest. The price for seats 1 and 2 was \$24, but when the centre aisle was approached the price went up, and when Auctioneer Jackson announced seat 17, the second from the end, and started the figure at \$50, the price in no time went up with a jump to over \$100. Mr. Pratt was after the seat, and finally secured it by paying a premium of \$200. He took seats 18 and 19 on both sides of the aisle at the same figure. The next four seats in the same row sold for \$55.

Then followed Mr. Pratt's contest for the seats for which he paid \$305, after which the price dropped back to \$69 for seats 20, 21 and 22, while seats 25, 26, 27 and 28 dropped down to \$57.

In row J the centre aisle seats, 18 and 19, brought \$95, while in row K the same seats went for \$76. Seats 20 and 21 were sold for \$59, while seats 22, 23, 24 and 25 dropped down to \$44. K 28 went at an advance, the price being \$65, and then came a drop back to \$31 for seats 3, 4 and 5 in row L. Seats 8 and 9 brought \$65. Rows M, N and O were sold before recess was announced.

In the afternoon the prices dropped considerably, no high price being reached until row T was reached, when seats 17 and 18 went for \$62.50 each to a speculator. Other high prices in this row were \$46.50, \$43.50 and \$40.50, the average running about \$33.

No high-water figures were struck in row U, \$58 and \$51 being the greatest, with several seats at \$46 and \$41. When row V was begun the sales went about \$32 until seats 17 and 18 were reached, when the price jumped to \$56. On the other aisles two seats sold for \$42 and \$48.

In row W there was a decided falling off, seat 8 selling for \$39, while the average went down to about \$25. This was equally true of row X, when the high seat was only \$30. In row Y a little boom was started, and two seats went up to \$34 and one to \$33.50. In row Z, two seats brought \$36, two \$35, three \$34 and one \$33.50. The lowest seat in this row brought \$18.

There was not much of a boom in row AA, the prices averaging about \$25, but in row BB several seats went over \$30, one bringing \$37. In row CC one seat sold for \$33, while the rest went from \$19 to \$27. The same rule applied to row DD, when one seat was run up to \$33.50, while the lowest went for \$17. In row EE, one sold for \$33 and the rest much lower, and the average price for the rest of the \$12 seats averaged about \$25.

## MORE SYMPHONY SEATS SOLD

**Remaining Rehearsal Tickets (Those Worth \$7.50) Auctioned Off This Morning—Premiums Ranged from \$22.50 to \$5.50, and Speculators Made Few Purchases**

By a little after noon today in Symphony Hall, the last seat for the Friday rehearsals of the Boston Symphony concerts had been sold, terminating a sale which must be extremely gratifying to the managers of the orchestra. This morning the \$7.50 seats were sold by auction, all the \$12 seats (including the major portion of the hall) having been disposed of yesterday. Manager E. R. Comee, when asked this morning about the results of the sale, said that they were entirely satisfactory—almost the same as last year. "A little better in spots," he added as a kind of afterthought; and that these spots must have covered considerable seating space was vouched for by one of the smaller ticket brokers, who sat through the whole of yesterday's auction, from ten in the morning until seven at night, without being able to buy a single seat as low as he could afford to pay. "I've tended out on these sales for years," he said, "and never been whitewashed like that before. I never saw such prices—never a ripple in them, but just steady and heavy all the time."

The high prices of yesterday were not of

course expected today, but the morning's results undoubtedly continued the record established then, and helped foot up a total somewhat greater than that of last year. It was not, like yesterday, an auction where brokers were in on almost every other sale. It was a sale to the music-lovers themselves. Those who sit in the \$7.50 seats at the Symphony concerts are apt to do their own bidding, and save the commission of an agent. Bidding was very different from what it was yesterday, coming this morning from all over the hall, and mostly in women's voices, instead of largely from the broker's little corner at the left. It was less exciting, perhaps, but more amusing, for every now and then an excited little lady would raise her own bid, and the auctioneer, after a glance of half-pitying reproach, would say: "It was your bid before, madam," and continue with his rattle of figures again. Seats were sold, too, less in blocks of three or four, and more by pairs or singly.

Premiums, naturally, did not soar high; nobody who bought could be reckoned as paying any more than the most captious critic could say was his share. Even the highest bid of the morning—\$22.50 for a seat in the centre of row KK—meant only a price of about \$1.25 per concert; and the average price per concert was much lower than this—well under a dollar, indeed. Twelve buyers, who will occupy the last seats on the floor, paid premiums of only \$5.50 on each seat—or \$13 for twenty-four symphony concerts—about fifty cents a performance. The highest prices of the morning were in row KK, the first of the \$7.50 seats on the floor. Row JJ, in front of it, sold yesterday for premiums varying from \$12 to \$15, but nothing in KK today went lower than \$16; and \$17.50 and \$18 were by far the commonest premiums. One seat sold for \$22.50, another for \$21.50, and another for \$20—and these were the only three of the day which rose beyond the 'teens. Seat 15 was bid up on one of the brokers by a young man, who dropped out of the running at \$20, but he was paid back by the same broker on the next seat, by having it unloaded on him at \$19.50. Prices in the next row (LL) dropped a dollar on the average, and in the next (MM), perhaps a little more than a dollar. The next row (NN) held almost the same as MM, but a considerable drop was noticed when OO was reached. Here the almost universal price was \$13. In PP most of the seats sold for \$12.50. In the next row, however, because of the posts in row PP, the prices were more variable. Some seats behind the posts dropped below \$10 premium; two, indeed, going for \$8, but the average was an even \$10. In RR \$7 was the early figure, but it dropped to \$6, and at last to \$5.50. The entire back row of twelve seats went for this latter gradually figure.

Prices went up again, of course, when the balcony was reached. Five rows only were sold here, and these went for prices varying from \$19.50 to one lone seat, taken at the very end of the sale, for \$9.50. Some of the balcony seats last night went for as high as sixty and seventy dollars pre-



mum, and the majority for about twenty-five dollars. The last row before the \$7.50 seats sold at about \$15 or \$18—and this morning row E, just behind it, brought very little more, though the par value was nearly one-half as great. Two seats in this desirable row went for \$15, but the great majority varied from \$19 to \$19.50. In row F the premium dropped about two dollars; in G about one dollar; in H another dollar, and in I \$10 was the favorite premium.

The vening concert seats will be sold by auction in Symphony Hall on Thursday and Friday, under the same conditions as the rehearsal seats.

## LOWER SYMPHONY PREMIUMS

*From: Oct 2, 1902*  
Highest of the Morning at the Auction Sale of Tickets for the Saturday Evening Concerts Was \$34—One Man Got His Seats at a Dollar Premium

If the seats for the Friday afternoon rehearsals of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, sold by auction on Monday, went for higher figures than usual, the increase was somewhat neutralized this morning, when the seats for the regular Saturday evening concerts went for comparatively low prices. By this sign it may be seen that the popularity of the rehearsals, which has been growing for several years, has not yet reached its height. It is a curious fact to note that not long ago the situation was reversed; the high premiums were given for evening tickets, and not for afternoon. This morning the highest bid was \$34, for seats 18 and 19 in row K. These seats (though two rows farther back) correspond with those which went for the record premium of \$305 on Monday. The identical seats which brought that remarkable figure for the rehearsal (17, 18 and 19 in row I), were sold for the concert at a premium of \$20.50; and those just in front, which brought \$200 on Monday, brought only \$29 today.

The sale opened shortly after ten o'clock under exactly the same conditions as on Monday, with all the \$12 seats (the greater part of the floor and first balcony, under the hammer. The first seat, No. 1 in row A, which brought \$11.50 Monday, and marked the lowest price of the sale, went for \$6 today—a sum which turned out to be a fair average price for anywhere in the first few rows. The next seat sold for fifty cents less, and though one in the row went up to \$7, those at the other end went for as low as \$3. Two seats on the left-hand aisle were sold for \$6 to an old man hardly able to totter along, who was obliged to put his hand to his ear to hear what the auctioneer said. It was obvious for what reason he chose row A. The next row, starting out at \$3, went down to \$2.50, strangely enough, when the aisle was reached, and nearer the centre when a man bid \$1 the auctioneer could not get anybody to raise him. Amid a ripple of laughter he called for four seats (the limit

allowed) and fairly ran to the desk to pay out his money. It was the lowest premium of the entire sale, including those on Monday and Tuesday. Even the \$7.50 seats in the extreme rear of the floor (the cheapest sold for the rehearsals) brought \$5.50 at the Tuesday sale, and this lone figure may be laid to the strange chance which sometimes rules at an auction. The four seats thus bought have cost their purchaser just thirteen dollars each—exactly the same as the lowest \$7.50 seat. This makes, as was pointed out at the time the others were sold, a rate of only fifty cents per concert for a season of twenty-four concerts—a price anybody might think himself lucky to pay.

In these two rows the ticket brokers had not made a bid, but in row C they began, Mr. Herrick taking four at a \$5 premium. From that time on they picked up a few here and there until by the time M was reached they were buying in almost whole rows, and the familiar names of Herrick, Connelly and Pratt were heard after many of the sales. In row B one bid had reached \$10, but in row C the prices varied from \$3 to \$9. The highest was \$9.50, and the ten-dollar mark was not passed again until the middle of row D, when two seats (and off the aisle at that) brought \$16. The average for this row was between five and six dollars. For the next row—E—the average jumped to nearer ten dollars, and held there through row F. Herrick bought one seat in this row on the centre aisle for \$22, probably having orders from some customer to buy it in at any cost. In row G prices had improved. The very lowest paid (and this for only two seats) was \$6, and several went for \$19, \$19.50 and \$20. The brokers bought several in this row, and kept increasing in their bids from then on. In H, the premiums varied from \$8 to \$29. In I, the prices held at the satisfactory average of about \$15. In J, the thirty dollar-mark was first passed. The favorite seats (those just off the centre aisle) sold for \$32 on one side and \$32.50 on the other. Those following went for \$23. With the exception of the one premium of \$34 in row K, prices held steadily for the next few rows.

By half-past twelve Row O had been sold out, whereas on Monday at that time the auctioneer was in the middle of Row L. This shows the relative popularity of two performances. The highest premium during that time had just touched and beyond lowest premiums of the Monday sale. Though it is hard to judge of general result, it may be safely estimated that during the early morning at least returns were somewhat less than for year. The highest premiums brought \$41, for several seats in Row L, as against this year's \$34.

At half-past one o'clock a recess of an hour was declared. Tomorrow the seats for the evening performances will be sold.

## SYMPHONY TICKETS IN DEMAND.

The auction sale of tickets for the Symphony concerts was resumed yesterday at Symphony Hall, which was fairly well filled with would-be purchasers, the greater number being women. The tickets on sale were those for the Saturday evening concerts, on the floor, beginning with KK, and in the second balcony. Those on the floor averaged \$8 premium, although a few seats went a trifle higher. When the second balcony seats were called the first set of three in the first row were sold at \$17.50 premium. The first row averaged \$12.50, while two seats in the first row, Nos. 9 and 10, centre, were sold after some lively bidding for \$20, the highest premium paid. The other seats opposite the stage went for \$5.

## SALE OF SYMPHONY SEATS.

Small Attendance of Ticket Buyers Yesterday Morning—Prices Ran Oct. 1, 1902 Very Evenly.

The auction sale of seats for the coming concerts of the Symphony orchestra was continued at Symphony Hall yesterday. There was a very small attendance of ticket buyers, and those who were there were mostly speculators, or those who had orders to fill for their customers.

Yesterday's sale comprised the \$7.50 seats for the Friday public rehearsals, beginning with row KK in the orchestra, and the last five rows in the first balcony. The prices ran very evenly, and only occasionally did some fortunate bidder get a choice seat for a little less than the previous bidder. The largest premium was \$22.50, for a set of seats in KK, while the highest premium offered in the balcony was \$17. The result of the sale was about the same as that of last year.

**Symphony Tickets FOR SALE**  
\$20.00 upwards. MISS GORING, Room 30, Music Hall Building. WFSM[A] 01

## Boston Symphony Orchestra

**AUCTION SALE OF \$12 SEATS FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING CONCERTS AT SYMPHONY HALL (Huntington and Massachusetts Avenues) THIS (Thursday) MORNING, at 10 O'CLOCK, CONTINUING THROUGH THE DAY.**

Auction Sale of \$7.50 Seats for Concerts FRIDAY, Oct. 3 [A]

## Symphony Tickets CONNELLY'S, ADAMS HOUSE

**SYMPHONY ORDERS FULFILLED**  
JOHN R. HEARD, Hotel Touraine  
Write for Diagrams of Symphony Hall.  
10t[A] 22

**Symphony** Season Tickets for sale in all parts of the hall, 40 State Street, Room 53. 2t[A] 02

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At half-past one o'clock a recess of half an hour was declared. Tomorrow the \$7.50 seats for the evening performances will be sold.

## END OF SYMPHONY SALE

The \$7.50 Seats for the Saturday Concerts Were Sold by Auction This Morning—Premiums Averaged Well

By far the largest crowd at any of the four sales turned out at Symphony Hall this morning for the auction of the \$7.50 seats for the Saturday evening concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. In consequence of this fact bidding was very lively and premiums averaged well, though it is doubtful if they much exceeded those of last year. The highest paid for the floor and first balcony seats during the first part of the morning was thirteen dollars, and the lowest five dollars, making a very fair mean. As at the Tuesday sale (when the corresponding seats for the Friday rehearsals were sold), the ticket brokers were not much in evidence; bidding came largely from the persons who expected to occupy the seats themselves. Premiums this morning were about half what they were on Tuesday for the same seats—a proportion which held true for the \$12 seats sold yesterday.

On the floor seats (of which only the nine rear rows are sold at the cheaper price) premiums varied from eight to thirteen dollars for the first few rows, and from five to seven dollars for the last few rows. A man who has been watching the sales for some years said that the prices for these back rows ranged a full dollar above those paid last year, but his estimate is probably a little high. On the last four rows of the second balcony (among the best seats sold at the cheaper price) premiums reached as high as \$12.50. For the first two of the four rows they did not fall below eight dollars. These seats sold on Tuesday for as high as \$19.50.

The sale lasted much longer than the Tuesday sale because in addition to the rear seats on the floor and first balcony, the entire second balcony was sold. These seats on the Friday performance are the so-called "rush seats," though the present plan of distributing them has eliminated the rush.

## COMMONWEALTH IN PORT

Wilhelm Gericke, Conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Was Aboard—Al Hon. Thomas L. James, Former Postmaster General of the United States

At half-past two o'clock this morning the steamship Commonwealth of the Dominion line, in command of Captain McAuley, was at Boston Light; at seven o'clock the good ship came along the wharf and at half-past seven the landing passengers began. Unusually good time was made, and the weather was propitious all the way with the exception of a little fog off the banks of Newfoundland.

There were 222 saloon passengers, 306 second cabin and 707 steerage, making a total of 1235. Yesterday afternoon at half-past two o'clock a matinée in the saloon was the great attraction. The chairman of the programme was none other than Hon. Thomas L. James, former postmaster general of the United States, and now president of the Lincoln National Bank of New York. The programme was excellent and afforded the Dyringska Quintette an opportunity of making their début before an American audience. The five attractive Swedish girls of the quintet made a great impression with their sweet voices. They have toured England and France and have given concerts in London and Paris. It is their intention to make a tour of the United States. Mr. James, who was accompanied by Mrs. James, Miss James and H. James, was one of the first to get through the custom house office and then hurried off to New York.

Another distinguished passenger was Wilhelm Gericke, the conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. For five months he has been abroad, accompanied by Mrs. Gericke and his little daughter, Katie. He spent much time at his old home in Styria, and after a perfect rest in the Tyrol visited the great cities, Paris, Dresden, Berlin, London, etc. In Munich he was greatly interested in the Wagner productions. Both Mr. and Mrs. Gericke are looking in splendid health, and the long rest has done its most for them. Little Katie looks like a nut-brown fairy.

## SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Twenty-one years ago there appeared in the Boston newspapers a very interesting communication, the first announcement of any kind in connection with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and there is a timeliness in now, at the near approach of the Symphony season, reprinting it. It read:

### A WORD IN THE INTEREST OF GOOD MUSIC.

"Notwithstanding the development of musical taste in Boston, we have never yet possessed a full and permanent orchestra, offering the best music at low prices, such as may be found in all the large European cities, or even in the smaller musical centres of Germany. The essential condition of such orchestras is their stability, whereas ours are necessarily shifting and uncertain, because we are dependent upon musicians whose work and time are largely pledged elsewhere.

"To obviate this difficulty the following plan is offered. It is an effort made simply in the interest of good music, and, though individual, inasmuch as it is independent of societies or clubs, it is in no way antagonistic to any previously existing musical organization. Indeed, the first step, as well as the natural impulse, in announcing a new musical project is to thank those who have brought us where we now stand. "Whatever may be done in the future, to the Handel and Haydn Society and to the Harvard Musical Association we all owe the greater part of our home education in music of a high character. Can we forget, either, how admirably

their work has been supplemented by the tastes and critical judgment of Mr. John S. Dwight and by the artists who have identified themselves with the same cause in Boston? These have been our teachers. We build on the foundations they have laid.

"Such details of this scheme as concern the public are stated below. The orchestra is to number 60 selected musicians, their time, so far as required for careful training and for a given number of concerts, being engaged in advance. Mr. Georg Henschel will be the conductor for the coming season. The concerts will be 20 in number, given in Music Hall on Saturday evenings, from the middle of October to the middle of March. The intention is that the orchestra shall be made permanent here, and shall be called the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

"Both as the condition and the result of success, the sympathy of the public is asked.

"H. L. HIGGINSON."

From this beginning of 60 local musicians there has developed an organization of 94 performers, drawn from the principal musical centres of the world, with its field of usefulness extended to all the large Eastern cities. For the coming season there will be the usual 24 Friday afternoon public rehearsals and 24 Saturday evening concerts, with a most attractive list of soloists, including: Mme. Melba, Mme. Schumann-Heink, Mme. Kirkby Lunn, Mme. Bloomfield-Zeisler, Miss Maud MacCarthy, Miss Elsa Ruegger, Mr. Anton von Rooy, Mr. Ben Davies, Mr. Raoul Pugno, Mr. Frederic Lamond, Mr. Harold Randolph, Mr. Hugo Heerman, Messrs. Kneisel, Adamowski, Schroeder and others.

The auction sales of season tickets began tomorrow at Symphony Hall, at 10 o'clock, and continue on Tuesday, Thursday and Friday.

The programs of the first four concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Symphony Hall are as follows:

Oct. 17-18: Beethoven's overture Leonore No. II.; Bach's suite in B minor for strings, flute and accompaniment; Tschalkowsky's Symphony No. 5. Mr. Raoul Pugno, pianist, will play the Wanderer Fantasy, Schubert-Liszt or Greig's concerto.

Oct. 24-25: Berlioz, overture "Carneval Romain"; Saint-Saëns's "Le Rouet d'Omphale"; Hans Huber's symphony in E minor (first time). Miss Elsa Ruegger, cellist, will play Rubinstein's concerto in D minor.

Oct. 31, Nov. 1: Brahms's Symphony No. 3; Richard Strauss's "Don Juan"; Wagner's Kaisermarsch. Mr. Frederick Lamond, pianist, will play Beethoven's concerto in E flat.

Nov. 14-15: Rimsky-Korsakoff's overture to "La Fiancée du Tzar" (first time); Bizet's suite "L'Arlésienne" No. I.; Beethoven's Symphony No. 4. Miss Maud MacCarthy, violinist, will play Brahms's concerto.

**SYMPHONY ORDERS FULFILLED**  
JOHN R. HEARD, Hotel Touraine  
Write for Diagrams of Symphony Hall.  
101[A]





ANACREON.

STATUES BEING PLACED IN SYMPHONY HALL.

## Lofty Niches Filling up with Greek Gods and Other Notables.

### ANACREON'S ASCENT

#### Heavy-Limbed Greek Poet Raised by Workmen with Much Difficulty.

The niches around the balcony walls of Symphony Hall are being filled with statues, and the speculation as to what the spaces were being reserved for is at an end. Society gossip and the chat in art and musical circles will go on, however, with a new topic; for the donors of the statuary have chosen to keep their names a secret, stating simply that they have provided this offering to the gods of music and the fine arts. Two ladies prominent in their love of those things that make for culture have solicited the funds for the statuary, and one of them, who lives on Beacon street, has been superintending the placing of the treasures in their little shrines. Further than this the identity of the patrons of the arts must remain a mystery, as they shun the notoriety that might otherwise accompany their efforts.

The 14 classic sculptures will soon be in place, and they will add very much to the decoration of Symphony Hall, giving the interior a completed appearance that it has lacked.

Three of the plaster casts will be much treasured by artists, as they will be the only copies in America, studies which have hitherto necessitated a trip to the originals in the European museums. Many of the subjects have direct significance to music, while others merely suggest allied arts. Some of the figures are from the Caproni galleries in Boston, while the rarer specimens have been imported by the brothers Caproni, directly from the museums where the originals are guarded. The figures are all of heroic size, about seven and a half feet tall, but being in lofty positions and with such spacious walls as backgrounds, they appear smaller. The mounting of the statues into the niches is being done by the Capronis, while the choice of subjects was the taste of the ladies who provide them, together with the judgment of the architect of the building, Charles Follen McKim, of New York.

The rare casts that are said to be the only ones in this country are those of Euripides, a female figure from Herakulaneum and the seated figure of Anacreon.

The accompanying diagram shows the location of the various subjects:

The collection will be in place probably before the end of the week. The hardest statue to place was swung up yesterday morning with much difficulty. This was the seated Anacreon, which, from its lateral bulk, was a problem of mechanics. A scaffold was built below the niche, which, with ladders, made a footstool for the old lyric Greek to ascend his throne. He was inaugurated with much difficulty, and with much danger to the workmen, owing to the extreme narrowness of the balcony, which is only the width of two rows of chairs, and which threatened a disastrous fall to the laborers should they have been shaken from the trembling staging to the distant floor below. The captive poet was festooned with ribbons of burlap, and was carried to the balcony, and then suffered the indignity of having ropes looped around his neck. Two workmen preceded him to his seat, while four others hoisted him on their shoulders, as if in token of his good fellowship. Then, with much pulling and hauling at his neckwear from above, with heaving all around at his ribbons, and with a one, two, three, and altogether, the old fellow landed on his imperial height.

The first statue to the right, as one looks from the stage, is the classic work of Praxiteles, that inspired Hawthorne's "Marble Faun." The original is in the Capitoline Museum, Rome. Of it Hawthorne says:

It is impossible to gaze long at this stone image without conceiving a kindly sentiment toward it, as if its substance were warm to the touch, and imbued with actual life. \* \* \* The animal nature, indeed, is a most essential part of the Faun's composition; for the characteristics of the brute creation meet and combine with those of humanity in this strange yet true and natural conception of antique poetry and art. Praxiteles has subtly diffused throughout his work that mute mystery which so hopelessly perplexes us whenever we attempt to gain an intellectual or sympathetic knowledge of the lower orders of creation. \* \* \* Neither man nor animal, and yet no monster; but a being in whom both races meet on friendly ground.

The next figure, the so-called Germanicus from the Louvre, has a more vital significance in the hall, as it shows a nude male figure listening to the music of the waves in a sea shell. The shell is inscribed, "Kleomenes, the son of Kleomenes, made this." It was probably the work of a Greek in Rome in the first century, B. C. The head is that of some Roman orator, while the body is said to be that of Hermes Logios, the god of speech and patron divinity of orators. The statue illustrates the custom of representing individuals in the form of divinities and with divine attributes.

The Amazon from the Capitoline Museum was found in a very mutilated condition, and much discussion has been rife as to its history. The restorations are much questioned, and the head is said to belong to a much older statue. Some say that the female warrior is drawing a bow above her head, others maintaining that she is about to vault. The statue is No. 97 in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, and the arguments may be found in the catalogue.

The Lemnian Athena, said to be the work of Phidias, has given students much food for speculation. The origi-





FEMALE FIGURE FROM HERCULANEUM

nal head is in Bologna, while the body is composed from two statues in Dresden. The best of the two bodies was chosen, to which was added the Bologna head, and the cast of all three is such as occupies the next niche in Symphony Hall. This is called the most beautiful statue of Athena which the world possesses. It shows her more peaceful side, as protectress of Athens. The style is severely simple, as we ought to expect of a religious work of the time of Phidias. The virginal face, conceived and wrought with ineffable refinement, is as far removed from sensual charm as from the ecstasy of a Madonna. The goddess does not reveal herself as one who can be "touched with a feeling of our infirmities," but by the power of her pure, passionless beauty she sways our minds and hearts. So says a critic.

The statue of Sophocles in the original was placed in the Lateran Museum, Rome, by Pope Gregory XVI. It was identified by means of several ancient busts bearing his name. He is shown in middle life, apparently reciting from one of his plays. "It is without question the noblest portrait statue which Greek art has left us," says Mr. Edward Robinson of the Museum of Fine Arts. "The head is strong, beautiful and intelligent, with the tendency toward idealization, which was characteristic of Greek portraiture in the best periods."

Beside this is the statue of Aeschines, found at Herculaneum and now at Naples. The figure of the great Athenian orator and rival of Demosthenes; is much like that of Sophocles, though inferior as a work of art.

The Apollo Belvidere and the Diana of Versailles are too well known to need comment. They occupy the back wall.

Apollo playing on the lyre, the adjacent figure, looks decidedly feminine, with his long, flowing chiton, which reaches to the feet. Augustus, after his victory at Actium, dedicated a temple to Apollo, to whom he gave the credit of the victory. This cast is from a supposed copy of the statue placed in the temple erected by Augustus on the Palatine.

Demosthenes, cast from the statue in the Vatican, is next along the wall and the Attic orator fulminates across the auditorium to Sophocles and Aeschines. The face shows tremendous earnestness, while its weariness and the conformation of the mouth and the slight, weak body correspond to the description given by Plutarch. The original statue is attributed to Polyzeus, or a copy after his work.

The Faun next represented is copied from a statue in the Borghese Palace, Rome.

The female figure next to this was recovered from Herculaneum, and is well known. The original is now at Dresden.

Euripides, the Athenian tragic poet, copied from a bust in the Vatican, occupies the neighboring niche.

Nearest the stage is the seat of Anacreon, the Greek lyric poet. The original was discovered in the 16th century at Monte Calvo, Sabina, and placed in the Villa Borghese, at Rome.

In addition to these statues, two more are expected from Naples. These will fill the niches at the far corners of the stage on either side of the Apollo Belvidere and the Diana of the Capitol. The subjects, if copies can be obtained, will be Pan and Apollo in a group, a Satyr carrying the infant Bacchus. The originals are in the Naples Museum.



EURIPIDES.

## Symphony

Season Tickets for sale in all parts of the hall, 40 State Street, Room 53. 20(A) 02

Patrons of the Boston Symphony Orchestra are reminded that the first performances are announced for next Friday afternoon and Saturday evening, Oct. 17 and 18. The rule prohibiting standees will again be in force. The plan of admission to the second balcony on Friday afternoons, put in operation last season, proved so satisfactory in every way that it will again be adopted. The Huntington Avenue entrance will be opened at 1 o'clock sharp on each Friday afternoon, and exactly 500 people, which is the capacity of the second balcony, will be admitted, thus insuring a seat for each person.

AY, OCTOBER 9, 190

## TO BEAUTIFY SYMPHONY HALL

Group of Heroic Classic Statues, Copies of Originals Treasured in European Museums and Galleries, Secured for This City

While it has been known ever since the completion of Symphony Hall that the great niches along the side and rear walls, above the seats in the second balcony, eventually were to be filled with heroic statues, not till now has this expectation been met, except for the Apollo and one or two other statues which for some time have occupied positions in some of these niches. There are in all fourteen niches in which it is possible to place these statues, which are copies of originals carefully guarded in various European museums and galleries.

It will not be long before the completion of the group of statues in the hall here, which will be on the arrival here from Naples, Italy, of two figures which it is hoped to secure, copies of Pan and Apollo in a group, and a satyr carrying the infant Bacchus. The originals are in the Naples Museum.

One statue already secured is the classic work of Praxiteles, that inspired Hawthorne's "Marble Faun." The original is in the Capitoline Museum, Rome. Of it Hawthorne has written enthusiastically. Another figure, the so-called Germanicus from the Louvre, has a more vital significance in the hall, as it shows a nude male figure listening to the music of the waves in a sea shell. The shell is inscribed, "Kleomenes, the son of Kleomenes, made this." It was probably the work of a Greek in Rome in the first century, B. C. The head is that of some Roman orator, while the body is said to be that of Hermes Logios, the god of speech and patron divinity of orators. The statue illustrates the custom of representing individuals in the form of divinities and with divine attributes.

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A copy of the Lemnian Athena, said to be the work of Phidias, has given students much food for speculation. The original head is in Bologna, while the body is composed from two statues in Dresden. The best of the two bodies was chosen, to which was added the Bologna head, and the cast



of all three is that which occupies a niche in Symphony Hall. This is called the most beautiful statue of Athena which the world possesses. It shows her more peaceful side, as protectress of Athens. The style is severely simple.

There is a copy of the Amazon from the Capitoline Museum, found in a very mutilated condition, causing much discussion as to its history. The restorations are questioned, and the head is said to belong to a much older statue. Some say that the female warrior is drawing a bow above her head, others maintaining that she is about to vault. The statue is found also in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, and arguments concerning it may be found in the catalogue.

Demosthenes, cast from the statue in the Vatican, occupies a good place from which the orator looks across the auditorium to Sophocles and Aeschines. The face shows tremendous earnestness, while its weariness and other characteristics correspond to the description given by Plutarch. The original statue is attributed to Polyantos, or is perhaps a copy after his work.

A faun which is represented is copied from a statue in the Borghese Palace, Rome, and a female figure next to this was recovered from Herculaneum, and is unknown. The original is now at Dresden. Beside this is the statue of Aeschines, found at Herculaneum and now at Naples. The figure of the great Athenian orator, and rival of Demosthenes, is much like that of Sophocles, though inferior as a work of art.

Euripides, the Athenian tragic poet, copied from a bust in the Vatican, occupies one niche, while near the stage is the seated Anacreon, the Greek lyric poet. The original was discovered in the sixteenth century at Monte Calvo, Sabina, and was placed in the Villa Borghese, at Rome. The Apollo Belvidere and the Diana of Versailles are both well-known figures. They occupy the back wall.

The work of putting the collection in place has been somewhat difficult. The hardest statue to place in position was the seated Anacreon, which, from its lateral bulk, was a problem of mechanics. A scaffold was built below the niche, which, with ladders, made a footstool for the old lyric Greek to ascend his throne. There was much difficulty, owing to the extreme narrowness of the balcony, which is only the width of two rows of chairs. But the statue was finally seated without mishap.

The entire group of classic sculptures will add much to the beauty of Symphony Hall, giving the interior a completed appearance that it has lacked. These plaster casts will be much treasured by artists, as some of them will be the only copies in America, and to see them has hitherto necessitated a trip to the originals in the European museums. These rare casts that are said to be the only ones in this country are those of Euripides, a female figure from Herculaneum and the seated figure of Anacreon. Many of the subjects have direct significance to music, while others

merely suggest kindred arts. The figures are all of heroic size, about seven and a half feet tall, but being in lofty positions and with such spacious walls as backgrounds, they appear to be smaller. The choice of subjects was the taste of the artist, and the judgment of the architect of the building, Charles Follen McKim of New York.

**SYMPHONY CONCERTS**  
Season Ticket, Y8, for Saturday evenings, sale at cost. L. S. T., Exchange Bldg., Room 508.  
[A]:

**Symphony Tickets FOR SALE**  
\$20.00 upwards. MISS GORING, Room 508, Music Hall Building. WFSM[A] 0

## ARTISTS AND THEIR WORKS.

**Sculpture at Symphony Hall Has Enriched the Auditorium.**

**White Walls of the Foyer Seem to Demand Some Decoration—The Juglaris Panels for the Ray Memorial Library at Franklin—Notes of Art and Artists.**



THE sculpture in the niches at Symphony Hall completes the decorative scheme of the hall itself, the white figures giving just the finishing touch needed. The effect will be

one of rich simplicity, completely realizing the intentions of the architect, in relation to the beautiful auditorium.

There is another part of the interior, however, that stands greatly in need of decorative treatment. That is the foyer. Its present aspect is repellantly cold, with its bare white walls absolutely without architectural character. It is no wonder that it is known as "the receiving tomb" among symphony patrons.

In its present state it does not fulfill at all satisfactorily its purpose as a social meeting place for the promenaders who resort to the corridors during the intermissions. The lighting is so subdued that the white walls give it a sort of sepulchral effect, so that it seems more like a gathering place for departed shades than the focal point for one of the most interesting social functions in American life.

Of course its present condition is merely provisional. The manifest intention of the architects was to give it a more or less elaborate decorative treatment. The curiously plain character of the room in its existing form indicates such a purpose. But it is difficult to make people in general understand an unrealized intention in art; consequently there are endless expressions of wonder that such ugliness could have been perpetrated as a fea-

ture of one of the foremost of Boston institutions.

The room needs abounding light and color, and a rich scheme of decoration, probably with mural painting and sculpture together, in a way that would emphasize the festal character of the place.

This Symphony Hall foyer presents one of the best opportunities for mural decoration at present existing in Boston. Now that the decorative scheme of the auditorium itself is realized, we may doubtless look forward to the time when the foyer will be taken in hand with the same fine appreciation.

If the proprietors of the building do not feel warranted in making the necessary expenditure, it well might be made the subject of an effort similar to that which has given the hall its sculptural adornment. The cost would be many times that of the casts, but a movement to that end would doubtless meet with hearty support among the many lovers of music, and the regular patrons of the symphonies would be well repaid for an outlay that would immensely enhance their pleasure in the social side of the concerts.

## Symphony Rehearsals

Two Seats No. 18 and 19, Row W. Exceedingly desirable location. At the reasonable price, of \$55 each. IVERS & POND PIANO CO.  
[A] 114 Boylston St., Boston

**Symphony Ticket**  
HEARD, Hotel Touraine.  
10[A]: 08

### Boston Symphony Orchestra

Patrons of the Boston Symphony Orchestra are reminded that the first performances are announced for next Friday afternoon and Saturday evening, Oct. 17 and 18. The rule prohibiting standees will again be in force. The plan of admission to the second balcony on Friday afternoons, put in operation last season, proved so satisfactory in every way that it will again be adopted. The Huntington-avenue entrance will be opened at one o'clock sharp on each Friday afternoon, and exactly 505 people, which is the capacity of the second balcony, will be admitted, thus insuring a seat for each person. The programme of the first concert follows:

Beethoven: Overture, "Leonore," No. 2. No. 7, in C major.  
Bach: Concerto in B minor.  
Schubert: The Wanderer Fantasy.  
Tschalkowski: Symphony No. 5, in E minor.  
Soloist: Mr. Raoul Pugno.

**SYMPHONY CONCERTS**  
AISLE SEATS, lower left balcony, cheap. Address D. D. F., Boston Transcript.  
[A]:

**SYMPHONY TICKETS FOR SALE**  
of the hall. G. F. WADSWORTH, 40 State street, Room 58. 8[A]: 014

**SYMPHONY CONCERTS FOR SALE**—2 end floor seats EE 12 and 13 for half the evening concerts. Address H. F. L., Boston Transcript. [A]:

**SYMPHONY REHEARSAL SEATS**  
Three seats on floor, under balcony, OO 22, 23, 24. Price \$25.00 each. Box 482, South Weymouth. WSW[A]: 08

**Symphony Concerts** Wanted half subscription to ticket for Friday afternoon Symphony rehearsals. Will pay \$10 or \$12. Address J. F. L., Boston Transcript. WS[A]: 015

1901-02

## NY ORCHESTRA.

ICKE, Conductor.

## NGERT.

12. AT 8. P. M

mme.

to "Egmont."

ES pour GRAND ORCHESTRE. (ne.)

MENT from the Hungarian Concerto

INTERNITZ.





Photo by Aimé Dupont, New York.

**PUGNO.**



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RAOUL PUGNO—HIS METHOD OF COMPOSING.

## *Symphony Hall.*

SEASON 1902-03.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Mr. WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.

### I. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 18, AT 8, P. M.

### Programme.

- |              |   |
|--------------|---|
| BEETHOVEN,   | OVERTURE to "Leonore," in C major, No. 2, op. 72.   |
| BACH,        | OVERTURE (Suite) No. 2, in B minor, for Strings and Flute.<br>I. Overture: Largo, Allegro, Lento.<br>II. Rondo: Allegro.<br>III. Sarabande: Andante.<br>IV. Bourrée I. and Bourrée II.: Allegro.<br>V. Polonaise with Double: Moderato.<br>VII. Badinerie: Allegro. |
| SCHUBERT,    | GRAND FANTASIA in C major, "Wanderer," op. 15.<br>(Symphonically re-arranged for pianoforte and orchestra by FRANZ LISZT.)<br>I. Allegro con fuoco, ma non troppo.<br>II. Adagio.<br>III. Presto.<br>IV. Allegro.   |
| TCHAIKOVSKY, | SYMPHONY in E minor, No. 5, op. 64.<br>I. Andante: Allegro con anima.<br>II. Andante cantabile, con alcuna licenza.<br>III. Valse: Allegro moderato.<br>IV. Finale: Andante maestoso: Allegro vivace.   |

### Soloist:

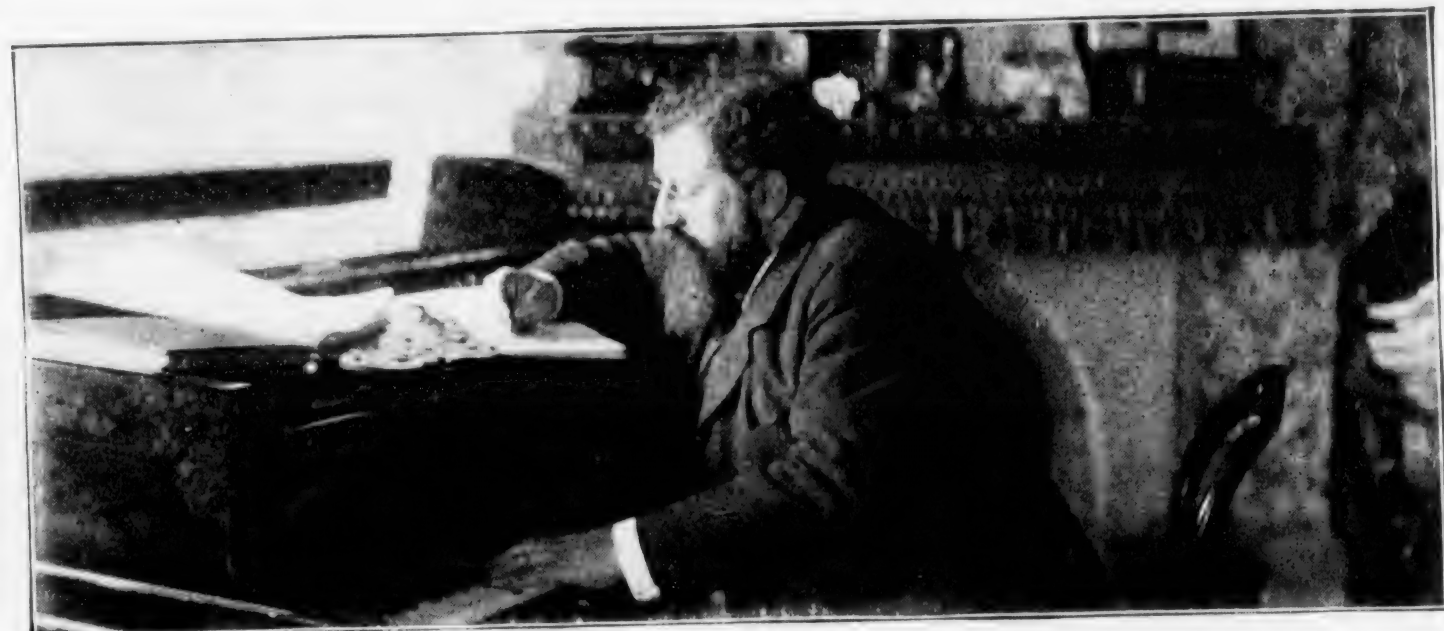
Mr. RAOUL PUGNO.

The Pianoforte is a Baldwin.



Photo by Aimé Dupont, New York.

**PUGNO.**



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RAOUL PUGNO—HIS METHOD OF COMPOSING.

## *Symphony Hall.*

SEASON 1902-03.

# BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Mr. WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.

## I. CONCERT.

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| BACH,        | OVERTURE (Suite) No. 2, in B minor, for Strings and Flute.               |
|              | I. Overture: Largo, Allegro Lento.                                       |
|              | II. Rondo: Allegro.  |
|              | III. Sarabande: Andante.   |
|              | IV. Bourrée I. and Bourrée II. Allegro.                                  |
|              | V. Polonaise with Double: Moderato.                                      |
|              | VII. Badinerie: Allegro.   |
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|              | (Symphonically re-arranged for pianoforte and orchestra by FRANZ LISZT.) |
|              | I. Allegro con fuoco, ma non troppo.                                     |
|              | II. Adagio.  |
|              | III. Presto.   |
|              | IV. Allegro.   |
| TCHAIKOVSKY, | SYMPHONY in E minor, No. 5, op. 64.                                      |
|              | I. Andante: Allegro con anima.   |
|              | II. Andante cantabile, con alcuna licenza.                               |
|              | III. Valse: Allegro moderato.  |
|              | IV. Finale: Andante maestoso: Allegro vivace.                            |

### Soloist:

Mr. RAOUL PUGNO.

The Pianoforte is a Baldwin.





(Copyright, 1898, by A. Dupont.)  
**RAOUL PUGNO.**

## SYMPHONY NIGHT.

### Opening of the Twenty-Second Season of the Orchestra—First Appearance at These Concerts of Mr. Raoul Pugno, Pianist.

The first concert of the 22d season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Wilhelm Gericke, conductor, was given last night in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:

Overture, "Leonore" No. 2.....Beethoven  
 Suite in No. 2 in B minor for strings,  
 flute and piano accompaniment.....Bach  
 Fantasia in C, "Wonderer," op. 15.....Schubert-Liszt  
 Symphony No. 5 in E minor, op. 64.....Tchaikowsky

Mr. Gericke, who looked refreshed by his foreign trip, was welcomed most heartily.

It might be well to play in the same concert the three "Leonore" overtures in the order in which they were probably written: Nos. 2, 3, 1. A program composed exclusively of piano sonatas by Beethoven is an invention of the Adversary, and it deserves the attention of the police as a deliberate act against public morals. Nor is an orchestral program devoted exclusively to the works of any composer to be encouraged, except possibly when the 9th symphony is given. But with these overtures the case is different; for here is a revelation of Beethoven's processes of musical and dramatic thought when he was mightily interested in the same subject. When the overtures are heard separately and at long intervals there is no opportunity for comparison by the ear. With the overture known as "Fidello" we are not here concerned; it seems, in view of the other overtures that were intended for the opera, incongruous, unimaginative. Furthermore, how many composers, after the achievement of a "Leonore" No. 2, would have the courage or the ability to shape from it a "Leonore" No. 3? After the three were attentively heard and thoughtfully considered, then No. 3 might be reasonably reserved for concert use and the other two put away neatly but surely on the shelf.

A little of Bach's orchestral music goes a long way, no matter how skillfully it may be doctored for modern use, no matter how admirably it may be played. Of course there is always the question of the proper tempo. Bach himself gave no indications for the performance of this suite. The spirit of the period, as well as the spirit of each dance, is to be considered; and then enters into the interpretation what is known as the personal equation. To me the fugue in the overture, to me the Rondeau and the Bourrées might well have been taken at a livelier pace than they were taken last night. We know from the testimony of his contemporaries and immediate followers that Bach played his organ fugues swiftly, so that the hearers wondered. The Rondeau in Bach's time was a lively movement, and the Bourée was animated. The Sarabande and the Polonaise would then furnish a still more marked contrast and relieve somewhat the inexorable monotony of tonality. But is it well to play so much of an old-fashioned suite, which vexes

the modern nerves more acutely than the most extravagant music of the spasmodic school? We have "Half Hours with Famous Authors;" why should we not have "Ten Minutes with Bach?"

Mr. Raoul Pugno of Paris made his first appearance at these concerts. He played here in 1898 with Ysaye and Gericke and left a most pleasant impression. He chose originally for the concert last night a concerto in E flat by Mozart; but on account of the general composition of the program it was thought that he should be heard in a more modern piece. I am not on terms of extreme intimacy with this particular concerto of Mozart, but it cannot be more old-fashioned than Liszt's arrangement of the "Wanderer" fantasia, with its ornamentation so curiously antique, with its juxtapositions of bombast and sentimentalism. Mr. Pugno, however, played with brilliance, elegance, delightful ease, and with an accuracy that was never pedagogic. His reading of the theme in the adagio was exquisite; his playing throughout was that of the intelligent musician and the

justly applauded virtuoso. His recitals will be looked forward to with more than ordinary interest.

Mr. Gericke gave a most careful, emotional, impressive interpretation of Tchaikowsky's 5th symphony, which some prefer to the other five. The symphony is certainly a remarkable work in many ways, in structure as well as in poetic beauty and dramatic intensity. Some are inclined to smile at the chief theme of the second movement, just as they sneer at the second theme of the first movement of the sixth symphony. It is true that in each instance Tchaikowsky narrowly escapes the reproach of vulgarity; but the earnestness, the sincerity of the speech makes its way even before the development and the amplification makes the theme seem inevitable. The heart of Tchaikowsky was that of a little child; the brain was that of a man weary of the world and all its vanities. And so we have the singular phenomenon of naivete, accompanied by a super-refined skill—and all this in the body and mind of a man fundamentally oriental in his tastes and especially in his love of surprising or monotonous rhythms and gorgeous colors. The very modernity of Tchaikowsky, his closeness to us as the spokesman of things we think and dare not say—these qualities may war against his lasting fame; but in our day and generation he is the supreme interpreter by music of elemental and emotional thought. The thought of death and the emptiness of life obsesses him and in the expression of this thought he is again the man of his period. When faith returns again to the world, his music may be studied with interest and curiosity as an important document in sociology. But for the present we are under his mighty spell. That gloomy opening theme, that theme of bodeiment which haunts like a spectre at dead of night or in a festal hall is in the heart of the hearer. Not even the brave finale frightens it away.

Philip Hale.



## SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

### Standard Programme, with No Novelties, Is Presented.

Playing of Mr. Raoul Pugno, the French Pianist, Thoroughly Satisfies His Audience at the Opening Concert of the Year—The Mascagni Season.

The playing of Raoul Pugno, the French pianist, gave complete satisfaction last evening and obtained the approbation of a double recall at the first Symphony concert, not very many of whose attendants remembered hearing him during his short tour in this country with Messrs. Ysaye and Gerardy, about four years ago. A tall, large, burly, broad-shouldered man, with a heavy, grizzled beard, Mr. Pugno has more the aspect of a sturdy business man or a resolute academician, than that of an artist or idealist. Beginning his regulated study and public exhibitions at 6 years of age, he continued to be a prize winning student in the graver departments of music, a teacher, organist, choir and chorus master and professor at the Paris Conservatory until he was 40 years old, when he made his first appearance as a virtuoso, which character he has since maintained in many cities with distinguished credit.

His American debut was made in New York in November, 1897, when he played that Schubert-Liszt "Wanderer" fantasia which he chose for his re-entry last evening. The composition and he seem to be well suited. Schubert wrote into it difficulties and complexities he was unable to execute, and is said to have been so impatient with it as to exclaim that the devil might have it for all he cared. But Liszt understood its possibilities and brought out its strong points and its beauties in his orchestral arrangement. It is rather a substantial, serious and emphatic than a buoyant or brilliant music, although it cannot be perfectly rendered without the bravura of pianism.

Mr. Pugno played it rather as a demonstrator than an illustrator or illuminator, the academic effect being increased by his attention to his notes. He was positive and almost weighty—but by no means severe—in the graver portions, and he gave swift distinction and rhythmical truth to the workings-out, to the ornamental arabesques and

the florid accompaniments; yet this clearness seldom sparkled, and even the most rapid passages in virtuoso vein had less dash and rush to them than orderly, animated velocity. It was an intellectual, discriminating and expository rendering; but as the music itself makes small demand for fancy, levity or the graces of art, the playing was perhaps not the less honorable because it did not add those to its faithful manliness. Mr. Pugno will soon be heard in recital, when there will be occasion to observe other elements of his disposition and art.

It was well to begin the season with a work of Beethoven, for "he, the master of all music," has established the standards by which will still continue to be compared whatever claims consideration as pure music. The choice of the "Leonore No. 2" overture was good, for it reminds the listener that Beethoven's one opera nobly portrayed the triumph of love, faith and courage over malignity, cruelty and wrath, and celebrated alike the glory of universal liberty and the simple joys of genial domesticity.

The Bach concerto for string band and flute, given with the exception of its minuet, is cheery, refreshing and easy to hear, even though its composer could not hold his hand from writing into it an occasional canon and even fugue. It was definite and animated in delivery, and Mr. Zach accompanied excellently at the pianoforte.

It is a pity that Tschalkowsky died and made no sign as to how he would have his fifth symphony understood. He was the poet of sombre, dark and pitiful, yet not unlovely or hopeless, emotion. He shows dreaded and impending danger; he threatens defeat and despair; he brings on conflict with its pang, its sharp outcry and its fierce confusion, and he pictures the blithe-some vivacity of freedom and generous life; he expresses the moods of doubt, weakness, dependence and resignation; he leaves us uncertain, unsatisfied, depressed and bowed down under the burden which the soul of man must bear through its mortality—and yet we cannot help feeling that he believes in the value of aspiring effort and in an ultimate regeneration. For this symphony a cause and plan are less easy to imagine than for the sixth, although one cannot help feeling (more through its association of moods than because of its reiteration of lines and colors) that it had one inspiration and one purpose, and one wishes he might know what they were.

Mr. Gericke and his men seemed to return refreshed after their vacation. He led as if he were glad to have once more the many-voiced instrument under his hand. For a first performance there was unusual placidity and warmth in the playing, save that the drums were noisy, hard and dull, and the overture and symphony were particularly rich in color and sentiment. The new members were named here yesterday, and it was pleasant to see Mr. Kuntz again at his desk among the first violins after his long absence.

For the second concert this will be the programme:

Overture, "Carnaval Romain".....Berlioz  
Concerto for violoncello.....Rubinstein  
Symphonic poem, "Le Rouet d'Omphale".....Saint-Saens  
Symphony in E minor, first time....Hans Huber  
Soloist—Miss Elsa Ruegger.

## MUSIC AND DRAMA

### Symphony Hall: Symphony Orchestra

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Wilhelm Gericke conductor, began its twenty-second season in Symphony Hall last Saturday evening, the programme being as follows:

Ludwig van Beethoven: Overture to "Leonore" No. 2, opus 72.

Johann Sebastian Bach: Overture No. 2, in E minor, for Strings and Flute.  
(The pianoforte accompaniment arranged by Robert Franz.)

I. Overture: Largo. Allegro. Lentement.  
II. Rondeau: Allegro.  
III. Sarabande: Andante.  
IV. Bourrées I. and II.: Allegro.  
V. Polonaise with Double: Moderato.  
VII. Badinerie: Allegro.  
Franz Schubert: Grand Fantasia in C major ("Wanderer"), opus 15.  
(Symphonically rearranged for Pianoforte and Orchestra by Franz Liszt.)

I. Allegro con fuoco, ma non troppo.  
II. Adagio.  
III. Presto.  
IV. Allegro.

Peter Ilyich Tchaikovsky: Symphony No. 5, in E minor, opus 64.

I. Andante. Allegro con anima.  
II. Andante cantabile, con alcuna licenza.  
III. Valse: Allegro moderato.  
IV. Finale: Andante maestoso. Allegro vivace.

Mr. Raoul Pugno was the pianist.

Beethoven's second "Leonore" overture is always interesting; were it not for the third, it would be a good deal more than that, but nothing so inexorably devitalizes a work as a better version of itself. Time was when some reputable judges preferred the No. 2, a preference which is rather a significant item in the history of musical feeling, by the way. Such men were Julius Riefz and Franz Lachner; when we reflect upon what they represented in the musical life of their day, this opinion of theirs becomes instructive of much!

Mr. Hale says truly in the Programme Book: "The 'Leonore' No. 2 was Beethoven's first grand overture; and in general scope and richness of development it was far in advance of its time." Yet it is none the less true that Beethoven took a longer stride ahead of his day in passing from this No. 2 to the No. 3 than in writing the former. In truth, the "Leonore" No. 2 is to be recognized as the culmination of a whole period of overture-writing; which period it logically closes, Beethoven entering upon a new era with the composition of No. 3. In the sense that Wagner (not entirely without truth) called Beethoven's ninth "the last symphony," can one call this "Leonore" No. 2 the last symphonic overture; the No. 3 shows it as already antiquated, puts the very "symphonic overture" itself out of reason—as the State put people out of law in old times.

Curiously enough, the No. 3 seems at first sight the more symphonic in form; there is at least a suggestion of a "recapitulation" in it, there being nothing of the sort in the No. 2. But this is a detail; the enormously extended contrapuntal development of the free fantasia in No. 2 makes it intrinsically the more symphonic, while the totally different sort of develop-

ment in the No. 3 makes the latter dramatic. Note, by the way, that just this new development of the free fantasia in No. 3 that is the epoch-making element in the work!

But the superiority of the No. 3 does not reside in its dramatic quality alone; Beethoven could not rewrite a composition without improving it musically. His was no Zeus's brain, giving birth to full-grown Athenes; the longer he worked at a thing, the better he made it. Every change he made in the themes or instrumentation of the No. 2 was of the nature of an improvement. Take, for instance, the second theme in No. 2 (derived from Florestan's "In des Lebens Frühlingstagen"); the wish to get a good working theme for contrapuntal development led Beethoven to change it considerably from its original shape in the opera—and he got what he wanted, as usual. But, when it came to writing the No. 3, this conveniently workable theme no longer satisfied him; he accordingly brought it back nearer to its original shape, greatly enhancing its expressive beauty, if to the prejudice of its "thematic" value. And we see clearly enough that its "thematic value" was just what he had ceased to care about; for in the No. 3 he no longer works it up contrapuntally at all, but only dramatically. And so with much else in the overture. The performance of No. 2 on Saturday evening was thoroughly fine.

As for the Bach overture, it seemed to produce no effect whatever upon the audience in general; its most forcible effect upon me personally was to recall a saying of the late Otto Dresel (a pretty warm Bach-lover, if ever there was one!): "Of all the dreary and boresome things I know, listening to the whole of a Bach suite is the worst!" Oh, come now; a joke is a joke, but one can have too much of a good thing. Sebastian Bach was as great a genius as ever lived on this planet; he is today as modern (at heart) as anyone now alive. But he lived in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and was in some things influenced by the habits and customs of his day. No one today except a person of feeble mind and no education, who is bitten with the ambition to be intellectual, wishes to listen to the whole of the most eloquent and stirring eighteenth-century three-hours' sermon at a sitting; no one in his senses wishes to hear the whole (nor even six movements) of a Bach suite, no matter how divinely beautiful. If anyone who was in Symphony Hall last Saturday evening will solemnly swear that he enjoyed that Bach suite, he will lay himself open to the legitimate suspicion of being a case de lunatico inquirendo. The faculty of enjoying that sort of dose became extinct with the late John Sullivan Dwight; it is no longer of our day.

The strength of Tchaikovsky's E minor symphony becomes more and more patent with repeated hearings. It is a wondrous bit of musical workmanship, tremendously elaborated, and held together as with bands of steel. As yet, I have got only to the pitch of admiring it; in ten years more I



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Mr. Gerike was abundantly applauded as he came to the conductor's stand. The "Leonora No. 2" (which sounds more like the name of a fire engine than of an overture), went with splendid fervor, its dramatic contrasts being made the most of. Although "No. 3" is accepted as the best of the four overtures that Beethoven wrote for his single opera, yet this "No. 2" is not a whit inferior; one can be happy with either.

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ay like it—but not yet. I do not object overmuch to that peculiar essence which those who dislike it call "pessimism," and those who like it would probably call "Samoeidic gloom;" with Tchaikovsky it seems so genuine and unforced that it becomes almost a source of power. What I like far less is Tchaikovsky's instrumentation, that besetting mania of his for making every conceivable combination of instruments sound as harshly as possible. With the exception of a passage for the wood-wind and horns, about four measures long, twice repeated in the first movement, the instrumentation of the symphony is simply icy; stridency, one would think, can no farther go. But, with and in spite of all this, I can admire heartily the first, third and fourth movements; the Andante cantabile is hard to take seriously; it sounds too much like Bülow saying the disagreeablest witty things about Raff.

It was good to hear Mr. Pugno again. There is a rumor afloat that he wished to play a Mozart concerto, but that Mr. Gericke thought the Bach overture enough of eighteenth-century classicism for one programme, and begged for the Schubert-Liszt fantasia instead. I cannot help wishing he had played the Mozart concerto. His playing is very beautiful indeed; those large, heavy men have a wonderful way of eliminating the percussive quality from their pianoforte tone, and retaining only the resonance! Mr. Pugno's rhythmic sense seems irrefragable; his phrasing is grace itself, and he has a fine instinct for variety without exaggeration. His sentiment is refined and very genuine, if not particularly poignant. In fine, he is everything but romantic; and the Schubert "Wanderer" fantasia is a romantic composition par excellence! Still it was rare enjoyment to hear a performance in every way so secure and masterly.

The next programme is: Berlioz, overture, "Le Carnaval romain"; Rubinstein, concerto for violoncello; Saint-Saëns, symphonic poem, "Le Rouet d'Omphale"; Hans Huber, symphony in E minor (first time). Miss Elsa Ruggger will be the solo cellist.

W. F. A.

## N ISHAM.

and Edwin Isham, ar in Boston on the Mozart Concerto. Man-orchestral concert Hall on Tuesday and London, Eng- he assistance of from Europe, where this introduction spicuous social and and the Grieg A eason just past, are erest to those un- Charlton for this is brilliant artist.

t Pugno appeared they have studied attained a degree of rance. The rudi- osen lines. Each is eceived from his artistic gifts, attrac- recent interview, h have enjoyed the le to support him- ing under the best

th a large class of ge of the very best atoire. Then com- ducts they make a h eventually placed s which are almost ass, taking with it version. In these d counterpoint and they have idealized. After this came ave scored some of id then his appear- both sides of the almost sensational.

me. His most re- musicales of Lon- England. During Washington, D. C. e made one of the uses in Boston dur- career. It is best winter, Mr. Devoll ndon Post of June gue and a clientèle iving. His technic every appearance. into an orchestra, be heard this sea- e softness and re- out their fame and id light is realized bookings for public olute command he demand.

Mr. Devoll and Mr. itles Pugno to so of Monaco, H. H. ay in which he is of Abercorn, the fferent composers, of Sutherland, the Some of his Berlin s of Londonderry, Some of his Berlin

nger Countess of

## THE FIRST OF THE SEASON.

Opening Concert by Symphony Orchestra Included Gems from Beethoven, Bach, Schubert and Tchaikowski.

"Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more," for the 22d season of the Boston Symphony has begun, the 2000th concert of the organization approaches, and the sound of the two-step of the hotel hop is gladly exchanged for the strains of Beethoven and Bach. The opening programme consisted of Beethoven's "Leonora Overture," No. 2; Bach's Overture, or Suite, in B minor; Schubert's "Wanderer Fantasie," for piano and orchestra; Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony, E minor.

Mr. Gericke was abundantly applauded as he came to the conductor's stand. The "Leonora No. 2" (which sounds more like the name of a fire engine than of an overture), went with splendid fervor, its dramatic contrasts being made the most of. Although "No. 3" is accepted as the best of the four overtures that Beethoven wrote for his single opera, yet this "No. 2" is not a whit inferior; one can be happy with either.

One ought to give a word of commendation to the trumpeter, whose solo was especially effective in this performance. This and the similar passage in the sister overture are the only prominent passages for trumpet that exist in the scores of Beethoven, who made very little out of the instrument, because there were few good trumpeters in Germany at the beginning of the 19th century. The delirious joy of the finale, with the theme in diminution, was finely given, considering that this was the first concert after a long vacation.

The second number was rather a large dose of Bach for any but an audience of musicians, but it served to display some excellent flute work by Mr. Maquarre, and the great ability of Robert Franz in restoring the faded tints of the old master without modernizing him. Even now the world does not recognize the self-abnegatory character of the task of this most careful "editor" of Bach and Handel. His painstaking was something marvellous; the reviewer can state from personal knowledge that sometimes Franz would make half-a-dozen arrangements of a Bach number before he was satisfied with one. But one must recognize the fact that some of Bach's music is old-fashioned and cannot appeal to the general public any more than Richardson's novels.

The final "Badinerie" (or "Badinage") was not a picture of playful coquetry to a modern auditor. The Sarabande, however, was delightful; all Bach's Sarabandes come close to the latter-day homophony; and the Bourrees had charming contrast and easily comprehended counterpoint. It would be a pity to turn auditors away from the greatest of composers by ill-judged or by too copious selections from his works.

Raoul Pugno next appeared as soloist in Schubert's "Wanderer Fantasie," made into a work half-solo, half-concerto, by

Liszt. He played with exquisite expression and delicacy—at times; at other times he tried to live up to his name ("Pugno" means "fist" or "blow") and gave such fisticuffs to the instrument that it fairly roared. Nevertheless one could readily recognize the true artist in almost every part of his work, and he has plenty of celebrated company in the matter of assault and battery upon the piano. His playing of the theme of the song as a solo was entirely beautiful, and that startling counterpoint in octaves was given with surprising virtuosity.

He played from notes! This is something so unusual that one must chronicle it. It is a proceeding that may be commended. Why should an artist, who feels at all nervous about his memory, force himself to do a double task unnecessarily? It is surely better that the music, rather than the performer, should be on the rack. Mr. Pugno won a decided success and the recalls which followed the fantasia were of the most spontaneous and enthusiastic description.

After dress parade in the corridors came the symphony. There are some judges who prefer Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony to his "Pathetique." The works are both made of dramatic material, but run an opposite course. In the "Pathetique" Tchaikovsky starts early with the pathos of glory and leads them to the grave; in this work he commences with a lugubrious theme which he leads to victory and triumph. But, whichever road he takes, one must grow enthusiastic over his work for two reasons; first, he is sincere—and that we fear most of our modern musical pessimists and discord-makers are not; second, his tone-coloring is often phenomenal; he might almost be called the discoverer of the deep wood-wind.

The symphony is not new to Boston, therefore we need not speak at any great length about it. The clarinette deserves praise for its excellent work in the first movement. The transference of figures from the first movement to later ones, an effect invented by Beethoven, gives the symphony a continuity that seems to suggest a definite story, but it might be dangerous to guess at a composer's "intentions."

The romance of the second movement is built upon a theme so Gallic that Massenet might have invented it. For startling effects of tone-color the pizzicato effects here cannot be excelled. The horn, which had a very important part to play, did it very well. The interweaving of themes was brought out with excellent ensemble and balance.

The waltz which forms the next movement seems strange in this place, although Berlioz had previously taken up this dance as a symphonic movement. But one cannot help the query

Que diable venait-elle faire  
Dans cette Galere?

A full-dress suit would not be more out of place in a monastery than a good waltz in a symphony. To be sure it was not much of a waltz (from the dancing standpoint) and no auditor was tempted to tap his feet or wag his head to the rhythm.

The wild orgie of the finale was most brilliantly interpreted. This movement has much to say for itself and deserves study. There is a good deal of Russia



in its measures.

One sometimes feels that Tchaikowsky is like the bat which was decried by the birds as being too like a mouse and by the mice as being altogether too much of a bird. Had he been more thoroughly under German influence he would have had less of roughness and uncouthness; had he been pent up in Russia he would have had more savagery and yet more originality. For ourselves we lean to the Russian side of this musical question. We have possessed plenty of Germans who have wandered along the symphonic road, and their present successors seek for possible new effects in the brambles of metaphysics in music. When the new school of instrumental music starts (whatever that unborn thing may be) we believe that it will be cradled in Russia.

Louis C. Elson.

## The Symphony Concerts Begin Again.

Post

Oct. 19, 1902

## Interesting Program Enjoyed by the Usual Fashionable Throng.

## Mascagui's Opera Company— Concerts Tonight—Gossip.

The 22d season of Symphony concerts was opened with a conservative program which comprised Beethoven's "Leonore" overture No. 2, Bach's B minor overture for strings, flute and piano accompaniment, Schubert's "Wanderer" fantasia, rearranged for piano, and Tchaikowsky's fifth symphony. As was the case last season, a soloist appeared at the opening concert. The celebrated French pianist, Raoul Pugno, was heard in the Schubert selection, and judging from the numerous artists announced to appear this season nearly every concert will have the assistance of a prominent soloist.

The third year of Symphony hall finds nearly all the niches above the upper gallery occupied by appropriate statuary which relieves the former barrenness of the walls. And the third year also found the usual great attendance of familiar faces at both concerts and the composition of the grand orchestra nearly the same as in former seasons, with Mr Gericke as conductor.

Beethoven's brilliant "Leonore" overture opened the series auspiciously, for the orchestra played the work beautifully throughout, the trumpet calls were given in perfect harmony with the supplementary entrances by the full band, and the wood winds sang their melodies very sweetly. The familiar number is always welcome on a Symphony program, for the richness of the orchestration for the various parts of the band shows the splendid quality of each contingent, and yesterday's work was fully up to the usual standard.

The Bach suite for strings, flute and piano accompaniment is a charming work, illustrating various forms of dances, opening with a stately movement and changing in style through the seven numbers. The tonal colors are highly characteristic of the different subjects, but delicate withal because of the absence of the brasses in the score. The strings did their work smoothly and with perfect swinging rhythm, the third movement, the "Sara-bande," possibly calling for special praise by reason of the graceful flute part, which was performed very daintily. In the somewhat formal measures of the polonaise the ensemble playing by the strings was flawless.

The Tchaikowsky symphony voices the spirit of the Russian composer in unmistakable terms, and although not as barbaric and chaotic as his sixth symphony, the former number is permeated with the vigor usually associated with the composer's writings. The principal theme, which is reiterated at intervals throughout the work, is somber and dramatic and suggests the nature of the symphony at the outset; and this atmosphere continues even in the third or waltz movement, which terminates in gloom. In the second part the fortissimo playing by the orchestra was notably vigorous, yet without being muddled; the lighter measures of the waltz were given with proper sentiment and refinement of style, and in the first part, the theme allotted to the bassoons and clarionets was phrased perfectly. The climaxes of the final movement also went admirably.

Mr Pugno was heard in the Schubert "Wanderer" fantasia, which in its modern and rearranged form, gives abundant opportunity for the expression of the player's technique, Liszt's elaboration of the work leaving but few traces of the pathos of the original. The difficult score seemed apparently simple to the big, bearded pianist who played with a grace of sentiment, a firm yet delicate touch and with a thorough appreciation of the score. His forte passages at times were a trifle hard and lacking in clarity; but his legato work was smooth and appealing, his runs were given with ease and rapidity and his whole performance was very enjoyable. His simplicity of manner at the piano wins immediate favor, for he is the personification of modesty and good nature. He was enthusiastically applauded at the close of his performance and recalled many times to the platform.

The program this week will introduce the young cellist, Miss Elsa Ruegger, as soloist in a Rubinstein concerto. The other numbers will be the Berlioz overture, "Carnaval Romain"; Saint-Saen's symphonic poem, "Le Rouet d'Omphale," and Hans Huber's E minor symphony.

# SYMPHONY SEASON OPENS BRILLIANTLY

Post Oct. 19, 1902

The 22d season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was inaugurated last evening in Symphony Hall.

There was the usual brilliant audience present, among which were noticed many of the familiar faces seen in seasons past, together with many new ones.

Mr. Gericke was enthusiastically applauded when he appeared on the platform. The programme of the first concert presented no novelties, yet there was much of an interesting nature. The opening number was Beethoven's "Leonore" overture, No. 2, which of the four written by the composer for his only opera, "Fidelio," ranks in popularity only second to No. 3, which it closely resembles. The work was quite in advance of its day, and even after a lapse of nearly a century is still found in the repertory of all the great orchestras of the world and justly ranks among the best works of its kind.

Bach's B minor suite, for strings, flute and piano, is occasionally given, but does not possess the interest of the suite in D, even though some great contrapuntal writing is apparent. It was admirably given, the solo flute contributing a large share towards the successful performance.

The soloist of the evening was Raoul Pugno, the French pianist, who last evening appeared at these concerts for the first time. He is, however, not entirely a stranger to this city, for he appeared several seasons ago in joint recitals with Ysaye and Gerardy and many will recall with pleasure the fine ensemble of these recitals. Mr. Pugno chose for his solo number the Liszt adaptation for orchestra and piano of Schubert's "Wanderer Fantasie," Op. 15, which the composer originally composed for piano solo.

The Liszt adaptation was at one time

quite a favorite with pianists, but today it shows unmistakably the effects of time, even though there is much showy orchestration and brilliant passage work for the solo instrument. Mr. Pugno played with notes, a rare sight in these days, though years ago it was a common occurrence. He has a fluent technique, his style is brilliant, though not profound, with a tone pleasing in quiet passages, but hard and metallic in more vigorous moments. The work hardly showed Mr. Pugno at his best and one would prefer to forego an opinion of his powers as a pianist until after hearing him in recital, an opportunity which will soon be offered.

Mr. Pugno's performance may be, however, considered vigorous and brilliant, and the audience rewarded his efforts with much applause and several recalls.

The final number was Tchaikowsky's fifth symphony in E minor, Op. 64, a work only second to his great symphony, No. 6, the "Pathetic." Those who think that Tchaikowsky's work is not lasting reckon apparently without true knowledge and understanding, for he is certainly up to date in all that pertains to brilliant instrumentation; elaboration and ingenuity are displayed on every page of his score and as for melodic invention in the best sense of the term, there is none today that can surpass or perhaps equal this greatest of Russian composers.

This wonderful symphony was superbly played and made a profound impression, as well it might, for there are beauties in the score that to describe adequately would fill many pages.

Miss Elsa Ruegger, cellist, will be the soloist at the rehearsal and concert this coming week, and Hans Huber's E minor symphony is promised for a first performance.

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**ELSA RUEGGER,**  
'Cellist.

*Symphony Hall.*

SEASON 1902-03.

**BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.**

**Mr. WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.**

**II. CONCERT.**

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 25, AT 8, P. M.

**Programme.**

- |              |  |
|--------------|--|
| BERLIOZ.     | OVERTURE, "The Roman Carnival." op. 9.   |
| RUBINSTEIN,  | CONCERTO No. 2, in D minor, for VIOLONCELLO<br>and ORCHESTRA, op. 96.<br>Allegro moderato. — Andante. — Moderato. —<br>Allegro vivace.   |
| SAINT-SAËNS, | SYMPHONIC POEM, No. 1, "Omphale's Spinning-<br>Wheel." op. 31.   |
| HANS HUBER.  | SYMPHONY No. 2, in E minor, op. 115.<br>I. Allegro con fuoco.<br>II. Allegro con fuoco non troppo.<br>III. Adagio ma non troppo.<br>IV. Finale: "Metamorphoses: suggested by pictures by<br>Böcklin."<br>(First time.) |

**Soloist:**

**Miss ELSA RUEGGER.**





Photographed in Brussels.

ELSA RUEGGER.

## A NEW SYMPHONY.

**Hans Huber's Translation of Pictures by Arnold Boecklin Into Music—Miss Elsa Ruegger, an Admirable 'Cellist, Plays a Sorry Concerto by Rubinstein.**

The program of the second Concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Gericke, conductor, was as follows:  
 "Roman Carnival".....Berlioz  
 Concerto No. 2 in D minor for 'cello.....Rubinstein  
 "Omphale's Spinning-Wheel".....Saint-Saëns  
 Symphony No. 2 in E minor.....Hans Huber

Hans Huber is at the head of a music school in Bale, where he was born in 1852. His first symphony is entitled "William Tell," and his second is a eulogy in music of Arnold Boecklin, the painter, who, born at Bale, knew, like Ulysses, many towns, and spent his later years in his villa at or near Florence, where he died.

The first three movements are supposed by ardent analysts and pamphleteers to describe Boecklin's character as an artist. The Finale is composed of a short introduction and a theme and variations. Each of these variations was suggested by a picture, and the title of the picture is prefixed to each variation in the score. The symphony was performed for the first time on July 2, 1900, at a Festival of the Society of Swiss Musicians, held at Zurich.

Boecklin was a painter of bold and daring imagination and he was a gorgeous colorist. He is probably best known to the world at large by his "Fields of the Blessed" and "Island of the Dead"; but the huge album of his works, in three volumes, would attract even the most indifferent visitor at the Public Library. His genius was fantastical. His subjects are often almost incredible; his treatment of them is audacious; yet where a man of talent would be only grotesque, Boecklin is impressive. You accept his strange women-of-the-sea, his Centaur at the blacksmith's, his Tritons, Nereids, and still stranger shapes that are half-beast, half-human. The old Grecian mythology was as real to the painter as were the scenes of bloodshed and terror he saw in the streets of Paris as a student. He painted the mysteries of plain, mountain and ocean, Prometheus bound to Caucasus and the Sleeping Diana watched by satyrs, Pan fishing for sea-nymphs, sporting nymphs. At times he was frankly symbolical, as in "The Spirit of Adventure"; "War"; but, as a rule, symbolism lurks, and dares not protrude.

And now comes Huber with his translation of Boecklin into music. He is not the first to write music suggested by pictures or music that attempts to preserve the spirit or the mood of a painting. Liszt was before him, and Liszt had a habit of anticipating many, even men of today.

But Huber and Boecklin! The industrious teacher and maker of music

and the man of wild fancy and flaming imagination. No, Huber is not the man for this unnecessary task. For originality and individuality were also strong characteristics of Boecklin.

The symphony is well-made and Huber is evidently a sound and thoroughly grounded musician with no little fluency of expression, but the music is neither individual nor imaginative. The themes are not striking, and the second theme of the first movement, the theme announced first by the oboe, is decidedly Brahmsian. There are other passages which in melodic and rhythmic structure recall Brahms. The Scherzo is at times entertaining; it is not distinguished. Portions of the Adagio are most agreeably sonorous, but the musical thought is rather commonplace. It may here be said that the symphony as a whole is effectively scored.

The Finale shows plainly inherent lack of imagination, and here the musician puts himself boldly in comparison with the painter. It is not necessary to ask the old question which foes of program-music delight in putting: "If there were no specific titles, only the headline 'Suggested by pictures by Boecklin,' could any one thoroughly acquainted with the pictures identify each of the nine?" The violin solo and the organ would probably suggest the hermit fiddling before the Madonna, and the last variation, a Bacchanale. But Huber has given the titles, and the question is this: "Is the mood of each picture reproduced?" Here, of course, the double personal equation enters in; the individuality of the composer and that of the hearer. To me not one variation suggested the accompanying picture. How trivial the musical agony of Prometheus in comparison with that giant figure, bound yet still defiant, on the rocky mount? And the Elysian Fields? This dance-tune might pass in the Elysian Fields of Paris, but Gluck with simplest means caught the classic spirit of that serene enjoyment which eludes the Swiss or is not understood by him. And "Night"? And "The Silence of the Oceans"? As the famous reviewer once remarked: "This will never do."

Miss Ruegger played admirably, nor was she disconcerted by the breaking of a string. Her tone was beautiful and pure; her technic, wholly adequate; her sentiment unimpeachable; her bravura, accurate and brilliant. But no wonder that the concerto is seldom played. It is sorry music, another instance of the weakness of a wonderful pianist who had the mania of composition.

It is always a pleasure to hear the overture of Berlioz and the symphonic-poem of Saint Saëns. How fresh, how modern the overture seems, and yet it was written nearly 60 years ago. And the symphonic-poem is a masterpiece with its daintiness and elegance, with its spirit of exquisite irony.

The performance of the orchestra was of a high order of excellence, although in the trio of the scherzo there was momentary unsteadiness. I doubt if this symphony ever sounded as well as it did last night. Nor should Mr. Longy's playing of Omphale's mocking solo be passed by without grateful recognition.

Philip Hale.



## THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

### Its Important Number Is Huber's Boecklin Symphony.

Miss Ruegger, a Swiss Artist, Plays Concerto of Rubinstein Keyed in D on 'Cello and Does It with Great Beauty at Second Concert of the Season.

The important number of the second symphony concert was the Hans Huber symphony in E minor, hitherto unheard in Boston, in memory and laudation of the Swiss painter, Arnold Boecklin. He was born and spent many of his 71 years in Basle, of which city the composer, too, was long a resident, but he was also something of a cosmopolitan, and his pictures are known almost the world over. He was one who united German exactitude and emotion with German romance, fancy and reverie, and he loved to people landscapes finished with Dusseldorf precision and faithful in archaeological respect for Grecian architecture and classic scenery with fauns, satyrs, nymphs and demigods, or else to place in an environment of modern sea or shore a mysterious, symbolic or eerie figure of his own imagining. The symphony's first three movements seem to recognize these opposing and yet blending elements of character, and the themes suggested in the first, one strong and one sweet, reappear influentially if not always formally through the whole work. The former has been taken to suggest the man himself, resolute and original in his chosen course, and the other the poetic and gently fantastic spirit which prevails in his art. The opening allegro deals with these variously, to intimate, perhaps, the diversity which flows from the painter's use of the twin characteristics of his art; the scherzo is rhapsodic and excited, as if to correspond with the revelry of the wilder creations of his brush, while the adagio, rich and smooth, in frequent horn color and dreamy wood-wind voices, may stand for the idyllic moods and tranquil scenes of other pictures.

The finale, introduced by the gentler of the original themes, owns a frank intention to make musical deductions from a number of Boecklin's most expressive pictures, each variation being designated by its name. Many phrases of the painter's art are illustrated, and the paintings themselves are known, in photographic reproductions at least, the world over. They range from the remote and melancholy beauty of "The Ocean's Stillness" and "The Night," to the airy lightness of "The Fleeting Nymph," the reflective strains of the "Hermit Playing at a Madonna Shrine," the strongly straining pulses of "Prometheus" and the eager restlessness of the "Bacchanale." All these sketches are short, but significant, and they typify the moods of their subjects perfectly and affectionately. The whole sym-

phony was splendidly read, and its color and movement were appreciatively diversified. A softer touch, however, would have become some of the idyls well, and a longer suspension at the end of each variation would not have been amiss, as each represents an independent and isolated vision, and does not merely make one more in a string of thematic evolutions. The symphony was easy to follow and understand, and it was evidently much enjoyed.

The concert began cheerily with the "Roman Carnival" overture of "Berlioz, which tells its story well—the half-pastoral opening with its pipings, the long central scheme, mirth and mischief and masked love-making, and the final emphasis of the peasant Saltarello, which has been gradually rising assertively from the first. The orchestra also played the "Omphale's Spinning Wheel" of Saint-Saëns, than which they do nothing of its picturesque kind better—never failing to bring out the busy, fine spun figure of the flax spinning away from the twirling distaff, the heavy rebellious grumbling of the enslaved Hercules, the piquant sarcasm of the oboe-comments of Omphale, and the finale dwindling away to nothingness of the thread as its last mite is drawn.

The only other number was the second violin-cello concerto by Rubinstein, keyed in D minor, and dexterously constructed to show both virtuosity and artistry. It runs straight on unbrokenly, but the conventional changes of movement are made and cadenzas indicative of their approach are set in the usual places. The allegros offer opportunity for executive display, while the andante makes the place for sentiment and long-drawn grace of tone and phrasing, so that the player only needs a few dramatic passages to be able to develop the whole range of his skill at a single sitting. Miss Elsa Ruegger, the young Swiss 'cellist who visited this country a couple of years ago, performed it beautifully. Her tone, which is sufficiently ample and searching, is happily free from the nasality too common in the 'cello, and her lowest registers are quietly firm and positive, with no smarting assertiveness. Her phrasing is distinguished and her execution almost as facile as a violinist's, and gratifyingly simple, effortless and refined. She had a warm double recall, which a little ad captandum exaggeration of her elegant reserve might easily have multiplied.

The next programme will be as follows:

Symphony No. 3, in F major.....Brahms  
Concerto for piano-forte in E-flat.....Beethoven  
Symphonic poem, "Don Juan".....Richard Strauss  
Kaiser-march.....Wagner  
Soloist: Mr. Frederic Lamond, the Scotch pianist, who is to make his debut.

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## Symphony Hall: Symphony Orchestra

The programme of the second symphony concert, given in Symphony Hall last Saturday evening, was:

Hector Berlioz: Overture, "Le Carnaval romain," opus 9.  
Anton Rubinstein: Concerto No. 2, in D minor, for Violoncello and Orchestra, opus 96.  
Camille Saint-Saëns: Symphonic Poem No. 1, "Le Rouet d'Omphale," opus 31.  
Hans Huber: Symphony No. 2, in E minor, opus 115.  
(First time in Boston.)

Mr. J. Wallace Goodrich, organist.

Miss Elsa Ruegger was the solo 'cellist.

Berlioz's "Roman Carnival" was played with exquisite finish, if at what one is forced to fancy a slower tempo than the composer's; at least, the tempo at which it was taken last Saturday evening does not give much color of probability to Berlioz's story of his experience with a military band in Paris, if it is really the right one. The story, as told by Berlioz, goes that the bandmaster had arranged the overture for wind instruments, and invited the composer to hear a final rehearsal of it; Berlioz told him that his tempo was too slow, to which the bandmaster replied that wind instruments could play it no faster. "Give me your baton," said Berlioz; and began to conduct the work himself at the right tempo. "There, that is what I want," said he, after it was over. The bandmaster said he could not have believed it possible, but, now that he had seen it done, he would always do it in the same way in future. Then, retaking his baton, he began to have the band play it over again. But the band absolutely could not play it at that rapid tempo under his conducting; every time Berlioz himself took the baton, they played it all right; but they could not do it for the bandmaster! It should be said, however, for Mr. Gericke that he made more effect with the composition at his tempo than anyone else I have heard who took it as slow as he; he did not let his moderate tempo pull the music to pieces.

But it would be stretching a point to call the performance of Saint-Saëns's "Omphale" effective. As an exhibition of deft and highly polished technique, it was wonderful; but there was no Omphale to it, and not overmuch Hercules!

Hans Huber's "Böcklin" symphony, has been spoken of for some time as an important novelty. It is rather curious, though, that a work, written (or, at least, produced) when the composer was well over forty-five, should have been the first means of making his name known to most people; few composers of importance in history have made themselves known to the world at large by so mature works! No doubt Hans Huber has been known to musicians here for a good while; but I doubt if many "average music-lovers" had ever heard of him until they saw his name on the advance programme, week before last.

Now that the symphony has been heard here, one can say distinctly that no one would have mistaken it for anything but a mature work; young musicians do not

write like that, the symphony shows none of the vices of youthfulness. There are some works about which one dares to speak quite plainly and unreservedly even after but a single hearing. This E-minor symphony of Huber's is one of them. To me the most striking thing about it is the orchestration; I cannot remember ever hearing a new orchestral composition before (except by Richard Wagner or Hector Berlioz) the instrumentation of which seemed at once so modern and so inveterately euphonious; there is a considerable variety of color in it, but not one harsh-sounding measure. There is no garishness, no glare to it; which may be, after all, but another way of saying that there are no high lights. Still, beautiful colors are beautiful colors, and that is something; to be sure, a kaleidoscopic arrangement of the most beautiful colors in the world does not necessarily constitute beautiful coloring, and I am by no means sure that Huber's skill in producing entrancing orchestral tints entitles him to the name of a great orchestral colorist—indeed, I rather fancy it does not. I found that, before the symphony was over, I began to get pretty tired of that perpetual richness of tone, in spite of its undeniable variety; it seemed to lack character, and I would have given something for a measure or two of Tchaikovsky's downright stridency.

As for the other characteristics of the symphony, the work seemed to me decidedly well written (although one cannot really judge of this sort of thing at a single dash), to bear the ear marks of musicianly parentage. It is certainly conceived and carried out in the modern spirit; it belongs unmistakably to the present. Yet one might suspect at moments that the composer paid more deference to the "amenities" of musical expression than most of his noteworthy contemporaries; such very nice consideration for the listener's feelings smacks just a wee bit of old-time manners. But, when one comes to consider the musical stuff out of which the work is made, the material of which it is built, then do one's eyes stare in astonishment! Excepting one or two phrases in the Scherzo and the Finale, I do not think there is a moment in the whole symphony which our excellent Mr. Napier Lothian could not match from his (presumably extant) collection of "incidental music" used to accompany more or less melodramatic plays for the last two or three decades at the Boston Theatre. Listening to the work, one soon found one's self longing for something to look at—a sunset, a prismatic fountain, some fireworks, anything bright and attractive to the eye—to furnish a hook whereon to hang all that ear-pleasing euphony. The music did not seem somehow able to stand alone. One understood the fine reports of the work that have come here from Germany, where critics evidently still keep up their old-time fondness for good boys, and overflow with praise of composers who do nothing



shocking. Well, considering that the aristocracy of German musical criticism has done its best to lay out cold every new man who has had anything to say, for over a hundred years, it is comforting to reflect that this same aristocracy has a good word for somebody! And he who has its good word surely does not need mine. At all events, I do not think Mr. Huber himself could have wished for a finer performance of his symphony than it got last Saturday evening.

For once I have to thank a 'cellist for choosing one concerto rather than another. Fully as I am persuaded of the truth that every 'cello concerto belongs properly to a by-gone period, this one of Rubinstein's struck me last Saturday as peculiarly enjoyable. Nor do I think that Miss Ruegger's playing was the only reason. Anton Rubinstein has always been something of a puzzle. A man of most tremendous and almost arrogant individuality as a pianist, as a composer he had hardly any outline at all; he almost totally lacked musical profile. Moreover, he was one of those lazy hard workers from whom not very much is to be expected. He would cover reams and reams of music-paper with notes, and imagine himself uncomfortably busy; but, beyond the physical labor of writing note-heads and tails, the amount of real work he did was not overwhelming. A more slovenly composer never made a name for himself in this world! But he did have a talent for writing very lovely themes now and then; what he did with them afterwards was seldom remarkable, but he certainly could write pretty tunes. And this 'cello concerto of his is full of them. Now, it is generally pleasant to hear pretty tunes; especially is it pleasant when they come upon you as a welcome surprise in a composition which you have looked upon with dread, as sure to fill your soul full of dark despair. And nothing in the whole range of music (barring, perhaps, a "whole" Bach suite) looks so terrifying on a programme as a 'cello concerto. Imagine a man who has just screwed up his courage to drink a tumbler of extract of quassia, and finds that it tastes like lemonade! That is the way I felt on Saturday evening, when Miss Ruegger had led me half way through Rubinstein's concerto. Miss Ruegger's playing was certainly very beautiful indeed; her bravura is wonderfully secure and clean-cut; if it does not sound well, it may be a consolation to some listeners to remember that, ever since the violoncello came into use, virtuoso 'cellists have been trying their best to make bravura passages sound well on the instrument, and have invariably failed. Some persons might think the trick worth giving up, as impossible; but no, hope springs eternal in the etc., etc. Miss Ruegger's tone is warm beauty itself, and her phrasing exceedingly graceful and rational. In a word, she made a very fine impression indeed.

The next programme is: Brahms, symphony No. 3, in F major; Beethoven, con-

certo for pianoforte No. 5, in E-flat major; Richard Strauss, symphonic poem, "Juan"; Wagner, Kaisermarsch. Mr. Eric Lamond will be the pianist.

W. F. A.

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## SATURDAY NIGHT'S SYMPHONY LEANED TOWARDS SWITZERLAND.

The programme:—

Overture, "Carnaval Romain".....Belioz  
Concerto for violoncello.....Rubinstein  
Symphonic poem, "Le Rouet d'Omphale,"

Saint-Saens.

Symphony in E minor. (First time.) Hans Huber  
A concert that leaned decidedly towards Switzerland. A Swiss painter was glorified by a Swiss musician in a Swiss symphony, and a Swiss violoncellist was the soloist of the occasion. Nevertheless the first scene was laid in Rome. The "Roman Carnival" overture wears well. Belioz never achieved anything more genuinely rollicking than the Salterello which portrays the revelry of the Roman populace. The contrasts, too, are very effective, and the tender English horn melody was given perfectly, with all its pensive character well brought out. The work was taken rather sedately at first (in the chromatic rushes, for example), but its final climax was splendidly wrought up.

Now came Miss Elsa Ruegger with Rubinstein's D minor violoncello concerto. It is not a very distinguished work. Rubinstein used to complain of his anomalous position in art and life, saying: "The Russians call me a German, the Germans call me a Russian; the Christians call me a Jew, the Jews call me a Christian!" The Germans admired the Russian character of this violoncello concerto, but the Muscovite scarcely peeps out at all save in the last movement. There is considerable "padding" in the work, as there is in too many of Rubinstein's compositions. The man could sometimes touch the heights of genius, but he was never a severe enough critic of his own work, and many a noble passage is spoiled by a prosaic context in his sonata forms. The "Ocean Symphony," for example, reaches a very high plane in its first, and sometimes in its second movement, but the work as a whole leaves the impression of mediocrity. Thus it is with this violoncello concerto; there are elegant passages in the slow movement that are most impressive; the folksong character of the beginning of the finale is very attractive; but at the end one has lost all enthusiasm.

Elsa Ruegger played with artistic ease, and conquered many difficulties without seeming effort; she gave some broad C-string work, her intonation was excellent, double-stopping and scale passages were clean and pure, her cadenza-playing was brilliant, and, if she had the misfortune to break a string, the accident happened at the very best possible place, between two movements. There was, however, little of abandon in her work; one always felt a reserve and calmness that militated against any excitement on the part of the auditor. That there were no lapses of intonation after adding a new string to the 'cello speaks much for the surety of the artist. But, after all, it would take a phenomenon to astonish the Bostonian in a 'cello work, for we have an artist who is the peer of almost every visiting soloist on this instrument, in the ranks of our

own symphony orchestra. Miss Ruegger had two recalls at the close of the concerto.

Now came "Omphale's Wheel" as symphonized by St. Saens. The wheel was not a chainless, as Hercules found out to his cost; Hercules, who resigned from his club and sat by the fireside, spinning yarns to the mocking oboe-laughter of Miss Omphale, afterwards Mme. Hercules. It was a pleasant number, not requiring deep thought, its pictures being recognizable without any effort. The salient points were remarkable shading (a final "ppppp" pushed to the invisible, or inaudible, point) and charming oboe playing by Mr. Longy. The revolving figures ("Oh, how the wheel becomes it!") were daintiness personified. No wonder then that the pretty number won the chief applause of the evening.

Less easily followed, because attempting a much more varied task, was Huber's symphony, which followed. There is a proverb about the hangman coming to be hanged; in this case the painter came to be tone-painted, for Huber has made his symphony into a portrayal of the Swiss artist, Arnold Boecklin; which is about as successful as if Reinecke should portray Whistler. The first movement of the work was as abstruse as Brahms, but without the coherency of the great symphonist. Development was there in all profusion, and so involved at times that the movement became a musico-mathematical problem. Some of the figures were not attractive, but that mattered little, since your true pedant can make a sonata-allegro out of figures taken from Schmitt's Five-Finger Exercises. There was, therefore, plenty of skill and little of inspiration apparent.

Matters improved with the succeeding movements. The eerie character of the scherzo was attractive in its restlessness and quaint syncopations. The adagio was serene and dignified, in good contrast with the preceding movement. It was a little too long, a fault that could be more strongly emphasized in connection with the first movement. Your modern orchestral composer requires as much room to turn round in as a seven-masted schooner.

The variations of the finale seemed the best part of the work. They gave a succession of moods inspired by various pictures of Boecklin. They did not actually represent these paintings, however; to turn music into a panorama would be impossible; we regarded the sub-titles (the titles of some of the painter's most famous works) as merely suggestive of the source of inspiration of the composer, and no more "programme music" than the finale of the "heroic" symphony; the work remained a subjective, rather than objective, piece of music.

The performance was excellent. One might say an especial word about the effective flute playing, the violin obligato, the massive effect of the organ; but where all was well done even this might be invid-



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hearing; if it was not at all thrilling, it  
certainly was interesting.  
Louis C. Wilson.



Photo by Lützel, Munich.

FREDERIC LAMOND

## *Symphony Hall.*

SEASON 1902-03.

### BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Mr. WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.

#### III. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1, AT 8, P. M.

#### Programme.

BRAHMS,

SYMPHONY No. 3, in F major, op. 90.

I. Allegro con brio.

II. Andante.

III. Poco allegretto.

IV. Allegro.

BEETHOVEN,

CONCERTO in E flat major, No. 5, for PIANOFORTE  
op. 73.

I. Allegro.

II. Adagio un poco moto.

III. Rondo: Allegro ma non troppo.

RICHARD STRAUSS,

TONE POEM, "Don Juan." (after N. LENAU).

WAGNER,

KAISERMARSCH.

#### Soloist:

Mr. FREDERIC LAMOND.

The Pianoforte is a Mason & Hamlin.

There will be no Public Rehearsal and Concert next week.



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Louis C. Elson.



Photo by Lützel, Munich.

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# THIRD SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Long Programme Was Rather Trying for One Sitting.

A Brahms Symphony, a Beethoven Concerto and a Strauss Tone-Complication Problem, Plus a Wagner March — Mr. Lamond a Master of the Keyboard.

In performance the third symphony programme proved neither felicitous nor judicious. It extended to nearly two hours, and all that time attention was kept at stretch and strain, without any period of real relaxation, tending to a weary headache for conscientious listeners. A Brahms symphony, a Beethoven concerto and a Strauss tone-complication problem, plus a Wagner march, are altogether too much for one sitting. There was a certain approximate relief in the slow movement of the symphony; but, after all, one cannot repose contentedly and thoughtlessly upon its blandness; reflection and analysis must still be unremitted and the mind gets no actual rest. It might be thought that some new freshness and buoyancy must come into the rondo of the concerto. But this movement was not exhilarating—certainly it had no gay glitter—as Mr. Lamond played it, although it was cheery enough.

Indeed, that pianist, while evidently a master of the keyboard, appeared to be rather an artist of sterling sense than of quick sensibility. He has, like Pugno, the air of a doctor or professor than an artist. He is of medium height, stocky and sturdy, but with a pianistic shock of hair. He played—if it may be said without offence—as one might expect a Scotchman to play, intellectually and didactically, but not eloquently or emotionally. Charles Reade says in "Christie Johnstone": "The Scotch are icebergs, with volcanoes underneath; thaw the Scotch ice, which is very cold, and you shall get to the Scotch fire, warmer than any sun of Italy or Spain."

Well, Mr. Lamond did not chill with any obvious ice; but he did not thaw enough for one to feel fire.

His readings were broad and firm in the opening, smooth and steady in the andante, distinct and elegant in the rondo, while his ornamentation throughout the whole work, especially in his scales and trills, was bright, definite and easily swift. But he rarely passed beyond earnest emphasis into enthusiasm, and seldom arrived quite at the climax which the hearer craved and which he seemed to be preparing and promising. Yet the cadenza was well wrought.

It was intellectual, sincere, substantial, finely educated playing, but it was not ardent or persuasive. The choice of that great concerto—"The Emperor"—bespoke the true musicianly spirit, which aims at nothing less than the best; and the faithful, modest, consistent performance showed how truly the player honored the master. Yet, if a little rashness could now and then have broken in upon so much reason, how

much better it would have been. He had a day he was accused of playing it tediously and forcibly as to be even rough, vehement.

The orchestra did finely all the evening, their best work coming, naturally enough, in the symphony and concertos, while they were fresh and unperturbed by the scores with which they had yet to struggle. The Strauss "Don Juan" remains the same exciting, exasperating confusion of old. That commentators have evolved from it so many stated formulas is but a new exemplification of what human imagination can do. The whole thing seems only a wad, erratic revelry, as purposeless and devoid of fixed shape as a life tossed into a chaos of passions and distractions, drawn, controlled, delighted and afflicted from moment to moment, and ending profitless and hopeless when the inevitable crush of catastrophe comes. We cannot see the value or the use of such a composition. One may be curious to hear it as an "up-to-date" thing which must be talked about. But the closest study which the listener can give it brings no permanent good or pleasure; and one cannot trust himself to its tumultuous billows as he can to the strong, steady, though fast rising, surges of Wagner's music.

And this leads to the usual reflection upon the "Emperor's March," which ended the concert—that it is but bombast; swelling, stately, almost portentous and regal; but still bombast, and saved from descending yet lower by the splendid, opulent and grandiose instrumentation. Which leads one always to think further, what magnificent and unparalleled circus and spectacle music Wagner might have written if he would but have given his mind to it!

No concert next week, but for the following week this programme is set:

Rimsky-Korsakoff....."La Fiancée du Tzar" (First time.)  
Brahms.....Concerto for violin  
Bizet.....Suite, "L'Arlesienne," No. 1  
Beethoven.....Symphony No. 4  
Soloist, Miss Maud MacCarthy.

The third concert of the Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Gericke, conductor, took place last night in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:

Symphony, No. 3, F major.....Brahms  
Concerto for piano No. 5.....Beethoven  
"Don Juan".....R. Strauss  
Kaisermarsch.....Wagner

Richard Strauss gives as an explanation of his tone poem, "After Nicolaus Lenau," three excerpts from the dramatic work of the morbid and unfortunate poet, Don Juan in these speeches shows his character. He pursues women, one by one, in the hope of finding at last one woman that will sum up in herself all the desirable qualities of womanhood. His life, then, is a constant pursuit of the ideal. It is needless to say that each of his victims, so eagerly desired, in turn bores and disgusts him. He drinks the cup of pleasure to the lees. At last he is bored beyond endurance by the mere fact of existence; before the end, at the feast, he exclaims to his friend:

"Exhausted is the fuel;  
And on the hearth the cold is fiercely cruel."  
The avenger fights with him, and although Don Juan has him in his power, this bores him, as does life itself, and the sensualist allows himself to be slain. Years before the birth of Richard Strauss, and Lenau went to the madhouse.



the name of Robert Burns wrote from the depths of his own experience:

And petrifies the feeling.  
And petrifies the feeling.

And these excerpts from Lenau's poem are enough to furnish the key to Strauss's music. Some of his wild-eyed worshippers, not content with the quotations that serve as mottoes, have invented ingenious analyses, in which we are told the precise meaning of each theme; and how this section represents his passion for a widow and that for a maiden. But did not Strauss himself say the other day that the theme which represents, according to an analyst, Don Juan rushing off to new triumphs, was intended as his drunken entrance into a ball room? And is it not possible that when Strauss wrote down this theme he attached no specific and minute significance to it?

No, there is no need of the showman with blackboard and rod while this music is playing. "Don Juan—after Lenau's poem" is enough; and merely "Don Juan" might serve.

Why should anyone say this tone-poem is formless, incoherent? Simply as a vain and impotent protest against a modern shape and condition and appearance of form; for there must be a certain form, or an impression of form, in deformity itself. But here is music that reminds you constantly of two contending moods: insolent rejoicing in the flush and pride of manhood, which struggles inevitably with loathing and as inevitably is overcome by it at last. There are passionate episodes that may well depict incidents in the tumultuous life of the hero. Nor does it require any gymnastic feat of the imagination to see in the close with that grimly dissonant trumpet thrust the end of Don Juan's, as of every man's, desire.

A daring, brilliant composition: one that paints the hero as might a master's brush on canvas.

How expressive the themes! How daring the treatment of them! What fascinating, irresistible insolence, glowing passion, and then the taste of Dead-Sea fruit!

The performance was superb in pervading spirit, in finesse of detail, in dash and in sonority.

The symphony by Brahms, perhaps the most thoroughly genial as well as most passionate work of that accomplished pessimist, gave much pleasure; and the Kaiser March brought a noisy close.

Mr. Frederic Lamond made his first appearance in this country as a pianist. Never judge a man by his performance of a concerto is a wise saw. He may be a Single-Speech Hamilton, or he may rise in his strength only when he is alone with his audience. Surely Mr. Lamond can play better than he did last night, or else foreign reputation is as the idle wind. His performance was not distinguished by rhythm, color, imagination or the grasp of a master. Seldom if ever was the anticipation of the Rondo first theme so ineffective, and the delivery of the theme itself was muddy. Whenever the pianist should have been leonine, he was platitudinous in a highly respectable and solemn manner. The performance when Mr. Lamond was at his best brought to mind the criticism of a Shakespearean reading in "Great Expectations": "It was massive and concrete." Mr. Lamond was applauded heartily.

Philip Hale.

## SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Friday P. M., Saturday Evening, 31st and 1st

### PROGRAMME

Symphony No. 3, in F major.....Brahms  
Concerto for Pianoforte in E flat....Beethoven  
Symphonic Poem, "Don Juan," Richard Strauss  
Kaisermarsch.....Wagner  
Mr. FREDERIC LAMOND, Soloist

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FREDERIC LAMOND,  
The Pianist at the Third Symphony Concert.

## MUSIC AND DRAMA

### Symphony Hall: Symphony Orchestra

The programme of the third symphony concert, given in Symphony Hall last Saturday evening, was:

Johannes Brahms: Symphony No. 3, in F major, opus 80.  
Ludwig von Beethoven: Concerto for Pianoforte, No. 5, in E-flat major, opus 73.  
Richard Strauss: "Don Juan," tone-poem (after Lenau).  
Richard Wagner: Kaisermarsch.

Mr. Frederic Lamond was the pianist.

That was a wonderful performance of the Brahms symphony! Such technical perfection throughout the orchestra, such inviolable smoothness and beauty of tone, are rare. And by what means does Mr. Gericke bring out that "ghost of the first theme" so distinctly at the close of the fourth movement, yet without giving too much substance to its ghostliness? There must have been some trick—wholly legitimated by the result—but I could not make out what it was. If there had been just a thought more of elasticity in some places, the performance would have been ideal; I should like to hear the experiment tried some day of taking the third movement more passionately. It seems at times rather like carrying coals to Newcastle to exercise much self-restraint in playing Brahms; he does a good deal of that sort of thing himself, in his writing. But cannot that sudden burst from F minor into F major in the wood-wind, near the close of the last movement, be made to sound as dramatic as it looks? Undoubtedly it can, and it is hard to see what harm can be done by following so seemingly evident an intention; because a composer has shown himself as hardly ever in the dramatic mood there is no need of tamely slurring over what dramatic moments may be found in his scores—especially as a man so inveterately "querständig" as Brahms can hardly be supposed to be much of a stickler for "propriety." Still, a finer academic performance of a work which, after all, has indubitably a strong academic side, were hard to imagine.

Richard Strauss's "Don Juan" was also splendidly played. Mr. Gericke's well-known fondness for having things "sound well" is by no means wasted on a colorist like Richard Strauss; moreover, there is so much dash and passionate life in the music itself that one can well afford to sacrifice an ounce of fury in the playing to impeccable beauty of sonority. And in this instance full justice was done the dramatic element in the work; the place where it grows "kalt und dunkel . . . auf dem Herd" could not have been made chillier! That is an astonishing stroke of the composer's; to paint in lifelike tone-colors a man of flesh and blood, and then, with one blow, to knock all the flesh and blood out of him, and leave nothing but shivering bones and a vacantly staring skull! How Mozart's Commendatore would have delighted to witness the operation!

At last we have had a worthy perform-

ance of Wagner's Kaisermarsch!—from my point of view. Most conductors take the thing too slow; they take all the chivalric life out of it, and make it turgid. A more skilful bit of working-up than Mr. Gericke's treatment of that strange contrapuntal counter-theme which accompanies the second apparition of "Eln' feste Burg"—from its first timid appearance against the working-out of the first march-theme up to where it monopolizes the whole orchestra, except trumpets and trombones—has surely not been heard in Symphony Hall for a good while. Moreover, the march was so played as to sound rich and pulsant, but never noisy. It was shown as the work of a master, not as a mere vulgar holiday show-piece. One more remark concerning Mr. Gericke's tempo. The marking in the score is "Mässiges Marsch-tempo" (or words to that effect; I quote from memory), which would correspond to what used to be known in our army in the days of Hardee's tactics (and may be still, for aught I know) as "common time." Now, most conductors who have given the march here have apparently tried to get something like this "common time" at the rate of four beats to the measure; which proceeding drags out the music to the most doleful (and bombastic) slowness. Moreover, they never got nearer than "something like" common time; their four-beat tempo was somewhere between common time and ordinary quick time. Mr. Gericke pushes the tempo to a rate at which the ear gets the "common time" impression in allabreve (two beats to the measure); perhaps even a thought slower than the military "common time," but more nearly like it than the old way. The musical effect is very much finer, while Wagner's prescribed "mässiges Marsch-tempo" is sufficiently respected.

Mr. Lamond made his first bow before a Boston audience at this concert. I hesitate to say much about him yet, especially as he is soon to give a recital here, the programme of which contains nearly all the familiar old concert hacks—beg pardon, favorites—of robust players. My reason for hesitating is that Mr. Lamond comes to this country armed with a copious set of press-noticees from the other side of the Atlantic, compared to which those brought by all other pianists who have visited this country simply fade into insignificance. Neither Rubinstein, Bülow, D'Albert, nor Paderewski—not to mention others—were spoken of in such sun-outglowing terms by transatlantic critics, as reported by passionate press-agents. Especially is Mr. Lamond heralded as an interpreter of Beethoven, in which line he is reported to do things as new as they are marvellous. Now, no pianist in the world, let alone a Beethoven-player, could wish for a finer chance for shining than is afforded by Beethoven's E-flat major concerto—the most brilliant piece for pianoforte and orchestra ever written by anybody. But, after all the tremendous heralding the pianist had had, it was, to say the least, a surprise to hear him play every page of the concerto in just the most obvious way—which, as is often the case with Beethoven,



is by no means always the most distinguished way—with the single exception of the first two measures of the theme of the last movement, which by some magic or other he made quite unrecognizable. It is no particular compliment to Mr. Lamond to say that he knows how to play the pianoforte; undoubtedly he does. He shows, too, now and then a certain vehemence of temperament, which has only the fault of seeming a little too voluntary at times. But in his playing of the concerto last Saturday evening I could find nothing whatever to put him in the class claimed for him by his press notices. Do not mistake my meaning: I have heard the "Emperor" concerto played much worse, more vulgarly; but this is not the sort of implied praise by ricochet that one expects to give a man whom one has been led to look to for something like a new era in Beethoven-playing. Perhaps Mr. Lamond may not know what has been circulated about him by his agents; if so, it is high time for him to see to it that the public at large be not led to expect such Titanic things of him. Why, Rubinstein himself could hardly have played up to the reputation that has been made beforehand for Mr. Lamond.

The next programme, for Friday afternoon, Nov. 14, and Saturday evening, Nov. 15 (there will be neither rehearsal nor concert this week), is: Rimsky-Korsakoff, "La Flancée du Tsar" (first time); Brahms, concerto for violin; Bizet, suite "L'Arlésienne" No. 1; Beethoven, symphony No. 4, in B-flat major. Miss Maud MacCarthy will be the solo violinist. W. F. A.

SANDERS THEATRE CAMBRIDGE

## The Boston Symphony Orchestra

70 Performers.

MR. WILHELM GERICHKE, Conductor.

## TEN CONCERTS

Thursday Evenings, October 30, November 20, December 4, December 18, January 8, January 29, February 12, March 12, April 2, April 23, at 7.45.

### SOLO ARTISTS:

Miss HELEN HENSCHKE, the Misses CARBONI, Miss WINIFRED SMITH, Mr. ANTON VON ROOY, Mme. BLOOMFIELD-ZEISLER, Mr. CARL STASNY, Mr. GEORGE W. PROCTOR, Miss MAUD MACCARTHY, Mr. ADOLF BACK, and others to be announced.

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esent. The program Madame Bernhardt and view.

on was the one given house in Hill street, and included Madame Lerley Rumford, Miss gina Ganz and Mme. t her daughters; Lady ik silk, and wore her er and various orna-string of pearls round ened at the waist by a ord Tweeddale and by er looking very sweet dress covered with dia-s a striking figure in was eclipsed by Mrs. atin with an all round earl points. Mrs. Brad-aven, wore a gorgeous y; she had magnificent her head and on her so did Lady Saltoun. were also many Welsh ead of the stairs added to the most successful f was unable to appear, a severe chill. A tele-room with Mrs. Mackin-er concert although she

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olias Rink last Satur- ractive soprano, made as a good voice and l after singing "Dich " As an encore she e Rose," accompanied er artistically by Miss e at the concerts.

### Arens Pupil.

o has been a pupil of (having been entrusted Frank J. Benedict, the with pronounced success r. Carl, the organ vir-New Haven Festival. enthusiastically, and the d by the press of New Register said: o at the Fourth Congrega-e of exceptional purity and cordially received yesterday

ID.

y the playing of so, Frederic L l'Albert, was be ne of the forema Brahms. Gre h a brilliant and thirty-four, being avid was his fir f Laurieston par H. C. Cooper in in Frankfort, died piano with and violin with d the good for 1885 to 1886

such world re- Lamond made ember 17, 1885, v and London, Russia (1896), icting marked tual and brill- the fiery style eethoven and opin and the eling technic, lity and ex- r phenome- ys wins for

There is a "Aus dem eight piano op. 2, and

will furnish ght on his

were sear eaments os and a mys ghly B we say e of t ill thro but ne able they e All

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## WELCOMED IN NEW YORK.

Boston Symphony Orchestra Inaugurates Its 17th Season with Lamond as Soloist.

[Special Dispatch to the Boston Herald.]

NEW YORK, Nov. 6, 1902. In Carnegie Hall tonight the Boston Symphony orchestra inaugurated its 17th season in New York with a performance in every respect worthy of the brilliant and honorable traditions of the organization. The audience which greeted the orchestra's return was one limited only by the building's capacity, and appreciated in the most intelligent sense the programme matter. In all that was played, it is hard to find an over measure of praise for the work of the men from Boston. Perhaps it is the sufferings of the late Mascagni opera season, but the band in all its departments has never sounded better, more refined or more exquisitely balanced. The soloist was Frederic Lamond, the Scotch pianist, for whom the concert served as an American debut. Mr. Lamond comes to this hearing with unimpeachable credentials, and he was tonight listened to with approval.



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### FREDERIC LAMOND.

NEXT season New York is to enjoy the playing of a very distinguished piano virtuoso, Frederic Lamond, of Scotland. This artist, like d'Albert, was born in Glasgow, and also, like d'Albert, is one of the foremost interpreters of Bach, Beethoven and Brahms. Great Britain has never given birth to such a brilliant and scholarly player as Lamond. He is only thirty-four, being born January 28, 1868. His brother David was his first teacher. In 1880 he became organist of Laurieston parish church, and took violin lessons of H. C. Cooper in Glasgow; 1882 saw the young musician in Frankfort, at the Raff Conservatorium, where he studied piano with Schwarz, composition with Urspruch and violin with Heermann. From 1884 to 1885 he enjoyed the good fortune of von Bülow's instruction, and from 1885 to 1886 he was with Liszt at Weimar and Rome.

The fruits of this intense study under such world renowned masters were soon forthcoming. Lamond made a more than successful début at Berlin November 17, 1885, and gave concerts later in Vienna, Glasgow and London. He made Germany his home, traveling to Russia (1896), France (1899), Holland and Belgium, attracting marked critical and public attention by his intellectual and brilliant playing. Lamond is a von Bülow with the fiery style and force of a Rubinstein. He reads Bach, Beethoven and Brahms sympathetically, and in Liszt and Chopin and the newer men he is equally marvelous. A dazzling technique, sonorous tone, great power, musical sensibility and extraordinary memory qualify him as one of our phenomenal modern pianists. And his personality always wins for him the suffrages of his audiences.

He has not been idle in the creative field. There is a Symphony in A, composed 1899; an overture, "Aus dem Schottischen Hochlande" (1895); a piano trio; eight piano pieces, op. 1; a sonata for 'cello and piano, op. 2, and chamber music and songs.

A few of Mr. Lamond's newspaper critiques will furnish interesting reading; besides, they will throw light on his versatile performances in various countries:

We frequently felt last night as if a second Beethoven were seated at the piano, as if there gazed on us from out the lineaments of rhythm and melody a countenance full of infinite pathos and ineffable majesty, as if there spake to us in every tone a mystic speech, unique, unknown to mortal ears. It was thoroughly Beethovenian! We are well aware that when we say this we say a great deal. But we cannot say less. Even today, as we write these lines we feel ourselves still under the immediate influence of that remarkable playing. Every tone of that marvellous music still throbs and thrills in our inmost being, as if we had heard it but now. And every one of yesterday's audience will, I believe, be able to give the same testimony and declare that the impression they received was extraordinary, fascinating, deeply affecting.—Die Allgemeine Zeitung, Munich.

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## THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

### HANS HUBER'S NEW SYMPHONY.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra begins its seventeenth season in New York on Thursday evening in Carnegie Hall, giving a second concert on Saturday afternoon. In this connection a few statistics will be of interest. The first concert given by the Boston Orchestra in this city was on Feb. 14, 1887; the performance on Thursday evening will be the one thousand nine hundred and ninety-sixth in the twenty-one years of its existence, and its ninety-eighth in New York. These seventeen years have given the orchestra a secure place in the hearts of New York music lovers. Following are the programmes of the two concerts:

#### THURSDAY EVENING.

Symphony No. 3, in F major, Op. 90.....Brahms  
Concerto for pianoforte, No. 5, in E flat major, Op. 15.....Beethoven  
Tone-poem, "Don Juan," Op. 20, Richard Strauss  
Overture to "Leonore," No. 2, in C major, Op. 72.....Beethoven

Soloist, Mr. Frederic Lamond.

#### SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

Overture, "Carnival Roman".....Berlioz  
Grand Fantasia in C major, ("Wanderer") Op. 15.....Schubert  
Symphonic poem, "Le Rouet d'Omphale".....Saint-Saens  
Symphony in E minor, Op. 115, (first time).....Hans Huber

Soloist, Mr. Raoul Pugno.

The symphony of Hans Huber is his third, and is among his latest compositions. It is one of the first of his important works to be heard in this city, where he has hitherto been known chiefly through his smaller pieces for violin, piano, &c. He is a Swiss, fifty years old, a graduate of Leipzig, and now a resident of Basel, where he is the director of a music school. That Herr Huber is inclined toward programme music is shown by the fact that his second symphony is inscribed with the name of William Tell, and that the one to be played by Mr. Gericke this week he intended originally to celebrate the life and work of Arnold Böcklin, the distinguished German painter, who died about two years ago. He thought better of it, apparently, and the symphony now stands without title or suggestion as to its interpretation. Mr. Philip Hale, in his analysis of the composition, has told what the composer's original intentions are supposed to have been. The chief theme of the first movement, reappearing in other parts of the work under different guises, was to be the "Böcklin" theme; others denoted different pictures of the artist, or subjects of which he was fond. The finale is a set of variations that was to be entitled "Metamorphoses, Suggested by Böcklin's Pictures," nine in all. Böcklin was a painter of high imaginative power, fond of the fountains and cypresses of Italy and "the gleaming marbles and golden myths of Greece," of "peopling sea or sky, shore or wood, with creatures of tradition or of sheer imagination," as a recent critic has said of him. It may be understood how his romantic treatment of classical subjects should appeal to the fancy of a composer. It may well be doubted, however, whether the attempt to deliver to a listener an exact transcript through sounds of the many moods of innumerable pictures would not be a burden and a distraction. Herr Huber's discretion is to be commended.

## THE BOSTON ORCHESTRA

### A Symphony by Hans Huber Heard Here for the First Time.

#### A Programme That the Composer Thought Better Of—Mr. Pugno Schubert's Fantasy.

The second concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was given yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall before an audience as large and as entirely sympathetic as that which heard the concert on Thursday night. That the musical public of New York has unreservedly given itself over to the intelligent appreciation of Mr. Gericke's organization, and relies upon it for some of the most stimulating enjoyment of the musical season, is happily shown by the size of these audiences, which were as numerous as the hall could contain. Their numbers have greatly increased over those of last year, as last year marked a large gain over those of the year before. These facts are significant because of the public understanding they imply of the supreme excellences of the Boston Orchestra, which are unique. The attitude observable at these concerts is not one of indiscriminating surrender, nor of unreserved acceptance of everything that is done, but of candid appraisal, for it is an audience of as fine critical taste as any that listens to orchestral playing anywhere.

The programme yesterday was notable as containing a symphony entirely new to this public, the work of Hans Huber. He is a composer and director living in Basel, Switzerland, from whom nothing of importance has ever been heard here, although this is the third published work in the symphonic form. It is serious music, of ambitious striving, and contains much to interest and, in a few places, really to stir the listener. That it will ever keep a place high among the works of modern composers may be doubted, for with all its ingenuity and fine workmanship, its effectiveness, and formal beauty, it lacks the spark of genius.

As Mr. Philip Hale, in his interesting description of it in the programme book informs us, it was the composer's original intention to make this music a celebration of the genius of the Swiss artist, Arnold Böcklin, who delighted to paint the open air scenes peopled by the Greeks with strange, half-seen beings, and let his imagination run riot in fantasies of the natural beauty and the golden myths of Greece, seen through the eyes of the modern romantic spirit. The symphony was to picture moods summoned up by the pictures of this master, and was thus, so to speak, to be a glorification of his work in tones.

Herr Huber has thought better of it, however, and of all this scheme has left no trace on the printed score, but the inscription of the series of variations which forms the finale, as "Metamorphoses, suggested by pictures by Böcklin." No pictures are specified, but before the composer changed his mind evidently, the industrious analysts gained access more or less accurately to his intentions and have put on record for the benefit of those who set store by verbal interpretation of music, just what pictures the different movements, sections and even some of the themes represent.

It is a little annoying to find that these doctors do not agree; as, for instance, whether one theme of the first movement is the "Böcklin" theme or the "meadow" theme. There would seem to be a difference—at any rate, if musical ideas were really as definitely representative of external things as the programme musicians would have us believe.

Herr Huber has done the wise thing in sweeping away this structure of definite and detailed interpretation—a structure that could in the nature of things be little more than a scaffolding upon which the builder worked—and presenting his symphony, with the exception noted, for what it is as music, and not as an expression of something else that has already been expressed otherwise. There is embarrassment enough when a composer tracks a purely poetic idea along devious paths that the listener must follow to understand him.

When he insists upon a knowledge and appreciation of paintings that are scattered through the public and private galleries of Europe he is really going a step beyond the limits of reason. Must the general audience, who cannot be expected to know all or many of a particular artist's works—especially a trans-Atlantic audience to whom, as a whole, they are quite unfamiliar—first visualize the commentator's descriptions of the pictures, and then turn its attention to fitting this second-hand impression to the music as it is unfolded to the ear?

It was doubtless some such consideration that influenced the composer of the "Böcklin" symphony to let it be, finally, a symphony merely, with but a hint. If the pictures of Böcklin have been serviceable to him in creating moods leading him to self-expression in terms of music, their work is done. The symphony is quite able to stand by itself, and as music it is admirable. It is especially interesting to the student for its ingenious utilization of many technical devices in the elaboration and development of the themes and for the skillful and effective scoring for the orchestra. As we have said, there is something lacking that no technical mastery can compensate for—the touch of sacred fire.

Such, with all the admiration that the symphony can command, is the impression of the whole. It is derived more specifically from the character of some of the thematic material. A considerable part of it is employed to a certain degree in common through the various movements, though with modification and amplification. Much of it is vague in outline and without pregnant significance; the first movement, most elaborate of the four, suffers from this especially. Some of it, as in the scherzo, approaches dangerously near the trivial. The adagio is impressive with a certain largeness of style; in the variations the composer's fancy is delightfully and ingeniously employed.

M. Pugno, the soloist, played Liszt's amplification of Schubert's so-called "Wanderer" fantasy for pianoforte and orchestral accompaniment. It is one of the pieces that has served before to give the most favorable impression of M. Pugno's powers. He plays it with poetry, with a fund of

romantic feeling, yet without sentimental exaggeration; and gives a tempestuous and powerfully wrought climax in the last movement. We still miss in this performance one of the most important resources of the pianist's art that is not at M. Pugno's disposition, the graduated scale of dynamic nuance; but there is much to be forgiven him, first for playing this beautiful composition that other pianists neglect unduly, and second for entering so sincerely into its spirit.

The orchestra played Berlioz's "Roman Carnival" overture with an effulgent brilliancy that did much to beguile the mind as to the essential poverty and vulgarity of the musical ideas of the composition. Yet even such a performance cannot conceal the further fact that even the instrumentation no longer seems what it once did—that its flitter is beginning to show tinsel and its keenness to rasp with a wire edge. There was also Saint-Saens's ingenious symphonic poem, "Omphale's Spinning Wheel," exquisitely set forth.

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### THIRD SYMPHONY PROGRAM.

The program for the third Symphony rehearsal and concert had for soloist Mr. Frederic Lamond, who played Beethoven's "Emperor" concerto for pianoforte. The other numbers were Brahms' third symphony, Richard Strauss' tone poem, "Don Juan," and Wagner's "Kaisermarsch." Beethoven's great piano concerto has had but two or three performances in this city in recent years, the work is of such noble proportions for the orchestra as well as the solo instrument that pianists as a rule "shy" at this composition and prefer to be heard in something less profound and more brilliant. Mr. Lamond is credited with being an efficient interpreter of Beethoven, and his efforts in the concerto certainly indicated that the artist was a lover of the master's works, and in this one at least he reflected the composer's ideas simply and without exaggeration.

Mr. Lamond is a serious musician who should appeal to the best musical public. He is entirely free from affectation and his interpretation is scholarly, rather than inspired. His reading of the concerto was wholly appreciative of the part the piano was assigned in the score, and at no time was the soloist unduly in evidence. His technique is of the highest order; he has a beautiful quality in cantabile passages, his style of playing is refined and very graceful and in all ways he appears to be thoroughly equipped for his work. Next week Mr. Lamond will have wider scope in a recital program and the artist's abilities can then be better judged. Mr. Lamond's reception was most cordial from the orchestra as well as auditors.

In the Brahms symphony the peculiar, and at times discordant, cross harmonies of the first movement were given smoothly by the contesting instruments, the tonal values being carefully preserved and the themes carried with just the right predominance as they rose or fell according to the composer's indications. Here the clarinet and oboe appeared advantageously and the setting forth of the so-called "device" was harmoniously accomplished by the brass and wood wind contingents.

In the second and third parts the elaborate variations and the ode syncopated measures, the latter played by the cellos, possibly call for special mention; the first for splendid ensemble work and the latter for the precision in execution. The finale, with its lighter ornamental character that gradually develops into fortissimo passages and then returns to the more joyous theme, was played very sympathetically. Mr. Gericke controlling the band perfectly through all the mazes of lights and shades of the closing movement.

The "Don Juan" poem by Richard Strauss admits of several interpretations, and which one of the series of pictures ascribed to the music is to be considered correct is yet an open question. The work is bold in treatment, chaotic, startling and original in many ways and it was played with due effect. The Wagner "Kaisermarsch" calls for no special mention, the performance being of the usual standard and the number isn't very interesting and hardly deserves its high-sounding title.

There will be no concerts this week. The young American violinist, Miss Maud MacCarthy, will make her appearance as soloist next week. The program will comprise "La Fiancee du Tzar," Rimsky-Korsakoff, first time here; concerto for violin, Brahms; suite, "L'Arlésienne," Bizet, and Beethoven's fourth symphony.

1902  
THE Boston Symphony Orchestra gave its 2000th concert last week at Hartford, Conn., Footguard Hall, Nov. 11. This event should have been celebrated with pomp and circumstance in Boston, for it is rare if not unique in the history of orchestras of such rank.

I was present at the 3000th Blise concert in the Concert-Haus, Berlin, on Dec. 12, 1882, and that anniversary was the cause of much eating and drinking as well as music. About 850 of the 3000 concerts corresponded to what we know as Symphony concerts of the most serious nature; 2000 were of a more popular nature; there were 130 "Composers and virtuosos evenings," 10 "monster" concerts; five "Court" concerts, and there was one performance of an oratorio.



FREDERICK LAMOND.





59

*Symphony Hall.*

SEASON 1902-03.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Mr. WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.

IV. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

RIMSKY-KORSAKOFF, OVERTURE to "The Betrothed of the Tzar."  
(First time.)

BRAHMS, CONCERTO in D major for VIOLIN, op. 77.  
I. Allegro non troppo.  
II. Adagio.  
III. Allegro giocoso, ma non troppo vivace.

BIZET, SUITE, "L'Arlésienne," No. 1.  
I. Prelude.  
II. Minuetto.  
III. Adagietto.  
IV. Carillon.

BEETHOVEN, SYMPHONY No. 4, in B flat major, op. 60.  
I. Adagio. — Allegro vivace.  
II. Adagio.  
III. Allegro vivace. — Trio: un poco meno Allegro.  
IV. Finale: Allegro ma non troppo.

Soloist:

Miss MAUD MacCARTHY.





MAUD MACCARTHY.

## *Symphony Hall.*

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IV. Finale: Allegro ma non troppo.

Soloist:

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## THE SYMPHONY PROGRAMME.

Includes a New Overture and Introduces a New Violinist.

The Symphony rehearsal and concert of this week will open with an overture new to Boston, "The Tsar's Fiancee," by Rimsky-Korsakoff. This represents neither programme nor problem, being simply a straight, old-fashioned curtain-raiser, designed to serve the usual purpose of getting an audience into the way of quiet attention before the drama begins, and giving them a taste of what they may expect. This particular opera, composed for Russia, as its title indicates, has had some home success, we understand, but neither its subject nor its score would be likely to carry it beyond the frontier.

The symphony will be Beethoven's fourth, in which a warm, hearty, happy spirit prevails more consistently than in any of his others. It was next after the "Eroica" in order of completion, and it yields nothing to that in fulness, beauty and spontaneity, although it does not repeat its state, majesty of solemn depth.

The other orchestral number will be the favorite suite arranged for the concert room by Bizet from the illustrative music he wrote for Daudet's "L'Arlesienne." In this, as the reader may remember, the young Frederi comes to grief through falling in love with a fascinating damsel of Arles, who has an improper and obnoxious past; but he manages to get out of his scrape, after a fashion. The prelude rests chiefly on a traditional rural march theme, with which a pastoral contrast is made, and it is followed by a minuet, a sentimental little adagio and a picturesque, reassuring carillon.

The fourth number will be the Brahms violin concerto in D, written by him in 1877 or '78, produced originally by Joachim in 1879, and for some years used by almost nobody else, although it is now in every virtuoso's repertory. It is difficult, learned and none too well calculated for a display piece, because the solo part is often practically merged in the ensemble, and the player cannot so detach himself from his environment as to give his skill and style so much prominence as they deserve. This week's player will be a stranger—Miss Maud MacCarthy, a young Irish lady, of whose personal charm, true talent and well established art foreign report speaks goldenly. When she first ventured upon a public career her clear insight and her sense of musicianly dignity were much commented upon, as now she is credited with having matured in strength, spirit and art.

NING, NOVEMBER 17, 1902.

adv:

## INTEREST AT THE SYMPHONY CENTERED IN VIOLIN SOLOIST.

The concert began with our weekly Russian. Almost each symphony concert now presents something worth while from the land of the Muscovite. Taken as a whole the Russian orchestral school is superior to the new German, for what it lacks in supreme mastery of scoring it makes up for by better coherency and more tangible melody. The Russian composers are so steeped in their wealth of folk-song that they do not discard melody in their advanced orchestral works, and where a Strauss or a Bruckner gives us a glittering array of fragments, a Glazounov or a Rimsky-Korsakoff presents clear themes and something of melodic beauty. This was emphatically the case with the overture which began the concert, "The betrothed of the Tzar," by Rimsky-Korsakoff, which won applause almost to the encore point, and deserved it for its pomp and splendor, its brusquerie, and its neat development.

The programme was as follows:

"La Fiancee du Tzar".....Rimsky-Korsakoff  
(First time.)

Concerto for Violin.....Brahms  
Suite, "L'Arlesienne," No. 1.....Bizet  
Symphony No. 4.....Beethoven

Interest centered in the new violinist. Miss Maud MacCarthy is certainly a great artist, although yet very young. One might deem it impossible for a girl not yet 20 to play such a broad work as Brahms' violin concerto; it used to be believed that only veterans could storm those musical heights. But Miss MacCarthy played the ascetic work with something more than mere correctness; she gave breadth and meaning to some of its abstruse points, there was artistic intelligence back of her phenomenal technique. The cadenza of the first movement was full of quaint surprises, but was not as brilliant as the cadenza we have heard in the work in its recent Boston performances. A word of praise is due to the performance of the charming oboe melody of the Adagio, the most directly pleasing part of the whole work. The finale was brilliantly interpreted, but even Miss MacCarthy could not give piquancy where it did not exist: the "Allegro Giocoso" is about as Joco as Hamilton's essay on "Quaternions," or Kant on "Axiomatic Principles."

At the close of the work the wildest enthusiasm burst forth, and the young artist was called and recalled over and over again. She certainly deserved the tribute, although we would rather have heard her in some less phenomenal and more agreeable concertos. The number of great violin concertos, however, is about as restricted as that of great oratorios, there is the Beethoven, that tapers off

like a mermaid into a rather inconsequential ending; there is the Medelssohn concerto, the visiting card of many a young violinist; there is the Bruch G-minor, and this sober work of Brahms,—"et volia tout!" Therefore, we must expect ("faute de mieux") to hear the last-named long and complex work more often than we care for. The Brahms symphonies and the two piano-concertos seem to us infinitely more interesting.

The ascetic quality of the concerto was emphasized by bringing the juicy Bizet directly after Brahms,—a busy B of totally different character. Bulow spoke of only three great Bs in music (Each, Beethoven and Brahms), but Nietzsche made exaggerated amends by placing Bizet at the head of the entire modern school. Without going to such hazardous lengths one must confess that Bizet is always thoroughly enjoyable, and if one has read "L'Arlesienne," and remembers the scenes which are illumined by the beautiful music, one recognizes that the Suite is quite as graphic as it is charming.

The March and its variations were given with astonishing vigor. One may remember that this does not exhaust the treatment of the opening theme, for in another part of the work (not given in this first suite) there is an ingenious canon in the octave made out of the melody, and it is also combined with a Farandole very skillfully. The entire suite was played with a heartiness that suited its rustic side perfectly. Would that we might have the tender Idyl given in Boston some time, in French (it never ought to be upset into any other tongue), with the Boston symphony orchestra giving the incidental music!

Now came Beethoven (another of the Bs) in the shape of the fourth symphony, the work which caused Weber to suggest that the composer ought to be confined in a lunatic asylum. One need not chronicle the well-known effects here, but one can praise the canon between clarinette and bassoon (subordinate theme of first movement), the great crescendo at the end of the development with its duet of kettle-drums and violins, the perfect accenting of the syncopations of the minuet, and the clear playing of the contrabasses in the final coda.

This last passage is something phenomenally difficult and one seldom hears it well done. It was this passage that caused Weber to write a sarcastic screed in the "Cecilia" (a musical journal of that time), wherein he pictured the musical instruments coming to life and holding an indignation meeting against the "new composer;" the rioters were finally awed into silence by the threat, spoken by the janitor of the music hall, that if they made any



more fuss Mr. Beethoven would write another symphony! Poor Beethoven could not fight, in the Weber style, with a rapier; his only weapon was a club. He responded with oaths and Billingsgate—and went on writing symphonies; giving an equally difficult passage to the contrabasses in his very next work of this form.

Louis C. Elson.

## YESTERDAY'S MUSIC.

### Fifth Concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra—First Appearance Here of Miss Maud MacCarthy, Violinist—Mascagni and His Men in Concert.

The fifth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Gerlicke conductor, was given last night in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:

Overture, "The Betrothal of the Tsar".....Rimsky-Korsakoff  
Violin concerto.....Brahms  
Suite, "L'Arlésienne" No. 1.....Bizet  
Symphony No. 4.....Beethoven

The overture of Rimsky-Korsakoff is a prelude to an opera which was produced at Moscow in 1899. The Russian critics told us at the time that the overture did not correspond to the dramatic quality of the opera itself. It is frankly a theatre overture, and as such it is not to be ranked among the important or the characteristic works of this Russian, who is first of all a colorist. He needs a fantastical subject to quicken his imagination, as Berlioz demanded a great one. Give him Antar in the desert, Sadko fiddling to the dwellers in the palace under the waters of the sea, Scheherazade telling her wondrous and immortal tales; or ask him to put into music the brilliance and rhythm of Spain (as in his Spanish Caprice which richly deserves a performance at these concerts) and he will paint gorgeous orchestral pictures. But here we have something that comes merely before the rise of a curtain which does not rise for us. It is sparkling, entertaining music, deftly put together and agreeably scored; a light overture for once without wet wings.

The suite from "L'Arlésienne" is always welcome, for it is in its way a masterpiece, and it deserves thoughtful and painstaking consideration in the performance.

The Minuetto and the Adagietto were played with exquisite finish and fitting sentiment. The opening theme of the Prelude and the Variations were also admirably played; but the remarkable section of the Prelude that introduces the theme of the poor Innocent, the boy with the sleeping soul, who awakens to intelligence only at the catastrophe, when his brother Frédéric kills himself for love, was without mystery; there was no expression of the twilight of a soul. The music was too much in the open, too much in noon light. I do not refer merely to the absence of saxophone color. I am speaking of the whole effect. Where was that recurring sigh of the clarinet, that should haunt the hearer? Where was the som-

bre, spectral melody, as the voice of a lamenting ghost? And in the finale of the Prelude, which is developed from the typical theme of Frédéric there should have been more restlessness, more fever in the pace. But as a whole the Suite gave much pleasure.

Miss Maud MacCarthy made her first appearance in Boston. She is a talented young violinist, who evidently has not the fear of Brahms before her eyes, for she played his concerto as though it were really music of flesh and blood, and not cryptic, not something that is only for the elect. She played with an individual warmth that was soon contagious; she played with power, beauty of tone and phrasing, and with a mixture of mature judgment and youthful enthusiasm. If it be true that lost souls who in this world found an unhallowed joy in the music of Richard Strauss, Tchaikowsky and the ultra-modern

French and Russian composers will be forced in the next to hear endless repetitions of the violin concerto of Johannes Brahms, then Miss MacCarthy may well be the compassionate spirit who will make the punishment as light as possible. Last night she was recalled again and again.

There is little to be said about a performance of a Beethoven Symphony by this orchestra. Yet when one of these symphonies is not heard too often, there is always something to say about the work itself. Last night one of the chief impressions was that of the supreme power of Beethoven in awakening anticipation, and this by apparently simple means, as in the first movement during the long crescendo that leads to the re-establishment of the chief tonality. No one with all the audacity of modern harmony or legions of instruments has so paralleled in music the uneasy hush before some perturbation of nature.

The program of next Saturday will include Mendelssohn's "Italian" Symphony; aria from "Hans Heiling," sung by Mr. Van Rooy; Dvorak's Symphonic Variations; Wotan's Farewell and the Fire Charm from "Die Walkure," with Mr. Van Rooy as Wotan.

Philip Hale.

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## MUSIC AND DRAMA

Trans:

### Symphony Hall: Symphony Orchestra

Last Saturday evening came the fourth Symphony concert at Symphony Hall, the programme being as follows:

Nicolai Rimsky-Korsakoff: Overture to "Zarskaja nevyesta." (First time in Boston.)  
Johannes Brahms: Concerto for Violin, in D major, opus 77.  
Georges Bizet: Suite, "L'Arlésienne," No. 1.  
Ludwig van Beethoven: Symphony No. 4, in B-flat major, opus 60.

Miss Maud MacCarthy was the solo violinist.

A capital programme, one to be enjoyed all through. Rimsky-Korsakoff's new overture to the opera, "The Betrothed of the Czar," is a brilliant, characteristic comedy overture; not revealing great emotional depth, not even emotional vehemence, but full of charm, elaborate enough to be interesting, spontaneous enough to be sympathetic. The composer is one of the few out-and-out Russians who distil something beside gloom from the national cast of melody, and show us Samoeidic music without her scowl. No Frenchman could be more charming than he, when in the mood, and few Frenchmen so unself-consciously so. Beauty of coloring may be taken as a matter of course; Rimsky-Korsakoff is a tone-painter who has not only a brilliant palette but is a born and bred colorist to boot. The piece was excellently played.

Bizet's first "Arlésienne" suite was exceedingly beautifully played, except in the Andante molto in A-flat major in the Prelude—the "Innocent" theme. Since Mr. Theodore Thomas gave it here, years ago, no one has given this movement quite the acrid-sweet tuberoso aroma he did. To my mind, Mr. Gerlicke does not take it quite slow enough; then, the clarinetist who played the ever-recurring "sigh" found no sigh at all in it, but merely a succession of four notes. The main melody was played on a clarinet instead of a saxophone, which took most of the ghostliness out of it; neither do I think it was wise to give this melody to the first player, and the "sigh" to the second; secondary as the "sigh" may seem, it needs the better playing, the more poetic feeling of the two. As for the saxophone, it is somewhat curious that its tone alone, its peculiar clang-tint, connects the music with the idiot boy in the play; there is nothing in the music itself to express, or suggest, vacancy of any sort. Play the saxophone melody on a clarinet and the movement seems to express, more than anything else, what Mephistopheles says in Gounod's "Faust" (I have only the Italian copy with me to quote from): "E voi fior d'olezzo sottile, tutti vi facela aprir la mia man meledetta!" I cannot help saying all this about the little movement, for it has always seemed to me one of the most original and altogether wonderful things Bizet, or anyone, ever wrote.

But all the rest of the suite was admirably played. Never has the tricky little "waltz-minuet" sounded more deftly

nimble; beautiful, too, was the phrasing of the whole expression, in the Adagietto. Carillon, as usual, carried everything before it.

Beethoven's B-flat symphony, too, was superbly given; a wee bit magisterially, perhaps, in the Adagio—there were moments when one could have wished for a little less of self-restraint—but with the finest clearness and grace of phrasing, with due recognition of the high poetic plane on which the music moves.

When I first saw Miss MacCarthy's name down for the Brahms concerto, I felt rather like repeating mentally what a noted young violinist of her sex once said about Beethoven's violin concerto: "Oh! to play the Beethoven concerto you must have gray hair!" And this was pretty much the state of mind in which I awaited Miss MacCarthy's performance last Saturday evening. Not at all the right state of mind, as the young violinist triumphantly proved to me before she had done. Even after the first movement, instead of thinking of gray hair, I could not but recall what a certain noted American musician once said of a performance of Brahms's "Erste Lieder" by a famous baritone: "If he had not sung them with such tremendous expression, there would not have been a dry eye in the house!" To come down to a definite point, there is a vast essential difference between Beethoven and Brahms—although both names begin with B, and both composers join hands with Bach in the late Hans von Bülow's "musical creed." Of course, when I say that there is a vast essential difference between Beethoven and Brahms, I do not mean to emphasize a truism which any conservatory pupil could have enunciated as well as I. I wish to point out a certain psychological difference between the two men, both of whom were exceedingly profound intellectually as well as emotionally, a difference which is revealed by the curious fact that, the profounder Beethoven becomes, the more difficult is his music to conceive and perform aright, whereas, the profounder Brahms gets, the more does his music play itself—that is, the less does it need in the way of interpretation. When Brahms is at his greatest, the best that can be done for him is to play the notes right, with good phrasing and tone, with a certain general fervor, but without any highly specialized emotion; he has this in common with Palestrina, the Gabriellis, Orlando Lasso, and the great sixteenth century contrapuntists in general, that his scores pretty nearly express themselves, and leave comparatively little to be read between the lines. In playing Brahms there is far greater danger of doing too much than too little. With Beethoven, on the other hand, you are beset by the double difficulty of doing enough and doing the right thing, at that. All of which means that Brahms's violin concerto is much more playable by a girl of eighteen than I had at first supposed. Of course, you can say that Miss MacCarthy is a very remarkable girl of eighteen, in which you will be perfectly right; but no girl of eighteen in this world ever carried extraordinariness to the pitch



of being eighteen and forty-five at the same time, neither does Miss MacCarthy give any evidence of discontent with her eighteen years; she clearly does not aim at over-maturity yet. If she plays the Brahms concerto wonderfully, it is, among other things, because a girl of eighteen can play it wonderfully.

One's relations to a great composer pass through various normal stages; if the composer be really great, you most probably begin by hating him; then comes better understanding, and, with it, liking; with still greater familiarity comes better liking still; after these stages it is a question of innate sympathy between yourself and him, of spiritual affinity, whether you get any closer to him or not, whether you sound him to his depths or not. As far as concerns Brahms, I am free to admit that it took me six good years to get from the first stage of hating to the second of better understanding and liking; and I may as well admit also that just now I am in the stage of clean daftness, of irresistible and unreasoning infatuation. I cannot see Brahms now otherwise than in an aureola of can-do-no-wrongness; he puts me straight back at sweet sixteen, and then appears to me as the perfectly beautiful prince on a coal-black steed, and all the rest of it. Personally I should be loth to think this late calf-love a sign of senility; but there it is, and I must make the best of it. For the nonce I am Brahms mad, and what I write about him has only the value of enthusiasm; of course I believe fully in my own feelings, but I am not so unconscionable as to ask anyone else to.

Enough that Brahms's violin concerto seemed to me last Saturday evening to take the curse off from its kind as only a work of perfect beauty can. I listened to it with nothing but delight, from beginning to end. And surely the young violinist who played it must have been for something in all this! I never played the violin myself, and know exceedingly little about its technique; I cannot listen to violin playing with the ears of an expert. But I can say that Miss MacCarthy's playing seemed to me exceedingly musicianlike, full of soul, grace, force and beauty. Until someone else shows me the contrary, I shall believe that she played the wondrous concerto just right. If I may venture at all upon a technical point, it is that her tone strikes me as superlatively fine, a tone of luscious richness and warmth produced with an exceptionally light bow-arm (if you don't know what I mean, I can't make it any plainer). The audience rose to her as if by magic; it seemed as if the applause would never cease.

The next programme is: Mendelssohn, symphony in A major ("Scotch"); Marschner, aria from "Hans Heiling"; Dvorak, variations; Wagner, Wotan's Farewell and Fire-charm from "Die Walküre." Mr. Anton von Rooy will be the singer.

W. F. A.

## THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

**Miss MacCarthy, Irish Violinist,  
Wins High Favor.**

**The "Czar's Betrothed" Overture  
Half Threatens to Be Gloomy, but  
in the End Proves Encouraging  
and Bright—Mascagni Concert  
Makes Fine Showing.**

The "Czar's Betrothed" overture, written about three years ago by Rimsky-Korsakoff, and introduced here last night at the Symphony concert, proved to be just what was expected—a vigorous, substantial preparation for a lyric drama. This, however, in a general way only, for the Russian critics are reported to have said that it does not set exactly the key of the opera. When it begins it half threatens to be gloomy or sad. It opens with some sparse chords in D minor, having a mere thread of connection, and suggesting a sombre mood to come. But the minor tonality means no more than it does in some of the merry peasant songs of the Abruzzi; for a brisk and energetic pace is set at once, and the quality of the music becomes bright, nervous and encouraging. It went well and was liked.

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BER 22,

## Boston Symp



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New York, Thursday  
Symphony No. 3, in F major

Concerto for Piano, No. 5, in E flat major, op.

73 ..... Beethoven  
Tone Poem, Don Juan, op. 20 ..... Richard Strauss  
Overture to Leonore, No. 2, in C major, op. 72.. Beethoven  
Soloist, Frederic Lamond.

### Friday Evening, November 7.

Overture to "Leonore," No. 2, in C major,  
op. 72 ..... Beethoven  
Overture (Suite) No. 2, in B minor, for Strings,  
Flute and Piano accompaniment ..... Bach  
Concerto for Violoncello, No. 2, in D minor, op.  
96 ..... Rubinstein  
Symphony No. 5, in E minor, op. 64 ..... Tchaikowsky  
Soloist, Elsa Ruegger.

### Saturday Afternoon, November 8.

Overture, Carnaval Romain ..... Berlioz  
Grand Fantasia in C major (Wanderer), op. 15.. Schubert  
Symphonically rearranged for piano and orchestra by Franz Liszt.)  
Symphonic Poem, Le Rouet d'Omphale, in A  
major, op. 31 ..... Saint-Saëns  
Symphony in E minor, op. 115 (first time)... Hans Huber  
Soloist, Raoul Pugno.

We may all differ as to the manner in which Mr. Gericke interprets Brahms or what he does with Richard Strauss, or how he discusses Bach or Tchaikowsky. But the very differences of opinion give us cause to reflect upon the variety of sentiment, taste and skill and other influences that make up a judgment upon a musical product. In scanning the criticisms of the papers in this city and across the river in Brooklyn it will be seen that the critics cannot come to any conclusion in a body, and yet there is no final appeal that can dispose of these questions of art, literary or musical criticism. Probably history will finally tell the story, but we cannot wait for that. The fact remains that Mr. Gericke has a magnificent organization, with a luscious tone quality, a powerful quantity for distribution and a reserve which he holds for his ultra-dynamic effects. He reads Brahms with a great deal of interest and intelligence. He gives to Strauss a sound, analytical interpretation, which, though lacking in some breadth and dramatic color, is the only interpretation that we can receive at present that gives us any light into this vast mass of musical idealogy. He gives us a very clear, concise reading of Beethoven, as was shown



in the "Leonore" overture, and his Tschaikowsky interpretations are vivid if not glaring, and intellectual if not emotional. In all of this there is a great deal to interest the musical student who has a conscientious desire to enter into the elaborate study of musical interpretation.

When watching the audiences there is no doubt that the Boston Symphony Orchestra gives an intense amount of pleasure to the listeners. If they could speak (and they are the ones chiefly interested in this thing) undoubtedly there would be an almost unanimous voice in favor of what Mr. Gericke is doing with the Symphony Orchestra. It may not be critical, it may not be technical, it may be sentimental, it may be emotional, but it is true. It would be the word of truth that would be uttered, free from the polemics of the schools and emancipated from the pedagogy of the restricted investigator.

It is not necessary to enter into any explanation as to what Brahms' F Major Symphony is, for this paper has devoted pages to that; there is no reason whatever, after so many years, to discuss again the motives and actions of the Tschaikowsky E Minor Symphony, or to tell our readers what Beethoven meant with his various "Leonore" overtures, or what Bach intended with his Overture No. 2. The "Don Juan" of Richard Strauss has been analyzed into its microscopic features—the details—over and over, and so have the other works, with the exception of the new symphony of Hans Huber, of which we shall speak later. All of these works have had their standard of criticism and analyses in this paper in years past, and we are on record with respect to them; the people are not interested in rereading what we have stated so frequently. But whatever may have been done regarding these works on the occasion of this visit of the Boston Symphony, there was certainly a greater brilliancy of tone, a more consummate virtuosity, and a greater assurance and confidence in the work of the Orchestra than was ever exhibited in its history in this city. It has reached a stage very near to perfection.

The soloist of the Thursday concert was Frederic Lamond, who played the "Emperor" Con-

the violin—Edward Wittstein, jeweler and music dealer, and Russian, both of whom reside about eighteen years old. The tests are Professors Sanford Steinert. Young Wittstein of Wallingford, while his rival Professor Troostwyck.

Sokoloff under his wing a year and for his tuition during that time he worked hard on his violin for a long time, and musicians have attained an excellent development. Sokoloff has been pushed forward in the past year by his sponsors, and is now the favorite in the Yale musical circle. Wittstein had the courage to

make decisions favored Sokoloff, and that Wittstein had shown himself a rival, and that he was enabled to have not since been able to do so. Out tonight that the award was made this year. The prize for excellence on the

maker is a powerful personal-ty of energetic imagination, of and temperament."—London Review.

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within his scope. Mr. Lamond received five re-  
calls.

Miss Elsa Ruegger, the violoncellist, played the D minor Rubinstein Concerto, in the Brooklyn concert, one of the matured works of the instrument written by Rubinstein—the op. 96, a well established virtuoso composition. Miss Ruegger is an exceptionally gifted artist of an order that is becoming somewhat rare nowadays, her playing giving us an objective interpretation of one of the best written modern violoncello concertos. In her singing quality she gives the true inner musical motive, for she actually sings upon the strings. Her technique has been advanced since her last visit here, if that were possible, and her bowing has now become scientifically adjusted to the extraordinary demands of her left hand. She was received with remarkable cordiality.

Miss Ruegger is to play throughout the United States.

On Saturday afternoon Raoul Pugno played the Liszt arrangement of Schubert's "Wanderer." In this the great Frenchman again gave the audience an evidence of his remarkable digital dexterity, and of the true gift of musicianship of which he is so lavishly possessed. Mr. Pugno controls the keyboard, and he picks out the lights and shades of a piano composition with the exquisite finish of a water colorist. He plays Liszt with the same absorbed attention as he does Mozart and Grieg and Bach, and he is so thoroughly absorbed in his occupation that it becomes a subjective interpretation with him. He glides over the keyboard with a zephyrlike touch, and yet produces a remarkably powerful tone in the forte passages. The audience seemed to be delighted with his work and it is the audience which must be delighted. It seems, after all, that the audience is the chief consideration in these concerts. Those people who purchase their tickets for concerts, those who give their support through subscriptions are the ones the management and the performers are most anxious to please, because it signifies their maintenance. Unless the audience is satisfied there can be no music. The audience was delighted with Mr. Pugno and therefore the audience will

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OOY, AS WOTAN.  
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certainly and gave us a very deliberate, clear and logical interpretation. Some of the papers referred to the fact that he is a Scotch pianist, but it seems to us that he is a pianist. That unnecessary qualification, brought about by the fact that he was born in Scotland, does not seem to affect the question of Beethoven very much; because Lamond played Beethoven; he did not play Scotch composers' compositions. If his nationality had not been known it would have been very difficult to discover that he was born in Scotland, for he might as well have been born in Ireland, Kamchatka, or in Frankfort-on-the-Main, where he lives. The fact is that Mr. Lamond played the Beethoven E Flat Concerto as a scholarly pianistic virtuoso is expected to do it. His command of the keyboard is remarkably complete, the touch producing all varieties of color and changes—one of the most difficult tests of virtuosity. His passage work was clear and clean, his trills, staccato and legato all superbly developed, and his phrasing was within the traditional methods of the proverbial Beethoven player. If he did not swing us into the uppermost sphere of the emotion in Beethoven, it is probably due to the fact that a classical interpretation of such a work does not permit of it, and that he preferred to play Beethoven as it is written. He evoked from the instrument a superb quality of tone, he demonstrated the power of the bass, the singing quality that can be produced through a Beethoven Concerto, and the rare, silvery, scintillating qualities of the treble. After all (for let us be honest), the pianists are here to see what can be done in the production of fine tone quality, in addition to their interpretation of great compositions; for, were it not for these manufacturers of tone quality we would not hear any of these pianists at all. We would not have heard Mr. Lamond but for the intense desire of learning what American piano tone signifies in its best sense.

It is sufficient to say that in Mr. Lamond we have a legitimate virtuoso of a highly developed order, a man of intellectual grasp, to whom the mere technique of the piano has long been an old story, and who is utilizing it for the purpose of interpreting from his point of view, the compositions which are

character and the art the gratifying as this would be, ble for the audience to Böcklin activity in picture book supplies a deficiency, without a knowledge of the in the use of symphony as listener gains a decided instantaneous music itself, and highly colored orchestral work compiled by a master hand.

In short, Huber's Second Symphony in all the meaning him to be within the pale of gifted musical authors of tion, unrestricted by any tendencies, soars in the realm of few contemporaneous reached. As a tribute to the symphony has an enduring depicts, and as a composition order of symphony it occupies among similar works of the, edly and readily adhered to consistently and logically and the orchestral color brush in conformity with the ern orchestra. Most of all Finck is in the habit of saying must first and foremost have as Huber's is full of ideas later symphonic works than sions.

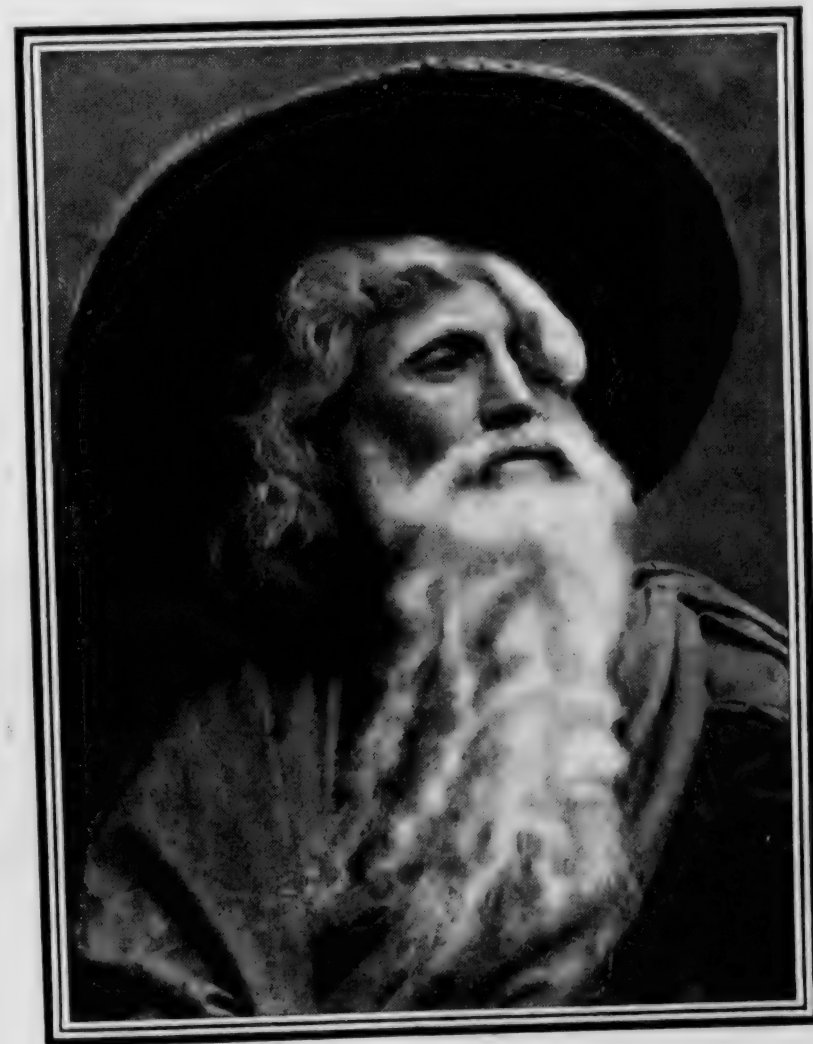
#### JULIAN PASCAL

JULIAN PASCAL was given his first recital of the season judiciously, being devoid of The pianist was in his best form throughout. The program was

Minuetto from op. 31.....  
Erlkönig .....  
Polonaise .....  
Etude in F minor.....  
Etude in F sharp.....

67  
listen to Mr. Pugno when he plays next time, and that is the chief end of the virtuoso's function.

In these days of damages for wounded feelings arising from criticism, it may be possible that the audience will be looked upon as the final arbiter after all, even from another point of view than that of the box office. Judging from the criticism in the New York daily papers on these concerts of the Boston Orchestra, it seems that a great deal of reserve has been maintained and that our critics are careful not to be so severe as to write things with which the audience does not agree, because in all these instances the audience was rapturously endorsing the soloists. The worst expression that we saw in any of the papers during these concerts was that Mr. Lamond was sadly lacking in temperament. There are five thousand snug little dollars somewhere for Mr. Lamond if he will go ahead in this matter. His feelings were certainly wounded, or else he is sadly lacking in temperament.



ANTON VAN ROOY, AS WOTAN.  
From copyrighted photograph by A. Dupont.





ANTON VAN ROOY, BARITONE.

*Symphony Hall.*

SEASON 1902-03.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Mr. WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.

V. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

MENDELSSOHN,

SYMPHONY in A major, "Italian," op. 90.

I. Allegro vivace.

II. Andante con moto.

III. Con moto moderato.

IV. Saltarello. Presto.

BEETHOVEN,

RECITATIVE AND SONG, "To Hope," op. 94.

DVOŘÁK,

SYMPHONIC VARIATIONS on an original Theme,  
op. 78.

WAGNER,

WOTAN'S FAREWELL" and "FIRE-CHARM,"  
from "Die Walküre."

Soloist:

Mr. ANTON VAN ROOY.





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## A TRIUMPH FOR VAN ROOY AT THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Symphony in A major, "Italian," op. 90.... Mendelssohn  
Recitative and Song, "To Hope," op. 94.... Beethoven  
Symphonic Variations on an original Theme, op. 78.... Dvorak  
"Wotan's Farewell" and "Fire-Charms," from "Die Walkure"..... Wagner

A dull programme, for once, and one which left the musician unmoved until its very last number. One might also find fault with the changes made from the announcement of the previous week; many auditors were expecting Mendelssohn's Scotch symphony and an aria from Marschner's seldom heard, "Hans Heiling." As many students "coach up" on the works that they expect to hear at these concerts, it is unfair to these young musicians to make changes unless because of urgent necessity. Perhaps, in this case, a clerical error took place in the announcement, for the preceding programmes had announced Mendelssohn's symphony in A major, but mis-called it the "Scotch."

The "Italian" symphony is not nearly so great a work as the "Scotch"; in the latter there is true local color, and the clarinette theme of the scherzo is the most truly Gaelic touch ever achieved by a German composer (and Beethoven, Schumann, Bruch and Robert Franz, have all attempted Scottish effects), while the virility and contrast of the finale outweighs anything to be found in the Italian symphony.

The work is not characteristically Italian, in spite of its final saltarello; it is elegant music, which never becomes great. Richard Strauss, Charpentier and other moderns have given us an Italy that is much more interesting and a good deal warmer than this polite portrayal of Mendelssohn's. Only three points of the work made any impression upon the reviewer at this concert,—the beautiful viola color in the andante, the fine shorn passages in the scherzo, and the brilliancy of the strings in the finale. Perhaps we ought to add a word of tribute to the well-balanced character of the kettle-drum playing in the finale, for this humble instrument could spoil a good many passages in the saltarello if it became too ambitious. The splendid effect of the string playing in this movement caused the finale to receive much applause; it may have been Mendelssohn's music which won the tribute, but we doubt it.

After this elegance came over-swollen sentiment (not very far removed from bathos) in the shape of Beethoven's hopelessly antiquated song—"To Hope." In this case Hope told a flattering tale that became rather tiresome before its close. Beethoven once declared to his friend Rochlitz that he did not like to compose songs, and the result of this dislike is very

apparent in his works in this direction. Outside of "Adelaide" and "An die ferne Geliebte" (and even these are fading a little) there are few songs of the great instrumental master that one cares to hear. We cordially agree with Mr. H. T. Finck that at least two-thirds of Beethoven's songs are unworthy of their composer and that some of them are "poor, childish, empty and mediocre."

Mr. Van Rooy gave a good deal more to the deadly-lively work than there was in it; he sang with magnificent voice and with an earnestness as if he were really moved by the bombastic sentiments of the weak poetry. It was a long-drawn out version of the thought that "Hope springs eternal in the human breast," and Mr. Van Rooy made such an effect with it that we believe that he could put up expression—longing, yearning, sorrow and joy—into one of Jordan & Marsh's advertisements if any one would kindly set it to music.

After this came a set of exercises in variation-writing. Dvorak's 27 variations of a theme which he claims as original and which Hanslick states to be a Bohemian folk-song, are an example of what a facile composer can do if he tries. It was a strong example of ingenuity plodding on without the aid of inspiration. It served to give a sort of dress parade of the different departments of our great orchestra, one by one, and it transformed the theme into every conceivable shape from dance to fugue. One felt that Dvorak had no need to stop at Variation No. 27, but could have gone on to No. 127 if he were dared to do so. Seven variations were omitted; it would have been better if the seven had been played and the 20 omitted.

When one compares such "Kapellmeister-musik" with the earnest nationalism of a Smetana, one feels that Dvorak's teacher, although less renowned and certainly less glib than his pupil, had more sincerity and probably more genius. But Dvorak is not to be judged by any such pedantic exhibitions as these variations; that would be rank injustice to the composer of the "New World" symphony.

Then came Wagner "as cold water to a thirsty soul" and the boredom was sponged out and forgotten. Here was a real triumph for Mr. Van Rooy, for the orchestra, for Mr. Gericke, since all united in the great finale to "Die Walkure," as if they loved it. Never has Van Rooy sung better, never have we heard so magnificent a Wotan, and the orchestral support was something that the vocalist could not expect from any opera-house orchestra. It is impossible to convey to any reader who



was not present an idea of the glory of this number. Small wonder that the audience at the end were oblivious of trolley and carriages and remained to recall the great artist and to applaud conductor and orchestra. Louis C. Elson.

## THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

### Delightful Programme in Which Mr. Van Rooy Sings Nobly.

**First Vocalist of the Season Is Baritone of Metropolitan Opera Company, Whose Voice Is Rich, Sympathetic and Satisfying—Scotch Symphony Given.**

The Symphony concert last night was of just a good length and altogether delightful, being well balanced in the respective extent of its numbers, which were proportionately divided between instrumental and vocal.

The symphony, which had been misstated in the preliminary announcement, was not the "Scotch," but the "Italian," of Mendelssohn, less frequently played, perhaps, but not less endeared by its companionship of half a century. Its kindly and sympathetic charm—as in "The Hebrides" overture and the "Scotch" symphony—dwells in its beautiful exposition of the composer's sweet and sensitive disposition, which assimilated so easily the fine and poetic characteristics of his environment, expressing in this work his enjoyment of the clear, light, transparent air, the scenic beauty, the free, natural life and the commingling of sober fancy, romantic association, pleasant melancholy and thoughtless, happy abandon that Italy offers. The performance was appreciative, true and elegant. Yet one might query whether any harm could come to the last movement from a sturdier and even rougher emphasis. The saltarello, whatever it may have been at first, was as Mendelssohn knew it, and as one knows it today, a rudely vigorous dance of common folk, contadini or popolani, with an accenting stamp which might almost leave a mark on the spot where the foot falls, while the bystanders cheer on the dancers, much as a "buck and wing" dancer is "patted" and incited in a Juba festival.

The other orchestral number was a majority of the 27 variations composed by Dvorak upon an obvious original theme of only 20 measures. The work, which stands 78th in its author's catalogue, was written in 1877, and has appeared twice in a Symphony programme, the last previous occasion being at the end of 1898. While these variations are wise and learned enough, they aim less at displaying erudition and science than at giving pleasure. Hence, they are distinguished less by diversified thematic treatment than by versatility in tone color and contrasted voicing. Putting aside all consideration of them as examples of academic skill, they are delightful to hear as illustrations of what

pleasure from sound a master can give in a series of brief combinations and evolutions. But the work is not allowed to end until it has received its cachet of mastership in a short, strong and luminous fugue finale. The playing was elastic, free and fitting.

For the first time this season the solo numbers introduced a vocalist. This was Mr. Van Rooy, the eminent baritone of the Metropolitan company, whom it was gratifying to hear thus early, before his voice should have become tired and possibly hardened and roughened by heavy operatic work and Wagner declamation. At its best it is a rich, satisfying and sympathetic organ, with a suggestion in its timbre that it might be advantageously used as a "basso centrale," in spite of its brilliant and resonant upper register. Mr. Van Rooy's first song was Beethoven's second setting of Tiedge's meditation and ode, "To Hope," supported by Mottl's instrumentation. The singer made much of this, stating the fragmentary introduction reflectively and rendering the poem flowingly and lyrically, without dramatic enforcement, but with justly calm and tender feeling.

For his second selection he went to Wagner, and chose the finale of "Die Walkure," in which Wotan presents himself no more as that wearisome bore, the Wanderer, prating in long stories, but as the father of gods and would-be master of worlds, who yet must bow to the inevitable fate he has provoked and part with all that he most loves and cherishes, and who is for the moment one with whom the beholder can share sorrow, discouragement, faint hope and a last assumption of authority. This personage Mr. Van Rooy presented in his rendering of the scene, which he sang nobly, putting Wagner's "continuous melody" at its best, maintaining a rhythmical movement and yet imparting the dramatic emphasis and indicating "the motive and the cue for action." There was the right pathos in the farewell words, and in the hope that the conquering wooer should be "freer than I, the god." Imperious and severe declamation had its true place and its full measure in the summons and the command to Loge and in the finale conjuration. Mr. Gericke and the orchestra gave the accompaniment and the ensuing fire scene splendidly.

The next concert requires no soloist, and this programme is announced for it: Overture to the opera, "Der Rubin"....D'Albert Fantasy in F minor.....Schubert-Mottl Ein Marchen.....Jos. Suk Symphony No. 2.....Schumann

## SYMPHONY NIGHT.

### A Concert of Familiar Orchestral Compositions — Mr. Van Rooy Sings Music of Beethoven and Wagner.

The fifth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Gericke, conductor, was given last night in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:

Symphony in A major, "Italian".....Mendelssohn Song, "To Hope".....Beethoven Symphonic variations.....Dvorak "Wotan's Farewell" and "Fire Charm".....Wagner

How much of Italy is there in this Symphony of Mendelssohn? Suppose there were no title. The last movement might easily be recognized as a saltarello; but how about the other movements? The first is light and gay, but there is no geographical or national mood at once established, there is no authoritative characterization. I doubt whether even a tambourine would be of material assistance. It was not necessary for the composer to go to Naples to write the andante. As for the Scherzo, the horns with their pleasant sentimentalism might represent today Germans in Rome, armed with red guide-books and now and then bursting out in songs of the Fatherland, something about the forest, or spring, or the blissfulness of sorrow and longing. The saltarello part was done much better by Berlioz. Compare this symphony, so far as local color is concerned, with a page of Bizet painting in tones a Southern scene, or with Richard Strauss's Italian Suite, or with the suite of Charpentier, and Mendelssohn's music seems without marked distinction, rather tame and drab. Yet the first movement and the Finale are amiable music, pages that may awaken a gentlemanlike joy, and there is no denying the clearness of the musical thought, the purity of expression, the sure and polished workmanship. But we are far from the composer of the "Hebrides" overture and portions of the "Scotch" symphony and the "Walpurgis Night." The symphony was played extremely well, and with the accuracy, the beauty of tone, and the fleetness of light emotion that would have pleased the composer.

Dvorak wrote the theme, 27 variations and the finale of his opus 78 in 22 days. It might have been better for his fame and the enjoyment of audiences if he had spent more time on fewer variations. Mr. Gericke wisely omitted seven of these variations in the performance. The work was written in 1877, but it was not produced till some years afterward. Dvorak says the theme is original; but when the piece was played in Vienna in 1887, Eduard Hanslick said that the theme in rhythm of seven measures was that of a Czech chorus, "Já jsem guslar," and that is about the way the theme sounds. In the variations there is more counterpoint than

color, and when Dvorak's music is stripped of its rich orchestral dress, the body itself is seldom of much significance. Perhaps there are some who still regard Dvorak as a composer of the first rank—for all sorts of extravagant things were said about him 20, yes, even 10 years ago, but his glory is steadily and surely fading. Some of his earlier music gives pleasure by rhythm and color; there are two or three songs that will haunt the memory for some years to come; but his day is passing. Smetana was a man of higher imagination, and more discriminative sincerity. There are pages in this theme and variations that are interesting both in rhythm and color; there is no doubt a larger exhibition of technical skill than in preceding works. But the "nature-man" is shown in the Finale where, as if tired with his fugue, he shouts, "Now let's have a dance," and foots it—heavily. And when he is thus honest, he is the most successful. The piece also serves to display the orchestra as a virtuoso.

\*\*\* Mr. Van Rooy's performance of Wotan's music in the excerpts from "Die Walkure" was a noble one, a performance long to be remembered. It was dignified, tender, free from extravagance of any kind. It was alive with feeling, yet not too dramatic for the concert stage. I have never heard the music sung so beautifully; with such broad and sustained phrasing, with such varying and always appropriate vocal expression. It was a far finer performance than the one he gave in the opera itself at the Boston Theatre, for he was not in the vein, and his reputation was then justly wondered at and questioned.

It is a pity that he did not sing the aria from "Hans Helling," instead of Beethoven's "To Hope." The words by Tiedge are in the spirit of speeches by Mrs. Haller and the Stranger, the speeches laughed at by Canning and Frere in the "Anti-Jacobin," the speeches that moved so mightily young Arthur Pendennis in calf-love with the play-actress. How could Beethoven set music to such stuff? Yet Mr. Van Rooy sang in appropriately sentimental mood, and there were moments when I should not have been surprised to see him shedding the tear of sensibility.

Philip Hale.

## Boston Sunday Globe.

SUNDAY, NOV 23, 1902.

### FIFTH SYMPHONY PROGRAM.

The German basso, Anton van Rooy, was the soloist at last week's Symphony concerts, his selections being the recitative and song, "To Hope," by Beethoven, and "Wotan's Farewell" and "Fire Charm," from Wagner's "Die Walkure." Mendelssohn's "Italian" symphony and Dvorak's symphonic variations on an original theme completed the program. Mr. van Rooy's splendid interpretation of the Wotan music with the Grau opera company three seasons ago was a feature of the performance, and although the character is less impressive in concert guise the musical demands, if met, are about as satisfactory, and Mr. van Rooy certainly equalled expectations, for the scene was given



with telling effect. In the earlier number Beethoven's music was sung with a delicacy and tenderness that showed somewhat the remarkable sweetness of the singer's voice, which though ponderous when required, is capable of expressing the gentler sentiments with exquisite quality of tone and phrasing.

It is rarely that a basso of his power uses the mezzo-voice so true to pitch and thus ability makes Mr van Rooy's performance particularly enjoyable, because the quality of his work is evenly sustained. The vigorous declamations of the Wotan music were given with splendid resonance and warmth of tone and without a suggestion of harshness, and the whole number was sung far more melodiously than is usually heard from German artists. The singer was most cordially received.

Although there were no orchestral novelties on the program the concerts were interesting throughout, the contrasts in selection not running to extremes and being of a nature to please the general public. The beautiful "Italian" symphony by Mendelssohn received a masterly interpretation, the opening movement being notably buoyant in performance, the second part retaining the proper dignity, and the closing movement showing the almost perfect ensemble playing of the band in the wild "saltarello," which in some orchestras is merely an unmelodic tumult. The "Die Walküre" music also deserves mention for its sympathetic rendering.

The Dvorak symphonic variations tax the abilities of every contingent of a band, the rapid changes of the instrumental bodies being so frequent and difficult that the "conversations" are very apt to become muddled phrases. The figurations of the theme were given with precision and clarity, and although the work is chiefly interesting because of its puzzling nature, the interpretation was so smooth that it proved to be very enjoyable.

There will be no soloist this week and the program will be made up as follows: Overture to the opera, "Der Rubin," d'Albert; fantasy in F minor, Schubert; Mottl; "Eln Märchen," J. Suk; symphony No. 2, Schumann.

### Fifth Concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra—First Appearance Here of Miss Maud MacCarthy, Violinist—Mascagni and His Men in Concert.

The fifth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Gerleke conductor, was given last night in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:

Overture, "The Betrothal of the Tsar".....Rimsky-Korsakoff  
Violin concerto.....Brahms  
Suite, "L'Arlésienne" No. 1.....Bizet  
Symphony No. 4.....Beethoven

The overture of Rimski-Korsakoff is a prelude to an opera which was produced at Moscow in 1899. The Russian critics told us at the time that the overture did not correspond to the dramatic quality of the opera itself. It is frankly a theatre overture, and as such it is not to be ranked among the important or the characteristic works of this Russian, who is first of

all a colorist. He needs a fantastical subject to quicken his imagination, as Berlioz demanded a great one. Give him Antar in the desert, Sadko fiddling to the dwellers in the palace under the waters of the sea, Scheherazade telling her wondrous and immortal tales; or ask him to put into music the brilliance and rhythm of Spain (as in his Spanish Caprice which richly deserves a performance at these concerts) and he will paint gorgeous orchestral pictures. But here we have something that comes merely before the rise of a curtain which does not rise for us. It is sparkling, entertaining music; deftly put together and agreeably scored; a light overture for once without wet wings.

The suite from "L'Arlésienne" is always welcome, for it is in its way a masterpiece, and it deserves thoughtful and painstaking consideration in the performance.

The Minuetto and the Adagietto were played with exquisite finish and fitting sentiment. The opening theme of the Prelude and the Variations were also admirably played; but the remarkable section of the Prelude that introduces the theme of the poor Innocent, the boy with the sleeping soul, who awakens to intelligence only at the catastrophe, when his brother Frédéric kills himself for love, was without mystery; there was no expression of the twilight of a soul. The music was too much in the open, too much in noon light. I do not refer merely to the absence of saxophone color. I am speaking of the whole effect. Where was that recurring sigh of the clarinet, that should haunt the hearer? Where was the sombre, spectral melody, as the voice of a lamenting ghost? And in the finale of the Prelude, which is developed from the typical theme of Frédéric there should have been more restlessness, more fever in the pace. But as a whole the Suite gave much pleasure.

Miss Maud MacCarthy made her first appearance in Boston. She is a talented young violinist, who evidently has not the fear of Brahms before her eyes, for she played his concerto as though French and Russian composers will be forced in the next to hear endless repetitions of the violin concerto of Johannes Brahms, then Miss MacCarthy may well be the compassionate spirit who will make the punishment as light as possible. Last night she was recalled again and again.

There is little to be said about a performance of a Beethoven Symphony by this orchestra. Yet when one of these symphonies is not heard too often, there is always something to say about the work itself. Last night one of the chief impressions was that of the supreme power of Beethoven in awakening anticipation, and this by apparently simple means, as in the first movement during the long crescendo that leads to the re-establishment of the chief tonality. No one with all the audacity of modern harmony or legions of instruments has so paralleled in music the uneasy hush before some perturbation of nature.

The program of next Saturday will include Mendelssohn's "Italian" Symphony; aria from "Hans Heiling," sung by Mr. Van Rooy; Dvorak's Symphonic Variations; Wotan's Farewell and the Fire Charm from "Die Walküre," with Mr. Van Rooy as Wotan.

Philip Hale.

## MUSIC AND DRAMA

From:

### Symphony Hall: Symphony Orchestra

The fifth Symphony concert was given in Symphony Hall last Saturday evening, the programme being as follows:

Mendelssohn: Symphony in A major, "Italian," op. 90.  
Beethoven: Recitative and Song, "To Hope," op. 94.  
Dvorak: Symphonic Variations on an Original Theme, op. 78.  
Wagner: "Wotan's Farewell" and "Fire-Charms," from "Die Walküre."

Mr. Anton van Rooy was the singer. Mendelssohn's Italian Symphony might well have been entitled, "Impressions of a Foreigner in Italy"; whatever his appreciation of the beauties of Italian scenery and art may have been, he had none whatever of Italian music, abominating the good therein perhaps even more heartily than the bad. The curious part of the symphony is that, excepting the theme of the last movement, there is nothing in it to correspond to its title. Even though it may reflect certain moods conventionally supposed to be characteristically Italian, the music itself is so inveterately un-Italian in form and especially in feeling that the title seems a misnomer. Mendelssohn brought away with him about as much of the essence of Italy as visitors of distinction generally bring with them from a country of which they have only a few weeks' knowledge. Still, though the music is not Italian, much of it is very charming; the first movement in particular is one of the finest examples of beauty of style, of unflinching felicitousness, that Mendelssohn ever gave to the world. The rest of the work shows the wrinkles of age, save in the ever-beautiful trio of the third movement. The performance by Mr. Gerleke and the orchestra was ideal in every respect, one of the finest ever heard here.

Dvorak's variations are pleasant enough music to hear, though they do not hold the attention very firmly. One is beginning to wonder how much longer Dvorak is destined to last. At times it seems as if the shade of Raff were already beckoning him to a comfortable seat by its side in the shady groves of limbo. Dvorak has all sorts of good qualities though his climaxes (as more than once in these variations) are often alarmingly suggestive of a German peasant's Sunday afternoon "Rauferei." But his style, though far enough from classic, has more of the old in it than of the new. The performance was capital.

Beethoven's "An die Hoffnung" has much that is great in it; the true Beethoven depth and poignancy of feeling, the true Beethoven ideality. I must say I prefer it in its original shape, with pianoforte accompaniment; Mr. Mottl's orchestration is beautiful enough in all conscience, but so radically un-Beethovenish as to seem out of place and intrusive. Mr. Van Rooy sang the song with true devotion, if with what seemed to me an excess of expression. There is a point beyond which poignancy

of emotional expression becomes ignoble and maudlin; an artist gains nothing by almost visibly wallowing in his fervor. But, if Mr. Van Rooy's singing of this song was somewhat too much of a good thing, his rendering of "Wotan's Farewell" was both grand in its dramatic totality and exquisitely thought out in detail. Here we have a Wotan who does not invariably bellow, but knows how to color his voice and the phrase to harmonize with the emotion. He was rapturously applauded and recalled.

The next programme is: D'Albert, Overture to the Opera, "Der Rubin"; Schubert-Mottl, Fantasy in F minor; Jos. Suk, Eln Märchen; Schumann, Symphony, No. 2.  
W. F. A.

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## SYMPHONY PROGRAMME.

It Includes the First Vocal Music of the Season, Mr. Van Rooy Being the Singer.

For the first time this season, a Symphony programme includes vocal music, two opera selections being promised for Mr. Van Rooy, the distinguished baritone of the Metropolitan company. These selections are of quite opposite character. One is taken from Wagner, as might be expected, and is "Wotan's Farewell," with the relative fine music from the finale of "The Valkyrie." The other was to come from the old-fashioned, but still popular romantic opera of Marschner, "Hans Heiling," and show that gnome-king pleading for the love and faith of the mortal maiden with whom he had fallen in love. But, although Mr. Van Rooy picked out his songs for himself some months ago, he has just decided to withdraw this air and to substitute for it Beethoven's "An die Hoffnung."

The programme begins with Mendelssohn's "Scotch" symphony, which is a familiar friend to all concert-goers, and the set of symphonic variations by Dvorak will constitute the fourth number.



# NO MODERN MUSIC MASTERS A PLEA FOR THE CLASSICAL

By WILHELM GERICKE,  
Conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

In these days of noise and orchestral turmoil it is a pleasure to turn back to the works of the classics to find in them peace, contentment and real beauty of form and expression.

I suppose it is because the present generation is fed so heartily upon modern music that they have no taste for the serenely beautiful of the older writers. Their palates must be tempted with more and more highly seasoned dishes with every musical offering. But where is it all to end? To what is this ever-increasing crescendo to lead? Will there be others following in the wake of the present day symbolists who will go even further than the Richard Strauss of the present?

I am a lover of the classics. There is a sweetness in Haydn, a strength in Beethoven, a beauty in Mozart and an intoxication in Schumann that is worth all of these latter-day musical saints, with their turmoils and strife.

Then, too, we of today have grown out of the olden time places for music. Now we cannot build a place too large, and when we get it built we cannot get music loud enough for it. A flute is a beautiful instrument, but its beauty is lost if it be played in a ten-acre lot. The oboe is full of charm and individuality, but it is robbed of all that makes it attractive if drowned in a roar of brass.

When we first played in New York our concerts were given in the old Steinway Hall. That was a well-nigh perfect place for orchestral music. It was not necessary to have a band of 150 men to be heard, nor to bombard the ears of our listeners with brassy thunderbolts to make "effects." There was an intimacy about these concerts that was delightful. I remember at one of the early concerts playing Beet-

hoven's beautiful eighth symphony. Why, it was as if the master himself were speaking to us. We felt almost as if we were in a drawing-room full of friends and that we could nudge them with our elbows.

I know I have been criticised for my conversation, but I cannot help it. It has always seemed to me that the best is never too good to offer, and that if we can play the best acceptably we can do no better service to our friends.

Some day I think we shall tire of the hot spices and rich sauces with which we garnish our musical dishes, and long for something deeper and truer, something calmer; and then we shall remember that in by-gone days there was music worth listening to. And we shall get down the dusty folios and find inscribed upon them the names of Mozart, Beethoven, Haydn and the rest of the gods, and in their beauties we shall forget the banalities of the present.

## FIFTH SYMPHONY PROGRAM.

The German basso, Anton van Rooy, was the soloist at last week's Symphony concerts, his selections being the recitative and song, "To Hope," by Beethoven, and "Wotan's Farewell" and "Fire Charm," from Wagner's "Die Walkure." Mendelssohn's "Italian" symphony and Dvorak's symphonic variations on an original theme completed the program. Mr van Rooy's splendid interpretation of the Wotan music with the Grau opera company three seasons ago was a feature of the performance, and although the character is less impressive in concert guise the musical demands, if met, are about as satisfactory, and Mr van Rooy certainly equalled expectations, for the scene was given with telling effect. In the earlier number Beethoven's music was sung with a delicacy and tenderness that showed somewhat the remarkable sweetness of the singer's voice, which though ponderous when required, is capable of expressing the gentler sentiments with exquisite quality of tone and phrasing.

It is rarely that a basso of his power uses the mezzo-voice so true to pitch and thus ability makes Mr van Rooy's performance particularly enjoyable, because the quality of his work is evenly sustained. The vigorous declamations of the Wotan music were given with splendid resonance and warmth of tone and without a suggestion of harshness, and the whole number was sung far more melodiously than is usually heard from German artists. The singer was most cordially received.

Although there were no orchestral novelties on the program the concerts

were interesting throughout, the contrasts in selection not running to extremes and being of a nature to please the general public. The beautiful "Italian" symphony by Mendelssohn received a masterly interpretation, the opening movement being notably buoyant in performance, the second part retaining the proper dignity, and the closing movement showing the almost perfect ensemble playing of the band in the wild "saltarello," which in some orchestras is merely an unmelodic tumult. The "Die Walkure" music also deserves mention for its sympathetic rendering.

The Dvorak symphonic variations tax the abilities of every contingent of a band, the rapid changes of the instrumental bodies being so frequent and difficult that the "conversations" are very apt to become muddled phrases. The figurations of the theme were given with precision and clarity, and although the work is chiefly interesting because of its puzzling nature, the interpretation was so smooth that it proved to be very enjoyable.

There will be no soloist this week and the program will be made up as follows: Overture to the opera, "Der Rubin," d'Albert; fantasy in F minor, Schubert-Mottl; "Ein Marchen," J. Suk; symphony No. 2, Schumann.

Mr. HAROLD

The Pianoforte

For many years the seats in the second balcony for the Friday afternoon rehearsals of the Symphony orchestra have not been sold at the public auctions. Even at the rehearsals themselves no tickets are issued for these seats, but all are sold as admissions at the door. There are exactly 505 seats, and when these are gone the doors are closed. There is just this number of seats, and no one may stand.

It is seldom, indeed, that there are not 505 people on hand for these "rush" seats. Generally there are several hundred more than this number, and in instances not more than half the number of people who desire admission to the balcony can be accommodated.

The seats are sold at the door, and only one. This is to stand in line, and then when the doors are opened to pass through the turnstile one person at a time. When 505 people have passed through no others may pass.

It is no unusual thing to see people standing in line as early as 8:30 in the morning on the day of an afternoon rehearsal. The first to come take a position nearest the door, and those who follow stand in line behind them. The line zig-zags across and down the several wide steps which will hold several hundred people. Then it winds out, up Huntington av. the people standing in single file.

The soloist at the concert and the program to be rendered has, of course, the effect of making the crowds larger or smaller. Several times when there has been a great attraction the line has extended down the avenue, past the Children's hospital and around the corner of Gainsboro st. a whole long block away. Of course in these instances several hundred people have been unable to gain admission.

Last Friday there were between 50 and 75 people in line who were unable to gain admission to the hall. These were turned away and there was no other opportunity for them to secure seats. This was an unusually small number.

There have been several occasions when there have been more than twice as many people in line as eventually were admitted. Once several years ago, when the concerts and rehearsals were given in the old Music hall, there were more than 1000 people turned away. Meibach was the soloist.

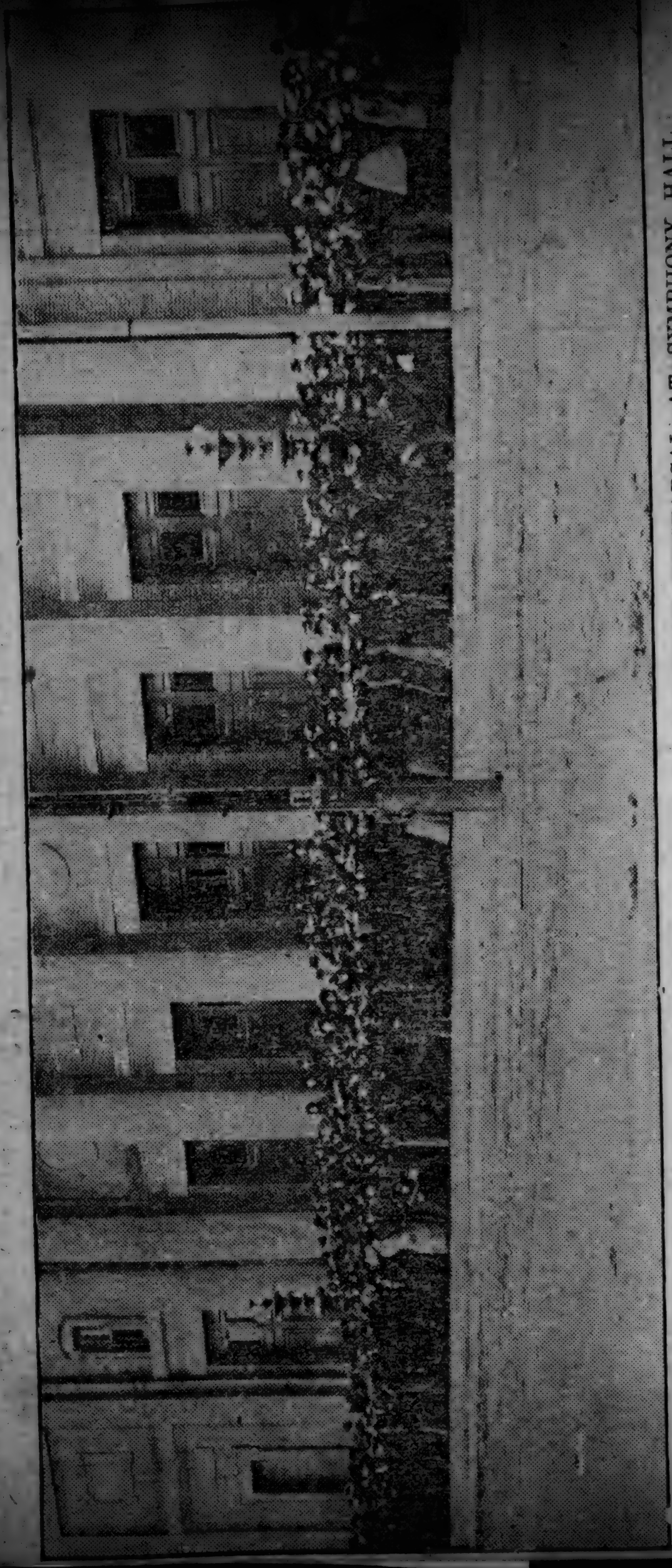
As a rule the crowd does not begin to gather until 10 or 10:30 in the morning. Wrapped in their heaviest clothing and furs, scores of people have to wait three hours before the doors are opened. Many of them bring portable camp stools and books to read to pass away the time. Many also bring lunches, and the Symphony hall steps on some Friday noons take on the appearance of a picnicking place.

If it were not for these admissions to the balcony, the charge for which is a quarter, many people would be unable to ever hear the Boston Symphony orchestra. And at these morning seances on the hall steps there is doubtless gathered together as ardent a party of genuine music lovers as that which sits comfortably in season ticket seats in the more desirable portions of the hall.



MUSIC LOVERS STAND IN LINE

Must  
any Hundred "Rush" for Symphony Rehearsals, but Only the First  
505 Can be Admitted.



CROWD WAITING FOR THE DOORS TO OPEN FOR A FRIDAY REHEARSAL AT SYMPHONY HALL.

*Symphony Hall.*

SEASON 1902-03.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Mr. WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.

VI. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, AT 8, P. M.

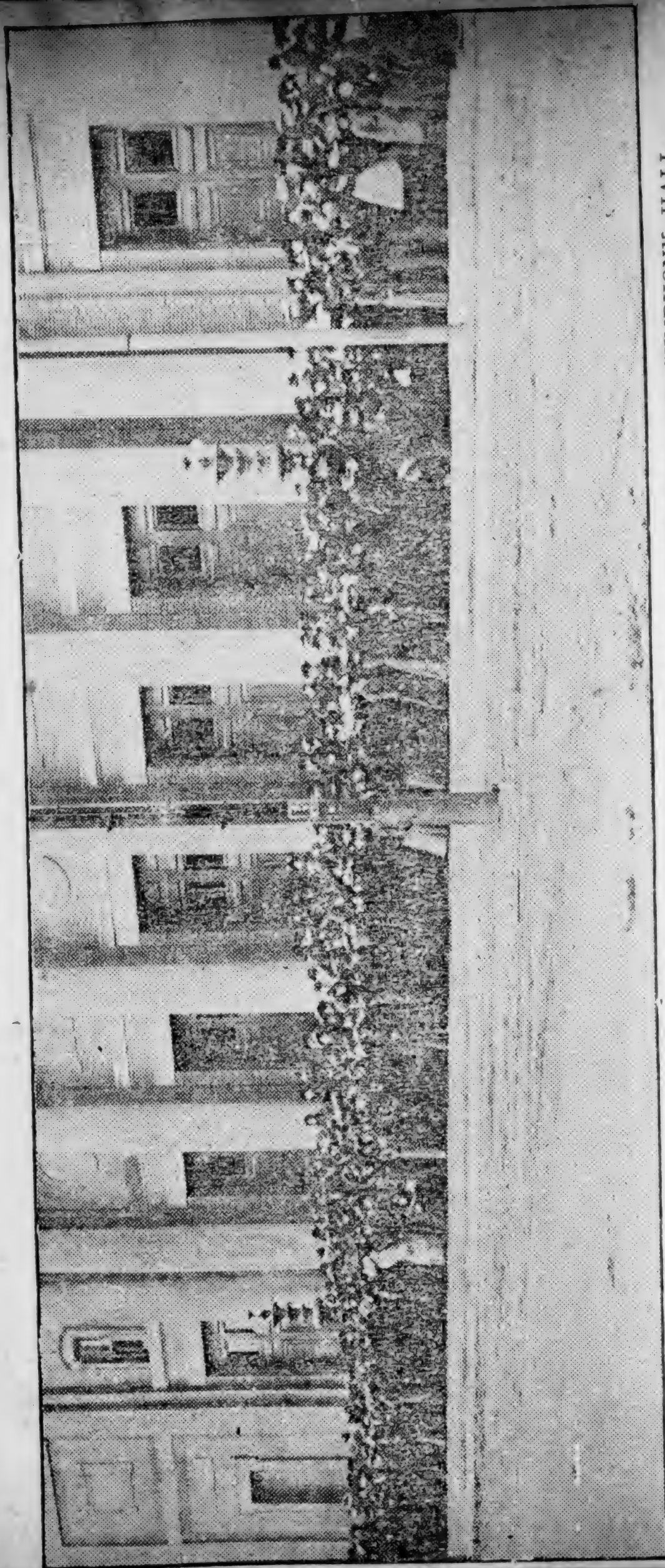
Programme.

- |                 |   |
|-----------------|---|
| D'ALBERT,       | OVERTURE to the OPERA, "The Ruby."  |
| SCHUBERT-MOTTL, | FANTASIA in F minor, op. 103.<br>I. Allegro molto moderato.<br>II. Largo maestoso.<br>III. Allegro vivace.<br>IV. Tempo primo.  |
| JOS. SUK,       | SUITE, "A Fairy Tale," op. 16.<br>I. Love and grief of the Royal Children.<br>II. Intermezzo. Folk Dance.<br>III. Intermezzo. Funeral March.<br>IV. Queen Runa's Curse. — Triumph of Love.<br>(First time.) |
| SCHUMANN,       | SYMPHONY No. 2, in C major, op. 61.<br>I. Sostenuto assai. — Allegro ma non troppo.<br>II. Scherzo: Allegro vivace. Trio I. and Trio II.<br>III. Adagio espressivo.<br>IV. Allegro molto vivace.            |



# MUSIC LOVERS STAND IN LINE

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### VI. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, AT 8, P. M.

#### Programme.

D'ALBERT,

OVERTURE to the OPERA, "The Ruby."

SCHUBERT-MOTTI,

FANTASIA in F minor, op. 103.

- I. Allegro molto moderato.
- II. Largo maestoso.
- III. Allegro vivace.
- IV. Tempo primo.

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- I. Love and grief of the Royal Children.
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(First time.)

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- II. Scherzo: Allegro vivace. Trio I. and Trio II.
- III. Adagio espressivo.
- IV. Allegro molto vivace.



## SYMPHONY NIGHT.

**A New Suite, "A Fairy Tale," by a Bohemian, Josef Suk—As Son-in-Law of Dvorak, He Follows in His Footsteps.**

The sixth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Gericke, conductor, was given in Symphony Hall last evening. The program was as follows:

Prelude to "The Ruby".....D'Albert  
Fantasia in F minor.....Schubert-Mottl  
Suite, "A Fairy Tale".....Suk  
Symphony in C No. 2.....Schumann

Josef Suk, now in his 28th year, is the second violinist of the celebrated Bohemian String Quartet. He is also the son-in-law of Dvorak. He is also a composer. A graduate of the Prague Conservatory and a pupil of his father-in-law, he has written a Symphony, overtures, suites, chamber music and songs and piano pieces.

He took the material for this suite, "A Fairy Story," from the incidental music he wrote for a dramatic legend, "Raduz and Mahulena," which was produced at Prague in 1898. The suite was first played in 1901 at Heidelberg. It has been played at Chicago, New York and Cincinnati.

There is no need of telling the fairy story today, for the suite in the concert hall is without minute reference to stage action or incident and no especial emotion is aroused or confirmed by music suited to the scene. It is enough to say that "The Love and Grief of the Royal Children" is pictured; there is a polka which is followed by a funeral march; and in the Finale the curses of the wicked Queen come to nought and there is the apotheosis, the Triumph of Love.

Suk is loyal to Dvorak in this suite. He has studied well his lessons and has remembered as well as respected his teacher. Dvorak did this sort of thing better; and in his earlier years, at least, he had a more spontaneous flow of melody and more ideas. The first movement of Suk's suite is not distinguished by themes or by development. The announcement of the monarch's death is the most significant passage. The rest of the movement is without character. The polka is a polka fast enough, but it is not an irresistible, contagious dance. Smetana and Dvorak and an outsider named Rubinstein have left delightful examples of the abandon of the polka, which in its reckless pride must have a touch of vulgarity. Now there is the coarseness of strength and there is the coarseness of weakness. Suk errs on the side of weakness. Nor is the Funeral March one for a king, even in a fairy tale. The last movement is perhaps the most striking, but here, too, there was disappointment. A young man who has evidently studied earnestly and has some native talent, born of an eminently musical race, uses a large orchestra for the expression of his thoughts, brings out all the colors that should be used, invents his typical themes, goes to work—and what is the result? That which appears plausible in the score is without effect in the actual performance. There is no page of marked and original beauty; there is no haunting orchestral expression; you feel that the young man knows the use of his tools, but he has not created rich material

on which to employ these tools. Compare with this long suite Smetana's "Visegrad" or "Moldau"; and you will recognize at once the difference between a poet and a man of industry, both Bohemians; the former for years was poor, obscure, sick, and at last deaf and mad; the latter was blessed with many advantages. But Smetana dreamed wondrous dreams and told them to the world by his orchestra.

D'Albert's prelude to "The Ruby," a fairy opera, is Wagnerian in expression and not without charming orchestral effects. The subject is an Eastern one, but there is little of Baghdad in the music. Some of the Russians, as Rimsky-Korsakoff in his "Scheherazade," have been more fortunate in persuading us occidentals that they have pictured the East in music. D'Albert's Eastern city is not over an hour from Bayreuth.

Schubert's Fantasia in its original form has gone the way of all flesh, and Mottl's orchestration is as the careful clothing of a corpse.

So that the Adagio and the second trio of the Scherzo in Schumann's Symphony triumphed easily. And there are few Adagios to be compared with this dramatic song of Schumann. If he had only had the courage to cut out that meaningless and incongruous little contrapuntal episode, too deliberately contrapuntal.

No composer could have felt aggrieved last night or complained that he was misunderstood. Mr. Gericke was impartial in his efforts and his sympathy. D'Albert's music was often splendidly sonorous merely through the wealth of orchestral tone. And what there is in Suk's suite was surely brought to the light. But there is so little that will bear the light.

Philip Hale.

## SYMPHONY PROGRAMME.

**Fairy-Tale Music Has a Large Showing, and an Unfamiliar Composer Will Be Heard.**

Music for two "Maerchen," or fairy tales, will be heard at this week's Symphony rehearsal and concert. To begin with, the first number will be L'Albert's prelude from the incidental music which he wrote for a comedy by Fr. Bebbel, who called it "The Ruby" and laid its scene in Bagdad, filling it with oriental personages, incidents, traditions, customs and credences. This prelude, which begins slowly and languorously, offers many changes of tempo and of mood, and seems to be colored generously picturesque, according to the fashions which the western mind has contrived for expressing its notions of eastern sentiment and fantasy.

The other, which is longer and more important, comes from the hand of Josef Suk, a prominent young Bohemian violinist and composer, born about 28 years ago, and a graduate of the Prague Conservatory, where he was a special pupil of Dvorak. He has been introduced to Chicago by Mr. Theodore Thomas through the medium of the suite that Mr. Gericke is now to present, which bears the opus number 16.



and is entitled "Ein Mäerchen." The Bohemian poet, Zeyer, wrote for the stage a kind of Arabian Night fairy play, which he called "Raduz and Mahulena," and for which Suk composed the relative music, subsequently revised and arranged by him in this concert suite, which bears the same name. This is the legend:

The Prince Raduz and the Princess Mahulena are happily in love, but their joy is soon interrupted and clouded by the death of his father. The introduction implies how their mutual content passes into a troublous condition, and is called "The Love and the Woe of the Royal Children." The general festivity, represented by an introduction leading to a folk-dance, both in an allegro polka measure, is followed by an interlude and the "mourning music," which comes in an andante sostenuto. As if the present grief were not enough, Queen Runa, the princess' mother, who is bitterly and cruelly opposed to the match, and appears to be a bad lot every way, emits severe and dreadful curses, which the favorable supernal powers proceed to thwart, so that peace, joy and good fortune are assured the princely pair. Wherefore the finale is named "Queen Runa's Curse and Love's Triumph." Such a tale might well touch the sympathies of both poet and composer, and the score seems to be filled with bright thoughts, quaint and felicitous fancies and rich-colored and ornate instrumentation.

Between these two pieces of play-book music will be placed Mottl's erudite, skilful, and always approved orchestral arrangement of Schubert's F minor fantasy, opus 103.

The symphony, put at the end of the programme, will be Schumann's second. This, composed during a long period of physical suffering and spiritual trouble, shows the struggle in which its author was involved, by its restless changefulness, its sudden alternation of moods, its shifting thought, and its grim determination to "win out" to freedom and safety. The first movement is not easy to get into touch with and to follow, for it is erratic, sudden, and apparently contradictory; but progress with even step is easier after that. The scherzo, peculiar in having two trios, has its more comfortable and lighter episodes, the adagio is beautiful, peaceful and deep, and the finale has encouragement, confidence and the ordered strength of successfully asserted self-control, and new command of external conditions.

## Boston Sunday Globe.

SUNDAY, NOV 30, 1902.

### SIXTH SYMPHONY PROGRAM.

Last week's Symphony program was the first of the season in which there was no soloist, the selections being as follows: Prelude to D'Albert's opera, "The Ruby"; fantasia in F minor, Schubert-Mottl; suite, "A Fairy Tale," Josef Suk, first time here, and Schumann's second symphony. The fantastic prelude is a pleasing bit of orchestration, oriental in character, with charming arpeggios for strings, and later for the harp, forming the background for the extension of three themes, motifs used in the opera. The piece was given very smoothly, the earlier passages by the brass instruments being of beautiful quality, the string and harp arpeggios clear and in perfect accord, and the

slow tempo at the close displaying the precision in ensemble playing which is so noticeable under Mr Gericke's conductorship.

The Schubert-Mottl fantasia was received with great favor, the romantic quality of the composition apparently appealing to the auditors more successfully than did the operatic prelude of D'Albert. The woodwinds practically carried off the honors in the fantasia, with the clarinets and flutes, which are very prominent in the score, in the lead. The themes in the second part were admirably set forth by the whole orchestra, and in the lively third movement, with its dainty scherzo, the strings were all that one could wish, and throughout the whole work the strange modulations were given smoothly and not made unduly discordant; even in the fortissimo passages.

"A Fairy Tale," by Josef Suk, was not all sunshine and will-o'-the-wisp reveals, for the first movement represented love and grief, and the third movement was a funeral march. The other two parts, though, were of a joyous character. The various themes cleverly suggest persons and incidents in the legend, and in the opening movement there is a peculiar style of rhythm and some phrasing given the clarinet that is very odd and quite original in treatment. In the first part the solo violin passages were skilfully played by Mr Kneisel, and the long sustained tremolo work of all the violin contingent reflected great credit upon that competent body. The weird horn phrases and the odd clarinet measures were excellent in tonality, and the broader themes of the funeral march comprising the third movement were splendidly resonant and sonorous. This latter part is very elaborately orchestrated, and the mournful intermittent melody introduced by the cellos is singularly interesting. It was excellently played. The contrasts of the choral and the march were preserved well by the different contingents.

In the folk dance, the second part of the suite, the orchestra played superbly. The vivacious harmonies are pretty evenly distributed for the different instruments and the interpretations were delightful throughout. The closing movement depicts the triumph of love over an evil spell, a conflict in fortissimo ending in pianissimo and representing the victory of the tender passion. The different themes are chiefly made up of earlier motifs and their new combinations are very cleverly orchestrated. This final part was satisfactorily illustrated and at the close there was a prompt expression of appreciation from the audience. A sympathetic interpretation of the Schumann symphony closed the program. The difficult second movement, with its rapid rhythms, was played unusually well.

This week's program will contain two novelties, the overture to "Les Francs Juges," Berlioz, and Vincent d'Indy's suite op 24. Mr Franz Kneisel will be the soloist, playing Bach's A minor violin concerto. The concerts will close with Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony.

**SYMPHONY CONCERTS.** Balance season, 3 seats, 1st balcony, 2nd row, left centre, near corner. Best situation for seeing and hearing. Price moderate, especially if taken together. Address R. A. K., Boston Transcript. [A]

### Symphony Hall: Symphony Orchestra

The programme of the sixth symphony concert, given in Symphony Hall last Saturday evening, was:

Eugen D'Albert: Prelude to "Der Rubin."  
Franz Schubert: Fantasia in F minor, opus 103.  
(Scored for Orchestra by Felix Mottl.)  
Josef Suk: Suite, "A Fairy Tale," opus 16.  
(First time in Boston.)  
Robert Schumann: Symphony No. 2, in C major, opus 61.

D'Albert's "Rubin" prelude sounds better and better, the more one hears it. For one thing, what a brilliant imitation of Berlioz the lively movement is, and how few composers have imitated Berlioz in anything but instrumentation! The thing has the true romantic coloring, a poetic flavor such as one does not too often meet with. Neither does the music take itself too seriously; it bears in mind the Oriental quality of the text of the opera, and adapts itself to that. It was beautifully played.

As for Schubert's F minor Fantasia, in Mottl's orchestral dress, Oh, come, now! There is no sane writing about that sort of thing; outside of the cloud-land of boredom it does not exist. "It seems to me that one must be very German, to enjoy the whole of Schubert," said some one once to Hans von Bülow. "What do you mean by 'very German'?" counter-questoned that great man, "do you mean, impervious to ennui?" Probably no composer of really first-rate genius in the whole list could be so terrific a bore, when he gave his mind to it, as Franz Schubert. In this Fantasia he surpasses himself. It makes you want to throw hard, sharp, hurting things at conductor, orchestra, ushers, everybody. Perhaps something penal might be done with it; then its "hidden use" might be made manifest.

Josef Suk's Suite is one of those compositions that make you sympathize with the traditional Englishman listening to an American joke. You have a sort of helpless feeling, and do not know whether to laugh or cry. You are perfectly willing to do either, whichever will best please the composer; but you are not sure which he expects of you. In other words, "it is a composition to make a programme-book an unmixed blessing." I wish I had read Mr. Hale's description of the play, to which this suite originally served as incidental music, before hearing the music itself—which I unluckily did not. Had I done so, I might have got a more definite, certainly a more lasting, impression from the music. As it is, on reading the description next morning, what impression I got has become singularly muddled. I took the title—"A Fairy Tale"—quite innocently, expecting some of that rather grown-up sort of children's music to which the modern romantic school from Schumann up, has accustomed us. I was even prepared for a Humperdinckian fulness of nursery orchestration. Listening to the new composition in this frame of mind, I found it very charming indeed; now and then, to be sure, I might be moved to stare a little at a certain por-

tentiousness in the style; but I did not let that disturb me overmuch, for I remembered that we were in the twentieth century, and that, in our modern children's music, even the smallest babykin cannot have a touch of tummy-ache without the orchestra's feeling a pang as when a giant dies. When it came to the funeral march, I detected what seemed to me so thoroughly genial a vein of farce-comedy that I began to think Mr. Suk a very superior person indeed. And now I take up Mr. Hale's programme-book, and find to my astonishment that there are ninety-nine chances to one that the whole thing is meant quite seriously, even "hoch-poetisch!" Mr. Oskar Nedbal helps Mr. Hale to speak of "original harmonic reconstruction"; egad, if he means some of the harmonies in the funeral march, he is right enough! There is one of the spots where I thought the laugh came in; and now I verily believe I ought to have cried—especially as it was evident to the meanest comprehension that any old-school harmony teacher would have boo-hoed outright. Oh, why did I not look first, and see what emotion I was expected to thrill with? As it is, I cannot give any intelligent criticism of this composition; I must wait till I hear it again. For one

thing, it struck me as being very beautifully scored indeed, with something more and higher than mere routine skill, with a true and even original ear for tone-coloring.

By hard and earnest listening one could see that the first two movements of Schumann's C major symphony were exquisitely played; but the non-acoustics of the hall prevented their making any effect whatever. With the Adagio it was better in one way; still worse in another; the music here is so broadly written that it could not help producing some effect, even though the thin, juiceless tone of the orchestra made that effect just the wrong one. Many parts of the Finale are more brilliantly, I had almost said, more normally scored, and this movement was the only really effective one. But it is much to be feared that Symphony Hall has put virtually the whole of Schumann's orchestral works out of court; they are as good as dead for Boston.

The next programme is: Berlioz, overture to "Les Francs-Juges," Opus 3 (first time at these concerts); Bach, concerto for violin and orchestra, in A minor; Vincent d'Indy, suite, Opus 24 (first time at these concerts); Beethoven, Symphony No. 3, in E-flat major, "Eroica," Opus 55. Mr. Franz Kneisel will be the solo violinist.

W. F. A.

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## BOSTON MUSIC LOVERS HEAR WORK OF NEW COMPOSER.

Overture to the opera, "Der Rubin".....D'Albert  
Fantasy in F minor.....Schubert-Mottl  
Eln Marchen.....Jos. Suk  
Symphony No. 2.....Schumann

A purely orchestral programme. We might have these more frequently, for our orchestra is brilliant enough to give its concerts without the aid of assisting artists save those which unite with it in concertos, and our public is so earnest in its orchestral studies that the absence of soloists is not felt in this city as it is elsewhere.

D'Albert's prelude to "The Ruby" was finely played and the important harp part lost nothing in the hands of Mr. Schuecker. But it is an Arabian subject treated in a German fashion; a Teutonic Oriental is not the acme of fitness. Rubinstein was the only northern composer who managed to catch something of the tropical glow in operatic work (and in cantata as well), and his "Feramors" music is much more striking than this prelude. We understand that the scientists are beginning to manufacture artificial rubies at present; possibly this is one of them.

Some of Schubert's music is fading a little, and the Fantasia in F minor begins to call rather for the blue pencil than for orchestral extension and elaboration. Nevertheless it has its moments of great beauty and, were it less ambitious, it would be a great work. It received a most worthy interpretation and the excellent clarinet-playing and the brilliant trills of the deepest strings were technical points to dwell upon with enthusiasm.

After this a brand-new Bohemian composer made his first bow to a Boston public. Joseph Suk's "Fairy Tale" was a mixture of Grieg and Humperdinck, and had several "Peer Gint-y" touches without, however, attaining the directness of the Norwegian's story.

Suk is a young man, and a Bohemian, which makes many future musical successes probable, but he has been grasped by the demon of modern orchestration, and his fairy story is not always enhanced by the search after striking tone-color. There were some romantic effects in the opening movement, picturing the love and grief of the royal children. The love-motive (for this modern work must needs have these clues) was delightfully performed by Mr. Franz Kneisel, and was a theme of true poetic spirit. The grief of the same couple was ushered in by the ugly tones of the muted horns, which were very much in evidence during the last part of this movement. Even harmonics upon the violins were employed at the close of this movement, and showed that the composer had studied his Wagner.

The second movement was a polka (the "pulka" was invented in Bohemia), and was tuneful and very intelligible. There is nothing of loftiness or of subtlety in a polka, and its marked rhythm idealizes far less poetically than the loftier strains of

the polonaise, or the dreamy swing of the waltz. There was, however, a bluff heartiness in the chief orchestral treatments of the movement, and it may stand as the polka outside of the ball-room.

The third movement was a funeral march which contained some original touches, but was scarcely as lofty as a Smetana would have made it. The final movement, however, gave a fine climax to the work, and the working up of the motives in this was the best part of the work. Altogether, if one does not find the inspiration of Smetana's national music in this work of his follower, one does discover a mastery of the modern orchestra and enough of romance and poetry to promise good things.

The second Schumann symphony is not counted the finest of the five (counting the "overture, scherzo and finale" as a symphony without a slow movement), yet its finale is grand enough to carry it to the greatest success. Heard directly after a modern work, Schumann's faults of scoring were emphasized. One noticed, for example, the lack of orchestral contrast between the chief and the subordinate theme, in the first movement, and the simplicity of wood-wind color when it was employed. But one also noticed more melody, more thought, more romance, in each movement, than one gets in a dozen works of the most recent manufacture.

The scherzo is impetuous but not playful. Its two trios afford a double contrast that is always effective. One wonders why Beethoven did not think of this form after using a single trio twice over, as he did in the scherzo of the seventh symphony or the minuet of the fourth. And how much deeper that adagio is than the lace-handkerchief adagios that Mendelssohn gave in his symphonies; sincerity does manage to win, over elegance, in the long run.

But the true Schumann is only fully revealed in the finale. Here there is struggle, titanic combat, and final victory. The dual Schumann is here clearly recognized. Not a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde duality, but two oppositional natures in one man, nevertheless. A bold and audacious character, and a shy and timid one. Schumann called the radical—"Florestan," and named the poetic dreamer—"Eusebius." One finds the former in the chief theme of this rondo, and the latter in that ineffably sweet countertheme that follows the pauses in the tumult.

The interpretation was a noble one; we could have wished for a little longer hold upon the impressive pauses above-mentioned, but the bold syncopations (and Schumann was the most extensive syncopationist, short of "rag-time" writers, that ever existed) were finely caught up, and those odd triplets of half-notes were finely accentuated even to their final tumultuous appearance as a kettle-drum solo. And the strings played—but it is unnecessary to rhapsodize about the strings in our orchestra.

Louis C. Elson.





FRANZ KNEISEL.

## *Symphony Hall.*

SEASON 1902-03.

## BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Mr. WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.

### VII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6, AT 8, P. M.

### Programme.

- |             |   |
|-------------|---|
| BERLIOZ,    | OVERTURE, "Les Francs Juges." op. 3.<br>(First time at these concerts.)   |
| J. S. BACH, | CONCERTO in A minor for VIOLIN and ORCHESTRA,<br>No. 1.<br>I. Allegro ma non troppo.<br>II. Andante.<br>III. Allegro assai.<br>Cadenza by HELLMESBERGER.<br>(First time at these concerts.) |
| LISZT,      | SYMPHONIC POEM, No. 2, "Tasso: Lament and<br>Triumph."  |
| BEETHOVEN,  | SYMPHONY No. 3, in E flat major, "Eroica." op. 55<br>I. Allegro con brio.<br>II. Marcia Funebre: Adagio assai.<br>III. Scherzo: Allegro vivace.<br>IV. Finale: Allegro molto.               |

### Soloist:

Mr. FRANZ KNEISEL.

There will be no Public Rehearsal and Concert next week.





FRANZ KNEISEL.

*Symphony Hall.*

SEASON 1902-03.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

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## MUSIC AND DRAMA

Franklin Dec 8, 1902

## Symphony Hall: Symphony Orchestra

The seventh symphony concert was given in Symphony Hall last Saturday evening, the programme being as follows:

Hector Berlioz: Overture to "Les Francs-Juges," opus 3.

(First time at these concerts.)

Johann Sebastian Bach: Concerto for Violin, No. 1, in A minor.

(First time at these concerts.)

Franz Liszt: Symphonic Poem No. 2, "Tasso; Lamento e Trionfo."

Ludwig van Beethoven: Symphony No. 3, in E-flat major, "Eroica," opus 55.

Mr. Franz Kneisel was the solo violinist.

When Berlioz's "Francs-Juges" overture was first given in this city—at an Orchestral Union Concert, under Mr. Carl Zerrahn, on Feb. 14, 1866—the late John Sullivan Dwight wrote of it:

"But the novelty and point of curiosity this time was the famous Overture by Berlioz, 'Les Francs-Juges.' . . . The opening is certainly impressive and the thing grows with real positiveness of purpose. You can imagine the prisoner led in blindfolded, his horror when he sees the awful preparations of the court, the sinking of his heart at the relentless 'No!' of his judges, solemnly and terribly conveyed by those blasts of trombones, ophicleid, etc., and there is much of logical and interesting working up of themes, as well as coloring. But long before the end it seemed to have become senseless and insufferable noise. We felt as if it were the rankest materialism in Art, materialism without the charm of aught naive, spontaneous or honest. Still we can endure the noise again, for the sake of more closely noting its original points, particularly the instrumentation. We hope it will be repeated some day, so that it may be better known."

I remember this performance quite well; and I doubt whether many of us Bostonians have heard another since—until last Saturday evening. My reason for quoting Dwight's criticism is the curiously different way he looked at the work from that of most musicians today. To him the damning point in the overture was a "materialism without the charm of aught naive, spontaneous or honest." And, by the way, what eternal youth in criticism has not that seeing naught of honesty in those with whom we differ! Dwight saw no honesty in Berlioz; it was not a year ago that I found a more modern critic deploring the "insincerity" of Mendelssohn (in his "Elijah"). But, as I have said, this is by the way. My main point is this: I am pretty sure that the damning item most musicians found last Saturday evening in the "Francs-Juges" was by no means a lack of honest naiveté, nor a too gross materialism, but simply the ridiculously trivial second theme—a tune one would have thought inspired by Pleyel, filtered through Heinrich Marschner. Of course, we know it was not so inspired; for, as Mr. Hale tells us, Berlioz wrote it before he ever came to Paris, and that was

before he had had anything to do with Weber's music (so, a fortiori, he could not have had anything to do with Marschner's).

The rest of the overture is not bad at all. True, one could easily account for Berlioz's enthusiasm for it cooling off a bit in later years—after "Le Roi Lear," "Benvenuto Cellini," and "Le Carnaval romain." But there is a deal of force in it nevertheless. One thing, however, could not but strike me last Saturday evening; the overture was played for the most part in the wrong spirit, as if it had been what Dwight called it, a "logical and interesting working up of themes," instead of a piece of sheer musical romantic melodrama. Its fundamental inspiration is really of the rankest 1830 sort; it is a musical counterpart of the elder Dumas's "Tour de Nesle" and other Porte-Saint-Martin (we should say, Bowery) melodramas. It should be played with an enormous "panache," with eyes in fine frenzy rolling, with a charcoal-burner faith in the dramatic efficacy of goosellesh. Then might that niminy-piminy little second theme put on quite a different air; look at it a minute, and you will see that this theme impersonates the white-robed persecuted heroine of melodrama, that remarkable young person whose soul is made of blanc liquide. Now, a clever actress can make that heroine very impressive indeed, can turn her inherent ridiculousness to a source of endless delicious tears—on Browning's principle, perhaps, that "The histrionic truth is in the natural lie." And I have a strong suspicion that a born melodramatic conductor can do as much with this second theme of Berlioz's. Mr. Gericke throws his whole weight in quite another direction, upon the points which this overture undoubtedly has in common with reputable works in that form in the German repertory; and that is just where he loses the whole gist of the thing. What the "Francs-Juges" overture has in common with reputable classic compositions is of very secondary importance; its true gist lies in its differences from them. Play it in the dare-devil spirit in which it was written, and I will go ball that that second theme will not remind you of the virtuous Pleyel—no matter how much it may make you weep for persecuted virtue in the abstract. It is well to remember at times that you do not improve a sow's ear by trying to make a silk purse out of it; and a good sow's ear may be a capital thing in its way.

Liszt's "Tasso" was very beautifully played, in one sense; in another, not so well by a good deal. With all the wondrous beauty of color, clearness of phrasing, elegance, balance, the performance sounded in the main rather apologetic than otherwise. It seemed to say: "See, this music of Liszt's is not the incoherent stuff you may have thought it; it has form, coherency, common sense!" But come, now, seriously: who in this year of grace 1902 cares a jot whether Franz Liszt had form, coherency and common sense or not? Liszt was a wild and woolly—no, I mean, a wild and long-haired romanticist of the 1830 period, and we care a great deal more about his wild-



ness and his long hair and his romanticism than we do about his music's virtues.

The "Eroica" was admirably, wonderfully played; with both clearness and power. Especially grand was the rendering of the Funeral March; here is a movement whose weightful message can be imparted, is even best imparted, without screaming! And note that both Berlioz's "Frances-Juges" and Liszt's "Tasso" were played just as admirably, in just the same spirit. Mr. Gerike did them too much honor.

Mr. Kneisel had a happy inspiration in selecting the Bach A minor concerto for performance. In the first place, the orchestral score is one of the most nearly complete Bach ever wrote, and requires comparatively little done to it to make it fit for performance—which little Mr. Kneisel himself did with excellent musician-like judgment and savoir faire. In the next (and most important) place, Bach's melodic style renders his music more germane to performance by a solo instrument (notably, a solo violin) than any written since his day, save by Mozart or Haydn. In this concerto the solo violin does not seem a weakly, unwelcome intruder, a parvenu in high orchestral society who has to be handled with gloves, but the veritable master of the whole situation. The beauty of the work is beyond words; such a combination of robustness and delicacy, of strength and facile gentleness, is hardly to be found in our more strenuous days. Then take the lordly high-breeding of the thing; it makes you feel old Johann Sebastian to have been one of those "truly great" who do not take things seriously. Note, for instance, how Hellmesberger's cadenza did not injure it a jot! How many modern compositions of the rank and calibre of this concerto are there, think you, to which a Hellmesberger could write a fitting cadenza? But this one of Bach's endures it well; it has the noblesse oblige of a Russian grandee, who gives cordial welcome to any guest who is only properly dressed, and treats him as an equal as long as he is under his roof. Write a cadenza elegantly, and a Bach concerto welcomes it, without asking about its "profundity"—it itself has profundity enough for both! Mr. Kneisel's playing of the concerto seemed to me perfect in every respect; he is to me the ideal Bach player. I have heard and read of late no end about the indignity it is to Bach to play him "with academic stiffness," of how it belittles him to show anything of the "pigtail" in your playing. With which I heartily agree, as far as regards academic stiffness; I would no more have Bach played with academic, or any other kind of, stiffness than I would Chopin. But, when it comes to the "pigtail," I object; Bach wore a pigtail, he wrote with a pigtail, and I would have him played with a pigtail. (Of course, when I say that Bach wore a pigtail, I know perfectly well that he wore nothing of the sort, but a full-bottomed, Louis XIV. wig; but the principle is the same.) I have no sympathy with putting a later-nineteenth-

century spirit into Bach's music, with playing him as if he were Chopin, or Liszt, or Tchaikovsky. I wish him played with a pigtail—only, with a pigtail as to the manner born, with a pigtail elegantly worn, a pigtail of which the wearer is himself unconscious. Mr. Kneisel fills that bill, to my mind, better than anyone else I have heard—not excepting the very greatest. He was applauded and recalled as he deserved.

The next programme is: Haydn, symphony No. 10, in D major; Tchaikovsky, concerto for pianoforte, No. 1, in B-flat minor; César Franck, symphonic poem, "Les Eolides"; Liszt, march of the Holy Three Kings, from "Christus" (first time). Mr. Harold Randolph will be the pianist.

Rehearsal and concert come on Friday, Dec. 19, and Saturday, Dec. 20; there will be no rehearsal nor concert this week.

W. F. A.

#### SEVENTH SYMPHONY PROGRAM.

The seventh Symphony program opened with the overture to "The Fehmic Judges," by Berlioz, the A minor violin concerto by Bach following with Mr Franz Kneisel as soloist. These two numbers were given for the first time at these concerts. The other selections were the Liszt symphonic poem, "Tasso: Lament and Triumph," and Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony. Mr Kneisel played the Bach concerto effectively, but the work is of so serious, or rather so formal, in nature that aside from the cadenza in the last movement there is little to attract the general ear. Its themes are simple in character, the figurations are less showy than is usually the case in violin concertos, and its general structure shows a contrast of light matter given to the solo instrument with a background of more solid figures for the accompaniment by the orchestra. The violin part is almost continuous and is generally conventional in style.

In the first movement Mr Kneisel's impeccable fingering made the moderate passages delightful to the ear, although not appealing to one's emotions, and the scholarly and serious interpretation was received with due respect and mild enthusiasm by the auditors. The second part, which was broader in scope and more brilliant in style, was more warmly appreciated, and in the finale the difficult cadenza aroused some real enthusiasm. Mr Kneisel's work in sustained melody, while playing chord passages for accompaniment, was very artistic, and, in fact, he illumined a rather dry musical subject by his skill as a performer.

The Berlioz overture is a tremendously effective work, opening with a passionate display in fortissimo between the brasses and bassoons followed at intervals by striking orchestral effects in which figure peculiar counter themes and ascending passages, broken accompaniments by the strings against the melody played by the wood winds, a solo, pianissimo, for the bass drum and a finale in crescendo that is rather startling in its nature. The piece is really "a hymn of despair" vividly depicted in tone coloring, which though three-quarters of a century old, holds its place successfully with scores of the present day. The D-flat major phrases were splendidly set forth by the bassoons and brasses, the oboes and flutes sang their quaint little measures with

due mournful suggestiveness, the various string bodies "shuddered" sympathetically and the big bass drum was heard to special advantage as a solo instrument, being pounded pianissimo. The finale, though tremendously complicated in its scoring, showed the ability of each contingent to be of the highest order for the rude, passionate music was played with an intensity, precision and authority that made the close of the overture overwhelmingly vivid in illustrating Berlioz' ideas.

"Tasso," Liszt's symphonic poem, with its sad, wailing phrases and tragic motifs of the first part and the joyous, triumphant tone of the finale, received an adequate interpretation, and the

## FRANZ KNEISEL'S TRIUMPH AT THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Overture, "Les Francs Juges," op. 3....Berlioz  
(First time at these concerts.)

Concerto in A minor, for Violin and Orchestra .....J. S. Bach  
No. 1. ....Dec 8. 02

I. Allegro ma non troppo.

II. Adante.

III. Allegro assai.

Cadenza by Hellmesberger.

(First time at these concerts.)

Symphonic Poem, No. 2, "Tasso: Lament and Triumph".....Mr. Franz Kneisel.

Symphony No. 3, in E flat major, "Eroica.".....Liszt

op. 55.....Beethoven

An interesting programme, but too long, and not always in best contrast; the grief of Tasso, for example, somewhat neutralized the effect of the sorrow of Beethoven's Funeral March, and the bombast of the Fehmic judges detracted a little from the pomp of the Tassonian triumph. But there was much to praise and to enjoy in the two hours of music of Saturday.

Music mutates quite as much as the times" are said to do in the old Latin proverb. It sounded strange to read (in the programme book) that Berlioz once thought the overture to the "Fehmic Judges" full of terror. To the modern auditor this work seemed to have something of the circus sawdust attached to it, and contained many tawdry moments. In its best effects it was something like Meyerbeer's "Benediction of the Polgnards," from "The Hugenots." Berlioz himself has been far more "terrifying" in the orgie that ends the Childe Harold Symphony, and especially in the "March to Execution" of the "Symphonie Fantastique." But at the time that the overture was composed all this roar of brasses, the sharp contrasts, the strange interruptions, the sudden outbursts, the muffled taps of bass drum, were new, and this mixture of pain, pathos and truculence was wonderful pioneer work for a young composer who had only arrived at his Op. 3.

It was a strange contrast to go from this sensational picture to the cool, clear counterpoint of Bach. Mr. Kneisel deserves thanks from every music-lover for bringing to our concert platform a worthy addition to the scant repertoire of violin concertos. It must be borne in mind, however, that "concerto," with Bach, has not the same meaning as with the 19th century composers. With Mozart

ever-welcome "Eroica" symphony by Beethoven was given in the usual artistic manner; the contrasts in the first movement being admirably balanced, the funeral march showing an impressive solemnity and the charming scherzo being delightfully vivacious in character, with a glorious outburst of melody and the end of the work.

The orchestra will be away this week. Next week's program will have Mr Harold Randolph as soloist in Tschalkowsky's B flat minor pianoforte concerto. The orchestral selections will be Haydn's D major symphony, Cesar Franck's symphonic poem, "Les Eolides" and the "March of the Holy Three Kings" from Liszt's oratorio, "Christ."

the concerto began to be a three-movement sonata for orchestra combined with one or more solo instruments; but with Handel and Bach the concerto was still a free species of chamber music, built on contrapuntal lines.

Naturally, therefore, this work was retouched before coming to the symphonic stage, and to Hellmesberger, and to Mr. Kneisel himself, much praise must be given for the careful manner (worthy of Robert Franz) in which the additions have been made. Add to this the fact that Mr. Kneisel was just the artist to perform such a work, just the man who could appreciate and portray its refinement and its intellectuality, and we can readily see that this was the most successful part of a fine concert.

We have never heard our great concertmeister play so gloriously; he seemed to love the work, to be in his chosen element. The cadenza was full of great difficulties, but these were never obtruded to public notice; they were conquered so that one thought of the music, not of the virtuosity of the performer. So that, for once, a cadenza became a pleasure.

The whole idea of the cadenza is a bad inheritance from older days. In the Mozartean epoch it was customary to make a great deal out of the improvisational powers of an artist, and in a concerto he was obliged to display these to the utmost by taking some figures of the work and developing them with all possible virtuosity. In later times the improvisation disappeared and a carefully prepared display of technique took its place. It is a significant straw that Beethoven, in his fourth piano-concerto, prayed that the cadenza might be made short; in his fifth command "make no cadenza here but go right on"; that Brahms twice avoided the cadenza; that even Mendelssohn took it away from its regular place in the coda, in his violin concerto.

This particular cadenza was not unlike Bach's Chaconne, in its chords, its harmonized effects (for viola alone), and its broad work upon the G string. The double-stopping was remarkable, and as regards purity of tone, of intonation, of phrasing, criticism of the severest kind could not find a flaw, and the artist was



recalled over and over again, and was given a laurel wreath, which he had fairly won.

"Tasso" was given with great brilliancy. Liszt, having at last come out from under the Wagner shadow, begins to impress one as a great modern composer. He has all the orchestral glow of a Berlioz and considerably more cohesiveness and melody. The work of the bass-clarinete was exquisitely clear-toned in this number, and the climax of triumph was splendidly wrought up by the orchestra. Time is settling accounts in this matter; once upon a time Raff and even Gade had the public ear more frequently than Liszt; now Liszt is growing while the others are fading very fast.

It may sound very heterodox to say it, but the "Heroic" symphony is an unequal work, and some parts of it are also fading. The trio of the funeral march does not seem much stronger than the trio in Chopin's similar march, which is the greatest piano "Marcia Funebre," as this one of Beethoven is the greatest for orchestra—the "Siegfried Funeral Music" not being a march in the true sense of the word. The finale is not exactly a "most lame and impotent conclusion," but it is not inspiring and not especially fitting. If the ghastly scherzo of the fifth symphony were in the "heroic" it would fit better, and if the lofty finale of the fifth symphony ended the "heroic" instead, one would not be quite so mystified regarding its meaning. The first entrance of the heroic trombones into symphonic music took place in the fifth symphony finale.

The reading was excellent. Mr. Gerlicke gets over that "crux" of the entrance of the horn on the tonic against the harmony of violins on the dominant chord, by causing the latter to play down to an inaudible point, so that one only hears the horn. With all due respect for this reading, we believe that it would be better to grasp the nettle and allow the conflicting harmonies to sound. Beethoven may have meant to indicate that his hero was untrammelled by rule and could defy even the laws of harmony, or he may have intended some other expression of unconventionality, but he certainly desired the two warring harmonies to sound out, just as much as Richard Strauss intended two opposing chords to be heard at the end of his "Zarathustra."

One may chronicle the excellent oboe-playing in the funeral march, the almost perfect horn-playing in the Scherzo-trio, and the pizzicato syncopations of the finale, and may rejoice that Beethoven's love of Liberty led him to write such noble movements as the first three of the "Heroic Symphony."

Louis C. Elson.

## SYMPHONY REHEARSALS

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n 28

## SYMPHONY PROGRAMME.

An Early and Unfamiliar Berlioz Overture Will Be Revived in the Concert of Saturday.

Among the very first compositions of Hector Berlioz were two dramatic overtures, "Waverley" and "Les Francs Juges," the former plainly derived from Scott's novel and the other probably suggested by the scene of the Vehmgericht in his "Anne of Geierstein," that dread secret tribunal being the equivalent of the Free Judges, whose sessions were held in many parts of Europe, their sentences and executions being never divulged. At the outset of his career Berlioz laid down the theory that every composition should have its acknowledged plan and programme, by which to follow it understandingly. In "Waverley" the course of the story is obvious enough, but in "Les Francs Juges" there are only suggestion and allegory. The sustained adagio at the beginning may symbolize the solemnity, silence and mystery of the court revealed to the accused when he is allowed to free his eyes and consider his surroundings. This opening is in F minor, resolving into a majestic theme in D flat, which may forecast the attitude of the court. Various important changes of mood and mode follow, which can be interpreted as the agonized petitions of the prisoner, their curt, harsh denials, the more pitiful consideration of his state and the clear, resolute ultimate decision. But fancy must draw from what one has read or heard of those strange courts and compose his own imaginary scenes by what the music gives him. The scheme is broad and minute, and indicates that from the outset of his career Berlioz had an almost unique mastery of instrumental values; for it is full of special instructions, marking strong contrasts between the personal attributes and attitudes expressed in the different treatment of the several choirs, and dwelling particularly on the effects provided for the drums, cymbals, etc. The overture is often heard in Europe, but no Boston performance is noticed since one in 1866.

A suite by Vincent d'Indy was announced for this programme, but it has been withdrawn in favor of Liszt's poem "Tasso," originally intended for the pianoforte and then rewritten for orchestra. Liszt's purpose was, as he has said, to depict the sad and bitter episodes of Tasso's life, followed by those when favor and honor were bestowed upon him, and finally to represent the apotheosis of his genius. At first the idea is of Tasso's shade still dwelling as a power and inspiration in Venice, for a gondolier theme, upon which the bard of the wharf and the boat were wont to improvise their paraphrases of his cantos, is its informing feature. Then come intimations of festivity and joy at Ferrara, through which the poet passes, solitary, sad and bowed down, soon to meet success and reward at Rome. The finale stands for triumph, but in rather a blaring and pompous style.

Mr. Kneisel will be the soloist, and play Bach's first violin concerto with orchestra, and the symphony will be the "Eroica" of Beethoven.

## YESTERDAY'S MUSIC.

An Extravagant Overture by Berlioz at the Symphony Concert—Mr. Kneisel Soloist—Mr. Kocian's Violin Recital in the Afternoon.

The seventh concert of the Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Gerlicke, conductor, was given last night in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:

Overture: "The Fehmle Judges".....Berlioz  
Concerto in A minor for violin.....Bach  
Symphonic Poem: "Tasso: Lament and Triumph".....Liszt  
Symphony, No. 3, "Eroica".....Beethoven

It is easy to say that the overture to "The Fehmle Judges" is one of the sins of Berlioz's youth. It is something more than that. It gives an insight into the character of this extraordinary man; it is a note to the history of romanticism, which was influenced mightily by the thought of Napoleon, Scott, and Byron; and it well deserved a performance by the Symphony Orchestra. (Both this overture and Bach's concerto were played for the first time at these concerts.)

This overture was written for an opera which never was given, and we know little about the subject of the story except that the Fehmle Judges were introduced in some way or another. The libretto had nothing to do with Scott's "Anne of Geierstein," which was not published until 1829, the year after the overture was first performed. From fragments preserved we know that the libretto was full of horrors; there was a tyrant, there was an abducted maiden beloved by the exiled Prince, etc., etc. No doubt the story would be heartily laughed at in this calmer age.

But Berlioz took it all seriously. Here was a chance for him to shock the professors, to frighten women, to make an opera-audience sit up. He himself wrote to the librettist that there was nothing so "terribly frightful" as this overture. "It is a hymn to despair, but the most despairing despair that one can imagine, horrible and tender." He dwelt on the horror of it. And the overture did make a sensation at the time. Even the orchestral players were astonished and half-frightened while they rehearsed it, and when they played it in concert. But remember all this was in 1828, and since then we have all supped full of musical horrors.

Today the overture seems for the most part a curious mixture of the bombastic and the weakly trivial. But in 1828 Lara and the Corsair were heroes; young men scowled at the world and scorned conventional success and accompanying respectability; they assumed an "air fatal"; revolutionary theories charged the air they breathed; there was a wild desire to do something new, strange, monstrous.

There was the sublime, pathetic foolishness of youth. There was the extravagance in beliefs, theories, love, which after all enters into the savor of life.

And this overture was typical of the Berlioz of that period. He learned

to express himself with more force; he mastered the resources of the orchestra so that all who came after him, Wagner, Liszt, Richard Strauss, the ultra-modern Russians, all, are his disciples; he was disillusionized in certain ways; he knew sorrow and neglect and scorn; but even in the darkest days, just before his death, he had the same extravagant enthusiasm for art, as he understood it, as when, not yet intimately acquainted with his own genius, he wrote the overture to "The Fehmle Judges." And we remember this when we find nearly 75 years after the first performance that the music is not nearly so intense as Berlioz thought it; when we are tempted to smile at the passages that struck terror at the famous declamation of the brass or at the solo for the big drum; when we are inclined to yawn at passages that were to him tender.

Bach's concerto is an excellent work of its kind, and it was played by Mr. Kneisel with the beauty of tone and the general display of taste that have long marked his performance. Whether the work be wholly suitable for a great concert hall and with the accompaniment of such a body of strings is another question. It was written as chamber music for the pleasure of a Prince who was musical and has his own small band. Some insist, as in Leipzig, that a piano should assist the accompanying strings, otherwise the music sounds thin and incomplete. Mr. Kneisel realized the danger and strengthened the accompaniment where there was need. The introduction of any cadenza in a work of this nature is a subject for discussion. Mr. Kneisel played the cadenza by Hellmesberger, and played it exquisitely. What charm there was in the two fast movements—and they might well have gone at a still faster pace—was rather in the performance than in the music itself. The allegros of Bach's period sound more and more alike as the years roll on. The slow movements, many of them, still hold their beauty. Mr. Kneisel was heartily applauded and a wreath was handed to him.

Liszt's "Tasso" and Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony are well-known to all concert-goers and do not call for extended comment. There are touches of Meyerbeer in the "Tasso," but they do no serious injury. The work is one of Liszt's best, and it is full of beauties. The scene at Ferrara is one of courtly elegance; the pathos of the lament is moving and free from suspicion of insincerity, which is not always true of Liszt, who had a talent for self-deception. There is a breath of inspiration throughout the piece.

Beethoven himself warned conductors against putting his "Eroica" as the final number. Yet the mighty music made its way last night. The performance of the orchestra, both in the symphony and in "Tasso," was, indeed, worthy of its great reputation.

This week the orchestra will show to New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and other cities that there are advantages, after all, in dwelling in Boston. There will therefore be no concerts here on Friday and Saturday. The program for Dec. 19, 20 will include Haydn's Symphony in D minor, No. 10, Tschalkowsky's concerto in B flat minor for piano (Mr. Harold Randolph of Baltimore, pianist); César Franck's symphonic poem "Les Eclides"; and the March of the Three Kings from Liszt's "Christ" (first time). P. Hall



# SYMPHONY PLAYS IN THE DARK.

## Then Bounds on as the Lights Come up After a "Tunnel."

[SPECIAL DISPATCH TO THE SUNDAY HERALD.]

NEW YORK, Dec. 13, 1902.

LIKE other things bred in the classic atmosphere of Boston, the concerts of its Symphony orchestra are entertainments whose every detail is so settled and finished as to seem ordered by immutable laws—presided over by Nature herself.

Nothing "happens" at Boston orchestra concerts—and this fact serves to distinguish today's matinee in Carnegie Hall from its long line of predecessors. For something really happened. The lights suddenly went out at a critical point in the performance and left the audience and orchestra in total darkness.

And yet this, which might have been an accident to most orchestras, was only an incident to the men from Boston. By good fortune, the darkness supervened near the end of a glowing period in the last movement of the Schumann symphony; the band finished clearly the bar and a half which concluded the phrase, paused composedly as if for a hyper-eloquent rest, and resumed at the moment the light returned. The audience filled the hall with encouraging hand-clapping.

Mr. Gericke and his men were in too fine feather to be disturbed by such a superficial happening, and they proceeded from good work to better, and thence to a close of superb excellence. The weather is certainly no factor in the musical totals which these artists place to their credit here. Neither has it any effect on their audiences. The tone of the wind instruments and the "bite" of the strings were as bright and crisp and excellent as on a summer day, and there

were few vacant seats to testify to either dampened or frozen ardor.

The programme consisted of Schumann's second symphony in C major, opus 61; Beethoven's "An Die Hoffnung"—a song with orchestra, opus 99; some symphonies, variations to an old theme by Dvorak—opus 78 and "Wotan's Farewell," and the "Fire Charm" from "Die Walkure."

### THE SYMPHONY'S 100TH.

Boston Orchestra's Centennial Performance in New York Is Remarkable for Coincidences.

[Special Dispatch to the Boston Herald.]

NEW YORK, Dec. 11, 1902. Among those who heard the Boston Symphony orchestra in Carnegie Hall, tonight, there was doubtless more than one person with whom remained recollections of the first night concert of this organization, in Steinway Hall, 17 years ago, when as the opening number (it was Weber's "Oberon" overture) the audience rose to its feet and fairly cheered. It had listened to ensemble playing which at that time was unexampled in New York concert annals. The conductor on that occasion was William Gericke, the soloist was Franz Kneisel and the solo work performed was Bach's first violin concerto.

The reminiscence has a special point in the fact that at tonight's affair—the 100th concert which the men from Boston have given before this public—the conductor, the soloist and the solo work were the same. The tangible results of these 17 seasons of concert giving were eloquently demonstrated by the cultivated audience which crowded the house, whom no severity of weather could keep away, and by the press of carriages extending for blocks outside. The selection and arrangement of the programme matter, the mood of the conductor and his band, and the sympathetic attitude of the audience were among the greater factors in an entertainment which can be ranked as among the finest the organization has ever given here.

THE reverential and intelligent attitude of the audience at the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in its home at Symphony Hall, Boston, must act as an inspiration to the players, and certainly the performance of Beethoven's

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Boston is critical in its musical apperceptions. The people—the audience—which support the music becomes appreciative when good work is done, and it is not considered bad form or an evidence of musical ignorance when the people applaud. Here in New York applause is criticised when it does not appeal to the critics' dyspepsia; in Boston the critics give the audience freedom to applaud without censure. Discrimination is based upon knowledge or feeling, but the critic is not the judge of this, for he is not supposed to feel as a critic. He must know and record his impressions;



# SYMPHONY PLAYS IN THE DARK.

## Then Bounds on as the Lights Come up After a "Tunnel."

[SPECIAL DISPATCH TO THE SUNDAY HERALD.]

NEW YORK, Dec. 13, 1902.

**L**IKE other things bred in the classic atmosphere of Boston, the concerts of its Symphony orchestra are entertainments whose every detail is so settled and finished as to seem ordered by immutable laws—presided over by Nature herself.

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the artists and the audience feel they know that knowledge is no knowledge if it conflicts with the critic's knowledge here in New York. There must be thematic coincidence here; otherwise the jig is up.

Miss Maud MacCarthy, the violin soloist, played the Brahms Violin Concerto and received six encores. The rules do not permit encore playing, and the rules are proper. The audience admired Miss MacCarthy because she is musical; because she has feeling; because she sings on the violin when Brahms allows her to do so; because she has acquired through application a thoroughgoing technique, and plays octaves and thirds and staccato and legato, and all the violin pyrotechnics, too, and does so very excellently. The Brahms Concerto is a standard on the repertory of the violin, and it has been discussed pro and con, and the Brahmsites adore it, the neutrals try to find some refreshing episodes before the last movement is reached, and the antis simply annihilate it. There are some lights in the many shades, but as a work of musical force it seems to want in the inspiration outside of the magnificence of its masterful development. There are Mendelssohnian suggestions in it, and as Brahms is dead this can be said without fear of a libel suit. The Bizet Suite "L'Arlésienne," which was delightfully performed, has sufficient thematic material in it to make a number of Puccini and Mascagni operas, but that is far as we dare go nowadays. It is dangerous to call attention to unconscious imitations when the imitators are alive; besides that, they and their friends might become ill from subsequent dinners filled with expletives which certainly do not aid digestion.

The concert opened with Rimsky-Korsakoff's overture to "The Betrothed of the Czar," and Philip Hale calls it a theatre overture, and so it is; but it is not even interesting as such. It should be heard with the opera and there do its function. He is a pupil of Balakireff and is the successor of Anton Rubinstein as director of the Imperial Conservatory at St. Petersburg. He has been in this country, but not professionally as a musician, coming in 1862 as a marine officer. Cesar Cui, another renowned Russian composer, is a Russian general officer.

This week the Boston Symphony will play Mendelssohn's Scotch Symphony—A major—although not in the military sense. Orchestral variations of Dvorák will be heard before Wagner's "Walküre" excerpts close the concert.

Why cannot New York get such a series of educational and artistic concerts? What is the difficulty? Why is there no systematically rehearsed orchestra here, which will aid the musicians materially and spiritually and give us the best in the music art, as we should hear it and as it is heard under Gericke in Boston with the help of such men as Kneisel, and Loeffler, and Adamowski, and Vicenszi, and Bareuther, and others, all men now thoroughly identified with the musical destiny of Boston's artistic community. Herman Hans Wetzler is endeavoring to build up an orchestral cult here, and there is much to that young, gifted and energetic conductor. There are also others here who have the intellectual and artistic materials, but they have no orchestras at command. Mr. Wetzler deserves the approval and support of the whole musical life of New York, for he is endeavoring to bring order out of the chaos here and give us something at least analogous to what other cities have. The Philharmonic did wonders under Paur, and we shall await until later days what it will accomplish under its latest auspices.

It is interesting to observe that the 2,000th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was given last week, and it happened to be at Hartford, Conn. Philip Hale suggested that this concert should have taken place at Boston. Why not New York? But then it is too late for that, and we bespeak now the 3,000th concert of the Boston Symphony.

#### TWO FRIDAY REHEARSAL (SYM.)

SEATS, Numbered LL27, 28, for sale. Price \$35 for the pair. Address E. M. O., Boston Transcript. [A]

#### TICKET FOR SYMPHONY REHEARSAL

MM 28, \$16. Address S. B. H., 99 Pinckney street. WS[A]: d 10

#### F. F. 15, 16, REHEARSAL SEATS

MAY BE BOUGHT FOR \$27 EACH by addressing B. E. R., Boston Transcript. (A)



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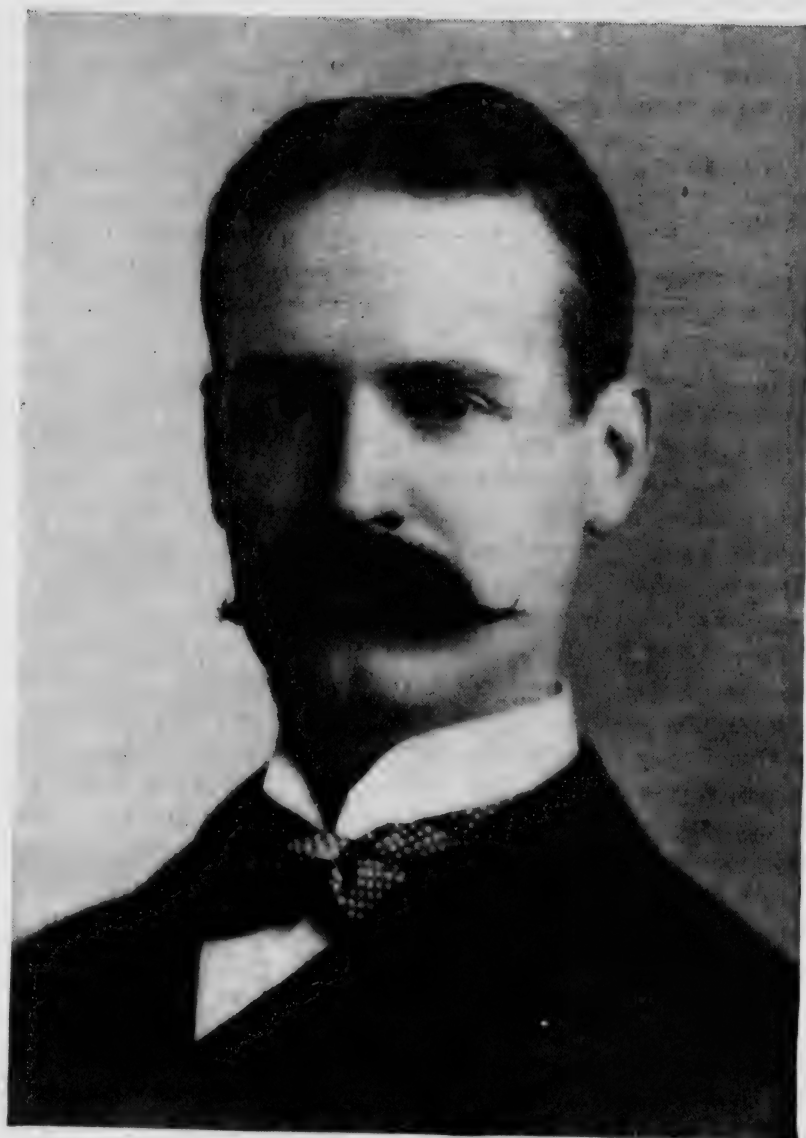
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## *Symphony Hall.*

SEASON 1902-03.

# BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Mr. WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.

## VIII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20, AT 8, P. M.

### Programme.

HAYDN,

SYMPHONY in D major, (B. & H. No. 10.)

- I. Adagio. Allegro spiritoso.
- II. Capriccio. Largo.
- III. Menuetto, Allegretto. Trio.
- IV. Finale. Allegro con spirito.

TSCHAIKOWSKY,

CONCERTO for PIANOFORTE, No. 1, in B flat minor, op. 23.

- I. Andante non troppo e molto maestoso. Allegro con spirito.
- II. Andantino semplice. Allegro vivace assai.
- III. Allegro con fuoco.

CÆSAR FRANCK,

SYMPHONIC POEM, "Les Eolides."

LISZT,

MARCH OF THE HOLY THREE KINGS, from the Oratorio, "Christus."  
(First time.)

Soloist:

Mr. HAROLD RANDOLPH.

The Pianoforte is a Steinway.





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# EIGHTH SYMPHONY PROGRAM.

Mr Harold Randolph, an American pianist of marked ability, made his first appearance here with the Symphony orchestra at last week's concerts, playing the solo part in Tschalkowsky's B flat minor concerto for pianoforte. The orchestral selections were Haydn's D major symphony; Cesar Franck's symphonic poem, "The Aeolidae," and the march of the Three Holy Kings from Liszt's oratorio, "Christus." Although Mr Randolph is a comparative stranger to Symphony patrons in this city he has already gained favorable recognition elsewhere with our Boston orchestra, and also at concerts here with the Kneisel quartet, and his performances of the Tschalkowsky concerto gave pleasing evidence that the performer was a man of high attainments and that there are Americans who deserve to rank with many artists from abroad whose fame is more universal, but whose abilities are no greater than those displayed by some of our native pianists.

Mr Randolph's interpretation of the Tschalkowsky number, though lacking somewhat in barbaric suggestiveness in the first movement, was nevertheless a splendid exposition of the score, consistent and brilliant, and without self-assertiveness. The soloist played without attempting to make his individuality prominent; he was at all times the interpreter. The melody in the opening movement was given very beautifully, the variations in rhythm and tempo harmonizing perfectly with the orchestral accompaniment, and in the cadenza, which bristles with difficulties in chord runs and arpeggios, the pianist displayed a technique of the highest order.

Throughout the more melodic parts of the score the cantabile quality of Mr Randolph's playing was exquisite, and this was very noticeable in the legato measures of the lullaby in the second movement. The ferocity of the last movement was somewhat tempered by the performer, probably by reason of his reading of the score, for he frequently played fortissimo passages with powerful effect; but the characteristics of the finale were generally observed and each received due recognition. The orchestral assistance was of a nature to inspire an artist to do his best, for Mr Gericke's forces certainly maintained the high standard usually associated with their work. Mr Randolph was rapturously applauded at the end of each movement, and recalled several times at the close of his performance.

The Haydn symphony was opened in a spirited manner, the second movement was given with all the poetic imagery required, the jovial nature of the minuetto was charmingly shown, and the fanciful finale went with splendid verve. The violin figures in the last movement were features in a thoroughly enjoyable performance. The brief excerpt from the Liszt oratorio, "Christus," called for no special ability on the part of the orchestra, and the number was played conscientiously, with the proper suggestions of mysticism and devotion. In Cesar Franck's symphonic poem the short couplets and varying themes were played with admirable precision, the ensemble work of the orchestra being in perfect form throughout.

This week's program will have Mr Horatio Parker as soloist, playing the organ part in his concerto for organ and orchestra. The other numbers will be three movements from "Romeo and Juliet," by Berlioz, and Brahms' first symphony.

Dec 4. 1912

The program of the eighth Symphony concert was as follows:

Symphony in D (B. & H., 10)....Haydn  
Concerto No. 1 in B flat minor.....  
.....Tschalkowsky  
Symphonic Poem "The Aeolidae"..  
.....Franck  
March of the Three Holy Kings  
from "Christus".....Liszt

The orchestra returned from its second trip with fresh laurels. In New York, although the weather was most disagreeable, the hall was twice crowded, and the critics, whether or not they rolled one eye toward Mr. Walter Damrosch while they regarded Mr Gericke with the other, vied in expressions of admiration and affection for the band of superb players, Mr. Kneisel as soloist, and Mr. Gericke, who next to Mr. Higginson and through Mr Higginson is the founder of this splendid and renowned society.

The 100th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in New York was given on Thursday, Dec. 11, at Carnegie Hall, and Mr. Kneisel played Bach's concerto in A minor. The first appearance of the orchestra in New York was at Steinert Hall on Feb. 14, 1887, when the program was as follows: Overture to "Oberon;" Beethoven's concerto for violin (Mr. Kneisel); Handel's Largo; Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, and Mr. Gericke was the conductor.

It is the custom to present a somewhat lighter program than usual at the concert that follows immediately the concerts of the trips. The orchestra deserves this consideration, and the audience does not lose by it. This season of the year the conductor often arranges a program that suits the joyous week and looks for something Christmasly, to use a good old obsolete adjective. There is little orchestral music that is specifically Christmasly. There is the beautifully naive page of Handel in "The Messiah"; there is the more elaborate and less realistic Christmas Pastoral of Bach; but these should not be repeated continually, and I fear that Mr. Harry Rowe Shelley's overture "Santa Claus" would hardly fill the bill. Mr. Gericke went to Liszt's "Christus" and found there two orchestral pieces: "The Shepherds' Song" and the "March of the Three Holy Kings."

Whichever one had been played, the audience would surely have yearned for the other not yet heard. Liszt is a dazzling figure in the history of music. The innate nobility, generosity and humanity of the man are more and more appreciated. His boldness and originality as a musician are more and more recognized. He and Berlioz gave the impetus to the modern movement, and 50 years ago he was doing many things much better—O so much better!—than composers of today, who are doing in their way the same things with shrieks of "Look at this" and self-appreciative patting of the head. But often when Liszt entered the door of the church he began to babble and chatter in ecstasy that was really an attack of the vapors. Then the expression of his emotion is artificial, his pathos is bathos, and the incense has the old familiar smell of the footlights. Better his bombast, however, than his simulated simplicity.

A Symphony by Haydn was appropriate, for in the lively movements is unpremeditated jollity, the gaiety that needs no stimulant, no spur.

César Franck's "The Aeolidae" may not be one of his strongest works, but it is charming in the infinite harmonic variety, and it is characteristic of the composer. We know little of the tastes of Franck. We know that he looked something like an honest country notary, that his heart was that of a little child, that his life was devoted to his family, which included his pupils, and the church in which he devoutly worshipped as organist and man. We are also told that, like some others deeply absorbed, he wore his trousers at half-mast. We are not instructed as to his favorites among authors, painters, musicians, or whether he were happier in town or country. He did not write music from the view-point of a landscapist, as Mendelssohn in his "Hebrides" overture and in the Scotch Symphony. And in this Symphonic poem there is more the delight of a composer playing with a whispering, caressing theme, the breath of a soft wind, and watching its freakish metamorphoses, than any attempt at pictorial delineation. Perhaps the work is first of all a tour de force; but it is of rare kaleidoscopic beauty, with the endless suc-



cession and rearrangement of exquisite tints and figures.

The concerto by Tschalkowsky must still be reckoned among the great works of that master and among the few great piano concertos of the world. That it was produced for the first time in this city must always be a plume in the musical cap of the town, although Von Buelow's choice of a birthplace for it was perhaps accidental. Mr. Harold Randolph of Baltimore was known here as a sound, musical pianist, more at home, we all thought, in the chamber than in the brilliant concert hall. His spirited performance of the concerto was, therefore, the more of a surprise. The concerto is not a work to submit tamely to scholastic treatment, nor will it be won by merely a soothing appeal. It needs a hot-blooded master. In connection with Mr. Randolph's performance, it is interesting to note that he has studied solely in this country.

### SYMPHONY PROGRAMME.

Mr. Harold Randolph, Soloist, Plays a Piano Concerto by Tschalkowsky, and a Liszt March Has Its First Hearing.

The eighth symphony programme leads off with Haydn's 10th symphony, which, being posthumously given to the world, has never yet been included among his most familiar ones. It is characteristically pleasant and companionable, and by no means long. Its nominal key is D, and the first movement passes conventionally enough from adagio to allegro spiritoso. The slow movement is a largo, but is in the score entitled, oddly enough, a "capriccio." The regulation minuet stands in the third place, and then there is an allegro spiritoso for the finale. The second number is to be Tschalkowsky's first pianoforte concerto (in B flat minor), the solo part being assumed by Mr. Harold Randolph, who is not a stranger to the Boston musical public. The concerto is thought by many to be akin in temperament and sentiment to its author's sixth or "pathetic" symphony—this, at least, in its opening movement, which begins with an andante molto maestoso for the orchestra, preparing the way for the solo instrument. The second movement has gentle and thoughtful themes and is marked for expressive and moderate playing. But the third movement shows the composer's national temperament the most and gives it scope, being wilder, swifter and more forceful, and resting mainly on two folk-theses, one of song character and the other in dance cast.

Cesar Franck's orchestral poem, "Les Eolides," or "The Zephyrs," then follows to receive its second Boston hearing. It is all in a single movement of gracious and delicate beauty, inspired

and informed chiefly by one phrase of a few notes that move upward like a rising sigh. The last number will be an excerpt from Liszt's oratorio of "Christus," which was heard as a whole in New York in November, 1889, and has been honored as representing at its best whatever there was of the religious and churchly in Liszt's nature. This extract ends the first part, and is called "The March of the Three Holy Kings." It is more than a mere march, as the word is generally taken, because it depicts the journey of the Kings, the guidance of the prophetic star, their arrival, homage and tribute, and their more pompous salutation and departure. These things are only suggested in the varying tonality, melody and motion of the music, and not by dramatic devices such as belong to the secular and theatrical symphonic poem. The first intimation of the royal caravan's progress falls into C minor and E flat, from which there is a transition into D flat, with cool high flute figures and shimmering broken chords for strings, when the star shines out and goes on before. The adoration and bestowal of gifts are indicated through transitions which reach an episode illuminated with solo passages in F sharp, and other changes of mode and feeling lead to the finale, which is set in the more grandiose and resonant key of C, as becomes its more stately form.

## MUSIC AND DRAMA

Trans:

### Symphony Hall: Symphony Orchestra

The eighth symphony concert, given in Symphony Hall last Saturday evening, brought the following programme:

Josef Haydn: Symphony in D major (B. & H., No. 10).

Peter Ilyitch Tchaikovsky: Concerto for Piano-forte, No. 1, in B-flat minor, opus 23.

César Franck: Symphonic Poem, "Les Eolides."

Franz Liszt: March of the Three Holy Kings, from "Christus."

(First time in Boston.)

Mr. Harold Randolph was the pianist.

The Haydn symphony was admirably, beautifully played. One can hear this sort of thing too often; but once in a while it is a delight. Haydn probably marks the point of time when musical feeling was the farthest removed from that of our own day, when music was most habitually content to express the comfortable optimism of a good digestion and—I had almost said an easy conscience, but I believe that nearly all consciences were rather easy then, so this would not be particularizing. Indeed, Haydn's musical suggestiveness is more limited to a sound stomach with "set fair" barometer than even Mendelssohn's; for his often invades the domain of weak nerves, and Haydn's nerves are of steel. Haydn's expression within these somewhat narrow limits is singularly varied, running all the way from peasant artlessness to Heliconian ecstasy; it, however, seldom has the characteristic marks of high breeding, seldom acquires the elegance of some of his French contemporaries—Rameau, for instance. If you wish to see the two men in the strongest contrast, watch their behavior on the common ground of the minuet. In Rameau's minuets you find actual Watteau pictures set to music; they speak eloquently of the ballroom—either between four walls or transported into the open air; they are all cultivated grace, powder and patches. Haydn's speak just as plainly of the Sunday "Tanzboden"—the dancing ground of peasants of a Sunday afternoon; the grace is there, but somewhat modified by heavy shoes. One composer is no more refined, in the last analysis, than the other; but one is of the court, the other of the people. Only, now and then Haydn rises to a higher poetic level than his courtly contemporary.

César Franck's "Eolides" was, to my apprehension, as ill played as the Haydn symphony was well. In other words, it was played in too much the same way and spirit. Imagine the daughters of Æolus clad in Louis XV. (or, if you please, Kaiser Franz) costume, pacing a stately minuet, while thinking of something else! The stiff dress does not fit; the hapless Æolides have lost their power of charming, have no skill at ballroom small talk, blunder in their courtesies, in a word, fall flat. These sisters can disport themselves at ease only in flowing robes, at the very latest, of the David period, of the Directoire. Note that I am not at all particular about the dress

being authentically Greek; no doubt, the Directoire costume would fit even better; but it must not be Kaiser Franz and Papa Haydn.

Liszt's March of the Three Holy Kings sounds less—what shall I call it? say, as the French do, "raffinée" than many of his later, and would-be-greater, things. It might well be called exceedingly good Santa Claus music; gorgeous as possible, and with a certain childlike quality perceptible beneath its superficial affectation. I know few things by Liszt which are so agreeable to the ear at a first hearing; this, to be sure, is a dubious compliment, but one says what pretty things one can.

Mr. Harold Randolph took the hall fairly by storm. One who owed him a grudge might call it indecent to take a peaceful audience so by surprise; but I owe him none (far from it!) and can congratulate him from the bottom of my heart. Of course, we here in Boston could not well keep tally of Mr. Randolph's doings in Baltimore; we could judge only by what he had shown us of himself here. We knew him as an excellent pianist, free from tricks, modest, perfectly sincere, and possessed of a strongly characterized sense for rhythm. When he played Beethoven's G major concerto here, some years ago, he won a succès d'estime fairly and squarely—but nothing more. His appearances with the Kniesel Quartet were decidedly in his favor as a musician; but I doubt if anyone thought of him as a concert pianist, by the modern standard, save by courtesy. If there was a musician in Boston who did not stare at seeing him down on the programme for Tchaikovsky's B-flat minor concerto, I do not know that musician. One's first impulse was to say: "Allons donc!" But we should all have remembered one good rule of prognosticating criticism; "Never trust a musician who has a fine sense for rhythm!" This is a virtue without which no performer ever stood long on the top of the heap (even if he had had the luck to get thither), and it may prove the parent of all sorts of other virtues to its possessor. A man may stay modestly, and apparently hopelessly, in the background for years; if he has a really strong inborn sense for rhythm, don't you trust him; he may spring up and walk firmly to the head of the class at any moment when you least expect it. No, honestly, we have hitherto known only Mr. Randolph the pupa; we now greet him as the imago, or perfect lepidopter.

Remember that Tchaikovsky's B-flat minor is as ultra-romantic a concerto as any ever written. Intellectually, it does not present such a task to the player who would conceive it totally as many another, say, not to leave the purely romantic field, as Liszt's A major; but it is solely and simply romantic in its essence, as extravagantly so in its expression as any going, even barbaric in some of its moods. Moreover, the demands it makes upon virtuosity are inexorable. In fine, though the work is by no means difficult to understand, it can be understood only through the sympathetic feelings; take it in the



wrong spirit, and you kill it as dead as anything ever written can be killed.

In those first few measures of swept-chord accompaniment Mr. Randolph seemed a bit nervous, taking the tempo a little over-fast; but when the theme came his way, this nervousness was thrown off, and we all began to feel that the pianist was tuned to the right pitch. His sheer physical strength and weight, too, were much in his favor; few players make themselves heard so plainly as he through that gorgeous circus-tune in the united strings, with trombones in the background. By the time he had got to the first Allegro, his triumph was a foregone conclusion. I cannot remember the second movement's being played more delightfully by anyone; Mr. Randolph gave it all its poetry, all its peculiar weirdness of flavor. A good deal in this movement has always sounded to me like highly idealized Christmas music; be it said, in passing, that Mr. Randolph's technique showed itself as competent in fine lace-work as in the stronger bravura of the first movement. Upon the whole, what especially characterized his playing in this second movement was charm, a certain "spirituel" quality which is not easy to describe. In the finale he rose to all emergencies. Indeed, his performance of the whole concerto was in every way a self-justifying one; it showed the work in its true light, with none of its colors dimmed, with all its native eloquence retained. I heard people whispering of "Southern blood" in the lobby; well, call it Southern blood if you will, I call it talent. I surely do not know why a Southerner should be especially fitted by birthright to comprehend Tchaikovsky; but to talent it must come quite natural. Mr. Randolph was recalled and clapped as he deserved to be.

The next programme is: Horatio Parker, concerto for organ and orchestra (first time); Berlioz, three movements from "Roméo et Juliette"; Brahms, symphony No. 1, in C minor. Mr. Horatio Parker will be the organist. W. F. A.

## THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

### Mr. Randolph of Baltimore Plays His Concerto Finely.

The Boston Debut of the Pianist Was a Most Successful One—He Was Recalled Several Times—March from Liszt's "Christus" an Agreeable Novelty.

The eighth Symphony concert was of comfortable length, agreeable constitution and generally entertaining. It offered one number previously unheard in Boston, and it introduced as soloist Mr. Harold Randolph, the Baltimore pianist, who had assisted the Kneisels and appeared with the orchestra in

Sanders Theatre, but now made his Boston debut. A clear-minded, sure, earnest and potential artist, he is a living proof of what high attainments are possible to the energetic, persistent and enthusiastic American who makes full use of the advantages to be found in his own country. He chose Tchaikovsky's first concerto, in B flat minor, opus 23, which is fairly well known here in Boston, the last previous performance being Mr. Slivinski's of a couple of seasons ago. It is an exacting composition, although it sounds no depth of passion, ascends no lofty heights and moves no strong emotional thrill.

Its three movements are pronounced individual—the first being stately, grandiose, declamatory and almost majestic; the second, beginning slowly and calmer, with lulling and pastoral moods, and then changing to the gamesome and gay, and the third being instinct with Slavonic moods, notions and tempers.

Mr. Randolph showed himself quite equal to the entire work, rendering each movement truly "by quality and kind." His physical and nervous strength was ready, sufficient and tenacious, he kept the piano prominent, as it should be, without ever allowing it to become protuberant, and the almost fiercely wrought up cadenzas of the allegros went to splendid climaxes. His attitude and presentment were intellectual, sincere and virile—dignified and firm in the first movement, sufficient in bravura of virtuosity for the ornateness of the second, which asks a lucid, rather than a brilliant manner, and spirited and vehement for the third. It was an honorable and edifying performance, and he was urgently recalled several times.

The "March of the Three Holy Kings," from Liszt's "Christus," which was put at the end of the evening, made a pleasant impression and justified the good things which have been said of its serious and respectful spirit. The different episodes which it means to illustrate—the progress, arrival, homage and departure of the kings—were plain in the construction and the reading, although one couldn't help thinking that these monarchs could hardly have gone down to their homes by that other way without detection by Herod, if they had been accompanied by such sonorously jubilant strains.

Cesar Franck's "Eolides," played for the second time, displayed the frail beauty of its brief and delicate themes, but would have gained much, to our thinking, if it had been played vastly softer, whether so prescribed in the score or not. Some passages, especially, were so positive and full-toned that they seemed to have come from stronger lungs than one imagines zephyrs to possess.

Haydn's D-major symphony, refreshingly cheerful, melodious and light-poised, began the evening happily.

The next programme names the first symphony of Brahms, three movements from the "Roméo and Juliet" of Berlioz, and a concerto for organ and orchestra by Dr. Horatio Parker, who will himself be the organist.

## THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Haydn—Symphony No. 10, in D major.  
Tchaikowsky—Concerto for pianoforte, No. 1, in B flat minor.

Mr. Harold Randolph, soloist.

Caesar Franck—Symphonic Poem, "Les Eolides."

Liszt—March of the Holy Three Kings, from the Oratorio "Christ." (First time.)

The Haydn Symphony, No. 10, of the Breitkopf and Haertel catalogue, was one of the Paris set, which preceded, and did not equal, the London symphonies of this master. There was one interesting point in the work—the anticipation of the modern waltz in the trio of the minuet. The waltz is the daughter of the minuet of Schubert. The audience might easily have danced to these tripping measures of Haydn. Another noticeable point of the work was the virility with which Mr. Gericke invested it. He evidently has no belief in the "Papa Haydn" vein, and he reads the works of this composer with especial strength.

The chief glory of the concert was the Tchaikowsky concerto. One may agree with Nicholas Rubinstein that the work is not "klaviermaessig" ("pianistic") even in its revised version, but the vigor of its thoughts, the striking character of its themes, the enthusiasm that seems to run all through its measures, these points far outweigh any such technical flaws. And the work had an enthusiastic interpreter in Mr. Harold Randolph, who won an unmitigated success and was applauded to the echo after each movement, and recalled several times at the end.

Familiarity by no means breeds contempt in the case of this concerto. Each repeated hearing reveals new beauties in the glorious work and it shone with especial splendor coming after the formal and genteel phrases of the Haydn symphony. An unrelieved succession of Haydn might drive a man to drink, or to Richard Strauss, and the freedom of Tchaikowsky was refreshing as a contrast. And besides, this Russian work is our own Boston concerto, having had its first hearing in this city, and won its first success here.

Mr. Randolph is a pianist (sometimes a fortissimist) of much surety and brilliancy. His octave and wrist-action is very brilliant, and he is always clear in his phrasing. There was much romance in the second movement, both in the music and its interpretation, and the excellent flute-playing also deserves recognition. The Slav burst out with his "Para Domoi" ("let us get home") in the finale, which was built upon the firm foundation of the folk-song. Yet the Russians found Tchaikowsky not Russian enough! There was an abandon, a heartiness, a brilliancy in the movement that caused real excitement on the part of the public and the outburst at the end was very spontaneous. Mr. Randolph may well feel gratified by the success of his symphonic debut.

Cesar Franck's "Eolides" was well played. It is a very extended piece of figure development, much of it being spun out of two notes. It does not suit to the climate of Boston, where we are acquainted with the most robust daughter

of Aeolus, the east wind, for in this work all the breezes seem to be zephyrs. A Berlioz might have taken the motto—"Blow winds, and crack your cheeks," and developed a hurricane out of the simple figures, but Franck adopts a much milder course. The composition was very interesting if not at all exciting, and it was clearly and gracefully played.

Liszt's "March of the Three Kings," from "Christus," was tangible and intelligible, as we find all the orchestral works of this composer to be. In this respect Liszt might be a model to those moderns who revel in complexity and dissonance without rhyme or reason, often giving discord merely for discord's sake. There was a barbaric splendor in the work, and its pizzicati effects were impressive and attractive.

It will be seen that the concert presented the old and the new in vivid contrast. Mr. Gericke has written an article recently which emphasizes his predilection for the conservative side of music and his lack of sympathy with the ultra-modern. He therefore deserves the more credit for so conscientiously interpreting the most recent and most radical orchestral compositions. His opinion, however, is decidedly at variance with that of many of the men whom he leads. One of the most prominent of these recently said to the present writer: "I wish that I might never be obliged to hear a Mozart symphony again!" Some of the most dismal and cacophonous specimens of music have been created by members of the orchestra, and performed by it, too, again and again! The house is divided against itself. Yet Mrs. Partington's endeavor to sweep back the Atlantic ocean, when the tide rose over her doorstep, was not more futile than the attempt to make anything like permanent pabulum of Haydn or Mozart would be.

Delightful and glorious moments one may find in their works, as one may find great beauties in Spenser or Pope, but the third part of "The Creation," and many parts of "Don Giovanni" and "The Magic Flute" require either the blue pencil or great patience on the part of the auditor. Music is not founded upon immutable laws, but changes from epoch to epoch, according to the aesthetic needs of man; Pope Pius IV. thought the angels of Heaven sang music like Palestrina's Mass of Pope Marcellus, yet the modern auditor would find but little emotional power in it; Haydn was once thought overlaid with complexities, yet no musician of the present day will find him so; each epoch has a right to demand its own specific, which, of course, need not abolish the enjoyment of music which does not come quite so close to its emotions. In middle paths lies safety; let us realize that some part of Haydn and Mozart has faded, and that some part of modern impressionism in music is rubbish.

Louis C. Elson.

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HORATIO W. PARKER

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## *Symphony Hall.*

SEASON 1902-03.

# BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Mr. WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.

## IX. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27, AT 8, P. M.

### Programme.

HORATIO PARKER,

CONCERTO in E flat for ORGAN and ORCHESTRA.  
op. 55.

- I. Allegro moderato.
- II. Andante.
- III. Allegretto ma ben marcato.
- IV. Allegro moderato, molto risoluto.  
(First time.)

BERLIOZ.

THREE MOVEMENTS from the DRAMATIC SYMPHONY "Romeo and Juliet," op. 17.

- I. Romeo alone: Grand Fête at Capulet's house. Andante malinconico e sostenuto.—Larghetto espressivo.—Allegro
- II. Love Scene: Adagio.
- III. Queen Mab, Scherzo: Prestissimo.—Trio: Allegretto.

BRAHMS.

SYMPHONY in C minor, No. 1, op. 68.

- I. Un poco sostenuto. — Allegro.
- II. Andante sostenuto.
- III. Un poco Allegretto e grazioso. — L'Istesso tempo.
- IV. Adagio. — Allegro non troppo, ma con brio.

Soloist:

Mr. HORATIO PARKER.





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 IV. Adagio. — Allegro non troppo, ma con brio.

Soloist:

Mr. HORATIO PARKER.



## MUSIC AND DRAMA

### Symphony Hall: Symphony Orchestra

The ninth symphony concert was given last Saturday evening in Symphony Hall, the programme being as follows:

Horatio Parker: Concerto for Organ and Orchestra, in E-flat major, opus 55.  
(First time in Boston.)

Hector Berlioz: Two Movements from the Dramatic Symphony, "Roméo et Juliette," opus 17.

Johannes Brahms: Symphony No. 1, in C minor, opus 68.

Mr. Horatio Parker was the organist.

An interesting and not untimely book might be written on "The Passing of the Solo Performer." The closing chapters might have titles not unlike some of those in Carlyle's "French Revolution," in which, after being carried through various phases of the "Lion's" downfall, we come upon the "Lion Sprawling\* His Last." Ever since the solo performer came in competitive contact with the orchestra, he has been leading a harder and harder life, his struggle for survival has been against more and more oppressive odds. In only one of his avatars has fate been kind to him; as pianist, he still has the march of progress on his side. Let composers increase the power of the orchestra as they will, let them make it a more and more formidable chorus to the solo performer's small piping, pianoforte builders have kept up with them, and furnished the pianist with a mighty weapon, wielding which he can laugh even the most Straussian orchestra to scorn. But players on other instruments have not had the pianist's luck; no ingenuity has rendered their pipes or fiddles more stentorian than of yore, and, as everything in this world is relative, their several voices have become more and more like that of Conscience—interesting to the owner mainly.

One would have thought, though, that the organist had a tolerably doughty instrument to look to, to enable him to meet the orchestra in fierce concerto struggle for supremacy with some chances of success. What other engine of sound, or combined engines of sound, cannot the full organ (well mixed) crash out? Yet the solo organist's outlook here is even worse than that of all the others put together; he has, to be sure, a by no means despicable power of noise-producing on his side; but the orchestra, if it cannot drown him out, can still make him ridiculous; most especially can it make him ridiculous as protagonist, as "star."

Imagine for a moment a tongue-tied, semi-articulate actor starring it with a company, every member of which was a finished elocutionist; just fancy the contrast between his unintelligible mumbling and their clean-cut speech! And he, too, in the principal part! Now, that is exactly the position the organ is in, as a solo instrument against an orchestral accompaniment. The organ is semi-articulate, mumbles its phrases; the orchestra speaks distinctly, that all may understand what it says. Think of the solecism: the organ, without real accent, absolutely impersonal, doing "leading business" with a chorus of

sharply defined personalities! 'Tis make the gods roar.

Not that it is absolutely incomprehensible that organists should still write concertos. It is just as comprehensible as that certain singers should give recitals—to remind the public of their existence. The organist lives a life apart, almost out of communion with the rest of the musical world; if he did not do something to refresh his colleagues' memory, not to mention the public's, he would be clean forgotten. Moreover, he has naturally become to a certain extent wedded to his peculiar instrument, and grown used to its fallings—just as one gets used to a sister's deafness or a brother's hare lip. He even persuades himself in time that the noise he makes on his pet instrument really is music; so it is quite natural that he should expect others to think it so, too. It was once, why should it not be music still? Well, it would be, if the world had not moved in the last two centuries or so. But the world has, and what the organist does on the organ has so few points of contact with what we call music today that it is singularly puzzling—notably when brought into immediate contrast with the doings of an orchestra.

So why need I say anything about Mr. Parker's new concerto? There are indubitably clever things in it; notably clever is his omitting all the wood-wind group from his orchestra—to save the organ from too ruinous rivalry with instruments of nearly its own quality of tone. There are musical ideas in the work; that technique, too, is evident for which the composer is now famous in two hemispheres. But it was not in the cards to write music that anyone (but an organist) would care to listen to; one must have drunk the rum of organ all his life, have got to the point of worshipping anything with a crank to it, to accept such a solecism as that!

The performance of the two movements from Berlioz's "Roméo et Juliette" (Balcony Scene and Queen Mab) was simply exquisite. Saving one bit of phrasing in the love theme of the 'celli, I could see nothing in it that was not perfect. And this point might well be discussed; the phrasing was not necessarily bad because I did not like it. Only it is always dangerous not to let the listener know—by hook or by crook—exactly when you come to the end of a retard, and take up the original tempo again; there are cases which are exceedingly puzzling; the beginning of the second theme (in A-flat major, I think) in Chopin's B-flat minor scherzo is one of the most so, I know; not one pianist in twenty makes it sound to others as he himself hears it. And I am by no means sure that this love theme of Berlioz's is not an instance of much the same thing. But let this pass.

These "Roméo et Juliette" movements are in one way calculated to set the seeker after musical cause and effect a-thinking. Remember that they are of the most delicate poetic texture imaginable; nothing more exquisite in its way exists in orchestral music. Now, consider these two points: Mr. Emil Paur, who, with all his great artistic virtues, was not especially noted



for delicacy, qui n'en abusait pas, as the French say, conducted these movements absolutely superbly; Mr. Gericke, who is by no means top-heavy with romanticism, conducts them just as well—and they are as essentially romantic as they are delicate. How do you explain this? By the movements being easy to conduct? No, they are known the musical world over as especially difficult, as taking a great deal of "rendering." In Mr. Paur's case, I never could explain it; in Mr. Gericke's, I think his strong rhythmic sense may have something to do with it, for Berlioz looked upon rhythm with a different eye from most of his fellow romanticists, and would probably have agreed better on the subject with Mendelssohn than with Liszt; great definiteness of rhythm is an essential part of his musical scheme. And, where Mr. Gericke's strong rhythmic sense estranges him somewhat from composers like Liszt or César Franck, it makes him hand in hand with Berlioz.

The Brahms C minor came too late in the evening; that is a work for which one must be fresh. I do not know whether the first movement's sounding a bit slow and heavy was my fault or that of the performance; but the three others were surely grandly played.

The next programme is: Rubinstein, "Ocean" symphony (four movements); Dvorak, "Inflammatus," from "Stabat Mater"; Loeffler, two poems for orchestra; Elgar, "Sea Pictures"; Wagner, prelude and "Love-death," from "Tristan und Isolde." Madame Kirkby Lunn will be the singer.

W. F. A.

## AT THE SYMPHONY

The feature of the ninth Symphony concert last evening was the initial performance of an organ concerto by Horatio Parker, written in Munich and Paris about a year ago. The composer is well known here, for he was born in Newton and educated musically in this city before going to Munich to complete his studies. He was for some years organist of Trinity Church and at present is professor of music in Yale University.

Mr. Parker, in his concerto heard last evening, has given the solo instrument but little prominence; the work itself might well be called a fantasia for orchestra with organ obligato. There are four short movements, the third suggesting a scherzo, being the most pleasing of any from the organist's standpoint, though there is some effective writing in the second movement which is like the so-called Romance. The last movement gives the organ more individual prominence, in a sort of fugato, the coda introducing a short cadenza for pedals. The instrumentation is for the most part effective, and in general upon a first hearing the work impresses one as being the work of an intelligent musician. Mr. Parker played the solo part in admirable manner, though his registration failed to show the diapasons in the organ as well as one could desire. The composer was much applauded at the close of the performance and several times recalled.

The orchestral numbers were the "Love Scene" and Scherzo from Berlioz's "Romeo and Juliet" symphony and Brahms's symphony No.

1. in C minor, Op. 68. The two movements from the Berlioz symphony were superbly played and made a delightful impression upon the audience. These excerpts are perhaps the best of the whole work which may be classed among the greatest of what Berlioz has given to the world.

Brahms's C minor symphony though a master work, does not to many possess the interest of the second in D major or the fourth in E minor. It was admirably given in every way.

The programme of the rehearsal and concert this week will include four movements of Rubinstein's "Ocean" symphony, "Inflammatus" from Dvorak's "Stabat Mater," two orchestral poems by Loeffler, "Sea Pictures" by Edward Elgar and "Introduction and Love Death" from Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde." Mms. Kirby Lunn will be the soloist.

## MUSICAL MATTERS

### THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Concerto for Organ and Orchestra (first time).

Mr. Horatio Parker, soloist.

Two Movements from "Romeo and Juliet."

Symphony No. 1..... Brahms

An organ concerto! These are as rare as white blackbirds. It is very difficult to blend the more aggressive organ stops with the tones of the orchestra, yet Guilmant and Rheinberger have succeeded in doing so, and Mr. Parker also achieved considerable success in doing this with the concerto of this concert. He chose his supporting orchestra with a view to its non-interference with the solo instrument. The wood-wind was absent altogether, since it resembled the organ effects too closely. Harp was used and formed a strong contrast with the organ, and the solo violin effects were also a good foil to the chief instrument.

The organ is the best sounding instrument in Symphony hall, and it was acoustically better than the orchestra on this occasion. The ensemble was excellent, thanks to Mr. Parker's musicianly playing, to Mr. Gericke's leadership, and to the movable console-desk with its manuals and pedals, the latter especially making it possible for the organist to be in touch with the conductor at all times.

The work did not lean towards virtuosity or brilliancy of technique, and there was scarcely as much variety of registration as might have been expected, but, per contra, there was some charming scoring in the diminished orchestra, and the concerto was scholarly, as every composition by Mr. Parker seems to be. The second movement gave some interesting obligato work to the solo violin, which was admirably played by Mr. Kneisel.

The allegretto had some very dainty moments and gave the solo instrument prominence, but presented nothing which the orchestra could not have given better than its rival—the organ. There was some ingenious use of the kettle-drums made in this portion of the work. The finale was contrapuntal in most of its treatment and had some difficult pedalling. It was less effective, however, than the earlier movements of the composition. The composer is to be praised for his conciseness; in these days of musical prolixity it is pleasant to find a concerto of modest dimensions.

As Mr. Parker was in thorough accord with conductor and orchestra and, barring the mention of a slight slip in the third movement no adverse comment was possible. He was deservedly recalled over and again after he had concluded the work.

Then came two movements of Berlioz's "Romeo and Juliet" symphony. The balcony scene and "Queen Mab" were the two selections given. The love episode wears well; the passionate violoncello that

is enamored of a violin (with an added flute) still charms the modern auditor, but the spasmodic interruptions make the scene somewhat less simple than the Gounod confectionery upon the same subject; Ah, Romeo! Romeo, wherefore art thou, Berlioz!

But when it comes to "Queen Mab" the composer's foot is upon his native heath and he gives a tricky bit of orchestration that causes Mercutio's little picture to become the salient point of this Gallicized version of Shakespeare. It evidently suited the mood of the orchestra and it displayed the skill of the strings in a memorable manner, nor may the perfect playing of the English horn go unrecorded.

There was a great contrast between the complexity of Berlioz and the complexity of Brahms. The first used all the glow of high orchestral colors, the second painted in neutral tints; the former tended to passion and ecstasy, the latter leaned towards austerity. The first movement of the Brahms symphony is so frankly ugly that it seems like a gage of defiance thrown down to the critics, just as Beethoven defied strict tonality in the very first two chords of his first symphony. It is a hard nut to crack, this ascetic movement of Brahms, but it grows more and more interesting with each hearing and it well repays study.

One has not to dig so deep for treasure in the succeeding movements, and the symphony grows more and more noble to its end. The second and third movements become an epitome of the entire work and recapitulates figures and phrases from all of the preceding movements, much as Beethoven did in the finale of his ninth symphony. The absolutely charming themes lead up to a coda that is overwhelming. There are not many such climaxes in music.

The work was read gloriously; Mr. Gericke is the man of men to guide one securely through such labyrinthine paths, and the orchestra are sufficiently steeped in the Brahms spirit to make the playing of such a work a labor of love; wherefore the end crowned the concert.

Louis C. Elson.

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# MR. PARKER'S NEW WORK A CONCERTO FOR ORGAN

*Journal*  
First Performance at the 9th Symphony Concert Last Evening.

(By Philip Hale.)

The program of the ninth Symphony concert given last evening in Symphony Hall, Mr. Gericke, conductor, was as follows:

Concerto in E flat for organ and orchestra.....H. Parker  
Two movements from "Romeo and Juliet".....Berlioz  
Symphony in C minor No. 1.....Brahms

Mr. Horatio Parker began his organ concerto in Munich and completed it in Paris during the winter of 1901-02. It was played last night for the first time. The composer was the organist.

Berlioz wrote strongly long ago against any attempt at blending organ tones with "the divers constituent elements of the orchestra." He gave his reasons at length. He went so far as to declare that there is a secret antipathy between the two musical powers. "Their mission is not the same, their interests are too vast, and too diverse, to be confounded together. Therefore, on almost all these occasions, where this singular connection is attempted, either the organ predominates greatly, or the orchestra, having been raised to an immoderate degree of influence, almost eclipses its adversary."

Since Berlioz wrote these words, the majority of organ builders have steadily endeavored to make their instruments more and more orchestral in quality. The rich, majestic diapason tone, the solemn and crowning characteristic of the organ and that which gives it pontifical pre-eminence, is found only in old organs. The modern diapason has a stringy quality. There are deliberate attempts to imitate the peculiarities of orchestral instruments. And with combination stops and pedals of all kinds, the modern organ is a complex machine which requires so much mechanical attention that the organist must have his mind occupied with everything except the music that is on the rack.

Composers have not stood in awe of Berlioz's opinion. There are works for organ and orchestra by Rheinberger, Prout, Guilmant, Boëllmann, Widor, not to mention others.

Mr. Parker has chosen carefully the contrasting orchestra for his concerto. He uses strings, harp, four horns, two trumpets, three trombones, tuba and kettle-drums. No flutes, oboes, clarinets, bassoons. He deprives himself of

these means of coloring.

His concerto is in four movements; there is no pause between the first Allegro and the second movement, an Andante; the third movement is in the nature of an Intermezzo; the Finale begins with an introduction, which is followed by an extended fugato. The themes introduced are developed separately and together. The coda is introduced by a pedal cadenza.

The first movement is by far the best and the most effective. The first broad theme sounds sonorously on the strings against sustained organ chords. The contrasting theme is fresh and charming. The second theme is fluently written, and Mr. Parker, who is always fluent, here says something. The climax is stirring and the whole movement is well knit together, without superfluity, authoritative. And in this movement organ and orchestra work together; they do not seem utterly incongruous forces. The second movement, which may be called a romanza, contains some pretty passages, but it is without special distinction. The rest of the concerto is a disappointment. In the third movement there is an attempt at light treatment of the organ; as though the instrument could reproduce effects of wood-wind. But when the organ is playful it reminds one of Milton's elephant's desire to make mirth for Adam and Eve by unwreathing his lithe proboscis. The music that would fain be tripping or sparkling seems logy. Nor is the finale in the invention of themes or in development and color equal to the first movement. The fugato seems perfunctory and there is nowhere a truly striking passage. After the first movement there is not marked concentration, there is not the suggestion of infinite revision. Too often in sentimental passages there is the thought of the organist who has finished his voluntary and rambles on more or less agreeably until the clergyman appears to begin the service. Nor after the first movement is the organ so slyly contrasted and blended with the orchestra. Mr. Parker played skillfully and was heartily applauded.

Two movements of Berlioz's Symphony were played instead of the three announced. The "Love Scene" is one of the most beautifully romantic pages in the great book of music. It was given to Berlioz to stand near Juliet's balcony and hear the rapturous words of the lovers. The only appropriate commentary to this "Love Scene" would be Shakespeare's text. It would be foolish, however, to discover Berlioz in 1902. This music, written over 60 years ago, is love music for all time. The interpretation last night was punctilious rather than dreamily romantic or wildly passionate. On the other hand, the performance of the "Queen Mab" was generally exquisite. Brahms's Symphony brought the end. There is no disputing its austere nobility and deep thought; but if the concert was too long as originally planned, why could not a movement of Brahms have been omitted in favor of Berlioz? Would there have been a perturbation of Nature in disapproval; would the foundations of Symphony Hall have been shaken?

## THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

*Review*  
Mr. Parker's Organ Concerto Is Both Dignified and Beautiful.

Work Is Not Long, but Is One of Frequent Changes of Key and Tempo, with Powerful and Vigorous Pedal Passages, all Given with Knowledge of Score.

Though an organ be builded never so well and have all the freedom of breath and the celerity of response to touch that pneumatic and electric systems can give, it cannot replace the orchestra or even imitate it more than passably. Its music may be majestic, splendid, suave, tender and delicate; but its pipes can never pulse with the thrill which the breath urged from living human lungs imparts to tubes of wood or brass or silver, and its chords can never impinge upon the ear with the vital sharpness of strings pressed under human fingers and smitten or swept by the bow which a human hand holds and magnetizes. Yet the organ has too great meaning, worth and influential potency to be confined to its primary and peculiar place in church music—still less to be degraded into an expositor of what was never intended to be uttered by its multitudinous voices. Nor need it be kept in the background as a reserve of strength and resonance against some need of other instruments when the resources of their combinations fail to achieve the magnificent climax which the spirits of composer and listener alike demand.

But whoever would write for its best, greatest and most beautiful capabilities, must study and understand it as a unique and multitudinous element to be blended in real essential harmony with all the other integers which the orchestral range includes. He must know when to add to its attack the incisiveness of strings, to its chords the vivifying percussion of the harp, and to its massed tones, the voices of trumpet, horn and tuba, vibratory with the quiver of men's breath—when to make it the dreamer, the singer or the proclaimer, surrounding its voice with emblematic or ornamental figures from other instruments, and when to use it as the river or the sea upon which float other melodies than its own, or as the massive, but not hidden, foundation upon which edifices of grace, elegance, nobility and aspiration stand firm and rise upward exaltingly.

Mr. Horatio Parker, in his concerto, which began the ninth Symphony concert, showed that he knew how to fulfil duty and find delight in writing for the organ—that he could utilize it by blending it with all the band, could isolate and individualize it, could make it a harmonious and kindly adjunct or a stately and commanding, but not overbearing, leader, and could maintain its independence strong in the midst of a world of tonalities or subordinate it to gentle companionship with a single violin, a single horn and one set of harp-strings.

The concerto is not long, but it has frequent changes of key and tempo, as must needs be, since it has to find scope for so many phases and potentialities of organ character. In the first allegro movement the organ enters calmly, gravely and almost deferentially, waiting to present itself openly, until the first subject has been placed, and then remaining in broad fullness until it softens and carries the violins lightly on from the allegro into the andante, which is a dainty, fine and soft romance, sung almost entirely by the organ and the solo instruments above referred to. In the third movement, an allegro, the more delicate and fanciful stops are heard constantly, their effect brightened a little by the incisiveness of strings and made more impressive by some modest accent of the kettle drums. In the last movement—an allegro moderato, molto insolito—the organ shows more of its ecclesiastical character, although it never seems to be turning to "church music" in any narrow songs. It has powerful and vigorous pedal passages, leading into subjects treated in a firm fugato style, where the actual volume of the organ is tested by antiphonal phrases from the sturdiest strings and from the deepest and soundest brass, while its ability to invite power and flexibility is illustrated in the pedal cadenza that brings in the finale.

That the concerto is as fine and competent in technical, as in aesthetic, treatment, there is really no need to say at any length. Mr. Parker has rightly won his professorship and his doctorate in music by genuine, substantial, original work as organist, choir master, teacher and composer, and this new piece, finished within the twelve-month past, comes to enhance the estimate of his talents as melodist, harmonist and master of device, color, tone and expedient in music. There was advantage for everybody in having Mr. Parker at the organ desk. Composers who are not also executant artists are little more successful than poets and novelists in authors' readings, and are apt to make a bad mess of the score which they try to conduct; but the composer-virtuoso is pretty sure of success in delivering what he has written. Mr. Parker, playing from intimate knowledge of his score, and without reference to notes, could command absolutely the effect he had idealized for the organ, and could control its resources elastically for homogeneity and symmetry of ensemble. The concerto was listened to in close attention, gave great general pleasure, and was followed by several recalls for its author.

After the concert came the expected three movements from the "Romeo and Juliet" of Berlioz—Romeo's solitary meditation in the Capulet orchard, the love scene, and the Queen Mab scherzo. Barring some passing blemishes in the wooden wind, the orchestra rendered these numbers, familiar to them and their audience, truly and well; and the same should be said of the now quite comprehended and affectionately regarded first symphony of Brahms, which was the only other number on the programme.

The next programme, which covers the debut of an eminent English vocalist, is thus given out:

Ocean symphony (four movements).....Rubinstein  
Inflammatus from "Stabat Mater".....Dvorak  
Two poems for orchestra.....Loeffler  
Sea Pictures.....Elgar  
Introduction and love death from "Tristan and Isolde".....Wagner  
Soloist, Mme. Kirkby Lunn.



## MUSICAL TOPICS.

### Prof Parker's Concerto For Organ and Orchestra.

### First Performance of Interesting Work in Symphony Hall.

### Popular Concerts Tonight— Recitals of the Week.

The program for the ninth Symphony rehearsal and concert had for its special feature the first performance here of the E-flat concerto for organ and orchestra, written by Prof Horatio Parker, the author being the solo performer. The other numbers were three movements from the "Romeo and Juliet" symphony by Berlioz and the C minor symphony by Brahms. Mr Parker's ability as a composer is so well known that his writings are very familiar to all concert patrons, and his choral, "Hora Novissima," has gained him fame abroad as well as in his native land. His larger compositions have shown him to be a musician of exceptional skill in words of a serious character, and his numerous minor pieces for organ, piano-forte and other instruments, although relatively less important than the others, are meritorious examples in each class.

The organ concerto is numbered 55, and in some respects it is Mr Parker's most ambitious work, for the organ part is very prominent, not only as a solo instrument, but in association with and forming a part of the orchestra in the ensemble scoring.

Mr Parker's training has enabled him to utilize the resources of the big instrument consistently in his new composition, and although he was obliged to adapt himself to new conditions and an unfamiliar organ, it did not appear to embarrass him and his manipulation of the keyboard left no ragged edges or breaks in the various movements and combinations. The work is of a canonical character at the opening, the contrasting motifs, the first for the orchestra and the second for the solo instrument, developing into strenuous fortissimo measures, which finally modulate into a romanza and terminate, in the third part, in a charming staccato movement, in which the organ stops of the lighter nature are chiefly used. In the finale the pedal points are introduced with capital effect, and they were played very skillfully by Mr Parker.

While the composer has not striven for striking effects, except in a legitimate way, several of his combinations in the first movement were somewhat

novel in their combinations and in the exquisite staccato measures in the third movement the organ part was delightfully treated, the fingering of the keyboard being of such a nature as to give a beautiful cantabile quality to the work.

But few of the transitions are abrupt, the blatant quality so frequently found in organ pieces being happily infrequent, and the tonal colorings of the different voices of the instrument are very smoothly blended. As a performer Mr Parker needs no special praise, his ability, which is widely recognized, being based upon solid musicianship; as a composer it may be said in his new concerto he has maintained his high standard, and this important work should receive the heartiest approval from all those who are interested in the higher forms of musical writings. The orchestral score is elaborate and consistently allied to the organ part. The whole performance was thoroughly interesting, although organ music as a rule does not appeal to the average ear excepting under certain conditions, and the composer was the recipient of warm tributes of appreciation before, during and at the close of his concerto.

The movements from the Berlioz symphony, "Romeo and Juliet," were played with great grace and delicacy. The tragic love-poem offers splendid chances for the flute and other woodwinds, and their measures were sung exquisitely by these instruments. In the "Prestissimo" the orchestra reached about as near perfection as one can expect to hear. The Brahms symphony was interpreted in a sympathetic manner.

This week's program will be as follows: Rubinstein, "Ocean" symphony; Dvorak, "Inflammatus," from "Stabat Mater"; Loeffler, two poems for orchestra; Elgar, "Sea Pictures"; Wagner, excerpts from "Tristan and Isolde." Mme Kirkby Lunn will be the soloist.

## Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1902-03.

## BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Mr. WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.

### X. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, AT 8, P. M.

### Programme.

RUBINSTEIN,

SYMPHONY in C major, No. 2, "Ocean." op. 42.  
(Second version.)

- I. Moderato assai.
- III. Adagio.
- IV. Allegro.
- VII. Andante: Allegro con fuoco.

GOUNOD,

STANCES DE SAPHO, from "Sapho."

LOEFFLER,

TWO POEMS for ORCHESTRA.  
I. La Bonne Chanson, (after Verlaine.)  
II. Villanelle du Diable, (after Rollinat.)

ELGAR,

SEA PICTURES. Two from a cycle of five songs for  
CONTRALTO and ORCHESTRA, op. 37.

WAGNER,

INTRODUCTION and LOVE DEATH, from  
"Tristan and Isolde."  
(Orchestral.)

Soloist:

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Mme. KIRKBY LUNN.





**MME. KIRKBY LUNN,**  
English contralto from Covent Garden Opera, London.

## MUSICAL MATTERS

### THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Ocean Symphony. (Four movements).....Rubinstein  
"Farewell of Sappho".....Gounod  
Mrs. Kirkby Lunn.  
Two Poems for Orchestra.....Loeffler  
Sea Pictures.....Elgar  
Mrs. Kirkby Lunn.  
Introduction and Love Death, from "Tristan  
and Isolde".....Wagner

Although Rubinstein is very unequal and gives glorious ideas and dreary padding in one and the same work, it was a delight to hear a modern symphony that did not attempt to import Wagnerism into the instrumental field,—where it has no business. We still adhere to the opinion that the first movement is much the best of the work, yet the finale with its robust chorale-melody and its clear counterpoint is not without effect. This movement seemed to arouse the chief enthusiasm. It was played with splendid force and the excellence of the performance may have had much to do with its reception; it has not nearly as much spontaneity and inspiration as the opening movement.

We are glad to have the work reduced to its proper number of movements. We recall a performance of the entire seven movements under Mr. Paur, and one of six movements under Mr. Gericke, in the past, and the increased length does not add power to the symphony.

Mrs. Kirkby Lunn made her debut with success. Her voice is of varying qualities, sometimes throaty, sometimes nasal, sometimes broad and open-toned. It has not the break which is often found in heavy voices and it is remarkably effective in high passages. It ought to be well-adapted, as regards compass, to the role of Kundry, which Mrs. Lunn is to sing in Mr. Lang's private performance of "Parsifal" on Tuesday.

Mrs. Lunn was not very dramatic in Sappho's farewell; perhaps, however, the fault of this lay in the number itself, which we have always found rather affected and insincere; it is not an aria to grow enthusiastic over, and we wish that the singer had chosen some other song for her introduction to a Boston audience.

To give a still further flavor of water to the marine programme Mrs. Lunn sang two of Elgar's sea-songs. Edward Elgar is the most pronounced individuality in England's music at present, possibly because he is less academic than the more famous composers of perfidious Albion. He really has something to say, which is worth more

than perfect suavity in the saying. Yet we like the "Sea Slumber Song" (with which Mrs. Lunn began) the least of the set, for the poem has a fairy delicacy which the composer has not interpreted.

Mrs. Lunn sang but two of the set; the other being "Sabbath Morning at Sea," in which poetry and music go perfectly hand in hand. The solemnity, the loftiness of poem and melody, were excellently given by the artist. We should have liked to have heard the entire set, and particularly "Where Corals Lie," which we find to be its best number.

Mr. Loeffler's two poems for orchestra, one to the pale morning star and the other to the devil, have been heard very recently in these concerts. If such ultra-modern repetitions are in order, we would certainly prefer a second performance of Richard Strauss' "Heldenleben," or "Zarathustra," or "Till Eulenspiegel." It is a most ungrateful task for the critic to remain unmoved while others become enthusiastic, to lack appreciation of a composer whom many others are glorifying, yet it is impossible for the present writer to echo the plaudits of audience and of orchestra. Jadassohn once said to the reviewer: "In the sea of music there are two kinds of composers; those who are fishes, and those who have learned to swim;" one may concede that Mr. Loeffler has learned to swim most marvellously, that he is master of the orchestra, that he is tremendously ingenious; but we cannot find inspiration in the long satanic picture, and if we find some beauties in the morning star idea, they are disjointed and incoherent.

In this music nothing ever comes to a natural conclusion; it is a constant hide and seek of the phrases, for one cannot call them themes or melodies. It is a zigzag harmony that endeavors to surprise one at every measure, until finally the only possible surprise would be to find something proceeding normally; each musical guide that one attempts to follow leads the auditor into an unexpected path, until, after being tripped up a few hundred times, the final cadence comes as the only point of certainty in the entire work. The whole school is wrong, the whole work perverted ingenuity.

At the end of the concert came an absolutely thrilling performance of the "Love-death;" an interpretation that ought to crown Mr. Gericke and his orchestra with laurels. Here was something tangible! This is what the modern stammerers of ecstasy are endeavoring to say,—and failing!

Louis C. Elson.



## THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

*Record*

### Mr. Loeffler's Orchestral Poems Are Repeated.

**Mrs. Kirkby-Lunn, Distinguished English Contralto, Makes Boston Debut, and Though She Has a Good Voice, She Proves Something Less Than Satisfactory.**

One of Mr. Gericke's preposterously long programmes, requiring nearly two hours for its performance. It was, if one may be allowed to say so, of rather an aqueous constitution; for it included Rubinstein's "Ocean" symphony, some of Elgar's "Sea Pictures," and the finale of "Tristan and Isolde," a tragedy which begins on shipboard and ends where the dying lovers can behold, below them and far-stretching, the waste of waters.

There was considerable variety in the protracted programme; and yet the amount of interest and pleasure it aroused seemed disproportionately small, even when allowance had been made for the depression sure to attend so severe a draught upon careful attention and strength. Even the Rubinstein symphony, which Mr. Gericke presented in the symmetrical consistency of its early version, placing the original four numbers in their primary order, seemed to lose something from the usual broad splendor of its opening allegro maestoso, as well as from the rough and sturdy scherzo which is often nominated as a sailors' dance. The andante and the finale, with its grave, solid choral centre, were, however, especially well rendered and enjoyed; but they intimated tranquillity rather than any brigher spirit. Mr. Loeffler's two poems, which made the chief success of the concert, had also fine treatment, as if the orchestra felt a pleasant sense of brotherhood, as well as of conscientious musicianship in doing them full justice.

The version of the Verlaine poem to the morning star gave again a real delight by its tender, swelling, rhapsodic sentiment and the beautiful picturesqueness of its accompanying idyllic pastorals. As for "The Devil's Villanelle"—it again stirred a rather perplexing excitement and thrill. As it paraphrases a sequence of notions rather than of stated stanzas, there is a possibility that the printed stanzas may confuse some who attempt to draw a closely regulated parallelism, while they who look to the music only for expressions of fiery turbulence, insidious suggestion and evil vehemence, springing from and tending back to fierce, dominant and violent moods, will get the best of the composer's central inspiration, even if the oppositeness of all his illustrations does not appear to them. The growing force and intensity with which Mr. Loeffler has wrought out his weird and dreadful subject must move every lis-

tener, as in the adaptation of means to ends his sudden introduction of the organ and the chimes, when the devil seeks his prey even in the church, and his composition of cold, strange tonalities when midnight summons the speaker to meet Lucifer and his doom, will be conceded as touches of a talent closely akin to genius. The "Tristan" prelude and scene were strongly and judiciously read, as Mr. Gericke and the orchestra are wont to read Wagner.

We cannot help feeling that Mrs. Kirkby-Lunn was something of a disappointment. Her figure is stately and commanding, her face handsome and interesting, with something in the profile akin to that of Cleopatra on the temple at Abydos, and her bearing dignified yet easy. Her voice has many beautiful tones, rich, full, resonant, often tender, and seldom other than of a right contralto timbre. Yet she seems to have little settled system in her method, but rather to try to make the most of each tone individually, without much consideration of its relation to others. Hence her focus of tone concentration and diffusion fluctuates, so that she has a sequence of superb separate tones rather than a symmetrically graded and developed scale each member of which belongs with every other. She sang Sappho's death song gravely, calmly and sweetly, and with some splendid tones at the very last, but there was neither woe, despair, passion nor the longing for peace in its well-uttered lines, while its phrasing was apparently dictated more by vocal expediency than dramatic sensibility. From the Elgar cycius, "Sea Pictures," she chose the "Sea Slumber Song," in which grateful tones and gentle delivery partly atoned for the lack of mystery and fantasy, and the "Sabbath Morning at Sea," the simple solemnity and pious fervor of whose heartfelt stanzas seemed not to impress her, and were impassively presented in spite of their vocal opulence.

The next programme is to be this:  
Overture to "Genoveva".....Schumann  
Concerto for violoncello.....Saint-Saens  
Chorus of spirits and spirits' dance from  
"Merlin".....Goldmark  
Symphony No. 5 ("From the New World").....Dvorak

Soloist. Mr. Alwin Schroeder.

## BOSTON SYMPHONY HALL

### A SCIENTIFIC ANALYSIS OF ITS ACOUSTICS

*Trans. Dec. 7, 1902.*  
**The Hall Said to Possess Wonderful Adaptation to the Transmission of Pure Notes to All Parts of the House—The Dissident Judgment of a Musical Critic**

[Frank Waldo, Ph.D., in "The World in General"]

The subject of music hall acoustics has never yet received the thorough study which its importance demands. The literature of the subject is very meagre and in general is unsatisfactory to the student who wishes to obtain any really definite idea of the application of the laws of sound to this special problem. Most of the articles deal with the subject in such a general way that only qualitative statements are made, and these are based on the personal impression of the writers rather than on the quantitative results obtained by applying to the special cases the known laws of physics.

It is of interest to note that the installations of the two music halls in Boston at an interval of half a century have called out the most satisfactory and thorough articles which have appeared in American literature on this subject. The articles referred to are those published by Upham on "Acoustic Architecture" (with special reference to music halls), in Dwight's Journal of Music during 1852-1853, at the time of construction of the old Boston Music Hall; and those published by Sabine in 1900 in connection with the erection of the new Boston Music Hall (Symphony Hall). Upham takes up the physics of the problem only qualitatively, but he shows such a keen appreciation of the musical (shall I say art?) side of the matter that the articles are just as valuable reading today as they were fifty years ago. He calls attention to the very important fact likely to be overlooked by the non-musical physicist, that in musical hall acoustics we deal "with musical sounds only, to the legitimate effect of which intensity is of but secondary consideration." My own studies in quality of musical tone lead me to concur entirely with Upham's views in regard to the desired end to be gained in presenting musical tones to an audience, and that quality is of the first importance, and, moreover, that great reverberation impairs quality. In fact the purest quality is heard in the open air.

So far as I have been able to learn, in the construction of no other music hall has the problem of acoustic properties of the hall been so systematically worked out as in the case of the new Boston Music Hall, which has been named Symphony Hall, and which was constructed chiefly during 1900, from architectural designs by McKim, Mead and White, with the assistance of

Professor Sabine of Harvard, as engineer of acoustics. The articles by Professor Sabine on acoustics (see sub-section on Architectural Acoustics and other specific articles referred to, in MacMillan's "Dictionary of Architecture and Building," edited by Russell Sturgis, and on Architectural Acoustics in the American Architect), explains the theoretical and experimental basis of his work. These are the best summaries that have come to my notice of the physical factors entering into the problem. The latter mentioned papers are devoted especially to the matter of control of reverberation in the hall. It has long been recognized that this could be controlled in two ways; either by a wall coating of known qualities for the absorption of sound, or by so proportioning the building and providing such mechanical interruptors, pillars, etc., on the wall surface that the desired reverberation is attained. Professor Sabine has accomplished his results mainly by the latter process. It may be remarked that the best authorities on acoustics seem to be united in the opinion that an oblong rectangular hall is the best form for the exercise of such control. It must not be supposed that Professor Sabine confined himself to this phase of the problem, for his investigations included both the quality and intensity of tone. In fact, he calculated beforehand with great accuracy the intensity or power of the tones for different parts of the building.

The success of music hall acoustics cannot, in the present state of our practical knowledge of acoustics, be measured in scientific terms, because musical judgment is so much a matter of personal temperament and taste. The purely physical study of the question must be supplemented by the psychological study in order to arrive at any definite conclusions; and the physical and psychological laboratories must join forces before a satisfactory study of structural musical acoustics can be made. Helmholtz has indicated a most promising line of procedure in this connection, in his study of quality in violin tone. It must be recognized at the outset, however, that it is absolutely impossible for the physicist, be he ever so skilful, to properly conduct experiments in which tone quality is involved, unless he is himself a competent judge of musical tone or else he secures the cooperation of someone who is a judge.

The dimensions of four celebrated music halls are as follows:

	Length.	Breadth.	Height.
Birmingham Music Hall...	140	65	65
*Leipzig Gewandhaus....†	124	62	52
Boston Old Music Hall...	123	77	66
Boston New Music Hall...	130	75	59
Boston Symphony Hall...	130	75	59

\* See "Das Neue Gewandhaus in Leipzig, von Paul Gropius und H. Schmieden."

† "The length given for the Gewandhaus, 124 feet, is measured from the organ front to the architecturally principal wall in the rear. On the floor and by boxes in the balconies the seats extend ten feet farther back, making the total length of the hall, exclusive of the organ niche, 134 feet." [Note by Sabine.]

‡ "The length is measured on the floor of the main part of the hall; above the second gallery it extends back nine feet. . . . The stage



instead of being out in the room, is in a contracted recess having a depth of 26 feet, a breadth, front and back, of 60 feet and 45 feet, respectively, and a height, front and back, of 44 feet and 35 feet, respectively." [Note by Sabine.]

It is seen that the new Boston Music Hall (Symphony Hall) is not a copy of any of the other halls. It must be remarked that the length of the halls does not indicate with exactness the distance of the back of the hall from the musicians, as they are not similarly placed in each case.

There are three distinct grounds on which the test of music hall acoustics must be made; viz., preservation of quality of tone, the proper blending of instrumental voices, and the preservation of the sympathetic sphere. These three features require a brief explanation.

I. The quality of tone not only refers to the tone color of special instruments, as, for instance, the flute, the oboe or the violin, but it also refers to the standard adopted as the ideal tone for any individual class of instruments. On this latter point musicians themselves will not agree, and their judgments will depend largely upon the details of their musical education. In the case of the violin tone the best judges agree that the most perfect tone is reached in many of the instruments of certain Italian makers, and but few instruments made elsewhere have tones which approach this standard quality which, to my own ear, always creates an impression comparable with that of a beautiful tenor voice. Probably singers are much better judges than pianists of violin tone.

In testing a music hall on the point of quality of tone the question must be answered, "Does the tone reach the listener in its individual and complete purity?"

To my own ear, which has had the experience of nearly fifteen years' careful study of violin tone, the Boston Symphony Hall is wonderfully well adapted for the transmission of pure tones to all parts of the house. A single exception might be noted in an area in the second gallery near the stage, where the mechanical action of the bowed instruments is too plainly heard, but this is probably due to some peculiarity in the construction of the ceiling of the stage, and is not an inherent defect of the hall.

The intensity of reverberation has a great effect on the quality of tone, and as a contrast to the slight reverberation of the Boston Symphony Hall, my mind recalls the great reverberation noticeable along the side walls of the Musical Fund Hall of Philadelphia. We have become so accustomed to this reverberation being strongly pronounced in most music halls that even though it does interfere with the purity of tone, yet its absence causes dissatisfaction, and the tone is regarded as "dead" or lacking in warmth. A certain amount of reverberation is, then, demanded by the listener, and, it must be remembered, by the performing musicians as well.

II. The proper blending of instrumental voices seems to be in the main successfully accomplished in the construction of Symphony Hall. There is no very noticeable

difference in the ensemble, whether the listener takes up his position close to the wall or at a distance from it. The balance of tone from the various orchestral voices is preserved with remarkable uniformity throughout the hall, although there are places where the separate voices are more distinctly heard than in others, and the disturbing influences of echoes, while not entirely lacking, are noticeable in but few locations.

III. The sphere of sympathy is a matter which does not appeal very strongly to the physical scientist, but which, nevertheless, is very important musically. There is unquestionably a certain radius within which any given music will produce certain desirable impressions upon a musical nature, and at points without this radius it fails to produce these impressions. This radius varies not only under different conditions of composition and performance, but also with the receptivity of different individuals, who are listeners. Thus, a violin solo or a string quartet ought never be played in a large hall, as their sphere of sympathy has but a small radius.

On this point the judgment of the person of keen musical feeling alone is valuable, and a number of competent judges have expressed the opinion that herein the long form of hall adopted in the construction of the Symphony Hall, but also the old Boston Music Hall as well, is not as desirable as the compact, more nearly semi-circular theatre form. Personally, I have not felt this lack in the case of a full orchestra in new Symphony Hall. It must be understood that this quality, so important to some musical natures, is to a large extent independent of the loudness of tone, and that these same critics who do feel its lack acknowledge that the orchestral tones reach the remoter parts of the hall with sufficient loudness. It would be interesting to know to what extent the psychological connection of eyesight and hearing enter into this question, and this could easily be determined by experiment.

Judging from memory, there appeared to be astonishingly little difference in the qualities of tone whether the hall is occupied or empty.

[This is all very well; but, like many essays on musical subjects by scientists, it arrives at conclusions with which most musicians find it difficult to agree. To begin with, neither the late Dr. Upham nor Mr. Sabine can be rightly deemed competent to express a musical opinion of any weight whatever; both come musically in the amateur class. And, to conclude with, we have not yet met the musician who did not call Symphony Hall a bad hall for music. Expert condemnations of the hall differ, as far as we have been able to discover, only in degrees of violence.—W. F. A.]

## MUSIC AND DRAMA

### Symphony Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra Jan. 5, 1902

Last Saturday evening the tenth symphony concert was given at Symphony Hall. The programme was:

Anton Rubinstein: Symphony No. 2, in C major, "Ocean," opus 42.

(Second version.)  
Charles Gounod: Stances de Sapho, from "Sapho."

Charles Martin Loeffler: Two Poems for Orchestra—I., "La bonne chanson" (after Verlaine); II., "Villanelle du Diable" (after Rollinat).

Edward Elgar: Two Songs from "Sea Pictures," a Cycle of Five for Contralto and Orchestra, opus 37.

Richard Wagner: Prelude and Love-Death from "Tristan und Isolde."

Madame Kirkby Lunn was the singer.

A programme so extraordinary as this invites comment. To begin with, it lasted hard upon two hours—which is longer than our modern "degenerates" (pace Max Nordau) care to struggle with music at a sitting. Then look at the make-up.

What earthly excuse can be found for giving four, or six, or all seven movements of Rubinstein's "Ocean" symphony? Who nowadays wants to hear them, or ought to if he did? In the whole symphony—its length and title recall the "Poseidon, tou makrou" of our schooldays—there is only one movement that has the faintest claim to outlive its composer; and this is the first. In this movement Rubinstein found something great to say, and said it in a tolerably grand way, scoring it so, to be sure, that much of its greatness is inaudible and more of it smirched with ear-displeasing coloring; but the stuff of which the movement is built is essentially grand, and to be enjoyed, as such, now and for many years to come. But the rest of the work (the other movements) is either wrinkled with premature old age, or irreclaimably old-fashioned in its tawdriness of conception. The sailors in the Scherzo hitch up their unmentionables exactly as sailors do in melodrama—and nowhere else. The chorale at the end of the finale (with its repugnant Meyerbeer counterpoint) belongs wholly, heart and soul, to a bygone era of concert-melodrama. The rest is thin sentiment diluted with imitator salt water. Save for the first movement, the whole thing is dead as Raff, or Marschner. But the first movement still holds its head erect.

Then why not give the first movement by itself, consigning the rest of the symphony to the eternal dusty shelf? Twenty years ago there might have been a good reason against it; now there is not even a plausible one. Twenty years ago it might have been urged that to give an excerpt from a symphony, instead of what Bülow once called the "full-harnessed quadriga," was beneath the dignity of a symphony concert. The "full-harnessed quadriga" meant something then, was a form to conjure with, and had to be respected; moreover, a single movement, taken out of a quadripartite whole, might

suffer for lack of its "proper frame." As for this last matter, be it said that it cannot possibly apply to a first movement; for what follows a first movement in a symphony cannot, in the nature of things, have any influence upon its effect. If frame there be, the first movement is part of it. And, as for the dignity of a symphony concert, the "full-harnessed quadriga" is no longer, and has long ceased to be, a form to conjure with; if we still love and reverence certain old or new symphonies, it is no longer for their four-movement cut, but solely for themselves. Indeed, it may now be said, upon the whole, that no especial musical form whatever has anything to do with the "dignity" of the composition couched in it. Music, like the other arts, has become democratic, and the old hierarchical distinctions of form have lost all their impressive virtue: a symphony is nowadays no more impressive than a dukedom, a fugue no more venerable in itself than a marquise; a waltz may go down to dinner before a sonata—if it be a worthy waltz—and a polka take precedence of a canon. A first movement of a symphony, if it can really stand alone, is as presentable as an overture (from which no living soul can tell it, save by the title). The only "dignity" music has left is intrinsically its own, not that which is imputed to it by its form.

It were well for concert-givers and programme-makers to think of this; that the old times are gone forever, and their faith in the virtue of forms is gone with them—not to return for some generations, if ever at all. We live in an age when to give the first movement of the "Ocean" symphony, the Scherzos of Gade's B-flat and Goetz's F major symphonies, by themselves is to do far more for the dignity and well-being of art than to make an audience rummage through a haystack to find one needle with a point to it. Think of the number of single movements that have been buried alive because of the company they were found in, because of the carcasses of dead movements to which the symphonic form bound them! Some of these movements are alive still, in a state of mere coma, though in their graves; and it would pay to dig them up.

So much for the "Ocean." Then came that considerably musty song from Gounod's "Sapho," O England, England! when wilt thou stop constituting thyself the world's cold-storage warehouse for dead tunes, and encourage thy singers to retail the same in other markets than thine?

And, now that we have worked our weary way through three more movements of Rubinstein's ocean dry-rot than there was any need of, and a desiccated Gounod melody to boot, we come upon the gist of the evening, the thing for which we ought to have husbanded all our strength of receptivity—Mr. Loeffler's two poems! I know these two things were given last season; but what is one hearing of such music as that? how many listeners last Saturday knew anything more about it than if they had never heard a note of it? This music of Mr. Loeffler's is the product of



genius, it is new and original, it hence demands the closest attention from fresh, untired listeners. Admitting that it ought not to be exposed to the dissipation of mood brought about by late comers entering the hall after the first movement, and should not be placed at the beginning of a programme, one can still assert that nothing more than a well-known, untaxing overture ought to precede it. It is asking too much of even the most interested listener to expect him to do justice to extended compositions of Mr. Loeffler when he is already half-fagged out.

Then came the Elgar songs, which may be extremely beautiful—indeed excellent authorities have proclaimed them to be so—but sounded on this occasion like "Down in the Depths of Dark Despair" done up in crape. The one thing that was thoroughly well placed on the programme was the last number; the music from "Tristan" is so well known, so deeply beloved, that it can come in anywhere and be welcome. Only, late-train people could not hear it. No, honestly, I have seldom met with so ill-advised a programme from every point of view; and I have seen a good many poor programmes in my day. The irritating part of it all was that there was no discoverable necessity in the case. Mme. Kirkby Lunn's selections were, to be sure, unfortunate; but it was not they that wrecked the concert. The real chief sinner was the Rubinstein symphony—first for itself intrinsically, but most of all for appearing dans cette galère. To give it at all was bad enough; but to give it in such company, simply unpardonable. It capped a climax that some of us have been noting and wondering at for a goodish while.

I feel a little ill at ease, speaking of Mr. Loeffler's "Two Poems" after but a single hearing. With his personality as a composer I find myself thoroughly in sympathy—though I am free to admit that it took me some time to get there; but this is well-nigh inevitable in the case of a composer of true genius and originality. Being in touch with a composer, knowing and admiring warmly his past work, are undoubted helps in fathoming what new things he may write and produce—helps, yes, but not lightning calculators to produce immediate results. A thorough familiarity with Wagner's "Lohengrin," for instance, will be a great help toward understanding his "Tristan"; but it will not relieve you of all the work, though it may make that work easier. So, although I was from the first disposed to receive Mr. Loeffler's "Two Poems" with open arms, though the impression they made upon me is more than favorable, I still feel that there is much in them that has escaped me, and that I am in no condition to write of them as they deserve. Of their greatness I am sure (I am not at all afraid of the word "greatness"), but exactly what it is and wherein it lies I am not yet in condition to say. My instinct to say no more about them at present comes simply and solely from my equally instinctive feeling that here is stuff that deserves exceptional study, repeated hearings, complete familiarity, to do it full

justice. I feel unconquerably that here true genius has been at work; and if you cannot say something fully worthy of the occasion, you had best be content with taking off your hat. So I bow and pass on.

The playing of the orchestra was, for the most part, very fine indeed; I have heard the first movement of Rubinstein's "Ocean" given with more breadth, the weak places in his scoring better covered up. But Mr. Loeffler's "Poems" were simply wonderfully played, while the "Tristan" music was given in a way to reveal, and emphasize, all its supreme beauties. Here was one of Mr. Gericke's best inspired moments. I have it from one who should know that Madame Kirkby Lunn was suffering from a bad cold (who ever knew a good one?); so, as she is to sing here soon again, I will say nothing of her performance last Saturday.

The next programme is: Schumann, overture to "Genoveva"; Saint-Saëns, concerto for Violoncello; Goldmark, chorus of spirits and spirits' dance, from "Merlin"; Dvorak, symphony No. 5, "From the New World." Mr. Alwin Schroeder will be the solo cellist.

W. F. A.

#### TENTH SYMPHONY PROGRAM.

Mme Kirkby Lunn, the distinguished English contralto, made her first appearance in this city at the Symphony rehearsal last week, the 10th program of the season being made up as follows: Rubinstein, C major symphony, second version; Gounod, aria, "Stances de Sappho," from "Sappho"; Loeffler, two poems for orchestra; Elgar, two songs from "Sea Pictures," for contralto and orchestra, and the introduction and "Love Death" from Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde," orchestral. The excerpt from "Sappho" is not of sufficient importance to show more than a few qualities of a voice, the subject being of so sad a nature that variety of expression is debarred the singer, and the measures are almost all in legato form. Mme Lunn's abilities displayed in this somewhat circumscribed selection indicated that she was easily adequate to all requirements, for her true contralto voice was of beautiful quality, under perfect control, broad and resonant, and in sustained passages even in timbre and tonality. In a few instances her deepest and highest registers were utilized, and in each the quality was very agreeable.

In the "Sea Pictures," of which two songs were heard, the artist gave pleasing proofs that she is an oratorio singer of high rank. The delicacy of phrasing in the "Sea Slumber Song," the variety of expression and the sympathetic interpretation of the whole number were admirable in every way.

the singer making her effects without exaggeration of style, and simply by skilled vocalism. The second aria, "Sabbath Morning at Sea," was very impressive, though the musical setting is somewhat monotonous, Mme Lunn again giving evidence that her appearance here in oratorio would be most heartily welcomed. The artist sings without apparent effort or operatic embellishments, and her appearance is as pleasing as her vocal art is satisfying. She was very cordially received.

The program was very long despite the fact that only two songs in the Elgar group of five were sung by Mme Lunn, and the Rubinstein "Ocean"

symphony, which opened the concert, was represented by but three of the seven movements. The Rubinstein work was played in the proper spirit by the orchestra, and the fourth part, sometimes known as the "Sailors' Dance," was given with splendid spirit and quaint abandon. The rest of the composition calls for no special mention, for, although elaborate and difficult in scoring, there is so little of coherency shown that the different movements appear to have but little relationship, and the piece sounds fragmentary.

The two poems by Mr Loeffler were received with evident enjoyment by the auditors, in fact, they were the most satisfactory of the orchestral numbers. Mr Loeffler's idyllic treatment of the Verlaine poem found delightful exemplification in the work of the artist's associate players, and "Roxinat's" "Villanelle du Diable," in which Mr Loeffler fairly revels in odd combinations of the instrumental contingents and pretissimo passages, was rushed through in the merriest vein. The greetings to Mr Loeffler were of the usual flattering nature. The Wagner selection was up to the usual standard of performance by the orchestra.

This week's program will be as follows: Schumann, overture to "Genoveva"; Saint-Saëns, concerto for cello; Goldmark, chorus and "Spirits" dance from "Merlin"; Dvorak, fifth, or "New World," symphony. Mr Alwin Schroeder will be the soloist.

## MR. LOEFFLER'S POEMS

## MRS. KIRKBY LUNN, ALTO

*Journal*  
At the Tenth Symphony Concert  
in Symphony Hall Last Night.

### BEAUTY OF "BONNE CHANSON"

"The Devil's Villanelle" a Remarkable Tour de Force, Diabolically Ingenious and Subtle.

By PHILIP HALE.

The program of the 10th Symphony concert, given last night in Symphony Hall, Mr. Gericke, conductor, was as follows:

"Ocean" Symphony.....Rubinstein  
Stanzas of Sappho.....Gounod  
Two Poems for orchestra.....Loeffler  
Two Sea Pictures.....Elgar  
Prelude and "Love Death" from  
"Tristan and Isolde".....Wagner

The features of this concert were Mr. Loeffler's "Poems," which were produced here last season, and Mrs. Kirkby Lunn, the English alto, who ap-

peared here for the first time.

Rubinstein, not satisfied with the original version of his symphony, perhaps fearful of the teeth of Time, added two movements and then another, as though the mere bulk would discourage the Shatterer as well as the avenger of reputation. Mere bulk never saved a poet or musician. Who would exchange Collins's "Ode to Evening" for a wilderness of epics? Or César Franck's "Lied" or Debussy's "Il pleure dans mon coeur" for any oratorio in three parts by a sound and solid English Doctor of Music?

When the "Ocean" Symphony was played as originally written, only the first movement found favor, and it was characterized as grand, full of the majesty of the sea, etc., etc. The other movements were voted dull or operatic. And then Rubinstein kept adding to the original, a piteous spectacle, for the Eternal Judges are not thus to be placated. Today the once admired first movement seems for the most part ordinary, with here and there a flash of inspiration, and the specifically ocean music a desert without an oasis, without a caravan, rather than a representation of ocean's moods. How much better the sailor-composer Rimsky-Korsakoff did the thing in his "Scheherazade"! There was a misunderstanding as to the slow movement chosen for performance and the one played was not the one referred to in the program-book.

The Love-Death from "Tristan" suffers when the voice-part is omitted, no matter how passionately or ecstatically the music be played.

A short symphony of Haydn or Mozart would have been here more to the purpose, or better yet, an overture of the classical period; for Mr. Loeffler's two Poems are long enough and important enough to take the place of a symphony, and they deserved the thoughtful attention of the unjaded.

When Mr. Loeffler's Poems were played for the first time last April, the first in illustration of Verlaine's "Avant que tu ne t'en ailles" was the more quickly appreciated, partly no doubt because the performance itself was then more spontaneous and convincing than that of the second, which is a paraphrase of Rollinat's "Devil's Villanelle." The performance of the latter limped at times in April, and there was no continuous irresistible flow; it was as though the players had not fully mastered the inherent difficulties and were cautious where they should have been reckless.

Now the second of Mr. Loeffler's Poems is by far the more subtle and lit-



rary. A full appreciation of it presupposes an exact knowledge of the text and also an acquaintance with the points made by the composer outside the text and in the nature of a gloss or commentary, such as his use of the tunes, "Caira," "La Carinagnole," revolutionary ditties, and Aristide Bruant's ditty (sung here by Yvette Guilbert) with all its vicious and jail-bird suggestions.

The first is the more truly musical in the common acceptance of the term. The second is remarkable for malice, wit, super-refinement. It is not too much to say that it is a prodigious tour de force, and I know of no other composer now living who could treat the subject so adroitly. Richard Strauss has not so fine and light a touch.

A Villanelle of the Devil with him would become a witch's Sabbat and the instruments would say monstrous and obscene things. But Mr. Loeffler is as adroit as he is imaginative; his horrors wear masks of beauty; he does not insist, he suggests; his Prince of Darkness is the gentleman in his assaults on mankind.

There are few things more exquisite in the expression of love than these verses in Verlaine's "Bonne Chanson," and Mr. Loeffler's love music is pure and nobly sensuous. It is the love of the fresh morning, not of the mad, summer night. To this lover all awakening nature is in sympathy; the sun hastens from his couch to anticipate him in the message to his sweetheart, to shine on the face of the sleeping girl before the lover's thought stirs in her heart. And as this music is charged with elemental and ever youthful emotion, and as it is intensely human, it must be ranked before the "Villanelle," diabolically ingenious as the latter is.

Yet the Villanelle is more than diabolically ingenious. It is more than a study in the macabre. There is demonic swing, unforgettable inuendo, mockery, the thought of the gallows, the fiend's sneer at goodness and hypocrisy alike. Study of the detail excites more and more wonder and admiration. It is the work of a most accomplished musician of rare and subtle intellect; it will always be for the few rather than for the many; and this, too, is a tribute. The "Bonne Chanson" is broader, fuller, more eloquent. Both pieces were read by Mr. Gerike with infinite care and played superbly.

Mrs. Kirkby Lunn is a contralto who has certain tones of rich and sombre beauty which would make their way without undue pressure. The voice as a whole is made up of various tonal qualities. She handles the weaker and reed-like tones with considerable skill. As an interpreter she was exasperatingly phlegmatic. As Sappho she said good-bye to the world with well-bred composure, as though she were leaving a pleasant afternoon tea at Mitylene. She chose from Elgar's cycle, "Sea Slumber Song" and "Sabbath Morning at Sea." They are of the salon order, and she did not vivify them by any emotional display. Perhaps it is as well that she did not sing "Where Corals Lie," which is by far the most musical and characteristic of the series.

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**T**HERE is talk about the marked improvement of the acoustic properties of Symphony Hall. At first musicians were somewhat disappointed. Not only were there "deaf spots" in the hall, but there was a lack, they said, of general and pervasive sonority. Nor were they consoled by the laudatory article of a Harvard professor in spite of convincing diagrams.

Now all admit the great improvement. Is this improvement due to the fact that the walls are at least seasoned, charged with sonorous waves, as some insist? Are the walls now sounding-boards?

Acoustic properties are largely a matter of chance. The French Government took infinite pains with the Opéra and the Trocadéro; yet neither building is satisfactory. Charles Garnier, the architect, whose monument was lately or is about to be dedicated, admitted frankly the impossibility of absolute certainty in securing good acoustical results.

"For many months I studied conscientiously every thing; I read the books in all languages that I knew; when I did not understand a language in which treatises were written I had translations made; I talked with X, and disputed with Y, and after all my studies I came to this conclusion: a hall, to be sonorous and of agreeable timbre, should be long or wide, high or low studded, of wood or stone, round or square, with walls bare or upholstered; it should be built over running water, or on a firm foundation of earth; it should be nude or with projections; it should be hot or cold, empty or crowded, dark or light; I learned that some believed in the planting of trees within it, others wished it to be built wholly of crystal, while others pretended that snow is the best conductor of sound and that the walls should be furnished with artificial snow; while others, in accordance with the principle of Vitruvius, insisted that sauce pans should be put under the seats."

Garnier went over Europe. He consulted architects, learned professors, singers, players, conductors. He auscultated halls in Italy, Germany, France, Spain, England, the Netherlands, Scandinavia, and possibly in the far East. He then tried to derive a few laws from all his experiments and research. "But no; everything arranged, studied, compared, gave us as a result—certain uncertainty."

## THE TENTH SYMPHONY.

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*Harold*  
Programme Will Introduce a New Contralto, Mme. Kirkby Lunn of London, to Boston Audience.

The 10th Symphony programme will be the vehicle for bringing to Boston a distinguished English contralto, who recently, in New York, sang in "The Messiah" in the afternoon, and in "Lohengrin"—Ortrud—in the evening, to critical and general approbation, and who is also to be heard soon in Mr. Lang's concert presentation of "Parsifal"—Mme. Kirkby Lunn.

This lady, who is highly esteemed in England and on the continent as an oratorio and opera artist, is spoken of as possessing a genuine contralto voice, rich, powerful, expressive and well trained, and to be likewise of interesting and attractive personality. She is announced to sing the "O Ma Lyre Immortelle," from Goethe's Sappho, and in two of the songs in Elgar's cycle, "Sea Pictures."

Mr. Loeffler's two poems for orchestra, which were new last season, will be repeated. These are musical versions, it will be remembered, the one, of a lover's appeal to the pining morning star to receive a message for the distant beloved. The stanzas are by Verlaine, and the lover's petition is shot across and momentarily interrupted by the sounds and thoughts of the rising day, until all is ended by the appearance of the golden sun in all his splendor. The other paraphrases the notions of a poem by Rollinat, "The Devil's Villanelle"—bitter, fantastic, harsh and reckless. The first is easy to follow and accept; but the second is a different story, for the hearer needs to be pretty conversant with the lines and the spirit of the original, and to be able to catch the riotous themes of the "Ca Ira" and the "Carmagnole," which Mr. Loeffler has worked in to give sharper point and fiercer color to his score. The poems made a marked impression when first heard, as the first did also when played at the Worcester festival in September last, and their reproduction will be welcome.

Another number, not yet familiar here, although making itself at home in vocal recitals, set down for repetition, is the "Sea Pictures" of Dr. Elgar, the English composer, who has been praised by Mr. Theodore Thomas as being in his estimation the most skilful orchestral writer now living. Two of the five will be sung to the original orchestral accompaniment.

The symphony, which heads the programme, will be the second, or "Ocean," of Rubinstein. Why he called it so nobody quite knows. The irreverent have suggested this was because of its own immensity; for to its original four movements three more were added—not to be tagged on and played in a straight sequence, but to be arranged with the others according to an order prescribed by him. Very rarely is the endurance of an orchestra and an audience tried by a performance of the entire work, lasting nearly two hours; but usually, as on the present occasion, four movements are considered enough. Mr.

Gerike has selected those which appeared in the original version and placed them in their primary order.

The programme will end with the prelude and love-death from Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde."

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**T**HERE is talk about the marked improvement of the acoustic properties of Symphony Hall. At first musicians were somewhat disappointed. Not only were there "deaf spots" in the hall, but there was a lack, they said, of general and pervasive sonority. Nor were they consoled by the laudatory article of a Harvard professor in spite of convincing diagrams.

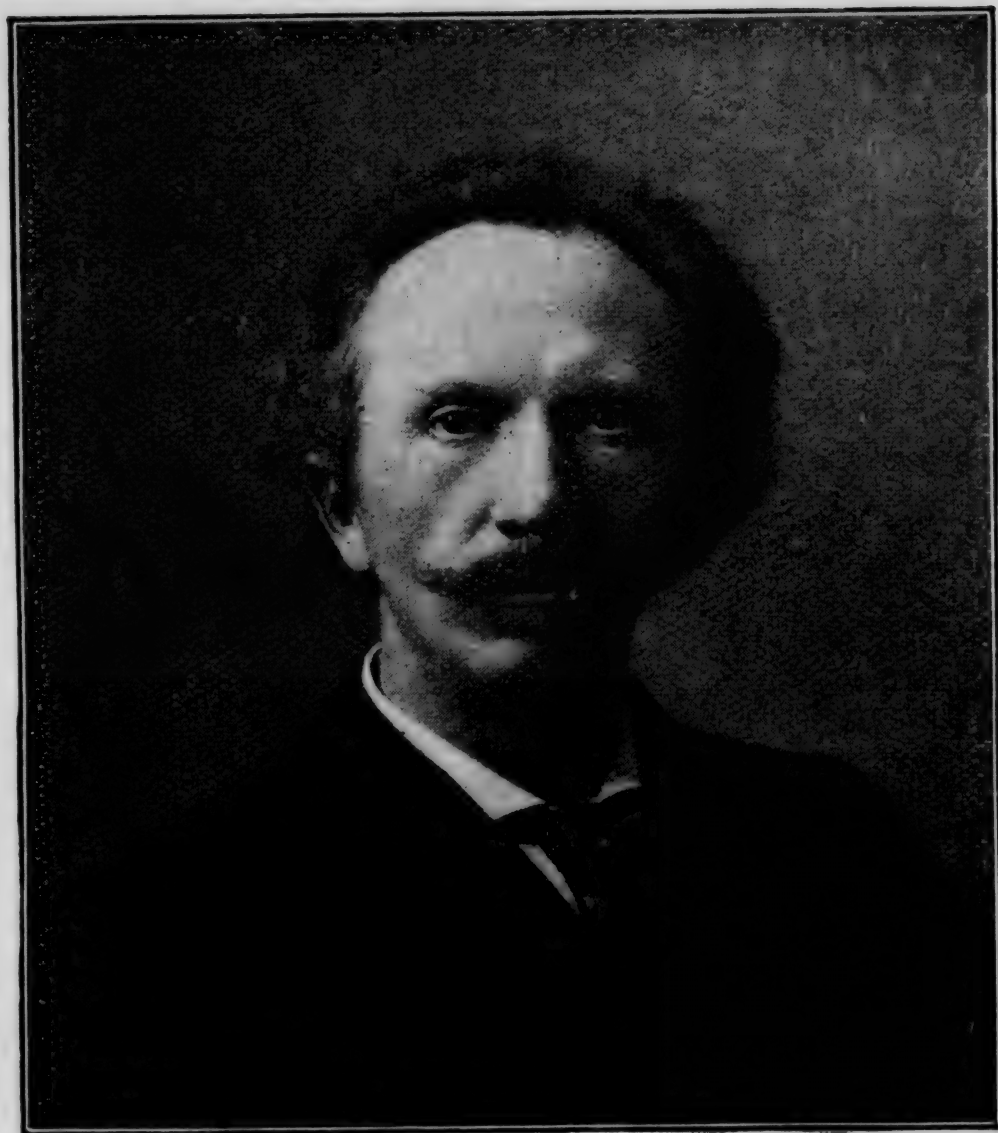
Now all admit the great improvement. Is this improvement due to the fact that the walls are at least seasoned, charged with sonorous waves, as some insist? Are the walls now sounding-boards?

Acoustic properties are largely a matter of chance. The French Government took infinite pains with the Opéra and the Trocadéro; yet neither building is satisfactory. Charles Garnier, the architect, whose monument was lately or is about to be dedicated, admitted frankly the impossibility of absolute certainty in securing good acoustical results.

"For many months I studied conscientiously every thing; I read the books in all languages that I knew; when I did not understand a language in which treatises were written I had translations made; I talked with X, and disputed with Y, and after all my studies I came to this conclusion: a hall, to be sonorous and of agreeable timbre, should be long or wide, high or low studded, of wood or stone, round or square, with walls bare or upholstered; it should be built over running water, or on a firm foundation of earth; it should be nude or with projections; it should be hot or cold, empty or crowded, dark or light; I learned that some believed in the planting of trees within it, others wished it to be built wholly of crystal, while others pretended that snow is the best conductor of sound and that the walls should be furnished with artificial snow; while others, in accordance with the principle of Vitruvius, insisted that sauce pans should be put under the seats."

Garnier went over Europe. He consulted architects, learned professors, singers, players, conductors. He auscultated halls in Italy, Germany, France, Spain, England, the Netherlands, Scandinavia, and possibly in the far East. He then tried to derive a few laws from all his experiments and research. "But no; everything arranged, studied, compared, gave us as a result—certain uncertainty." *Dr. 1902*





ALWIN SCHROEDER.  
See Biographical Sketch on page 23.

*Symphony Hall.*

SEASON 1902-03.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Mr. WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.

**XI. CONCERT.**

SATURDAY, JANUARY 10, AT 8, P. M.

**Programme.**

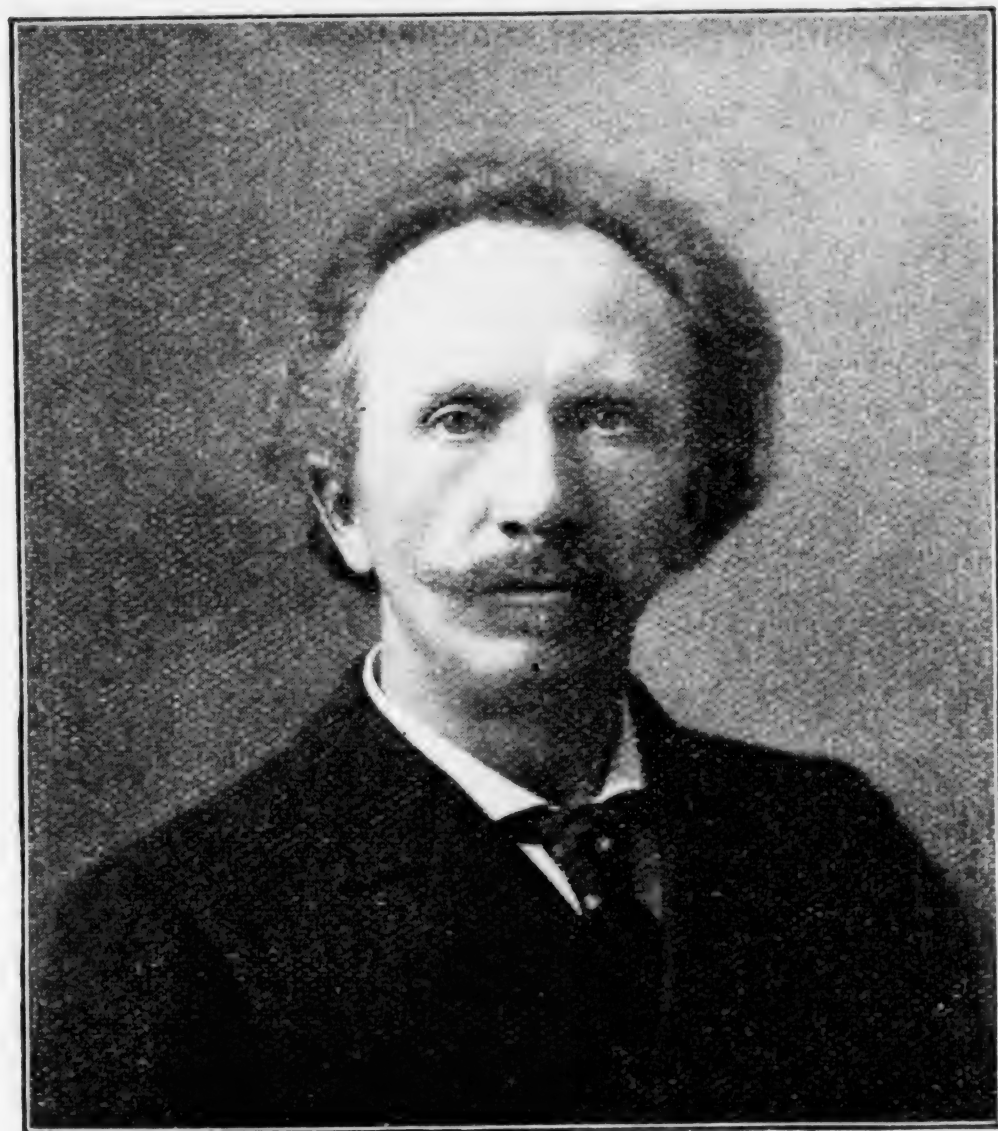
SCHUMANN,	OVERTURE to "Genoveva." op. 81.
SAINT-SAËNS,	CONCERTO in A minor for VIOLONCELLO, op. 33. Allegro non troppo. — Allegretto con moto. — Come prima, un peu moins vite.
GOLDMARK,	CHORUS OF SPIRITS and SPIRITS' DANCE, from "Merlin." (First time.)
DVOŘÁK,	SYMPHONY in E minor, No. 5, "From the New World." op. 95. I. Adagio. — Allegro molto. II. Largo. III. Scherzo: molto vivace. IV. Allegro con fuoco.

**Soloist:**

Mr. ALWIN SCHROEDER.

There will be no Public Rehearsal and Concert next week.





ALWIN SCHROEDER.  
See Biographical Sketch on page 23.

## *Symphony Hall.*

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#### Soloist:

Mr. ALWIN SCHROEDER.

There will be no Public Rehearsal and Concert next week.



Symphony Hall: Symphony Orchestra

The programme of the eleventh symphony concert, given in Symphony Hall last Saturday evening, was as follows:

Robert Schumann: Overture to "Genoveva," opus 81.

Camille Saint-Saëns: Concerto for Violoncello, in A minor, opus 33.

Karl Goldmark: Chorus of Spirits and Spirits' Dance, from "Merlin."

(First time in Boston.)

Antonin Dvorak: Symphony No. 8, in E minor, "From the New World," opus 95.

Mr. Alwin Schroeder was the solo 'cellist.

A wellnigh perfect performance showed Schumann's "Genoveva" overture as great and beautiful as ever. The more one hears this work (at reasonable intervals) the more perfect does it seem; in ideas, development, form and instrumentation. Were it not for Beethoven's "Weihe des Hauses" overture, one would say that the "fixed idea" coda was an invention of Schumann's; I mean that kind of climax coda in which the composer does not seem able to make up his mind to let go of his theme, but keeps hammering away at it, over and over again. After all, though, Beethoven's "Weihe des Hauses" is not the first example of this sort of thing on record; it is clearly enough derived from the sort of thematic "obsession" we find in the final chorus of Handel's "Israel in Egypt," where "the horse and his rider" seem as if they would ride gloriously on forever. Speaking of instrumentation, Schumann has had hard things enough said about his in general, which hard things I have more than once done my best to contradict; but, if you wish for a fine example of a stroke of true inspiration in this matter, take the entry of the two trumpets in the hunting-call of the horns of the second theme. Berlioz need not have been ashamed to sign it.

Goldmark's spirits' music from "Merlin" betrays its origin candidly. And do not think I mean by this that it has Hebrew characteristics. Goldmark is, to be sure, of Jewish blood; but he is also an Austrian (to a certain extent a Viennese), and in this combination the Austrian will be sure to predominate musically; the Hebrew elements will be veiled. Austria—or rather, say, Vienna, as the quintessence and double cream of Austria—culminates musically in the Strauss family. What Straussian elements were to be found in Franz Schubert (vide "Soirées de Vienne") were but premonitory symptoms, a tentative heralding of and "make straight in the desert a highway for" the all-conquering Strausses. And, after the Strauss family had once come, and gone, Vienna became and remained redolent of their genius. Even Brahms caught the infection, as is shown by the first movement of his D major symphony, though he for the most part kept the matter to himself and did not allow it to leak out into his compositions; Brahms had a strong musical constitution and could digest such things. But poor Goldmark! let him but have the word "dance" whispered in his ear and he

straightway grasps for Strauss, as for a "Complete Dance Manual." Now, as it happens, I have no voracious fondness for the Strausses—old Johann, young Johann, Joseph, or Eduard—and, though I have a warm affection for Brahms, his admiration for Johann Strauss does not fease me any more than Wagner's for Beethoven does Mr. Henry T. Finck. And when I find, as I do in these Spirit Dances from "Merlin" a little Strauss and a little Goldmark, held in solution by the worst ballet traditions of the worst epoch of the opera, I—well, I don't like it. So there!

Dvorak's "From the New World" came as a welcome antidote; and, strange to say, Dvorak was an Austrian, of a sort, and lived his time in Vienna like the others. But he has Czech blood in his veins, and had, moreover, pretty well formed his style before coming to Vienna; besides, he was a peasant and had not only been brought up in, but had a native affinity for the peasant musical atmosphere; Vienna taught him no dancing-master tricks. It is at once curious and delightful to note how, in this symphony, Dvorak sticks to his peasant dialect; once, in the Scherzo, he rises to the Schubert pitch of civilization (and Schubert himself was an incorrigible man of the people), but for the rest remains peasant as he was born and bred. And, as his dialect is really his native lingo, it has all the charm of reality, and does not offend nor bore you—as so-called dialect novels do. Here in this symphony Dvorak has done, perhaps, the best work of his life; not the most genuine, for he is hardly ever anything but genuine, but the most thoroughly poetic and beautiful. The symphony was exquisitely, wonderfully played; to be sure, when a composer plainly says, "Damn!" one wishes that Mr. Gericke would not turn it into "D—mn"; it should not be forgotten that, in so far as art and literature are concerned, expurgation is the one unpardonable sin. I should have liked some portions to sound more "derb"—more downright, more uncouth, less elegant. There are parts of the Finale that seem clearly intended as a picture of—or say, rather, clearly inspired by memories of—a peasants' Sunday afternoon "Kellerei," or free fight (of the "where you see a head, hit it" sort); Mr. Gericke tends somewhat to give them split cane-pole for cudgels. But such shortcoming was not of frequent occurrence, and the symphony was, for the most part, given with true feeling, sense for beauty, and above all, euphony.

Saint-Saëns's 'cello concerto once more makes good its character as a work of enormous, almost superhuman cleverness. As often happens, Saint-Saëns has nothing to say; but this leaves him carte blanche for graceful posturing and inimitable talk about the weather; and he does his posturing and empty chit-chat so admirably, with such inborn mondain charm, that one would be disconsolate at its being made top-heavy by an idea. Once he even rises into an almost poetic atmosphere; where that cantilena in the 'cello, against the dainty minuet in the orchestra, makes you think of "Loin



du Bal," and all sorts of easily mendable heart-breaking under the stars in the garden, with the dance she had promised you dimly sounding through the windows. And then, how it all sounds! What a sense for musical euphony, for delicate auditory flavors, the man has! As Swinburne once said of Ben Jonson's poetry, that it had everything of the rose—color, poise, richness of texture, nobility—except the fragrance; so might one say of Saint-Saëns that his music had nothing of the rose but its fragrance. "Nichts, blau eingefasst" (nothing, framed in blue) used to be a familiar expression in Germany for pleasing trifles; it applies well to much of Saint-Saëns's work, and especially to this concerto; but then, what wondrous "blue!" Mr. Schroeder played it as to the manner born; the trouble with this artist is that, after playing here for some years, he has left one nothing more to say about him. Praising him has got to acquire a sort of rosary air; it reminds the reader (though not the writer) of the Tartar praying by machinery. He is so nearly perfect in every direction that the deficiency is not visible to the naked eye.

The next programme will be: Arensky, introduction to the opera, "Nal und Damajanti" (first time in Boston); Liszt, concerto for pianoforte, No. 1, in E-flat major; Brahms, Hungarian dances; Mozart, symphony in C major ("Jupiter"). Mr. Mark Hambourg will be the pianist. Concert and public rehearsal come respectively on Friday afternoon, Jan. 23, and Saturday evening, Jan. 24; there will be neither rehearsal nor concert this week. W. F. A.

## Last Night's Concert By the Symphony Orchestra.

### Alwin Schroeder's Fine Performance of Saint-Saëns' Concerto.

### Popular Concerts at Several of the Theatres Tonight—Gossip.

Mr Alvin Schroeder was the soloist at last week's Symphony concerts, playing Saint-Saëns' A minor concerto for cello. The orchestral novelty was the first performance here of an excerpt from Goldmark's opera, "Merlin," and the remaining selections were the overture from Schumann's opera, "Genoveva," and Dvorak's "New World" symphony. In speaking of Mr Schroeder's performance naught but commendatory superlatives should be used, for the great cellist gave an interpretation of the Saint-Saëns work that was about as

near to perfection as one is likely to hear, even from artists whose reputations are more widely known than that of the modest performer who leads the cello contingent of our Boston orchestra. Saint-Saëns has not given the instrument so much brilliant solo work as he has difficult and almost continuous ensemble playing, the three movements really being joined and the cello part running through the whole score.

The themes and developments in the first part were sung beautifully, the melodies being given with impeccable tonal quality, with the bowing smooth and delicate as if from a violin. The stately minuet, or waltz, was delightful in its rhythmic undulations, the breadth of tone and perfect legato passages in chords showing the exceptional skill of the player to the fullest. In these two movements the cello is largely an associate instrument, but in the third part there is a brilliant unaccompanied solo—and brilliantly was it played by Mr Schroeder, whose technical ability easily surmounted all the monumental intricacies of the score. His double stopping, runs, harmonies, trills and rapid passage work were wonderfully executed, his fingering was without a suggestion of deviating from the true pitch, the staccato was sharp and clear and all the work in the solo, and also in the subsequent finale, was of the highest order. Had Mr Schroeder been a "celebrity from abroad," his reception doubtless would not have been more flattering, for he was recalled to the platform several times at the close of this performance. His associates performed their parts in a sympathetic manner, making the concerto the feature of the program.

The Schumann overture was given by the orchestra with characteristic effect, the opening measures for the brasses and woodwinds and the hunting calls by the horns being of a charming pastoral character, though somber and mystic in phrasing. Except for general excellence in performance the work calls for no special mention. The dance and chorus of spirits from Goldmark's "Merlin" is a pleasing tone picture in which naiads, gnomes and mortals figure in gambols, dances, etc. The sprightly musical illustrations are orchestrated skillfully and the contrasting episodes were set forth in the pleasantest vein by Mr Gericke's men.

The "New World" symphony by Dvorak seems destined to retain its popularity despite adverse criticisms regarding his use of so-called American "folk-song" as thematic material. The suggestions of popular airs evidently find favor with the average concert patron, and surely the educated musician should be satisfied with Dvorak's masterly handling of the score in working out his musical scheme. The "Indian" atmosphere of the second movement was the most enjoyable characteristic of the four parts, although the whole symphony was received with demonstrations of great approval.

The next rehearsal and concert will be given Jan 23 and 24. The soloist will be announced later and the orchestral pieces will be the introduction to Arensky's opera, "Nal und Damajante," first time; Brahms' "Hungarian dances" and Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony.

## MUSICAL MATTERS

### THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Last Saturday's concert was an admirable one, not only for the novelty presented, but because of the variety of styles included. Here is the programme:

Schumann.....Overture to "Genoveva," Op. 31  
Saint-Saëns...Concerto in A minor, for Violoncello, Op. 33.

Mr. Alwin Schroeder, soloist.  
Goldmark—Chorus of Spirits and Spirits' Dance, from "Merlin" (first time).  
Dvorak...Symphony in E minor, No. 5, from "The New World," Op. 95.

With the exception of the first number, all the works were those of living composers. They represented widely different schools, and typified the music of at least three nations. Best of all, not one of the three found it necessary to take refuge in the crazy metaphysical vein so prevalent in modern music. All of them knew how to do it. Hence their works are performed and enjoyed of their own native villages.

The Schumann overture, not one of the composer's greatest works, was insured a full meed of attention by its position at the beginning of the programme. Even there, however, its lack of dramatic force was apparent, and its allegro appassionato can hardly claim to be called passionate in the days when the perfervid Isolde and the excitable Tosca rule our stage. Yet its themes were beautiful, especially the horn-calls and woodwind melodies, and if its measures were those of a thoughtful sentimentalist trying in vain to reach dramatic heights, they still won their share of applause.

The Saint-Saëns' concerto again proved itself a well-knit piece of orchestral composition, and if it did not rise to any great climax, it showed a unity of effect that is not always present in such works. The composer of concertos must perforce display his solo instrument, and too often he is led to do this at the expense of musical coherency. The union of the three short movements (really two with the first one returning largely intact) in one single whole adds greatly to the effect. If the minor passages are at times dreary, a fault to be noted in many French composers, the exquisite allegretto gave ample reason for the reappearance of the work.

Of Mr. Schroeder's playing, there is nothing new to be said to Boston audiences. His surety, breadth and flexibility of style won their usual attention and recognition, and his thorough musicianship was everywhere in evidence. The customary double-stopping and other technical display in the cadenza held its hearers breathless, and the runs in stopped harmonics, apparently simple and innocent in sound, demanded the utmost skill of bow and finger.

Then came Goldmark—he of the sumptuous style, of the rich harmonies. He is accused of plagiarizing Wagner; it is easy to say a man steals, however, but not always possible to prove it. Goldmark's vivid warmth of coloring is his own, and if

he has followed the Bayreuth master, he has done it with more freshness and originality than many lesser men who really deserved the charge but escaped it. The chorus of spirits in the magic garden of Merlin, last Saturday's new number, was a work of enchanting beauty. Granted that it does remind the auditor of that other pleasure-park owned and operated by Klingser, it is lovely in its own right also.

The music, as already intimated, contains harmonies—real harmonies, melting into one another with glorious fullness of mingled sounds, and not mere dissonances dressed in orchestral garb. But Goldmark himself is unequal. His alluring spirit chorus, sensuous in the best meaning of the word, was followed by a dance theme so tawdry that it seemed as if the fairies had left the ethereal regions of air and started pirouetting in a very mundane concert hall. A return of the earlier chorus made some amends, and the audience began to hope that everything would end happily. But a demon, who had been choked off at the outset of the occasion, now insisted upon interrupting the dance, and made some incendiary remarks on the brasses and kettledrum that were utterly unfit for publication.

Dvorak's American symphony followed. American in the material of which many of its themes are made, its composer can no more hope to found a national school than Mendelssohn could expect that his Scotch symphony would cause a race of highland composers to spring up. It is the orchestration and the harmony that make a theme effective, and these are the work of the trained musician. While the genuine Negro music has a weird impressiveness that is little known, it is hardly a broad enough foundation for a school. National schools develop only from the most marked and widespread rational tastes, and we doubt if the mixed race of undesirable immigrants that now own the land of the Algonquins could really tell the difference between a good folk-song and the cheapest ragtime. Judge! merely as music, however, the symphony will always rank high. Its first movement proves that a modern composer need not discard the symphonic form in order to write well, and if the third and fourth are often commonplace, the real feeling and frank beauty of the largo should win undying fame for the work.

Of the three living composers, then, one brought grace and delicacy as his offering, the second presented a glowing richness of harmonic color, while the third relied on the charm of attractive melodies well supported; but not one of them sacrificed his genius to the idol of orchestral ugliness.

The solo of the next concert is announced as Liszt's E-flat concerto, No. 1, with Mark Hambourg at the piano. The programme includes also Arensky's Introduction to the Opera "Nal und Damajanti" (first time), Brahms' Hungarian Dances, and Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony.

Arthur Elson.



# 132 **SPIRIT BALLET MUSIC** **AT ELEVENTH SYMPHONY**

*Journal* — *Jan. 10, 1913*  
From Goldmark's Fantastic Un-  
successful Opera "Merlin."

**MR. SCHROEDER THE SOLOIST**

Fine Display of Tone, Phrasing,  
Taste and Technique—Ham-  
bourg the Next Soloist.

By PHILIP HALE.

The program of the 11th Symphony  
concert, Mr. Gericke conductor, given  
last night at Symphony Hall was as  
follows:

Overture, "Genoveva".....Schumann  
Concerto in A minor for 'cello.....Saint-Saens  
Chorus of Spirits and Spirits' Dance, from  
"Merlin".....Goldmark  
Symphony, "From the New World".....Dvorak

This concert does not call for extend-  
ed comment. The overture to "Geno-  
veva" is familiar, and there is no press-  
ing need of discussing the question why  
Schumann was unable to write an opera  
of any dramatic interest. He abused  
Meyerbeer like a pickpocket, and yet as  
an opera-maker he was not worthy to  
tie the shoes of him jeered at by others,  
who stole from Meyerbeer with both  
hands even while they scoffed.

The 'cello concerto by Saint-Saens has  
been played at these concerts by Mr.  
Schroeder and before him by Mr. Bayr-  
hoffer, and before them Mr. Wulf Fries  
played it at a concert of the Harvard  
Musical Association. Saint Saens is sel-  
dom if ever guilty of writing music for  
mere virtuoso display, and his concerto  
must still be ranked—it is, at least, thirty  
years old—with the best works, and  
they are few—so very few—in the reper-  
tory of the violoncello. The concerto is  
thoughtfully planned, and while it is  
not on the whole melodiously rich—the  
minuet is exquisite—there is often the  
polished charm of expression that char-  
acterizes the composer, a master of the  
clear, logical thought and the elegance  
of speech that were once supposed to  
distinguished the French, who now are  
given up to symbolism and mysticism  
or are anxious to be literary in their  
music. Mr. Schroeder is always artis-

tic in his purpose and performance.  
Custom does not stifle the pleasure in  
hearing him. His tone last night was  
nobly beautiful and his taste a joy.

Nor is it necessary to revive the dis-  
cussion concerning Congo-Indian-Ameri-  
can music, with Dvorak's symphony as  
Exhibit A; for there is now no possibility  
of such discussion. Dvorak's symphony  
is familiar; it has been duly ticketed as  
No. 5 by the Czech Dvorak, and not as  
No. 1 of the C. I. A. school. What if  
the composer did take this theme or that  
theme from transplanted and American-  
ized negroes? A theme does not make  
a symphony. We listen to "From the  
New World" as to any other work of  
absolute music, without any patriotic  
thrill, without the conviction that a  
"National" school of composition is a  
crying necessity. And it is pleasant  
music to hear; much of it is frankly  
pretty or gay; there are pages of gor-  
geous orchestration; and there are, as  
in all of Dvorak's later works, pages  
that are nothing but swollen salon  
music, of the same order as "Falling  
Leaves," "Twilight Thoughts," "Moon-  
light on the Hudson," etc.

But ballet music from Goldmark's  
"Merlin" had not been played in Bos-  
ton. We have got along comfortably  
without it. It is not to be named in the  
same breath with the sensuous ballet  
in Goldmark's "Queen of Sheba"; it is  
not impressive, or characteristic, or  
delirious, or charming. The melodic  
thought is cheap, and even the appear-  
ance of Wotan as the Wanderer in the  
enchanted garden does not console us.  
Mr. Gericke and the orchestra made  
as much of it as possible, but it was a  
case of love's labour lost.

And now the orchestra goes to  
favored cities, among others New York,  
where there is again talk, as we saw  
by yesterday's papers, of a "permanent  
orchestra." The visiting orchestra may  
well serve as a working model.

\*\*\*  
The program of the 12th concert, Jan.  
24—for there will be no concert this  
week—will include Arensky's overture to  
"Nail et Damañanti"; some Hungarian  
dances by Brahms; Mozart's "Jupiter"  
symphony. Mr. Mark Hambourg will  
be the pianist. He will play with the  
orchestra Liszt's concerto in E flat,  
No. 1.

## **TWO SYMPHONY CONCERT SEATS**

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dress N. C. F., Boston Transcript. [A]

## **F. F. 15, 16, REHEARSAL SEATS**

MAY BE BOUGHT FOR \$27 EACH by addressing  
B. E. R., Boston Transcript. (A)

# **THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.**

*Journal*  
**Mr. Schroeder Plays His 'Cello**  
**Concerto Masterfully.**

**The Piece de Resistance of the**  
**Evening—Dvorak's "New World"**  
**Symphony—The Novelty is an Ex-**  
**tract from Goldmark's Opera,**  
**"Merlin."**

Mr. Phillip Hale says rightly when he  
remarks in the programme-book that  
the time has come for Dvorak's "From  
the New World" symphony to cease from  
being the cause of polemics as to  
whether or not the composer meant to  
give it out as a derivative from indi-  
genous musical themes or as an expres-  
sion of his own notions about the rise,  
growth and present attitude of material  
and spiritual America as a unit among  
nations. "The subject, duly labelled and  
dated," his words are, "now rests on  
the shelf, and for some time it has not  
been taken down and dusted." One may  
now fancy that possibly Dvorak pre-  
faced his title as a simple greeting into  
a statement of the locus oviundi or place  
of origin. At any rate, the symphony  
must henceforth be regarded as neither  
ethnological, ethical nor historically sig-  
nificant, but as pure, abstract music.  
And as such it will long be retained in  
appreciative and affectionate memory as  
one of the best and dearest of its au-  
thor's works. It is bright with fancy,  
warm, tender and strong with feeling,  
quaint in figure, rhythm and accent, in-  
genious and apt in unusual forms and  
scales, delicate and deep in color, varied,  
rich and dainty in orchestration, and  
above all, sensible, hearty, sincere and  
truly human in declaration and appeal.  
It was perfectly played all through, and  
there was a particularly touching beau-  
ty in the rendering of the long, pensive  
romance for the English horn, which is  
the chief feature of the second move-  
ment.

Did everybody realize, while Mr.  
Schroeder was playing his solo, that  
one of the world's first cellists was dis-  
cussing that "most eloquent music"?  
Yet so it was, and Boston has reason  
to be glad that this artist has dwelt  
here so long, and has made his special  
individual contribution to every sym-  
phony season for a dozen years. The  
Saint Saens concerto in A minor, which  
he gave last night, and has performed  
once before, is favorable to player and  
hearer. It affords more opportunity for  
beauty than for strength, it flows on  
connectedly from theme to theme, and  
forms one modification of tempo to an-  
other, and it is compact and brief. The  
themes are melodious and are stated  
with only such reiteration as is neces-  
sary to fix them in the mind without  
that prolix development which confuses  
the layman and sets off the professional  
upon a course of criticism and argu-  
ment. Mr. Schroeder delivered it  
sweetly and songfully, but sonorously  
enough to fill the room, and was bril-  
liant, free and striking in the elaborate

133  
coda.  
There was one novelty for the concert  
—an excerpt from Goldmark's Arthurian  
opera of "Merlin." This was from a  
scene in which Merlin, lingering in his  
enchanted garden before his temple of  
magic, which Vivien has caused to be  
opened, beholds the dances and hears  
the choruses of his own troops of spirits,  
until his fair deceiver casts upon him  
one of his own spells, and garden, tem-  
ple, spirits, fair, faithless woman and

all vanish in an instant. The scene com-  
mences with great crashes, rolls and  
thrills of sound, from which emerge  
sensuous melodies for viola, flute and  
horn, crossed occasionally by other sud-  
den, vehement chords. The balladite  
character of the music, wherein much  
prominence is given to the harp, with  
keen arpeggios and long sweeps, now in-  
creases, and one can see how fit it is  
for a chief dancer's "solo and varia-  
tions" pas, especially when a long, clear  
theme for the clarinet is introduced.  
The music increases fast in vigor, pace  
and power, and then, with a few violent,  
roaring chords, it ends abruptly. The  
writing is seldom bold, but it has its  
author's elegance, finesse, grace and im-  
agination. The coloring is softly kalei-  
doscopic, and the atmosphere is languor-  
ous, but not drowsy.

The overture was standard—Schu-  
mann's "Genoveva," in which the suc-  
cessive illustrations of troubled, restless,  
violent, tranquilizing and triumphant  
conditions were duly brought out in the  
rendering.

The programme was nicely balanced  
and of judicious and agreeable length.  
The overture and concerto occupied only  
about 35 minutes and the concert extend-  
ed but a trifle beyond one hour and a  
half. This is the orchestra's absent  
week, but for the subsequent Friday and  
Saturday Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony  
has been chosen, together with some of  
Brahms' Hungarian dances. The intro-  
duction to Arensky's opera, "Nal und  
Damañanti" will have its first hearing,  
and there will be a soloist, to be an-  
nounced later.

At the next concerts, Jan. 23 and 24,  
Mark Hambourg, pianist, will play  
Liszt's concerto No. 1, in E flat.

## **TWO SYM. REHEARSAL SEATS**

For \$15.00 each, in first balcony, centre of Row G.  
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ist:

VON ROOY.





Photograph by Gessford & Van Brunt, New York.

MARK HAMBOURG.

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*Symphony Hall.*

SEASON 1902-03.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Mr. WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.

XII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 24, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

ARENSKY,

INTRODUCTION TO THE OPERA, "Nala and  
Damayanti."  
(First time.)

LISZT,

CONCERTO in E flat major, No. 1, for PIANOFORTE  
and ORCHESTRA.

BRAHMS,

"HUNGARIAN DANCES," Nos. 11, 12, 13, 14, 15.  
(Orchestrated by ALBERT PARLOW.)

MOZART,

SYMPHONY, in C major with Fugue-Finale,  
"Jupiter."  
I. Allegro vivace.  
II. Andante Cantabile.  
III. Menuetto: Allegretto. Trio.  
IV. Finale: Allegro molto.

Soloist:

Mr. MARK HAMBOURG.

The Pianoforte is a Knabe.





Photograph by Gessford & Van Brunt, New York.

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## MUSICAL MATTERS

### THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Introduction to the Opera, "Nala and Damayanti.".....Arensky  
(First time.)  
Concerto in E flat major, No. 1 for Piano-forte and Orchestra.....Liszt  
(Mark Hambourg, Soloist.)  
"Hungarian Dances," Nos. 11, 12, 13, 14, 15.....Brahms  
(Orchestrated by Albert Parlow).  
Symphony, in C major with Fugue-Finale.....Mozart

Russia and Hungary furnished the chief part of the programme at this concert. Arensky's East Indian overture deals with a plot that can be stated in very few words—a young prince loses his kingdom at dice and afterwards wins it back again by the same means; the moral of which appears to be that if you play dice you ought to study all the fine points of the game.

Arensky plunges into his subject with all the modern glow of orchestration; there are "Lohengrin prelude" violins even in the first measures and the Wagner school of ecstasy is omnipresent. The work is in good form, presenting three divisions clearly and ending as it began—as its hero dice-player did. But it possesses that which places the new Russians above the average of the German orchestral composers of the present, an abundance of good melody, a degree of tuneful beauty. It was a worthy work, pleasing, shapely, well-scored, and we should be glad to hear it again.

Now came the piano-pugilist, Mark Hambourg, who scintillated like that "shining mark" that is said to be beloved of fate. The Liszt concerto in E flat, rather a rhapsody than true concerto, suited the brilliant player perfectly, and he made the best impression that he has yet done in Boston. A shade more of the feminine might have been demanded in the gentler parts of the work, but as a whole it was impetuous, powerful and untrammelled, as Liszt intended it to be. What an iconoclast this terrible Liszt must have been a half-century ago! A concerto with a triangle obligato out of all classical form, full of wild Magyar freedom, must have set the teeth of the conservatives on edge. And Liszt today might be a model to the modern composers in orchestral work, for he does not present ugliness even in his most frenetic moments, possibly because he was cradled in the beautiful Hungarian folk-song.

Even his disciples were a little aghast at the freedom of the work at first, and some asked of him the meaning of the

seven-noted figure that forms the chief motive of the work. "Das versteh't ihr alle nicht," sang back the master, to his own music.

Mr. Hambourg was recalled over and over and certainly deserved the ovation, for soloist, orchestra and conductor all united in giving a most exciting interpretation of a work which demanded the abandon it received.

Brahms' Hungarian dances sounded tame by comparison. Liszt would have done much better with the topic. Indeed he has done so, for the last number of the set, No. 15, has been used by him as a Friska in one of his Hungarian rhapsodies, and has been orchestrated also, and sounds ten times as brilliant as the sedate scoring that Parlow has given to Brahms' piano works. The melodies are not by Brahms; Remenyi, the Hungarian violinist, has often bitterly complained to the present writer of the injustice done to one of his own tunes by its being thus incorporated in Brahms' works, but as a matter of fact Brahms only claimed the arrangement of these themes.

Because Swinburne, De Musset and Hugo exist shall we abolish Corneille, Racine and Wordsworth? Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony no longer presents anything akin to "the immortal Jove's dread clamours" to the modern ear, but it is pleasant to listen to nevertheless. The first movement scarcely seems to rival the entirely charming Allegro of the G minor symphony (written at the same time by Mozart) but the finale is not to be crowded out of the latter-day concert repertoire, even by the spiciest finales of Berlioz. The work was lovingly read by Mr. Gericke, and the interest of the audience held unabated to the last notes.

At the next concert Mr. Adamowski is to appear as soloist with a "Pibroch" by Mackenzie, which bit of Scottish music will have its first American hearing on that occasion. Louis C. Elson.

## THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

### Novelty a Lively Overture by the Russian, Arensky.

Another Russian, Max Hambourg, is the Soloist in a Liszt Concerto—A Work That Is Fitful, Erratic, and Played with an Almost Tartar Violence.

The chief impression left on the general mind at the 12th Symphony concert by Mr. Max Hambourg's delivery of Liszt's first pianoforte concerto must have been admiration for the magnificent workmanship and indomitable strength of the instrument upon which he performed and amazement tempered with regret that any man could play so loud for so long a time. The concerto—which was originally known and scorned in Vienna as the "triangle" concerto, because of the tinklings which tap the accent and rhythm of the scherzo—has its beauties; but being an early essay of its author in that genus of composition, it is fitful, erratic and not without turpitude and turbulence. It has possibilities for suavity and grace; but Mr. Hambourg played it all with a rush and a roar. If one may be permitted to say so, a Tartar violence, barbaric and relentless, seems to lie close below the surface of Mr. Hambourg's sturdy and honest Russian determination. Yet with what noble splendor and almost majestic fulness he might illuminate and permeate truly grand and sublime music, if he only would! He has great qualities, which never show more luminously than when he occasionally uses his giant strength with other than a giant's disposition. His apparently exhaustless physical and nervous strength and technical resources are not his only characteristics. At its loudest, his tone is round, rich and smoothly massive; when his execution seems most reckless and extravagant, he is still accurate, firm and definite; his biggest volume and his fiercest sweep are yet resolute and controlled; his mind is justly perceptive and his pronouncements are logical and, within the lines of his violent exertion and excessive effect, proportionate. But there is overmuch of everything and almost never a moment for relaxation, rest or refreshment. His personal equation might well be equal to an almost Olympian place among pianists; but it would be first necessary for him to realize that Jove did not always speak in thunder and cast crashing bolts, but could woo with soft, velvety, bovine eyes or fascinate and dazzle in glittering flakes or filmy gold.

The Brahms dances, charmingly and elastically played, were very welcome, and relieved the strain imposed by the concerto. The choice fell ultimately upon those of the third book, numbers 11 to 15, inclusive, as orchestrated by Alfred Parlow. The formalist, logician and scholiast here disappear and Brahms comes as a genial, good fellow, not able, indeed, quite to conceal his

skilled learning, bringing persuasive pages of delicate and sinuous grace, sweetly sensuous melody, rich and kindly harmonies and hearty, happy spirit. Some are more free and facile than others, but all invite and encourage the hearer to "foot it feathily" as he passes. The fundamental themes, by the way, were only selected and not written by Brahms, although it was his touch that gave them their permanent value.

The Mozart "Jupiter" symphony gave its usual deep and true delight, and presented its forms of beauty and nobility. Whatever may have been the cause of that appellation, the composer's genius here soared to the empyrean and won its right to rest upon the attributes of victory over material and moral hardships, trials and woes. This music softens, sweetens and strengthens by its own influence, and it elevates and encourages by what it implies of devotion to ideals and high aims.

The new overture was delightful and sympathetic. Only during a few moments has it apparently anything to say of adverse fortune, suffering, harsh condition or conflict. It is built principally upon a very lovely and appealing melody, always tenderly voiced and gaining influence, if not actual force, at each return, as if to delineate the enduring beauty of soft, clinging, faithful affection and gentleness.

The orchestra played beautifully all the numbers through, the programme was delightfully brief, and Mr. Hambourg had hearty, but not extreme, applause.

The next programme is thus given out: Overture, "A Night in Carlstein".....Fibich  
(First time.)

Concerto for violin.....Mackenzie  
Andante cantabile.....Beethoven  
Suite No. 3.....Tschalkowsky  
Soloist, Mr. T. Adamowski.

## MUSICAL TOPICS.

Mark Hambourg Plays With Symphony Orchestra.

Concert Tonight for Benefit of Harvard Germanic Museum.

"Paradise Lost" and "Hiawatha" Coming Choral Offerings.

The 12th Symphony program had for soloist Mr. Mark Hambourg, who was heard in the Liszt piano concerto in E flat major. The concerto opened with the introduction to Anton Arensky's opera, "Nala and Damayanti," played for the first time here, and the other selections were a group of five Hungarian dances by Brahms and Mozart's



"Jupiter" symphony. The program, which was varied enough to suit all tastes, was of just the proper length, one hour and a half. Mr. Hambourg is a familiar figure to local concert patrons, and his style of playing has evoked much discussion, his exhibitions of physical power in particular calling forth many criticisms, favorable and otherwise. His technical skill is wonderful, even in this age of development, and if at times he becomes less the interpreter than he should his performances are so virile and inspiring that his brilliant work is enjoyable even to the auditor who is not entirely in accord with the interpretation.

The concerto was played at lightning speed at times, the finale, with its sweeping chords and double octave runs, being fairly pyrotechnical in its vigor and dash, and in the elaborate figurations of the second theme Hambourg's fingers fairly flew over the keyboard, yet but few phrases were indistinct and those in the fortissimo passages, the usual places. The tinkling scherzo formed a pleasing contrast to the more vigorous parts of the work, and here the performer showed the beautiful quality of his touch in a clarity of tone and crispness of staccato that was thoroughly delightful. The orchestra performed its part well, despite the terrific pace which the soloist set at intervals. Mr. Hambourg's welcome was very cordial.

The overture to Arensky's opera is a dainty, mystical work, with "magic spells" woven in musical form and accompanying pastoral suggestiveness running through the whole score. The composition is rather peculiar in form, the themes being fragmentary and rapidly changed to the different contingents of the orchestra, and the piano is introduced as part of the instrumental body. Aside from it being a pleasing bit of music it calls for no special mention. The score presented no difficulties that Mr. Gericke's players could not easily compass.

The five Hungarian dances by Brahms, scored for orchestra by Albert Parlow, were given with splendid effect, the various characteristics of each number being set forth in the happiest manner. The Mozart symphony, which closed the program, received a magnificent interpretation.

This week's program will have for soloist Mr. T. Adamowski, who will play a violin concerto by Mackenzie. The orchestral selections will be the overture, "A Night in Carlstein," Fibich; "Andante Cantabile," Beethoven, and Tschalkowsky's suite No. 3.

## SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA; ITS TWELFTH CONCERT

Anton Arensky's "Nala and Damayanti" Overture.

MARK HAMBOURG PIANIST

A Dashing Performance of Liszt's  
Brilliant and Defiant Concerto in E Flat.

By PHILIP HALE.

The program of the twelfth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Symphony Hall last night, Mr. Gericke, conductor, was as follows:

Overture to "Nala and Damayanti"..... Arensky  
Concerto in E flat No. 1, for piano..... Liszt  
Hungarian Dances 11, 12, 13, 14, 15..... Brahms-Parlow  
"Jupiter" symphony..... Mozart

### An Orthodox Russian.

Arensky is known here chiefly by his trio and his piano concerto, although certain small pieces for the piano were introduced by Mr. Siloti and have been played since by others. The overture performed last night for the first time in Boston is for an opera founded on the legend of King Nala, the passionate dicer, who incurred the hatred of a god and thereby lost his kingdom and all that he had, save his wife Damayanti, at a game of chance. The legend is an episode of the Mahabharata. After separation and other trials and tribulations the king won back his possessions and found his wife. The overture is short, simple and pretty. Pretty is the word, for there is no marked emotional quality in the music, but there is melodic grace and there is harmonic sweetness of a conventional and salon nature. We are accustomed to characterize certain harmonic progressions and contours of melody as oriental, and the good-natured hearer will find the East in this overture; but we are far from orientalism as understood by Borodin, Rimsky-Korsakoff and the ultra-moderns; for Arensky is not of their school, and is not conspicuous for originality. Nevertheless, this overture is pleasant and soothing to the ear, and

it is a good thing to be familiar with it occasionally.

Mr. Mark Hambourg.

The young Russian pianist was fortunate in his choice of concerto, and appreciated the characteristic qualities of the music. It is hard for us to realize in these revolutionary days, when Richard Strauss and Claude Debussy, each in his way, are striking out new paths, the defiant note of Liszt's first concerto, which was as a glove thrown in the face of the conventionalism of the fifties. This music was not only considered as reckless; it was thought blasphemous. Sermons were preached against it, and the triangle was held to be a true instance of Satan in music, and it thus took the place of the tritone. Mr. Hambourg played the concerto with amazing fire and brilliance; the arabesques were treated with elegance; the song was sung, not declaimed. The performance was a fine one from every point of view. I have had occasion before this to deplore Mr. Hambourg's extravagances in force and speed. It is a pleasure to say that his playing last night was that of a master. No wonder that the audience was aroused to enthusiasm.

### Brahms's Dances.

It is a good thing to relieve programs by the introduction of light and agreeable pieces. Brahms wrote Hungarian dances for the piano for four hands; that is to say he arranged dance-tunes by Hungarian composers and put the Gipsy Muse in a corset. Then he scored three of the dances for orchestra; and Parlow and Dvorak scored others of the set. If we are to have such dances in symphony concerts, why are we not also permitted to hear Chabrier's Espana, a veritable masterpiece? Or the Coppella or Sylvia suite of Delibes; or one of the fascinating ballet suites of Tschalkowsky? They have not suffered in beauty or charm by performance at popular concerts. These dances of Brahms were scored by a hand-master, and have been played in beer-halls. Second-rate music by Brahms and Company is not better on account of the sacred name of Johannes than first-class music by Frenchmen or Russians.

It was a pleasure to hear the orchestra again after its triumphs in other cities. Mr. Gericke conducted with his usual authority, although his right arm, strained during the trip, is not yet in wholly normal condition, and he was obliged to direct for the most part with his left.

## DISCLOSURES REGARDING THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Boston, Mass., January 16, 1903.

Editor of The Musical Courier:

YOUR issue of December 10 contains an editorial entitled "Permanent Orchestra," in the course of which you make the following statement:

"At the same time we are suffering from this want of a permanent orchestra, and it cannot be permanent under its charter, because its must make their living outside, playing in theatre orchestras, balls, parties, restaurants, receptions, weddings, &c. Members of permanent orchestras are not allowed to do this because it interferes with their bowing and with their work, &c."

My statement should not be allowed to remain uncorrected, as here in Boston the members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra are allowed to do just the same as above mentioned, although by the terms of their charter it can be prevented at any time by Mr.

This great organization, of which Boston is the headquarters, has proved in some ways to be not an unmixed blessing; the tendency has been to create almost a monopoly, the facts being that while the series of symphony concerts are eminently successful, other musical enterprises are doomed to financial failure and opera does not pay, and recitals by the finest artists, with very few exceptions, do not bring audience. Then, again, the constant importation of foreign musicians, which has now been going on for fifteen years, has given us a body of some who, under present conditions, compete with the best, some of whom were formerly in the forefront of all kinds of orchestral business, and the result is that the salaries of orchestral musicians, instead of what they should, in this day of high prices for musical talent, have come down about 25 per cent. from what they were twenty years ago in some classes of orchestras, and in no case has there been any increase except when paid by Mr. Higginson himself to the Boston Symphony Orchestra. It can be truly stated that the cost of sending abroad for artists so extensively has been justified by the results obtained in the long run. That some artists of the highest rank have been imported whose talent has justified their being imported, as in the case of Mole, Pourtoun and Longy. Others have been imported who were no better than could have been had right here in New York, while in a few cases the men imported (with such a flourish of trumpets) have been of the



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Jupiter symphony. The program, which was varied enough to suit all tastes, was of just the proper length, one hour and a half. Mr. Hambourg is a familiar figure to local concert patrons, and his style of playing has evoked much discussion, his exhibitions of physical power in particular calling forth many criticisms, favorable and otherwise. His technical skill is wonderful, even in this age of development, and if at times he becomes less the interpreter than he should his performances are so virile and inspiring that his brilliant work is enjoyable even to the auditor who is not entirely in accord with the interpretation.

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The above statement should not be allowed to remain uncontradicted, as here in Boston the members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra are allowed to do just the cheap business above mentioned, although by the terms of their contract it can be prevented at any time by Mr. Higginson. This great organization, of which Boston is so proud, has proved in some ways to be not an unmixed blessing, as the tendency has been to create almost a musical monopoly, the facts being that while the series of Boston Symphony concerts are eminently successful, almost all other musical enterprises are doomed to financial failure. Grand opera does not pay, and recitals by the most renowned artists, with very few exceptions, do not draw a paying audience. Then, again, the constant importation of foreign musicians, which has now been going on for nineteen years, has given us a body of some eighty men who, under present conditions, compete with the local men, some of whom were formerly in the orchestra, for all kinds of orchestral business, and the result is that the salaries of orchestral musicians, instead of going up, as they should, in this day of high prices for food, coal, &c., have come down about 25 per cent. from what they were twenty years ago in some classes of orchestra work, and in no case has there been any increase of salaries except when paid by Mr. Higginson himself in the Symphony Orchestra. It can be truly stated that the policy of sending abroad for artists so extensively has not been justified by the results obtained in the long run. It is true that some artists of the highest rank have been secured whose talent has justified their being imported, viz., Sautet, Mole, Pourtoun and Longy. Others have proved to be no better than could have been had right in Boston or New York, while in a few cases the men imported (with such a flourish of trumpets) have been of the



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most ordinary calibre, and had they been local men would not have been allowed to play ten days in the orchestra. Yet rather than admit that a mistake has been made, those same men are allowed to stay in the orchestra, and, in some cases, to draw the highest salaries. It is reported that Mr. Higginson, in his annual address to the orchestra last May, devoted a part of his remarks to congratulating the orchestra that they now, after many years of trial, thanks to the talented "Frenchmen" he had imported, had a woodwind section on a par with the fine body of strings. Mr. Higginson cannot be a fine judge of the "woodwind" or he would know that at the present time, outside of M. Longy, the truly eminent oboe of the orchestra, there are no players there of the highest rank, and in one case the imported artist is a player of the most ordinary ability.

It is surely strange that Mr. Higginson, patriotic citizen as he is in all other respects, should allow his great orchestra to be managed in such an unpatriotic manner. Strange it is that if his artists have no sense of the dignity of their position as members of the great Boston Symphony Orchestra, and are willing to accept engagements at Keith's Theatre at a low salary, and to appear sandwiched in between a lot of trained animals and acrobatic acts, and also at theatres, restaurants and balls, he does not put a stop to such work, as by their contracts he has a right to do. Surely the outlook is discouraging enough already to a local musician when he sees the orchestra being filled up each year by more and more new men from abroad, who draw the highest salaries for the least work, not to have these same men in many cases proceed to compete with the local men for all classes of orchestral work in Boston and vicinity. At the present time no summer hotel, from Maine to Rhode Island, is satisfied unless they can advertise "music by Boston Symphony players," even if there is only one member of the Symphony who plays, the rest being picked up here and there. The public are not supposed to know the difference. Another thing has been commented on the past season, viz., the influence being used by "society ladies" to get their protégés admitted to the orchestra. The admission of two members is said to be brought about by the above "society" influence, the rumor being all the more credited, as the abilities of the players alone would hardly entitle them to the distinction of membership in such an orchestra. It is certainly a laughable state of affairs when one sees the name "Symphony Orchestra" a dozen times a week in the daily papers as playing for "Mrs. Mears' reception," or "Madame Wiggins' ball," or at "Miss Harmony's wedding," or at "the hop at the Ocean House," or at Hotel Preston. To "cap the climax" we read that "Symphony men will play each evening at the Hotel Somerset" and "The Lenox."

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SUBSCRIBER.

## MUSIC AND DRAMA

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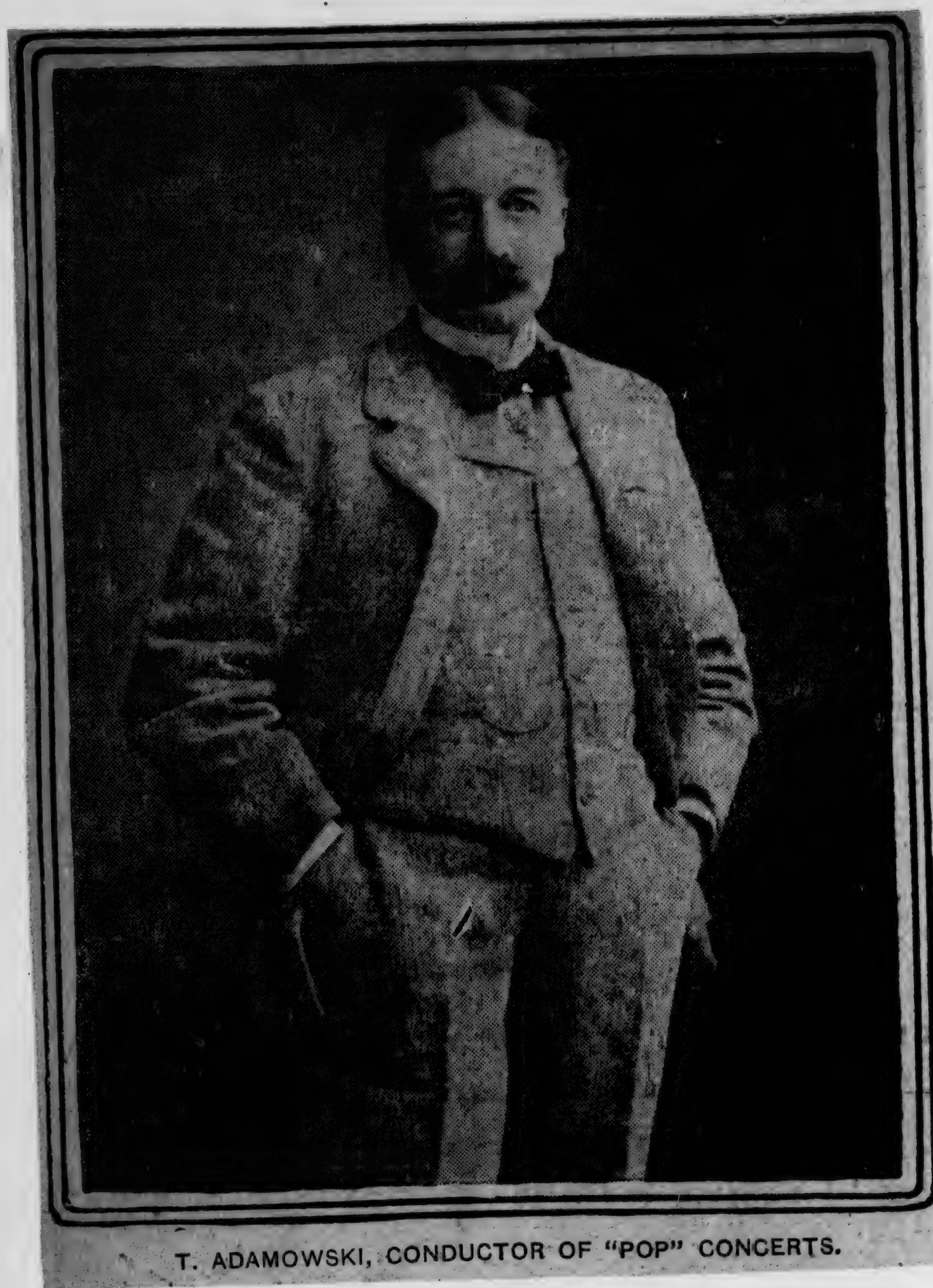
genuine, old-fashioned pianoforte virtuoso restored one's confidence in the power of a musical performance to arouse one to the shouting point of enthusiasm; it was like a glass of champagne after many cups of luke-warm tea. On sundry earlier occasions Mr. Hambourg has clearly proved his possession of a vast technique, but, in this city at least, he has not often shown much else. Saturday night, however, his technique was displayed only in so far as it enabled him to offer a performance of the Liszt concerto magnificent in whole and in detail. To speak first of details, there was toward the end of the slow episode one of the loveliest, evenest and most subtly shaded trills ever heard in Boston. The scherzo was exquisite in its delicate lightness. There was beautiful cantilena, cantilena that floated and flowed; it never jerked and halted. The ornamental arabesques were enchanting to listen to, for with them Mr. Hambourg did not try to smother the sound of the orchestra. On the other hand, however, he did, by big, dramatic playing, make many passages significant that usually sound meaningless, at the most, pompous. And the whole performance was alive with a personal magnetism that made even an ordinary scale passage electrifying. From the impressive delivery of the first theme till the thundering chords at the close of the concerto, Mr. Hambourg held his audience fast. There was no rustling of programme books, no peering about to see who had stopped at home tonight. At the end there was frantic applause, amid which Mr. Hambourg was recalled five times. After this wild, abandoned exhibition of Tartar passion, how funny the Brahms pieces did sound.

Another pleasant feature of the concert was the Arensky overture. This music sounded like Mendelssohn up to date, charmingly melodious, beautifully orchestrated, and, unlike Mendelssohn, with a hint of the Valkyries, Wotan's daughters, on one of their wild rides. It was thoroughly agreeable to listen to; there was not too much of it, and it was admirably played.

Of a Mozart composition at a modern symphony concert it is useless to speak. In our large halls the score sounds both thin and harsh, and the music, unfortunately, is so easy of execution that the orchestra will be at no pains to play it well. Such, at all events, was the case with the first movement of the symphony Saturday evening.

At this week's concert, Mr. Timothée Adamowski will be the soloist. This is the programme: Fabich, overture, "A Night in Carlstein" (first time); Mackenzie, concerto for violin; Beethoven, Andante Cantabile; Tchaikowsky, Suite No. 3. R. R. G.





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## *Symphony Hall.*

SEASON 1902-03.

# BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Mr. WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.

## XIII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 31, AT 8, P. M.

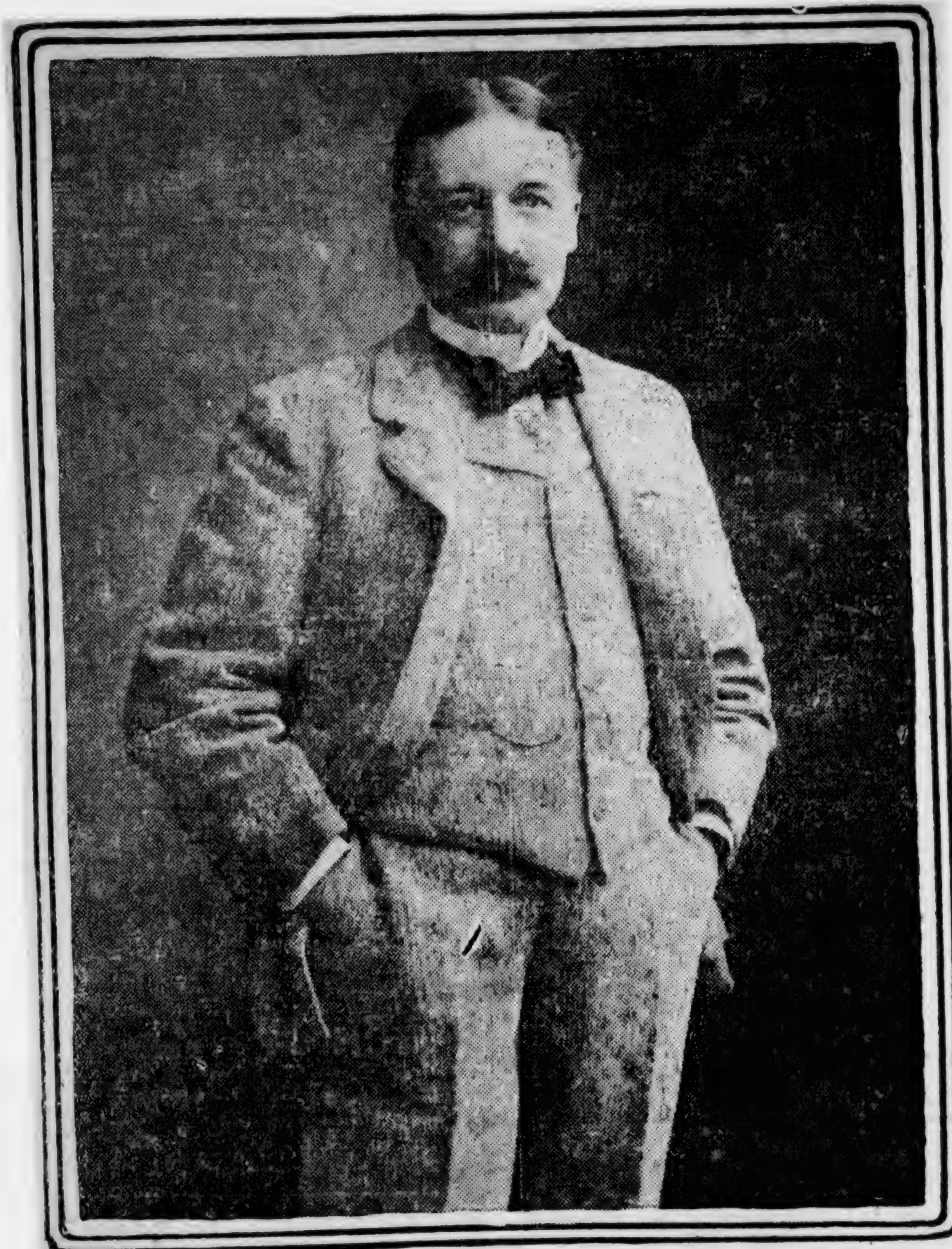
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| MACKENZIE,    | SUITE for VIOLIN and ORCHESTRA, "Pibroch."<br>op. 42.<br>I. Rhapsody.<br>II. Caprice.<br>III. Dance.<br>(First time with Orchestra.)  |
| BEETHOVEN,    | ANDANTE CANTABILE from the PIANOFORTE<br>TRIO in B flat major, op. 97.<br>(Orchestrated by LISZT).                                    |
| TSCHAIKOWSKY, | SUITE No. 3, in G major, op. 55.<br>I. Elegie.<br>II. Valse mélancholique.<br>III. Scherzo, molto vivace.<br>IV. Tema con variazioni. |

### Soloist:

Mr. T. ADAMOWSKI.





T. ADAMOWSKI, CONDUCTOR OF "POP" CONCERTS.

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## SCOTCH AND BOHEMIAN UNFAMILIAR PIECES

Played at the Thirteenth Symphony  
Concert of Last Night.

### FIBICH'S COMEDY OVERTURE

Mackenzie's "Pibroch" Suite for  
Violin as Performed by Mr.  
Timothee Adamowski.

By PHILIP HALE.

The thirteenth Symphony concert, Mr. Gericke, conductor, began with a performance of Fibich's overture to "A Night at Karlstein," which was played here for the first time. The overture was written as a prelude to Vrchlicky's historical comedy. The subject of this dramatic piece is the command of Charles IV., King of the Romans, that nothing feminine should enter into his castle Karlstein. His wife Elizabeth, his fourth wife by the way, loved him passionately, was wildly jealous of him, and found a way to disobey his order.

#### Zdenko Fibich's Music.

Fibich, an extraordinarily fertile composer, a very rabbit, is here hardly a name, yet a quartet by him was played in New York at least a dozen years ago, and he is known in Western cities by orchestral as well as chamber music. He studied diligently at Leipsic and Mannheim and was evidently influenced by Mendelssohn and Schumann. This overture is hardly a comedy overture; it seems more adapted to some special function, as the dedication of a theatre; for what in the world has the swollen apotheosis or the final pomp to do with a comedy? To be sure there is the prelude to "The Mastersingers," to which the objection of incongruity might be made if we were unacquainted with the character of Wagner's comedy. Here, the resemblance ceases. Fibich's overture is an honest work, sonorous at times, conventionally made for the most part, and without any evidences of marked individuality. The themes are of slight importance, in fact, rather ordinary, and they are thin supports for the developed structure raised upon them. What is especially missed

is the national Czech flavor, which is unmistakable in Smetana's music and also in the best and most characteristic pieces of Dvorak. This overture is the work of a German conservatory pupil, well grounded in routine.

#### Mackenzie's "Pibroch."

Mr. Timothee Adamowski played Mackenzie's "Pibroch," a violin suite written for Sarasate, and introduced by that great violinist in this country in 1889. Sarasate played it in Boston with piano accompaniment in 1890. Sir Alexander is a Scot and the son of a Scot, and he surely ought to know how a pibroch sounds. Perhaps his suite would be more effective if it had been written for the great Highland Bagpipe and played by some formidable MacCrimmon or Donald in a kilt. Last night there was little suggestion of the piper, and on the other hand it was hard to be enthusiastic over the work as a violin suite. The first movement, a Rhapsody, might go; it is by far the most romantic and imaginative portion of the work, but Mr. Adamowski, although he has many admirable qualities as a violinist, is hardly the man for such music. The Rhapsody demanded a player of commanding authority; the hearer must be compelled into admiration, ready to accept any flourish as wildly or heroically Scottish, but Mr. Adamowski, when his performance is best, is seductive rather than authoritative; he charms but is not heroic. And it must be said that last night he was not wholly in the vein as a performer, for his intonation was not flawless, and the difficulties of the piece were at times too apparent. The second movement is a series of variations, and in this Caprice Mr. Adamowski was more successful in song passages than in bravura. The Finale of the work is a dance, and a heavy one. The Suite is by no means an inspired composition, and there is a smell of the factory about it, rather than the perfume of the heather, or even the odor of Glenlivet. The player was recalled and a wreath was handed to him.

#### Tschaikowsky's Third Suite.

Liszt's transcription of the Andante Cantabile from Beethoven's B flat piano trio was followed by Tschaikowsky's suite No. 3, which has not been heard here for some years. It is not one of his strongest works, yet it contains eminently characteristic passages. When Mr. Nikisch brought it out (it was in 1891), it seemed to me that the melancholy waltz and the scherzo were the inferior movements of the suite. Last night they were by far the most impressive. The opening elegy is amiable flowing music, and some of it might be called pretty;



but with the exception of one crescendo, there is little to take it out of the salon. But the Valse that once seemed forced and deliberately singular, now sounds as the natural speech of Tschalkowsky, speech that drips with a melancholy known to him alone, a sadness that is intensely human, yes, apimal. No one but Tschalkowsky could have imagined this rhythmic, yet halting wail, no one but he could have found the fitting musical language for such emotions. And in the trio of the Scherzo there is the thought, the germ of much of the scherzo of the Pathetic symphony. This, too, is peculiarly Tschalkowskian.

#### The Hour for Variations.

The finale is a theme with variations, and it may be said that no variations should be heard after 9 o'clock when the concert begins at 8 P. M. However, ingenious any variations may be, they are for earlier attention. Some of Tschalkowsky's are ingenious and interesting; nor do I see why any one with a sense of humor should object to the blare and roar of the Polonaise. There is a certain inherent vulgarity in every festival occasion, even in a Coronation, and the circus is not always in the tent. Furthermore, the vulgarity of Tschalkowsky is wholesome; it is like the smell of a fresh clod with its suggestion of the inevitable end and the awaiting earth; for in Tschalkowsky's vulgarity—and nearly all if not all the truly great have a touch of what the genteel and the finical call vulgarity—there is also some memento mori.

### THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

#### Yesterday's Programme Remarkable in Its Way.

**Its Main Number an Overture, Fibich's "Night at Carlstein," a Work Well Worth Hearing—Mr. Adamowski Appears as Soloist in the "Pibroch" Suite.**

This was a Symphony concert without a symphony. But it was none the worse for that little informality. Indeed, the evening was delightful for the brevity, variety and general charm of its programme, which included one novelty and a solo number for a high personal and professional favorite.

The new overture, Fibich's "Night at Carlstein," proved to be worth hearing, and to imply something intelligible. Carlstein, it appears, is a castle on a rock in a valley about a score of miles from Prague. Its name—"Charles Stone"—indicates that a King Charles of the 14th century built it as a strong-

hold and a retreat, adorning it richly and keeping the Bohemian crown in its chapel. This overture, as the programme-book has discovered, is the prologue to a comedy which Vrehlicky (who shall dare to try speaking his name?) wrote about a trait and an episode attaching to the aforesaid Charles. This monarch was as exclusive in his views about women as the management of the Favalstock Hotel, in Covent Garden, London, and the "eternal feminine" was forbidden to pass his threshold. But his wife, who adored him and was desperately, but causelessly, jealous, found a way to evade his commands, as the play shows. The overture, which is as bright and entertaining as it is honest and lucid, need not be charged with story or significance, for as mere music it fills a dozen minutes genially and joyously. It has, however, two phases and two moods, which may be assumed to typify the matrimonial antithesis. It begins andante with horn calls and short, decided, but not dogmatic, phrases for the brass, wherein the horn quality, predominates, and after this a quick, light, and tricky movement is established with daintily coquettish turns and piquant figures. After some separate development of these, they are blended into a finale in which the horn figure maintains its character and strength, but accepts the entwining fancies of the strings. The overture was delicately, even poetically, played, and must have stirred a desire that Mr. Gericke should draw again from the vast stock of Fibich's compositions, 600 and more in number.

In the good old days of negro minstrelsy the violinist of a troupe was apt, after imitating a reluctant pump, a hard-winding clock and an assertive donkey, to show farcically how a bagpipe sounded out its quavers and drawls and drones. Many old-fashioned folk may have thought of this when they found that Mr. T. Adamowski was set down to play Mackenzie's so-called "Pibroch" suite for the violin, and wondered what might be coming next. But Sir Alexander had no such triviality in mind when he composed this suite a dozen years ago. Like a true Scotchman, he thought upon the glorious incidents of courage, patriotism, battle and death, in which the keen, high, potent and penetrating voice of the bagpipe had incited, encouraged, cheered and glorified—when its pibrochs had summoned, impelled and celebrated the victory or lamented the defeat of Highland men. So he wrote a rhapsody, a caprice and a dance in such forms and such moods as might suit with the spirit of the great bagpipe and fit with its possibilities until the limit of its scale was overrun. The suite, which Sarasate tried in some American cities in the winter of 1889-90, is a skilful and far from undignified piece of writing for the soloist, and is handsomely supported by orchestration in which the harp has thoughtful and appropriate importance.

Mr. Adamowski played it ingratiatingly and at times brilliantly. He retains the sweet, sentimental tone and persuasive phrasing of former years, but he has gained sturdiness, substantiality and depth of style, and blends these various elements to good effect. The suite was received with lively demonstrations of pleasure, and the player was recalled.

Next came Liszt's respectful and reasonable orchestral amplification of the andante cantabile from Beethoven's great B flat pianoforte trio, opus 97, and the concerto ended with Tschalkowsky's third suite, opus 55, in G major. The

composer found life grievous, bitter and perplexed, not only in what he felt and bore, but in what he saw and had to reflect upon. It was no wonder that pathos and tragedy are never long absent from his pages, and that his levity often seems forced and unnatural. He here begins directly with an elegy, which is pensive rather than gloomy, and flows on as if there were consolation in thinking that what one mourns has left behind some possession which could have come only from the now departed. The waltz which follows has, indeed, the true pulse, but it sways slowly with a suggestion of laughter sadder than tears and smiles more touching than sighs. The scherzo has some natural joy, and its character is that of the careless tarantella, all for the life of the passing instant. The fourth movement, with its dozen variations upon a simple melody, shows many changes of fancy, plan and instrumental treatment. It implies more deliberation and attention in plan and execution, demonstrates Tschalkowsky's almost peerless skill in such work, and ends with more animated and concentrated strength than is to be found elsewhere in the suite. The performance of this—and, indeed, of all the programme—was most meritorious for care, taste and proficiency, and was all the more commendable as some temporary disability of Mr. Gericke's right hand restricted his instructive use of his baton.

The next concert will have this programme:

Overture, "The Water-carrier".....Cherubini  
Aria from "Titus".....Mozart  
Tone poem, "Death and Transfiguration".....R. Strauss

Aria from "St. Paul".....Mendelssohn  
Symphony No. 3, "Rhenish".....Schumann  
Soloist, Mme. Schumann-Heink.

#### THE SYMPHONY PROGRAMME.

A New Name Appears, Introducing a Descriptive Overture.

A new name stands at the head of this week's Symphony programme. Zdenko Fibich, prominent among the younger Czech composers, was born at Sebor-schitz, Bohemia, in December, 1851, and early received careful and extended musical education at Prague and Leipzig in the schools, and had private training with Lachner. He was about 25 when he was appointed assistant kapellmeister to the National Theatre at Prague, and in that house he has produced several operas, one being based on Byron's "Don Juan," and a later one, called "Sarka," having made a notable success. He has also composed the music for a dramatic trilogy upon a Greek theme, several symphonic poems, much chamber and vocal music, together with several orchestras, one of which, "A Night on Karlstein," has been chosen for this week by Mr. Gericke. The title sounds promising.

Attention is just now called to Sir Alexander Mackenzie, the English composer, by the fact that at this week's Broadwood concert, in London, Miss Ethel Wood was to give the first performance of his new work, "A Reverie of the East." It is a violin concerto of him which Mr. T. Adamowski will use for the solo number of the present programme, and it is safe to presume—a printed copy being inaccessible—that he would not have chosen it unless it had beauty, strength and sentiment.

There will be played the Liszt orches-

tral arrangement of the andante in Beethoven's trio in D, opus 97, prepared for a centenary performance at Weimar in May, 1870, and brought out in Boston a dozen years later at a Philharmonic concert.

The other number will be the richly and beautifully wrought third suite of Tschalkowsky, which has been known and enjoyed in Boston since Mr. Nikisch presented it a dozen years ago. It is not, as will be remembered, a set of mere dance pieces, as suites so often are, but a sequence of four numbers, pensive or joyous in fancy, elegant and various in form, fluctuating but never trivial in feeling, and expository of the composer's best talent, learning and proficiency. The first movement is an elegy, moving gently, although it is in rondo form, and characterized by two sweet themes, the first a 6-8 andante in G, and the second a 2-4 air marked to be read with great expression. A waltz, with a fine contrast of minor and major, comes next, and then a most vivacious scherzo, which speaks rather of bonhomie than levity. The last movement is a clear and attractive theme, developed into a dozen variations, wherein the composer shows himself as wise and systematic as Brahms and as variously opulent in tone color and fanciful devices as any of the professors of ornamental orchestration. Among these variations are one which breaks into a tarantella, one that takes on the gravity of a chorale, one that becomes a folksong, another that is taken for its own by a solo violin, and a finale that is a dashing polacca.

### MUSIC AND DRAMA

#### Symphony Hall: Symphony Concert

Mr. Timothée Adamowski played at the Symphony concert Saturday evening, the thirteenth of the season. This was the programme:

Fibich: Overture in F major to Vrehlicky's Comedy, "A Night at Karlstein," op. 26. (First time.)  
Mackenzie: Suite for Violin and Orchestra, "Pibroch," op. 42. (First time with orchestra.)  
Beethoven: Andante Cantabile from the Pianoforte Trio in B-flat major, op. 97. (Orchestrated by Liszt.)  
Tschalkowsky: Suite No. 3, in G major, op. 55.

On Saturday Mr. Adamowski made his seventeenth appearance here as soloist with the Symphony Orchestra, on six of which occasions he has brought to hearing some work heretofore unknown in Boston. His choice for Saturday fell on Sir Alexander Campbell Mackenzie's "Pibroch" suite for violin and orchestra, a composition that might well be termed a "novelty," since it had been played, by Sarasate, only with pianoforte accompaniment. The first movement seemed far the strongest of the three. A rhapsody, it made a strong romantic appeal to the imagination, and was successful in creating an atmosphere of its own, which was dispelled by the marked inferiority of the following movements. To play a pibroch as we conceive it, Mr. Adamowski has not the heroic, warrior-like temperament. On the excellent authority, however, of Robert Louis Stevenson's David Balfour, we have it that pibrochs are not always martial. For the romantic, the poetical, the tender side of Scottish music



Mr. Adamowski has precisely the fitting qualities. In the course of the suite he did some very beautiful playing, charming greatly by the sweetness of his tone and the lovely turn of his phrases. At the end he was recalled several times and given a wreath of laurel.

There was another new work to be heard—an overture, "A Night at Karlstein," by the busy Fibich of Prague. As the programme-book has it, "the overture is frankly, clearly written, and it requires no long analysis." The andante from Beethoven's trio, also, with Liszt's fine trappings, needs few words. A slow movement from any one of the nine symphonies would have been preferable.

By far the most interesting number on the programme was the Tchaikovsky suite; at last there was something to listen to seriously. After a delightful "Elégie," a series of lovely melodies most happily scored, all pulsating with a gentle melancholy, came what Tchaikovsky called a waltz. Here the composer whined and snivelled in as dismal frame of mind as when he penned the Pathetic symphony—how different a mood, by the way, from that of the Brahms horn trio, likewise a gloomy work. The scherzo also suggested the Pathetic symphony. It was devilish—all rhythm, rhythm, no melody, no harmony, but a rhythm to drive one mad. This over-application of the principle "in the beginning God made rhythm" left one in a propitious mood for enjoying anything that might follow, far more the charming theme, with its cleverly written variations, ending with a rousing polonaise. Tchaikovsky was as good at a polonaise (calling to witness this one and that in "Eugen Onegin") as he was bad at a waltz.

All the evening the orchestra did remarkably brilliant playing, finally sweeping through the polonaise with an abandon that was electrifying.

Next Saturday evening we are to have Mme. Schumann-Heink to sing. Here is the programme: Cherubini, Overture, "The Water-Carrier"; Mozart, Aria from "Titus"; R. Strauss, Tone Poem, "Death and Transfiguration"; Mendelssohn, Aria from "St. Paul"; Schumann, Symphony No. 3, "Rhenish."

R. R. G.

#### SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The 13th Symphony program last week was without a symphony, the selections being an overture by Zdenko Fibich, MacKenzie's "Pibroch," suite for violin and orchestra, Liszt's orchestration of Beethoven's andante cantabile in B flat major from the piano trio and Tchaikovsky's suite in G major. Mr. Timothee Adamowski was the violin soloist. The Fibich and MacKenzie numbers were given for the first times at these concerts. The three movements of the MacKenzie suite are illustrations of the old bagpipe music in different forms, thoroughly Scottish in character, with the peculiar droning bass accompaniment usually heard in "pibroch" pieces. The second part is a series of variations on an old melody, with a contrasting tune to form the "caprice," and the dance theme of the finale is founded

upon a once familiar Scottish air.

Mr. Adamowski apparently enjoyed playing the suite and certainly his auditors were pleased if the reception and applause bestowed upon the violinist be criterions. The form of the suite is free and of a quaint and jovial overtone and the style, in imitation of the bagpipe, is so peculiar in its rhythms and tonal contrasts that the listener is liable to consider the composition from its humorous side rather than the artistic. Mr. Adamowski, it seemed, began his work rather timidly, but soon this defect wore away and in the latter part of the first movement until the finale of the suite was reached his bowing was broad, vigorous and of a beautiful quality.

The difficult chord passages in the "Dance" were as harmonious as one could expect to hear, and the octave "jumps" were accomplished deftly and without deflection in pitch. The odd variations, largely staccato, were played brilliantly, and possibly the "Caprice" showed Mr. Adamowski's abilities in more favorable light than did the other movements, for its technical skill was displayed in a manner to win him a demonstrative recognition of appreciation, thoroughly deserved. At the close of his performance the popular artist was called many times to bow his acknowledgments.

The orchestral part of the "Pibroch" suite went very well, though calling for no special mention, the score not being very difficult and the solo violin part being the chief feature. The overture by Fibich is pleasing in character, of a romantic cast, and with some admirable measures allotted to the bass contingent, which body performed its part sonorously and in good tone.

The flowing rhythms of the Beethoven andante cantabile were given with exquisite effect by Mr. Gericke's forces, the work by the strings being entitled to special commendation. The Tchaikowsky suite, as a whole, was the gem of the program, the last movement in particular showing the best qualities of the orchestra in complicated ensemble work of a brilliant nature.

The celebrated contralto, Mme. Schumann-Heink, will be the soloist this week in an aria from Mozart's "Titus" and a selection from Mendelssohn's "St. Paul." The orchestral selections will be the overture from Chevubini's "The Water Carrier," "Death and Transfiguration," a tone poem by R. Strauss, and Schumann's "Rhenish" symphony.

#### MUSICAL MATTERS

##### THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Fibich.....Overture, "A Night in Karlstein."  
(First time.)  
MacKenzie.....Pibroch for Violin.  
Mr. T. Adamowski, soloist.  
Beethoven.....Andante Cantabile.  
Tchaikowsky.....Suite No. 3

For once a concert without a symphony, although the suite was of symphonic proportions and earnestness. We found our old acquaintances, Wagner's Rhine-daughters, swimming around in Fibich's overture, and, per contra, we did not find anything essentially Bohemian in the work of this Bohemian composer. Richter and Jadassohn had evi-

dently transmuted the Czech metal into German silver. There was a fatal facility in the work, and one felt that the composer could have delivered the same sort of goods in any required quantity, if ordered. But, after all, talent is often more easily digested than genius, and there was something very pleasant in the cradling melodies, the expected climax and the many syncopations with which the overture was garnished.

Let us give all due credit to Mr. Adamowski for avoiding the too well-trodden path of the violin soloist and eschewing Beethoven, Brahms, Bruch and Mendelssohn and their familiar violin concertos. Nevertheless, we cannot thrill very much in response to Mackenzie's "Pibroch." How many composers have tried to expand the Scottish music into the classical forms and how few have succeeded! Beethoven, Franz and Schumann have essayed "lieder" which have been about as Gaelic as Rhine wine; Bruch has worked up "The Campbells Are Comin'" (in "Fair Ellen") into a most Teutonic climax, and has made a Scotch fantasie for violin and orchestra that is by no means Scottish; not only Mendelssohn, among the Germans, has succeeded in catching the true lilt of the beautiful music of the north.

One would imagine that Mackenzie would be to the manner born, that he would bring forth a Scotch pibroch that would excite and awaken Gaelic fervor. Alas and alack! he has run into the improvisational and rhapsodic school, which is entirely foreign to his nature, and the result is by no means suggestive of "chanters" and "drones." Ernest Newman recently said that it would be as possible to hatch a chicken out of a hard-boiled egg as a new school of music out of Mackenzie, and, judging by this work, the new school that must some day spring out of the glorious Scottish folk-song will not have this composer as its founder.

Mr. Adamowski played remarkably well; his passages in harmonics were admirably given in spite of enormous difficulties, and the brilliant pizzicati of the caprice were very effective. He was excellently supported upon the harp by Mr. Schuecker. We liked him least in the final dance which needed more fervor. He was handicapped by the character of the composition and would have been more at home in another school, but, even as it was, he made a decided success, and was recalled twice and given a floral tribute. But Tam Adam o'Skye! hoot mon! ye maun gle us the pibroch in kilts the next time!

The calm beauty of Beethoven's andante was finely brought out in the read-

ing of Mr. Gericke. And Liszt deserves great homage for the discreet and conservative scoring of the work; he has made no attempt to magnify the work unduly, but has given an orchestration that reminds of Beethoven rather than of any "arranger." Perhaps some day some one will do a similar orchestral service to that great symphony in piano disguise—the sonata in B flat, Op. 106. A special word of commendation ought to be spoken about the flute and bassoon, work in this andante.

Tschaikowsky's suite is an unequal work, but to some of its divisions the adjective "great" can be legitimately applied. We believe that Liszt and Tchaikowsky have not yet attained their due position in the musical Hall of Fame; both will yet grow in reputation.

Most impressive was the waltz which formed the second movement of the suite. Let not the word "waltz" deceive those who did not hear this composition; there was no "sound of revelry," no "light fantastic toe," in this movement; it was a waltz such as the mourners might dance around the remains, at a funeral, without shocking the feelings of the bereaved family. Its oppressive pulsations of the kettle-drum, its sombre orchestration, its mournful themes, made a veritable Danse Macabre of it.

Nor was the scherzo anything at all merry; it was simply restless. In the midst of its syncopations, one heard the call of trumpet and drum as if the stern reality of combat were never at any great distance. It was weird and uncanny at times, the work of a superior Berlioz.

The variations were not all great. The first four were superb; the later ones less remarkable. Such variations are always somewhat like a promenade through a department store; the conductor takes the role of floor walker and shows us the violin department, an excellent quality of bassoons, some fine flutings, the clarinette counter, etc., etc.; and in this case everything from English horn to violins, was passed in review. Especial praise must be given to the fiery variation by the united violins, and to Mr. Maquarrie's flute-playing. The final variation was rather bombastic and less worthy than the excellent ones with which the work began; yet, of course, the noisy end made a palpable hit and won great applause.

Spite of the fact that Mr. Gericke was obliged to conduct left-handed, the unity of the orchestra and the freedom of the readings was not disturbed. Our conductor wrenched a muscle in his right arm, in Philadelphia, while emphasizing a syncopation in a Brahms work.

L. C. Elson.



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*Symphony Hall.*

SEASON 1902-03.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Mr. WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.

**XIV. CONCERT.**

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7, AT 8, P. M.

**Programme.**

CHERUBINI,

OVERTURE to the Opera, "The Water-Carrier."

BERLIOZ.

TWO MOVEMENTS from the DRAMATIC SYMPHONY "Romeo and Juliet," op. 17.

II. Love Scene: Adagio.

III. Queen Mab, Scherzo: Prestissimo.—Trio: Allegretto.

R. STRAUSS,

TONE POEM, "Death and Transfiguration." op. 24.

SCHUMANN,

SYMPHONY in E flat major, No. 3, "Rhenish."  
op. 97.

I. Lebhaft.

II. Scherzo: Sehr mässig.

III. Nicht schnell.

IV. Feierlich.

V. Lebhaft.

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## MUSICAL MATTERS

### THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Cherubini.....Overture, "The Water-Carrier."  
Berlioz.....Adagio (Love Scene) and Scherzo  
(Queen Mab) from "Romeo and Juliet" Sym-  
phony.  
Richard Strauss.....Tone-Poem, "Death and  
Transfiguration."  
Schumann.....Symphony in E-flat major, No. 3.

Cherubini was once ranked as a rival, if not a superior, to another composer of his period named Beethoven. Although time has shown him inferior to the symphonist in clearness and felicity of expression, yet there are passages of dramatic, even of passionate fervor in many of his works. But they subside too often into the quieter harmonic vein of the classical epoch, which seems so dull to modern ears. The overture to "The Water-Carrier" still holds its own, however, and the vivid warmth of harmony in the opening theme of the allegro is as charming at the beginning of the twentieth century as at the end of the eighteenth.

Mme. Schumann-Heink was scheduled to appear as soloist, but the rapid changes of the too mercurial thermometer proved too much for her, and at the last moment a substitution became necessary.

The two movements of the Berlioz symphony seemed unusually attractive, even after a previous performance in the ninth concert of this season. There was little or none of the wild striving after grandiose effects that mars so many of this composer's ambitious works. Instead, the love scene proceeded with commendable fervor, and horns and cellos uttered sweet themes to the violins in the most amorous fashion. The delicate, airy grace of the "Queen Mab" scherzo won its usual meed of appreciation.

Then came the cheval de bataille of the evening, in the shape of Strauss' great symphonic poem, "Tod und Verklärung." Not the latest of the tremendous orchestral tone-poems that have shaken the modern world, it seems the clearest, the most coherent, the most convincing. It is a pleasure, too, to note that the literal interpretation is being discarded in favor of the more allegorical side. We need no longer look for definite fever-motives, or follow the rate of the patient's pulse by metronome marks; but we may thrill with unbounded admiration at the glowing picture of man's hopeless struggle against the inevitable, of the recurring memories of childhood's simplicity, youth's eagerness and manhood's brave strength, of the losing fight with death and the triumph

beyond the grave. More fitting than the realism of Ritter's poetic dedication would be the ringing words of Browning, put by him into the mouth of an earlier musician:—

There shall never be one lost good. What was, shall live as before;  
The evil is null, is nought, is silence im-  
plying sound;  
What was good, shall be good, with, for evil,  
so much good more;  
On the earth the broken arcs; in the heaven,  
a perfect round.

The performance of a Strauss work always tempts its hearer to theorize on the tendencies of modern music. The impressions given by last Saturday's piece differed little from those aroused by the more recent "Heldenleben." There was the same stupendous skill in handling the full modern orchestra, the same largeness of design in the musical edifice. But the discords are too abrupt, the contrasts often too sudden. The great blemish, however, is the lack of thematic beauty. For example, the few notes on the oboe that typify the first reminiscence of childhood are too unmelodic to be convincing. As another instance, the hero-motive in the later work is both arbitrary and ugly.

A single theme of Schubert's Unfinished Symphony contains more musical beauty than all the works of Strauss. Admitted that the newer temples are grander than the old; why build them of poor material? Before leaving the subject, the reviewer must offer a well-earned tribute of praise to Mr. Gericke for the superb vigor with which he read the work.

Schumann's Rhine Symphony, No. 3, is perhaps less popular and less ambitious than its two predecessors, but does not fall below them in quality. Its frank thematic beauty, combined with the happy enthusiasm that pervades so many of Schumann's works, make it always welcome.

The next programme consists of Tchaikowsky's Overture, "L' Orestie," Schumann's A-minor Piano Concerto, Wagner's Siegfried Idyl, and Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. Mme. Bloomfield-Zeisler will be the soloist.

Arthur Elson.

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# "TOD UND VERKLAERUNG" AS PLAYED LAST NIGHT

Richard Strauss's Symphonic Poem  
of Death and Transfiguration.

## 14TH SYMPHONY CONCERT

Superb Performance of the Great  
Work—An Old, Once Favorite  
Overture by Cherubini.

By PHILIP HALE.

The program of the fourteenth symphony concert, Mr. Gericke, conductor, was as follows:

Overture to "The Water-Carrier"....Cherubini  
"Love Scene" and "Queen Mab" scherzo  
from "Romeo and Juliet".....Berlioz  
Tone Poem, "Death and Transfigura-  
tion".....R. Strauss  
Symphony in E flat, No. 3.....Schumann

Mrs. Schumann-Heink, who was announced to sing at this concert, telegraphed Thursday that she was suffering from a severe cold. The program was therefore changed, and the two pieces from "Romeo and Juliet," which have been already played this season, were substituted for her arias. It is not necessary to comment on the character of the music or the performance, and yet I cannot refrain from marveling again at the beauty of the "Love Scene," a beauty that still seems imperishable, or from praising the performance of the Scherzo.

### Certain Foes of Strauss.

Richard Strauss's tone-poem was the feature of the concert. Read by Mr. Gericke with the utmost care, intelligence and sympathy, and played con amore and superbly by the orchestra, which is undoubtedly to day without a rival, this "Death and Transfiguration" made a profound impression. There was much applause, long continued applause, but the close attention during the performance and the slowness of the audience to take advantage of the intermission were a more fitting tribute to the genius of the composer. When the piece was first played in this country, certain critics, especially in New York, saw fit to describe it as morbid, charnel house music, and they dubbed it names and

then washed their hands as though they had accomplished an unclean but righteous and necessary task. And some of them dilated on the absurdity of trying to set to music. Ritter's poem, which is printed in the score. As a matter of fact the poem was written after the music had been composed.

### The Question of Program.

It is a question whether such a detailed poetic explanation is of advantage to the hearer. If music with a title, or with sub-titles, is not sufficiently suggestive to awaken a sympathetic mood in a hearer of ordinary musical intelligence, or in one who is sensitive to impressions and yet not technically well versed, the fault is in the composer, not the hearer. The hysterical annotator who finds in each measure a hidden meaning has done much harm to Wagner, and it looks as though he would injure Strauss, who is no friend, they say, to such worshippers. "Death and Transfiguration" is Strauss's title. It is true the poem is on a fly leaf of the score; but did either poet or musician expect that any one would attempt to fit the music to the poem as in melodrama? I do not believe it for a moment.

### Strauss's Meaning.

The reader is put in a mood by the poem. He does not remember every detail. A man is dying; he fights with death; delirious, he is a child, a youth; he again knows the struggles of manhood; death is at last tired of his reminiscences and finishes him. Death is conqueror. But the cry still rings out even in this age of materialism: "O, death, where is thy sting? O, grave where is thy victory?" For death is transfiguration as well as dissolution. These are common thoughts; and birth and life and death are common everyday facts, as common as the sunrise, a mountain-chain, the ocean, the stars on a wintry night when no wind stirs. It is a good thing to be reminded of the transfers and promotions worked by death after this fever of life. And Strauss, the poet in tones, has sung these mysteries in a grand and lofty way, not by trying to italicize with music a realistic description of a death-bed. Meaning? Strauss prepares no examination paper. I doubt whether he and his commentators would agree as to the precise nature of any "typical theme."

### The Music Itself.

Each hearer is his own analyst. And as each hearer is an individual apart through hereditary influences, environment education, calling, his analysis must necessarily differ from that of his neighbor. There must be differences of

opinion concerning the effect of certain passages of detail; the more sensitive will be moved the more acutely; the musician will constantly find passages that excite his admiration, when the layman will merely receive an impression of something big and wonderful; but all must realize the beauty, the sadness, the terror, and at last the triumphant grandeur of this tone-poem, in which there is no morbid taint, in which there is the full justification of death. "Charnel house music?" Say, rather, the glorious expression of the ennoblement of even an ordinary life by deliverance through death. The hymn that chants the end is solemn, but triumphant, and in this hymn there is the conviction of bravery, the belief that death to him who has fought the fight is the apotheosis of heroism.

Schumann's "Rhenish" symphony has not the freshness or romantic feeling of the other three. Cherubini's overture is still classical, faultlessly, coldly classical.

## THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Four Standard Selections Are  
Splendidly Rendered.

They Are a Cherubini Overture,  
Parts of the "Romeo and Juliet"  
of Berlioz, Strauss' "Death and  
Transfiguration" and Schumann's  
Third or "Rhenish" Symphony.

The sudden failure of a single number expected for any given Symphony concert causes the conductor a complicated difficulty. He must substitute something which he is sure can be taken up and perfectly played on the spur of the moment, which will be satisfactory in itself, which will be of such length as not to disturb the time balance of the programme, and which will fit closely and harmoniously into the tone and color scheme as already arranged. Mr. Gericke escaped happily from the quandary into which Mme. Schumann-Heink's defection had thrown him, and presented his reconstructed programme in this excellent form: Cherubini's "Water Carrier," overture; the "Love Scene," adagio, and "Queen Mab" scherzo, from the "Romeo and Juliet" of Berlioz; Richard Strauss' third tone-poem, "Death and Transfiguration," and Schumann's third or "Rhenish" symphony.

The performance was altogether masterly in leadership and in technical and aesthetic obedience. The bewildering, audacious, innovative score of Strauss, especially, was magnificently handled. Yet that very splendor, firmness, courage and versatility of treatment served

only to emphasize the extravagant and exasperating irrationality of the composition when considered in regard to its nominal subject. Its professed theme is the last hour of one poor, solitary man, whom Death imperatively and relentlessly claims, and to whom there opens, as the final earthly moments are swept away, the great and glorious prospect of "the world that sets this right." It is not Azrael, the grave, grand, calm and considerate angel, who claims the man whom it has been made his duty to seek, nor is it the fabulous skeleton, with drum, trump and sword whose pitiless presence and sudden summons withers the being and chills with horrid, shuddering terrors the reluctant, amazed and trembling Everyman. To the unequal and already decided contest Death brings his whole array of violent, terrific, astounding and annihilating forces with a rage, a fury of sound, a battery of arms and a chaotic pothier which could only be relevant to a devastating battle, a holocaust made by collision, explosion or earthquake, a cataclysm, "the wrecks of matter and the crush of worlds." And even then, accepting the whirlwinds, tempests, crashes and roars of sound as suggestive of Death in his most material, brutal and coarsely devastating manifestation of himself and his powers, how inadequate and illogical is the conclusion! This seems far more like a vociferous, self-glorifying and yet somewhat stern and grandiose exaltation of a victory which he could not help but win, since the hour is not yet come for the "last enemy to be destroyed." If the poem is to have a derivative motto attached to it, there would be appositeness and picturesqueness in that stanza from Longfellow's "Wreck of the Hesperus":

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,  
With the masts, went by the board;  
Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank.  
'Ho, ho!' the wreckers roared.

And was it not, perhaps, something more like this which Strauss held in mind as he wrote?

The inventive originality, the technical and instrumental resources, the dazzling, overpowering, grand and diverse effects of Strauss' compositions are not to be denied. They sway pulse, nerve, power of analytic thought and calm exercise of judgment. They belong to the current epoch, devoted to the vast, the audacious, the tyrannical and the proudly and confoundingly opulent, sumptuous, pretentious and haughty. Whether they will belong also to the future, which now appears to menace more than it promises, only that future itself can tell. Yet, might it not be better to give them no definite appellations, but to call them, as Busoni was content to do with his wonderful evolution of irrelevant but magnificent orchestral effects, merely studies or fantasies in instrumental possibilities?

The next programme is to be this:  
Overture, "L'Orestie".....Tanelev  
Concerto for pianoforte, in A minor, Op. 54.....Schumann  
A Siegfried Idyl.....Wagner  
Symphony No. 5, in C minor, Op. 76.....Beethoven  
Mme. Fanny Bloomfield-Zeisler, Soloist.



## Symphony Hall: Symphony Concert

This was the programme of the fourteenth symphony concert:

Cherubini: Overture to the Opera, "The Water-Carrier."  
Berlioz: Two Movements from the Dramatic Symphony, "Romeo and Juliet," op. 17:  
II. Love Scene.  
III. Queen Mab.  
R. Strauss: Tone Poem, "Death and Transfiguration," op. 24.  
Schumann: Symphony in E-flat major, No. 3, "Rhenish," op. 97.

According to the first plan, Mme. Schumann-Heink was to have sung two arias at this concert. The lady could not come, however, because she was sick (let us hope her indisposition is no more serious than that which prevented her, last April, from singing in the "Stabat Mater"); so, in place of her arias there were two movements from Berlioz's "Romeo and Juliet" symphony—the exquisite love scene and the Queen Mab scherzo. Their performance was remarkably beautiful, so much so that, for once, the scherzo in comparison with Shakspeare's verse did not sound heavy and lumbering. More wonderful still, the "Water-Carrier" overture was played with a brilliancy and genuine vivacity that made the performance of a classic work seem worth while. Not once did the tone sound harsh, and the whole overture went with a thoroughly delightful lightness and a spirit of hearty good humor.

But what interested most on the programme, of course, was the tone poem by Richard Strauss, "Death and Transfiguration." When this work was first played in Boston six years ago there was great discussion about its merits, some declaring it Bedlam let loose, others vowing that before it all else paled, not excepting the ninth symphony itself. Some would be talking knowingly of its marvellously clever orchestration, others again, those of intenser temperaments, had much to say of its wonderful expressiveness, etc., etc. Everybody, apparently, regarded the composition as something abnormal, to hold a decided opinion about which, of one kind or another, was quite necessary if one would be thought a person of taste. It is safe to opine that not many listeners genuinely liked the work. Why should they? At that time in Boston we had not heard enough music by Richard Strauss and his kind to be at all accustomed to his way of musical expression. What we were hearing was curious and strange to our ears.

In six years we have made musical progress in Boston. On Saturday evening the audience awaited the poem of "Death and Transfiguration" with as keen anticipation of pleasure, but likewise with as much composure as, twenty years ago, they would have sat down to hear Beethoven's seventh symphony. The truly remarkable, sympathetic performance of this genuinely great work which, in a few short pages, tells the story of a lifetime—its joys, its sorrows, sudden death, and the majestic calm that

follows death—this work was received with a moment of impressive silence, followed by tumultuous, long-continued applause. And there was not much discussion of the music just played; there was not a hint of the composition being merely a tour de force of cunning orchestration. Nobody intimated that Richard Strauss must be mad. Most encouraging of all the signs of the times, there were few ejaculations to be heard about the wonderful emotional strength of the music; feeling it, the people held their tongues about it. And a large proportion of the audience went home.

Since the people so manifestly want music by Richard Strauss, why not give it them? The "Heldenleben" we have heard but once, "Don Quixote" not at all. Why not these? Why not "Macbeth"? Why not "Zarathustra," which we have not heard in three years or more? Why not "Aus Italien"? Even if audiences did not fancy the works of a man recognized to have one of the very greatest talents of his day they should be made to hear them, and frequently, too. But since they are clamoring for these self-same works?

Mme. Fannie Bloomfield-Zeisler is to play at the next concert, the programme of which is as follows: Tancleu, overture, "L'Orestie"; Schumann, concerto for piano-forte, in A minor, op. 54; Wagner, a Siegfried idyl; Beethoven, Symphony No. 5, in C minor, op. 67. R. R. G.

## MME. SCHUMANN-HEINK ILL

She Will Be Unable to Sing at This Week's Symphony Concert, Which Will Be Given Without a Soloist

Word was received at Symphony Hall from New York today that Mme. Schumann-Heink, the prima donna, who was to have been the soloist at this week's Symphony Orchestra rehearsal and regular concert, is ill in that city and will be unable to fulfil her engagement here. She had been expected to sing an aria from "Titus," by Mozart and also an aria from Mendelssohn's oratorio, "St. Paul." The concert therefore will take place without a soloist.

## SYMPHONY CONCERT.

On account of the illness of Mme Schumann-Heink, who was announced to sing at the Symphony concerts of last week, the original program was changed and the following selections were played: Overture to Cherubini's opera, "The Water Carrier"; two movements from the "Romeo and Juliet" symphony, Berlioz; "Death and Transfiguration," a tone poem by Richard Strauss, and Schumann's "Rhenish" symphony. There were no solo numbers. The selections are familiar to patrons of these concerts and Berlioz and Schumann were welcomed in an appreciative manner. Cherubini evidently was satisfactory, but Strauss was received with scant marks of favor.

The overture to "The Water Carrier" was played smoothly throughout, the jubilant finale swinging along with a verve that formed just the proper contrast to the solemn uncertainty illustrated in the beginning of the movement. In the opening part the conflicting themes were admirably set forth by the violins and heavier strings and in the closing part the whole band did satisfactory work.

The two movements from the "Romeo and Juliet" symphony were the love scene and the "Queen Mab" music—dainty, expressive and tripping measures written in Berlioz' happiest vein. Very beautifully was the love song sung by the cellos and horns, the instruments blending perfectly. The tricky, pizzicato figures of the "Queen Mab" music were given with exquisite finish and precision by the violins, the measures being free from any suggestion of cloudiness, but as clear and crisp as if played on one instrument. This number was received with special favor.

The somber, unintelligible Strauss tone poem, "Death and Transfiguration," was given effectively and probably satisfactory to those who care for this kind of composition. The Schumann symphony received a characteristic interpretation, in which all the beauties of the work were fully shown.

This week's program will have Mme Fanny Bloomfield-Zeisler for soloist in the Schumann A minor piano-forte concerto. The orchestral selections will be the overture, "L'Orestie," Tancleu; a "Siegfried Idyl," Wagner, and Beethoven's fifth symphony.

## THE SYMPHONY PROGRAMME

Romantic Productions of Unusual Interest to the Lovers of Music.

Schumann wrote, in 1847 and 1848, a romantic opera, which he called "Genoveva," and brought out at Leipzig in 1850. It had a moderate success and has been kept upon the list of things to be occasionally reproduced in Germany. The heroine married a knight of the Palatine, and although virtuous and faithful, she could not escape calumny from a false friend of her husband who sought to make her also false; he failed and the knight, crediting his slanders, drove Genoveva forth into the forest. There mystic influences protected her and a child was there born to

her and suckled by a doe. Hunting in the forest, her husband encountered her and the result was explanation, reconciliation and reunion. The overture, which begins this week's symphony programme, does not draw thematically upon the opera, but is rather related to it spiritually and suggestively. Its first mood is of unrest, grief and distress; then come confusion, struggle and turbulence; upon these break hints of the hunt with its gay bustle and exhilaration, followed by a lively and blithe-some conclusion.

After this Mr. Schroeder, who is the soloist of the week, will play Saint-Saens' concise, compact and entertaining violoncello concerto. This is in three connected movements, in which the composer shows his knowledge of the instrument, but without settling it forward into virtuoso prominence. The themes are pleasant, appropriate, well stated and wrought out cleverly and briefly, the solo part being sometimes rather like an obligato than a commanding, independent role. The next number will be derived from romantic opera, as was the first. Goldmark gave out in 1886 an opera of uncertain success and short-lived popularity, upon a phase of the Austrian legend of Martin and Vivien. It was called "Martin," and the two protagonists were Winckelmann and Materna. In brief, Martin was the son of Satan by a mortal mother, and his father desirous to pervert his human excellence to base uses, employs sensuous seductions, the many charms being led by Vivien, who at last prevails—but only for a time, because Martin is released from spells and redeemed at last. Pages will be played from the choruses and mystic dances of the spirits, whose spells are added to those of Satan and Vivien. In these will be found Goldmark's melodic charm, his rich harmonies and his fanciful and romantic orchestration.

The symphony will be Dvorak's fifth, called, in a back-handed sort of way, "From the New World," having been written immediately upon his arrival in this country in 1893, and having in it nothing of theme or form or treatment which could be strained into a direct representation or illustration of America. It must be understood—in spite of some turns of phrase which may be found in negro, Indian and much other rude, undeveloped music—as intimating moods and imaginations. Its beginning is a grave, wondering adagio, as if darkness were brooding upon and hiding the continent and its fate, succeeded by a vigorous, spirited allegro, as of the joy and hope of discovery. The second movement, largo, is the most beautiful and touching part of the work, and might be taken to imply the restful calm preceding the motion of fate and the development of a new people. The scherzo, molto vivace, is quite Bohemian in character and speaks in true Dvorak terms. The finale, allegro con poco, sounds eager, strong, contentious and triumphant, and might be accepted as a general jubilation over young strength and swift success, especially as a faint and twisted hint of "Yankee Doodle" can be discovered somewhere in it.





1902

FANNIE BLOOMFIELD ZEISLER.

## *Symphony Hall.*

SEASON 1902-03.

### BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Mr. WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.

### XV. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14, AT 8, P. M.

#### Programme.

TANEIWE,

OVERTURE to "The Oresteia" of Aeschylus, op. 6.

SCHUMANN,

CONCERTO for PIANOFORTE, in A minor, op. 54.

I. Allegro affetuoso.

II. Intermezzo; Andantino grazioso.

III. Allegro vivace.

WAGNER,

A SIEGFRIED IDYL.

BEETHOVEN,

SYMPHONY No. 5, in C minor, op. 67.

I. Allegro con brio.

II. Andante con moto.

III. Allegro: Trio.

IV. Allegro,

#### Soloist:

Madame FANNY BLOOMFIELD-ZEISLER.

The Pianoforte is a Steinway.

There will be no Public Rehearsal and Concert next week.





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## MUSIC AND DRAMA

### Symphony Hall: Symphony Concert

Madame Fanny Bloomfield Zeisler was the soloist at the fifteenth symphony concert, the programme of which was as follows:

Taneiev: Overture to "The Oresteia" of Aeschylus, op. 6.  
Schumann: Concerto for Pianoforte, in A minor, op. 54.  
Wagner: A Siegfried Idyl.  
Beethoven: Symphony No. 5, in C minor, op. 67.

This was a depressing concert, made up entirely of works heard before, some, indeed, rather often. The nearest approach to a novelty was the overture "Oresteia," by the Russian, Taneiev. Since this work was inspired by Aeschylus's tragedy, it is written with all the trappings that go to suggest the tragic note in music; stopped horns, gongs, muted strings, and the like. In the whole course of the composition, however, there is not one genuinely tragic moment, far less a suggestion of the grandeur, the inexorable, inevitable movement of a Greek tragedy. Rather would this overture seem, with its turgid risings and heavings, its gasps and shouts, to be called into being in memory of a good old melodrama. The composition, too, failed to charm even by the beauty of its sounds, the tone color being only dull.

Depressing, likewise, was the lovely Schumann concerto, for its loveliness sounded tame and old-fashioned, without brilliance or depth. This composition will evidently no longer stand the light of a great hall, and, indeed, like so many other concertos, it sounds far better when heard with accompaniment of a second pianoforte. Mme. Zeisler played very beautifully, but quietly and intimately, precisely as this concerto should be played, but not in the way most interesting to hear.

After the Schumann piece, came the "Siegfried Idyl," well known to all, beloved by many. Its performance was admirable, doubtless so was that of the Beethoven symphony, but this last work began only at twenty minutes past nine, when it is far too late to appreciate a symphony by Beethoven or by anyone else.

This week there will be no symphony concert. The week after Mr. Hugo Heermann will be the soloist, and this is the programme: Schubert, Overture in E minor; Richard Strauss, concerto for violin; Widor, choral variations for harp and orchestra; Haydn, Symphony No. 5, "La Chasse." R. R. G.

## MUSICAL MATTERS

### THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Overture to "The Oresteia" of Aeschylus, op. 6.....Taneiev  
Concerto for Pianoforte, in A minor, op. 54.....Schumann  
I. Allegro affetuoso.  
II. Intermezzo; Andantino grazioso.  
III. Allegro vivace.  
Mme. Bloomfield-Zeisler, soloist.  
A Siegfried Idyl.....Wagner  
Symphony No. 5, in C minor, op. 67.....Beethoven

The overture was most interesting. It had been heard here about a year ago, and it gained on closer acquaintance. There was a kinship to Wagner evident, and one could not avoid noticing the "Death-figure" from the Siegfried "Funeral Music." The leading up to an overwhelming catastrophe was marked; a similar effect has been made familiar to us in the "Melpomene" overture by Mr. Chadwick, which is also worth a speedy repetition. After the rude shock of Fate there came a beautiful coda which brought the work to a very attractive end. There was much applause at the close and the overture may be ranked among the successes of the repertoire.

Mme. Bloomfield-Zeisler was the soloist in Schumann's noble concerto. She caught the perfect spirit of the somewhat free form and deserves the heartiest laudation for the abnegating manner in which she sought out the best effects of ensemble. Yet the cadenza of the first movement showed that there was also technique of the highest order in the artist. Most exquisitely was the dialogue between piano and orchestra, which began the second movement, given, and the succeeding violoncello melody was kept properly in the foreground. In the finale the strong contrasts between the chief and the subordinate themes were strongly drawn, the mystery of the latter being finely portrayed. Mme. Bloomfield-Zeisler was recalled again and again and well merited the final ovation.

The "Siegfried Idyl" is a living proof, if one were necessary, that Wagner believed heart and soul in his theories. Here is a composition written for one person only, a musical valentine such as one cannot find elsewhere in the entire repertoire, and yet the continuity, the free modulations, the interweaving of leit-motiven, all these points are there as decidedly as in the Trilogy itself. If any union can be called good, which is founded upon the unhappiness of a person who has not deserved it, then Wagner's second marriage was ideal. The

Wagner of Peace, not the combative composer, is here represented, and the final interweaving of the chief themes, in augmentation, brought the blissful composition to an ecstatic end.

Beethoven's fifth symphony was letter-perfect, but scarcely spirit-perfect. The struggle of the chief theme with the sweet subordinate subject was scarcely earnest enough, in the first movement, but the important figure (of Destiny?) was clear as a bell in all its ritenuto effects,—not an easy thing to do, as every conductor knows.

The second movement began finely, with its cool viola color and its mysterious pizzicati upon the contrabasses, and the bassoon deserves a word of praise for its work in the coda; but the development following the violin variation might have been more free.

The third movement is really a war-horse for the contrabasses. Not only do these instruments have a prominent part in the chief theme, but in the trio they rule the roast. It may be that Beethoven gave them especial prominence and difficulties because Weber had satirized the difficult contra-bass passage which ended the Fourth symphony. The rapid figures were played more clearly than can be imagined, and each and every one of the contra-bass players deserves to be complimented.

The finale would seem to be better suited to end the Heroic symphony than any other. Here for the first time trombones enter into the symphonic score, and it is also the first time that an important phrase is taken from a preceding movement and developed in the finale. It all sounded effective and attractive. The best music, after all, is that in which intellect and emotion go hand in hand, in which an appeal is made both to the head and the heart; and no one has given these two elements in better equipoise in instrumental music than Beethoven. Louis C. Elson.

## LAST NIGHT'S CONCERT — IN THE SYMPHONY HALL —

Beethoven's Fifth, Which Is Always  
New and Always Impressive.

MRS. BLOOMFIELD-ZEISLER



**A Russian Overture to the Grim  
Trilogy of Aeschylus—Wagner's  
"A Siegfried Idyl."**

By PHILIP HALE.

The program of the fifteenth Symphony concert, given in Symphony Hall last evening, Mr. Gericke, conductor, was as follows:

Overture to "The Orestes".....Taneieff  
Concerto in A minor for piano.....Schumann  
"A Siegfried Idyl".....Wagner  
Symphony in C minor, No. 5.....Beethoven

**Taneieff's Overture.**

The overture by Taneieff was the only work that was not well known to the audience. The first performance was two seasons ago, and the impression then made was one chiefly of orchestral color and occasionally gloomy strength. The overture should not be confounded with the prelude to the composer's opera of the same title. The themes of this concert-overture are taken from the opera—thus one is associated with Agamemnon's guilty queen—and for this reason, perhaps, there is a certain lack of unity, as though the composition were in the nature of a pot-pourri. Taneieff uses the resources of the modern grand orchestra, and yet how far away he is in spirit from the simplicity of the awful story which inspired the trilogy of Aeschylus. He heaps orchestral horrors on horrors, yet nowhere is that mood of irresistible fate that we find in Gluck's overture to "Iphigenia in Aulis," with its primitive orchestration. The apotheosis is frankly decorative music that accompanies the procession to the Acropolis, good theatre music, which might easily enlarge the pomp and splendor of the stage-view; but in the earlier sections of the overture, there is no poignant tragic note, to remind the hearer of the horrid meal, of the father's curse, of Clytemnestra's or Orestes bloody deed, of the avenging Furies. The music is hypo-Russian, not Greek, in essential spirit.

**Mrs. Zeisler.**

Mrs. Zeisler gave a polished performance of Schumann's concerto. She played intimately and as the sensitive musician rather than as the flamboyant virtuoso; and thus performance and composition were thoroughly in harmony. Yet such a performance, admirable as it was, would have been more beautiful and effective in a smaller hall, where what Berlioz called the musical fluid would enwrap the hearer. The concerto itself, with its half-timid

suggestions, its quietly romantic spirit, its subdued yet questioning expression, is for a smaller hall, and it is a pity that such confidential disclosures of a composer should not be heard in such a room. Yet the charm of Mrs. Zeisler's performance was felt, although in some passages the hearer was obliged to meet the pianist and anticipate her or italicize for himself her language. The Siegfried Idyl was played delightfully. Beethoven's symphony still ranks among the great masterpieces. In all modern music there is no page more thrilling than that of the mysterious, unearthly transition from the scherzo to the finale, and the preceding pages are the triumph of absolute music over that which needs a program or is the translation of something into music. Here is music that was not suggested, but it suggests that which can only be imagined, not spoken, not painted, not written in lofty rhyme or passionate prose.

**SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA PENSION**

**Hearing on Petition of Henry L. Higginson and William Gericke for Incorporation of an Institute**

The Committee on Insurance this morning gave a hearing on the petition of Henry L. Higginson and William Gericke, for the incorporation of the Boston Symphony Orchestra Pension Institute. The orchestra is away, and therefore no member appeared for the bill, but Major Higginson briefly advocated it, while it was advocated more at length by Frederick Cabot, who stated to the committee that he was quite agreeable to the substitution of a section from the Revised Laws for a section in the bill that the funds of the corporation shall not be liable to attachment by trustee or other process or taken to satisfy any debt, as he admitted it was too broad. The Revised Laws provide that the funds for paying benefits shall not be attached. Mr. Cabot also agreed that the committee might wisely report a general bill to permit the organization of these small benefit associations, as Insurance Commissioner Cutting has recommended. The hearing closed.

Representative Davis of Salem was heard on a bill to incorporate the Harrison Mutual Burial Association of Salem, which he stated to be similar to other burial organizations of Salem, which he stated to be similar to other burial organizations already incorporated for different communities.

**BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA**  
*From July 23, 1903*  
**Pension Fund Concert to Be Given on  
Sunday Evening, March 1**

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Wilhelm Gericke, conductor, will give a concert in Symphony Hall, Sunday evening, March 1, in aid of its Pension Fund. The programme will be as follows:

Overture Leonore No. 3.....Beethoven  
Septet for trumpet, strings and piano.....Saint-Saëns  
Symphony in B minor, No. 6, "Pathetic".....Tchailkovsky  
Siegfried's Passing Through the Fire;  
Morning Dawn; Siegfried's Voyage  
up the Rhine.....Wagner

This will be the first of the concerts to be given henceforth yearly by the orchestra for its Pension Fund. The announcement is one of more than ordinary significance and importance.

Mr. Henry L. Higginson in 1881 informed the Boston public of his intention to establish and maintain a full and permanent orchestra, which should offer the best music at a low price. He reminded the public of the fact that however praiseworthy the attempts to furnish such music had been in the past, there was then no local orchestra "such as may be found in all the large European cities or even in the smaller musical centres of Germany." He rightly thought that the essential condition of success was stability; that the members of the orchestra should be able to devote their best energies to the rehearsals and concerts of the organization during the season, with the assurance of re-engagement and continued service. His first thought was of an orchestra of sixty selected players who should give twenty concerts. In his announcement he named the first conductor, Mr. Henschel.

Mr. Higginson was not moved from his purpose by inevitable disappointments, the adverse criticism that is so easy, or by the failure of the public at large to appreciate at first the noble generosity of his plan. He knew that time would vindicate his judgment and reward his labors.

Today this orchestra of nearly a hundred men is famous throughout the breadth and length of the land by reason of the high purposes that have shaped its musical policy, as well as by the brilliance of the concerts themselves. The Boston Symphony Orchestra is something more than a local institution, the pride of Bostonians; its visits are dear to the music-lovers of New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and other cities who take more than a passing interest in its success and glory; its existence is a joy to all those interested in music, professionals or amateurs, throughout the country; its reputation has crossed the Atlantic, and its high rank is accepted, not questioned, in the leading cities of Europe.

The conductors in turn, Messrs. Henschel, Gericke, Nikisch, Paur and again Gericke all contributed to the final result; but it is not invidious to say that the high state of technical perfection which has distin-

guished the performances of the last twelve or fourteen years is due chiefly to the intelligent and indefatigable discipline exerted by Mr. Wilhelm Gericke at a time when the character of the orchestra was still undetermined, to his zeal and courage, to his righteous ambition, which with Mr. Higginson's aid recognized no obstacles and knew no bounds. The first aim was technical perfection. To attain this neither money nor time nor patience was spared.

But without excellent players, without distinguished players, picked men actuated by the same spirit, the task would have been wellnigh impossible. The members of this orchestra are something more than parts of a huge machine. It is the combination of so many individualities obedient to one mind which controls through intelligence—a combination that works together for a common purpose, for a love of art, and not for merely personal advantage that sets this orchestra apart from others.

It is not surprising, then, that the members of the orchestra, seen and heard by so many year after year have entered into the life and thought of the succeeding audiences.

Hazlitt wrote: "There is no class of society whom so many persons regard with affection as actors. We greet them on the stage; we like to meet them in the streets; they almost always recall to us pleasant associations; and we feel our gratitude excited, without the uneasiness of a sense of obligation." These words might well be written today of the members of the Symphony Orchestra.

And Hazlitt added: "The very gayety and popularity, however, which surround the life of a favorite performer make the retiring from it a very serious business. It glances a mortifying reflection on the shortness of human life, and the vanity of human pleasures."

The members of the orchestra know that they are not necessarily exempt from the accidents that befall mankind. An injury to a finger that would be trifling in another calling removes a violinist from the ranks. As the years go by a wind instrument player loses control of lip or breath. A slight infirmity may impair usefulness. What is the unfortunate man to do? It is generally too late for him to seek another business with hopes of success. He has given the best years of his life to his instrument, his conductor, his employer, and his audience. And even the most applauded virtuoso is mortal. In the old Dance of Death the skeleton pipes or fiddles to the musician who must follow him.

The conductor and members of the Symphony Orchestra now purpose to establish a Pension Fund. They propose to found it and maintain it by their own efforts. In some foreign cities, a city government or a ruler contributes liberally to such a fund. Here the players purpose to help themselves by giving concerts and by self-taxation. They hope to have a fund which will provide for widows and orphans; for the disabled; for them that pass beyond the



line of activity. The rules that will govern the acquirement, maintenance and disposition of this fund will be framed by the orchestra. The fund itself will be in the care of trustees appointed by the orchestra.

The members of the orchestra feel that the existence of such a fund will be of great value to themselves and therefore to the public in more ways than one. The players will not be harassed by thoughts of the future, by the dread of becoming dependent on some one or on some institution; they will be knit still closer together; there will be true and abiding esprit de corps.

They now with Mr. Gericke as conductor and through Messrs. Gericke, Timothee Adamowski, Joseph Adamowski, Otto Roth and Frank Schuchmann as a committee, offer their first concert in aid of this fund. Mrs. Adamowski-Szumowska has graciously offered to play the piano part in Saint-Saens's Septet. The programme as a whole is most attractive, both to subscribers and to those who are not able to hear the orchestra at the regularly recurring concerts.

The people of this city will surely aid the members of the orchestra in their undertaking, and will aid them generously and gladly.

The fourth of the Wetzler Symphony concerts will be given at Carnegie Hall on Thursday evening, Feb. 5, 1903.

The soloist will be Mr. Hugo Heermann, the distinguished German violinist, who will make his first appearance in America upon this occasion.

Hugo Heermann was born in Heilbronn, Germany, and received his first violin lessons at the early age of eight years, and made rapid progress under the instruction of Ernest Maschek. In the Summer of 1864 he played at a concert in Wildbad; there Rossini heard him and was delighted with the talent of the young boy, who was then ten years old. So great was the interest which the famous maestro took in the young violinist that on his journey from Wildbad to Kissingen Rossini never used the railway, but traveled in his four-in-hand; he spent the day in Heilbronn in order to hunt up Heermann's father and urge that he be sent to Brussels for further development. Provided with a letter of introduction from Rossini to the director of the Brussels Conservatory, Heermann went thither and studied three years under the direction of Meert, with such success that he won the first prize of the Belgian school.

## Yesterday's Concert by the Symphony Orchestra.

*Slide* ————— *July 15, 1903*  
**Mme Fanny Bloomfield Zeisler Plays a Schumann Piano Concerto.**

### Numerous Vocal and Instrumental Recitals—Current Gossip.

Mme Fanny Bloomfield-Zeisler was the soloist at last week's symphony concert, playing Schumann's A minor concerto for pianoforte, the remaining program numbers comprising the overture, "L'Orestela," by Serge Taneieff; a "Siegfried Idyl," Wagner, and Beethoven's fifth symphony. Schumann's great concerto requires the highest quantities of interpretative powers to properly illustrate the work, mere technique is not sufficient, and so the composition is not so frequently attempted by pianists as the Rubenstein D minor, Tchaikowski's B flat minor and some of the Grieg and Saint-Saens concertos. Mme Zeisler chose wisely in offering the Schumann work, for her performance not only displayed the artist's virtuosity, but a command of almost masculine power, allied to feminine delicacy, a combination found in but few players of the gentler sex. The soloist did not permit the piano part to be overshadowed by the orchestra, and in what might be called "a trial of endurance," each gift of the artist was shown with unflagging vigor, even the ornamentations of the third movement being played with as much deftness, clarity and exquisite finish as those of the first part, where the cadenza is introduced before the real work of interpretation begins.

In these days of facile technique special praise in this direction is not needed when speaking of a skilled pianist, and Mme Zeisler, who has finger dexterity about mechanically perfect, evidently has conquered all the difficulties of the keyboard. In the first movement the themes were given with an authority that was unusually forceful in a woman player, and, of course, in the lighter and more brilliant passages of the cadenza and coda the artist's execution was all that was requisite. The romantic style of the second movement was admirably preserved, and the "dialogues" between the solo instrument and orchestra were charming examples of musical symmetry and precision.

Very brilliant was Mme Zeisler's performance of the piano part in the extended coda in the closing movement, the accentuated rhythms were given due prominence, and the difficult chord runs were perfectly executed in fortissimo, the performer showing no signs of fatigue and retaining her power up to the end of the concerto. The whole

performance was a splendid illustration of interpretative and technical art, and showed that Mme Zeisler's rank as a pianist is with the foremost pianists of the present day. Her reception was of the most demonstrative kind, the audience expressing its appreciation of her performance before the concerto was finished and also recalling her many times to the platform. The orchestral accompaniment was played in a masterly manner and seemingly without a break in its association with the soloist.

The Russian composer, Taneieff, in the first part of the overture, "L'Orestela," indulges in the usual musical "characteristics" associated with his race, dissonants, growls and queer modulations; but the harshness of the opening is more than balanced by the more joyous orchestration of the closing part, which is very fully scored for the heavier instruments, with beautiful melodic contrasts allotted to the violins and woodwinds. The strenuous part of the work was sufficiently ponderous and in-harmonious to please the ultramusical ear, and the exquisite finale was given in the orchestra's happiest mood, with a special meed of praise for the string contingent.

Mr Gericke read the "Siegfried Idyl" in his sympathetic way, and as the orchestra responded willingly, Wagner was as adequately interpreted as the most capacious Symphony patron could reasonably wish. The massive fifth symphony by Beethoven called forth the best efforts of the orchestra, and every phase of the massive work was presented in an effective manner. The andante, dainty and tripping, and the stirring finale, so highly in contrast, were given with equal skill.

On account of the absence of the orchestra this week, the concerts will be omitted. Mr Hugo Heermann, violinist, will be the soloist next week in a program comprising Schubert's E minor overture, concerto for violin, Richard Strauss; choral variations for harp and orchestra, Widor, and Haydn's fifth symphony.

## PLAY FOR THE PENSION FUND.

### Symphony Orchestra Members to Give a Concert March 1.

**Plans for the Retirement Scheme Already Well Advanced—Petition for a Charter Has Been Filed—Committee of the Musicians Are Managing the Matter.**



THE announcement in yesterday's Symphony programme of a concert to be given Sunday evening, March 1, by the Boston Symphony orchestra for the benefit of its pension fund, following Henry L. Higginson's letter of a few days ago, indicates that this retirement scheme, which has been quietly talked about for some time inside the organization, is approaching

definite shape. As a matter of fact, a petition for a charter is now before the Legislature.

The committee of 15 which is managing the matter consists of Wilhelm Gericke, the conductor of the orchestra; Timothee and Joseph Adamowski, Max Zach, violin; Henry Heindl, viola; Max Kunze, bass; Rudolph Nagel, cello; Richard Kurth, violin; Mr. Brook, flute; Frank Schuchmann, violin; Mr. Hackebarth, French horn; Otto Roth, violin; F. Hein, horn; Arnold Moldauer, violin, and P. Fiumara, violin. As soon as the plans reach definite shape, a smaller committee will be in charge of the business of the organization.

Two distinct propositions under which retirement may be made are now being considered. One is to allow each member of the orchestra two-thirds as many years as he has actually served toward the 25 years' service upon which a pension is to be based. The other scheme is to allow every man who has served 10 years or more a 10 years' count toward the 25, and those who have served less than 10 credit for the actual years during which they have been members of the orchestra.

Whichever method of reckoning service shall be adopted, a man must pay up for the years of service credited to him. But, inasmuch as no pension will be available for five years any way, there are these five years, of course, in which to pay accumulated dues.

The dues are to be the same for all members, irrespective of the salaries they may draw, and it is thought that they will average something less than \$30 a year; that is, about \$1 a week for the 29 weeks of a Symphony orchestra season.

For pension purposes, the 90 odd men of the orchestra will be arranged in classes according to their ages. To benefit by a pension, men now under 25 must serve 25 years; men from 25 to 30, 22 years; men of 30 and over, 20 years.

The income from the two concerts to be given each year will, it is hoped, swell very considerably the fund, and, inasmuch as it will be five years before any pensions are due, quite a respectable amount of money will then have accumulated, by means of which the oldest members of the orchestra may be retired. There are now four men who were in the original orchestra of 60 gathered together by Mr. Higginson almost 22 years ago.

No. 5, "La Chasse."

st:

HEERMANN.





HUGO HEERMANN.

*Symphony Hall.*

SEASON 1902-03.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Mr. WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.

**XVI. CONCERT.**

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 28, AT 8, P. M.

**Programme.**

SCHUBERT,

OVERTURE in E minor.

BEETHOVEN,

CONCERTO in D major for VIOLIN, op. 61.

I. Allegro ma non troppo.

II. Larghetto.

III. Rondo,

WIDOR,

CHORAL and VARIATIONS for HARP and ORCHESTRA, op. 74.

(Mr. SCHUECKER, Harpist.)

(First time.)

HAYDN,

SYMPHONY in D major, "The Chase."

I. Adagio: Allegro

II. Andante.

III. Menuetto: Allegretto.

IV. The Chase.

Soloist:

Mr. HUGO HEERMANN.





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*Symphony Hall.*

SEASON 1902-03.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

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## THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

### The Auspicious Boston Debut of a German Violinist.

*Wald  
Mch. 1, 1903*

**Hugo Heermann of Frankfort-on-the-Main Makes a Fine Impression at the Symphony Concert—Beethoven's Concerto Is His Choice for the Occasion.**

Mr. Hugo Heermann, the distinguished violinist of Frankfort-on-the-Main, has reason to congratulate himself upon the outcome of his first appearance in Boston. Courteously received, listened to in respectful attention, appreciatively applauded and a half-dozen times recalled, he is accepted and placed among artists eminent in his department.

A pleasant, reflective face and a somewhat professorial aspect are his, and he carries lightly his years, not seeming to have attained the full number of 59 that are attributed to him. His manner of play is quiet and undemonstrative, without flourishes, sweeps or hints of impressive periods in preparation.

His choice of an introductory work fell upon Beethoven's concerto, than which none, unless it be the Mendelssohn, is more familiar to the public or better suited for helping to judge and establish a newcomer. His performance—broad rather than forcible—was sustained throughout with a nobly beautiful tone, logical, calmly reasoned, and yet graceful phrasing, celerity distinction and equability of execution, and a successful purpose to deliver his music faithfully and plainly as he understood it. He enlightened, satisfied and generally carried conviction.

But one essential element of greatness he seems to lack—communicable enthusiasm. The strongest qualities of his art would appear to be intellectuality, lucidity and elegance. Hence he made his most appealing effects with the first movement, tranquilly and gently rendered, and with the second, whose delicate tracery of ornament and soft insinuations of the central theme were drawn with delicate perception and delineation. But the honest eagerness and homely emphasis of the third movement were not all there. The reading was genial, polite, refined and proportionate; but intensely well-bred and proper! There was no hurry of lively dancers, footing it "a la ronde," no vigorous rhythmical beat of accent, no burst of joy and no glint of humor. The rollicking spirit of folk-song and folk-dance was not in it, nor had it the whirl of a real rondo; it was genteel, timid, recherche and disappointing—just for lack of longed-for contrast.

As a rule, the cadenzas in concertos stagger the average listener. To make a bull, the better they are, the worse they are for him. For their absolute excellence depends upon technical developments and intimate relationships of theme or treatment, which if they are nobly and learnedly done, can be appreciated only by the musician, while

they confuse the layman. But the very qualities which dominate in Mr. Heermann's playing helped him immensely in his own which he used. Having no notion of bravura or personal display, he gave his mind and his hands to showing in his phrasing, his accent and his isolation, so to speak, of the chief points of association, so that his listeners could follow him comfortably and understand better than usual why cadenzas exist and how they should elucidate themselves. Indeed, his first was superb in every way, came home to everybody and went far toward establishing him as a great artist.

Besides introducing a stranger artist, the programme gave place for a new orchestral composition—a chorale theme and variations, with the harp as its solo expositor, written by Charles Marie Widor, organist of St. Sulpice, Paris, and first performed in that city a trifle less than three years ago. M. Hasselmans, Conservatory professor of the harp, being the soloist, as Mr. H. Schuecker was in this concert. It is such a work as might be expected from a learned and accomplished organist, having successfully passed from expert registration to skilful orchestral scoring. It begins, much like an improvisation, with a thread of melody from an oboe, to which a second and contrapuntal melody is soon added, and thus it proceeds, growing as it goes, until the harp enters, announcing in vigorous octaves the first line of the chorale. The course of the composition is then normal, the many variations being sometimes seriously contrapuntal and again fanciful and free; but always able, well colored and agreeable. The performance was excellent; but still the orchestra, being at full, could not help often absorbing the harp into their own volume, use what care they might. Of course strong aspeggios and brilliant sweeps cannot be overwhelmed; but it seems as if the average effect would have been better and more just, if the band had been for the moment reduced in numbers.

The Schubert E minor overture began the concert animatedly, with some uneven attacks of the brass in its latter portion, and Haydn's "Chase" symphony ended it brightly and cheerily. Both were admirably played, and it only remains to commend the orchestral part of the concert for its delicate quality of tone and its considerate subordination.

The next programme, which has no solo number, is thus announced:

A "Faust" overture.....Wagner  
"Das Gefilde der Seligen".....Weingartner  
(First time.)  
Symphony No. 9 in C major.....Schubert

## MUSICAL MATTERS

### TWO SYMPHONIC CONCERTS.

The first was the regular Saturday night affair and presented the following programme:—

Overture in E minor.....Schubert  
Concerto in D major for Violin, op. 61.....Beethoven

I. Allegro ma non troppo.

II. Larghetto.

III. Rondo.

(Mr. Hugo Heermann, soloist.)

Choral and Variations for Harp and Orchestra, op. 74.....Widor

(Mr. Schuecker, harpist.)

(First time.)  
Symphony in D major, "The Chase".....Haydn

The above programme contained nothing that could bring a blush to the cheek of the most conservative musician and began and ended with tepid music that could never cause any unseemly excitement. The Schubert overture gave some good work to the brasses and presented considerable figure and phrase imitation, but beyond this was very tame. In the concert of next Saturday more justice will be done to Schubert's memory by the performance of his greatest symphony,—an imperishable masterpiece.

There were practically two concertos on the programme and two soloists appeared. A Richard Strauss concerto had been promised, but this was changed into the great violin concerto of Beethoven. Perhaps this was as well, for Beethoven, in his day, was considered quite a promising composer, and he ought not to be elbowed from the concert-room by the modern wholesale dealers in orchestration.

The Beethoven concerto is a splendid touch-stone to discover whether an artist is pure gold or not. Many pompous violinists whose scintillating fireworks dazzle the multitude, shrivel up when they attempt this work. We recall it in many interpretations; we remember Sarasate rattling about in it, and Kneisel (at his Boston debut) throwing it down as a gage of defiance to the critics who were furious at his replacing Listemann; we remember Isaye's fiery presentation of the work, probably the finest one can hear at the present time; Kreisler has also been one of the giants in this composition. And now comes Mr. Hugo Heermann, quietly and without blare of preliminary trumpets, and gives a memorable performance of the same test piece. He does not give the breadth of Isaye; his tone is rather too delicate for those massive four notes which constitute the chief figure of the first

movement; but the surety, the purity of intonation, the clearness of the most rapid runs, and above all the sweetness and sympathetic quality of his tones, awakened an enthusiasm that was as deserved as it was unusual. It was altogether musically, the interpretation of the soloist, the ensemble of the orchestra, the balance and clearness of it all; a little more of virility and it would have been perfect. We did not count the number of times that Mr. Heermann was recalled, but we may state that very few artists achieve such a triumph at the symphony concerts.

Widor's harp variations were sane, beautiful and highly developed music. Widor deserves a great deal more of attention from the musical world than he has yet received. He is an excellent contrapuntist, a man who disdains ugliness as a factor in modern music, a splendid organist whose work in this field has fought down the Guilmant sentimentality, in short one of the most worthy of modern French composers in the instrumental school. He is fond of the harp. The present writer recalls meeting him at a harp contest at the Paris Conservatoire, less than two years ago, where one of his own compositions for the instrument was performed by five anxious young ladies in turn. The work was given by each young artist upon the pedal harp, which seems not to have been superseded in any degree by the chromatic harp with its crossed strings and new system. A month later the reviewer heard the chromatic harp played, at Edinboro, but was still impressed with the superiority of the instrument with pedals, as invented by Erard in 1810.

Mr. Schuecker's performance was masterly; in the arpeggio sweeps, in the semi-military movement, in harmonic touches, in every direction his work was practically flawless. He is one of the chief artists in an orchestra that is well-filled with great solo artists. He was recalled again and again at the close of the work.

Haydn's symphony, "La Chasse," was not a wildly exciting one. We recall the story of the Englishman, returned from India, who was invited to a fox hunt. "No," he responded, "when I hunt I like the element of danger." "Ah!" said a German bystander, "if you want taintcher come hunting vid me! Only last week I shot my broder-in-law in de stomach!" But there was no danger of any sort hinted at in this particular chase. It was a rollicking and jovial symphony, but not much more. There was good horn work in the finale and charming oboe-playing in the trio of the minuet, but, after the full orchestration of Widor and the great power of Beet-



hoven, the work seemed thin and old-fashioned. Nevertheless, if we except the Jupiter symphony and the G minor from the list, the Haydn symphonies seem to wear better than the Mozart ones.

But nowadays we go hunting with larger forces, with trombones, bass, clarinettes, contra-bassoons, bass tubas, tamtam, etc., and the game is killed by concussion of the brain produced by innumerable sforzando effects. We no longer thrill to the simple variations of a Haydn second movement, or to the precise song-form with Trio of his minuets, and even the jollity of his finales, borrowed from the rollicking Gigue of the old Suite, seems rather infantile in its merriment. We have different cravings, different existence, and above all different nerves from our patient, melody-repeating forefathers, of the last quarter of the 18th century.

## HERR HUGO HEERMANN A GERMAN VIOLINIST

His First Appearance Here Last  
Evening a Triumph.

### 16TH SYMPHONY CONCERT.

First Performance in Boston of  
Widor's Choral and Variations  
for Harp and Orchestra.

By PHILIP HALE.

The program of the sixteenth Symphony concert given last night in Symphony Hall, Mr. Gericke conductor, was as follows:

Overture in E minor.....Schubert  
Concerto in D minor, for violin.....Beethoven  
Choral and variations, for harp and orchestra.....Widor  
Symphony, "The Chase".....Haydn

Schubert's overture in E minor is a prosaic work, one of his many compositions dashed off just before supper, or during supper, or after supper, with the fatal fluency which is still admired by some of his biographers and partisans. It is a pity that the overture was not allowed to remain in manuscript; it is a greater pity that it is ever played. True reverence consists in forgetting that which is common and unworthy in

the works of a genius.

### The Violinist.

Mr. Hugo Heermann made his first appearance in Boston. He is reckoned as a German violinist, but he studied chiefly in Brussels and Paris, and his fame is European, not parochial. Born in 1844, he does not show his age in face or performance. To the disappointment of some and the joy of others, he chose Beethoven's concerto instead of the one by Richard Strauss, which he will play in Troy Monday night with the Boston orchestra. Strauss's concerto is one of the respectable sins of his youth and there is little suggestion in it of the composer of the wondrous tone-poems. The trouble with Beethoven's concerto is that its length turns in orchestral concert into a violin concert; and yet this remark seems ungracious after the exceedingly fine performance by Mr. Heermann, a performance that may well be called memorable, not so much for extraordinary technique or wealth as the noble conception, the exquisite taste, the classic sentiment, and the serene authority of a master. No wonder that the applause after the first movement was spontaneous, thunderous, and long continued, and that after the Rondo, the violinist was recalled again and again. It was a performance which revealed fully the composer's thoughts and not the violinist's thoughts concerning a composer and his concerto.

### Widor's Harp Piece.

Widor's choral and variations for harp and full orchestra was played by Mrs. Wunderle and Thomas's Orchestra in Chicago last November. The repertory of the harp is so limited, when orchestral accompaniment is concerned, that this piece will no doubt be a boon to virtuosos. There are pages of agreeable tone-color, pages that are frankly and unpretentiously pretty; there are evidences of Widor's technical abilities in composition and orchestration; but as a whole the work is episodic, and after the first few variations the interest of the hearer flags; nor is it quickened by injections of Meyerbeer or by a bombastic apotheosis. Mr. Schuecker played with his accustomed skill. Haydn's old-fashioned symphony might give pleasure in a small hall and with a small body of strings, but I doubt it.

## The Conductor's Musical Education Began When He Was Nine Years of Age, and at Twelve He Played the Organ in Church. His Rapid Rise Due to Genius.

**W**ILHELM GERICKE, the conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, is an easy man to approach, but a hard man with whom to talk on music. He is both modest and discreet; and such a man says little.

However, considering the event of the Pension Fund concert, Mr. Gericke relaxed somewhat the other night, and said to a reporter:

### Was an Austrian Subject.

"I was born an Austrian subject in 1845. My father was a merchant, living in a little village in Styria, called Schwanberg.

"Love for music must have been inborn in me, for even as a little child I used to play on children's musical instruments. At the age of nine years I received my first lesson in music; that is to say, I began to learn to sing so as to assist as chorister in church. Yes, and about the same time I began to take lessons on the piano; but those lessons were of rather a deficient character.

"The only instrument I had at my disposal then was an old-fashioned spinet, which had a compass of five octaves, and which had black keys with white sharps—the reverse, you know, of the present order.

"Moreover, my teacher's knowledge of music, and particularly of piano playing, was somewhat limited, and he could not show me much.

### Was Not Discouraged.

"But I was not to be discouraged or kept down. When I was ten years old I began the study of the violin and of the tympani. The next year, when I was eleven, I essayed the difficulties of the organ, though, you must know, my hands and feet were rather small for that kind of work.

Nevertheless, I succeeded so well that before long I was employed in church exclusively as organist.

"But"—with a smile—"I was not satisfied in my ambitions even then, for notwithstanding my accomplishments up to that time, I soon afterward began to play the flute, and then the snare drum; and, finally, in the natural order of things, I fell to composing music—fell to it ardently, most industriously.

"However, all this came to a stop quite suddenly, for when I was twelve years old I was sent to school at Graz, the capital of Styria, and then, for the first time in three years, my musical studies were interrupted. I did not have even a piano at my disposal to practise on.

### Parents Lacked Money.

"My parents, in spite of my evident aptitude for music and my musical predilection, were opposed to that line of endeavor. They wished me to be a school teacher. Besides, they lacked the money requisite to send me to the Vienna Conservatory.

"This state of affairs continued until a member of an orchestra whose acquaintance I had made observed my musical disposition and also observed that with but a few hints he could make me read a full score—the first full score I ever saw, which was the first act of Rossini's 'William Tell.' This musician told me that by all means I should study to be a conductor.

"By happy chance pecuniary assistance reached me in my eighteenth year, and in a short time I was a pupil in the Vienna Conservatory, under the special instruction of Court Conductor Dessoff, whose colleague at court I was destined to become.

"However, my means were so small that I could only afford to take lessons in theory, while I carried on the practical study of musical instruments in what might be called the autodidactic method.

### Playing and Composing.

"At the same time, in spite of the lack of practical instruction, I played the violin and the piano diligently, and, indeed, soon became proficient as regards the latter instrument. Besides this, I devoted much of my energy—really the greater part of it—





to composition, writing in quick succession sonatas, trios, quartets and more than a hundred songs. Only a few of the songs, by the way, are in print.

"The result of all this work was a breakdown. My health gave way, and the doctor ordered me to leave Vienna. It was then, at the age of twenty, that I accepted the conductorship of the Laibach City Theatre orchestra.

"From that year, 1865, to 1874, my career as a conductor was uneventful; but in the latter year I was appointed court conductor at the Vienna Opera.

"When Dessoff, my former teacher, and also court conductor, left Vienna, and Fisher, a colleague, was pensioned, I, together with Hans Richter, who was appointed in Dessoff's place, had enough work to do; and when Richter was absent in Bayreuth or in London the entire direction of the opera devolved upon me.

"But in 1880 the appointment of a third conductor for the opera enabled me to accept the leadership of the celebrated concerts of the Society of the Friends of Music, of Vienna. It was hard work, this occupation of two such positions, but I found proportionate compensation in the opportunities afforded me. In 1884 the Society of the Friends of Music made me an honorary life member of the society.

"That same year Mr. Higginson came to Vienna and engaged me to go to Boston. Since that time, I think, my career is sufficiently well known, so you will excuse me."

#### His Arm Trouble.

"But this arm trouble you have been suffering from lately; is that a common complaint?"

"Oh, no. I never had anything like it before. It is due, I think, to a wrench I gave my arm some time ago. When we were in Philadelphia, on our last tour—the one before this—I felt it, and, oh, it troubled me so that I had sleepless nights. Since then constant work at rehearsals and concerts has retarded its improvement."

"The labor of conducting is little understood by the musical public, I dare say."

Mr. Gericke shrugged his shoulders, and that was his answer. The fact is,

he is loath to discuss his experiences or his opinions, fearing that he may be misinterpreted or misunderstood. Still, he says that it is since his career as a conductor began that conductors have been recognized as virtuosi. When he was a beginner the people simply looked over or to one side of the conductor's head, and to call a conductor upon the stage was unheard of.

#### Mr. Gericke's Influence.

Still, there is a story that goes to show not only Mr. Gericke's influence, but also the esprit de corps of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. On the way back to Boston, when Mr. Gericke was incapacitated, the orchestra played at Hartford, Mr. Kniesel conducting. The next morning one of the Hartford papers said that Mr. Gericke's absence made a great deal of difference; that it was sorely felt. As a matter of fact, the orchestra, not only to prove its loyalty to Mr. Kniesel, but also to prove that it had learned its lesson well from Mr. Gericke beforehand, performed with unusual brilliancy, and that critic wrote himself down a nincompoop.

The members of the orchestra are as devoted a band as a conductor ever beat time for. There is the spirit of pride in the past and in the present; and there is what might be called an orchestral spirit, which, in a way, is apart from the conductor's spirit. The feeling of superexcellence is strong in the orchestra; and it is generally justified. The orchestra has a way of commanding the applause even of rivals.

#### Nine Nationalities There.

Of the original members of the orchestra only a few remain. During his first conductorship Mr. Gericke brought over a number of Viennese players, most of whom still are members. The nationalities represented in the orchestra are German (which predominates numerically), French, Austrian, Hungarian, Polish, English, Dutch, Italian, Russian, Bohemian, Belgian and American. There are nine native Americans. The Frenchmen, it is a singular fact, are largely wood wind players, and they excel in their department.

The orchestra in its travels has not met any disaster; but the shadow





cast by the loss of three players when the Bourgogne went down in 1898 is still present.

The orchestra has played at symphony concerts the compositions of two of its members, Gustav Strube and C. N. Loeffler. A former member is Campanari, the opera singer.

The concert given in New York Feb. 21 was the 2051st. Of all the concerts 1069 have been given in Boston, 171 in Sanders Theatre, Harvard University; 109 in Philadelphia, 105 in New York, 94 in Brooklyn, 92 in Baltimore, and the balance in New England and Western cities. The last Western tour took place the year of the Columbian Exposition.

The first conductor was Georg Henschel; the second, Mr. Gericke; the third, Arthur Nikisch; the fourth Emil Paur, and then came Mr. Gericke again, who has been with the orchestra these last five seasons.

#### Charles A. Ellis the Manager.

The manager of the Boston Symphony Orchestra from the beginning has been Charles A. Ellis. Some years before Major Henry L. Higginson made his appeal to the public in behalf of a permanent orchestra in Boston—that was in 1881—Mr. Ellis had been in the Major's employ. Then he went to work for the Calumet & Hecla Company, and he was with this company when Major Higginson projected the Symphony Orchestra and engaged him to be the manager.

At first Mr. Ellis managed the orchestra incidentally to his work at the Calumet & Hecla office, but when A. P. Peck, who had been manager of the Music Hall, retired, Mr. Ellis left the office of "the fairy mine" and gave his whole attention to the orchestra and the hall. This took place during the first conductorship of Mr. Gericke.

It is a singular fact, by the way, that the first conductor of the orchestra, Mr. Henschel, should be engaged professionally in Boston at the present time. On Friday afternoon while on his way to his studio at the New England Conservatory of Music he generally meets the crowd bound for the symphony matinee.

**Ellis Always Successful.**

"In the early days," said Mr. Ellis, "the orchestra made monthly trips to New York and Philadelphia, and, in addition to those, after the close of the regular season in Boston, a tour of the principal cities as far west as Chicago. These spring tours were abandoned while Mr. Nikisch was conductor, and in their place we substituted the promenade concerts."

"Was the orchestra successful in the beginning?"

"Artistically, the orchestra has always been successful," said Mr. Ellis; "but it was the first permanent orchestra in the country, and it took some years for the public in general to realize what a permanent orchestra meant and to appreciate just what the orchestra was capable of doing."

"How is the orchestra selected?"

"That responsibility," Mr. Ellis answered, "rests upon the conductor. Originally the orchestra was made up of players found in Boston and New York. But it is of no consequence where an artist is found if his ability is of the highest. Locality plays no part in the matter of selection. The idea is simply to have the best players."

Notwithstanding his interest in the orchestra and his success as its manager, Mr. Ellis has little to say about his experiences of the last twenty-two years. The main reason for this, probably, is that he has been acting, not for himself, as was the case when he had his opera company on the road, but for Major Higginson, who originated the orchestra, and whose individual enterprise it has always been.

In fact, the Symphony Orchestra, as it stands today, is the result of the time, work and money that Major Higginson has devoted to it. But Major Higginson himself has been equally reticent concerning his influence with the orchestra; indeed, his public remarks on the subject have been limited to a speech made at the end of the final concert in the old Music Hall.

#### Major Higginson's Appeal.

The appeal which Major Higginson made to the public in 1881 read:

**A WORD IN THE INTEREST OF**



## GOOD MUSIC.

Notwithstanding the development of musical taste in Boston, we have never yet possessed a full and permanent orchestra offering the best music at low prices, such as may be found in all the large European cities, or even in the smaller musical centres of Germany. The essential condition of such orchestras is their stability, whereas ours are necessarily shifting and uncertain, because we are dependent upon musicians whose work and time are largely pledged elsewhere.

To obviate this difficulty the following plan is offered. It is an effort made simply in the interest of good music, and, though individual, inasmuch as it is independent of societies or clubs, it is in no way antagonistic to any previously existing musical organization. Indeed, the first step, as well as the natural impulse, in announcing a new musical project, is to thank those who have brought us where we now stand.

Whatever may be done in the future to the Handel and Haydn Society and to the Harvard Musical Association we all owe the great part of our home education in music of a high character. Can we forget, either, how admirably their work has been supplemented by the taste and critical judgment of Mr. John S. Dwight, and by the artists who have identified themselves with the same cause in Boston? These have been our teachers. We build on the foundations they have laid.

Such details of this scheme as concern the public are stated below. The orchestra is to number sixty selected musicians, their time, so far as required for careful training and for a given number of concerts, being engaged in advance. Mr. Georg Henschel will be the conductor for the coming season. The concerts will be twenty in number, given in Music Hall on Saturday evenings, from the middle of October to the middle of March. The intention is that the orchestra shall be made permanent here, and shall be called the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Both as the condition and the result of success, the sympathy of the public is asked.

HENRY L. HIGGINSON.

### Mr. Ellis's Work.

Mr. Ellis was only twenty-six years of age when he undertook the management of the orchestra; but his good judgment has been proved no less thoroughly than his amiability. What was remarked of him by a New York critic when he launched his opera company in 1898 is as true to-

day as it was then, that the fact that after so many years of "managerial life Mr. Ellis is only a name to the people for whom he has catered is characteristic of the man."

### SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Mr. Hugo Heermann, the German violinist, was the soloist at last week's Symphony concert, making his debut here in the great D major concerto by Beethoven. Mr. Schuecker, harpist, also appeared as a soloist in Widor's choral and variations for harp and orchestra, given here for the first time. Schubert's E minor overture and Haydn's D major symphony completed the program. Mr. Heermann quickly gave evidence of being an artist of rare ability, with genuine musical accomplishments, retiring in his manner and with a thorough mastery of all the resources of the instrument. Even in the most difficult and brilliant passage work his ease in manipulation was somewhat unusual, and although his playing was strongly individualized, there were no indications of exploiting the dexterity of the performer at the expense of the composer. It was a scholarly and masterly interpretation of one of the grandest concertos ever written for the violin; an appreciation of its many beauties illustrated with dignity, spirit and sentiment.

The first movement is really the most important of the three, and his reading throughout was highly satisfactory in every way, his bowing being vigorous and free, his tonal quality exquisite, and his double stopping, chord runs and rapid fingering in the cadenza showing almost flawless execution. The figurations in the second movement were splendid examples of left hand work, and in the closing movement Mr. Heermann exhibited a fire and dash than one would hardly expect from the style of the man. The elaborate cadenza presented no technical difficulty not easily met. Mr. Heermann's impression upon his audience was deep and enthusiastic applause greeted him at the close of each movement of the concerto and he was recalled again and again to the platform.

The Widor composition for harp and orchestra proved to be quite interesting. Mr. Schuecker's performance on the harp being the feature of course. The limitations of the instrument evidently had been carefully considered by the composer and its prominence has been closely maintained, despite the association with heavier bodies of instruments. Mr. Schuecker played with his usual skill and finish, his whole interpretation being of a nature to give great pleasure to his auditors, who accorded him hearty plaudits at the close of his playing.

The orchestral work in the Beethoven concert calls for special commendation for its association with the solo instrument was perfect in tempo and shadings, as if the splendid playing by Mr. Heermann called for the best efforts of Mr. Gericke's men. The Schubert overture was given with pleasing effect, as is to be expected from this orchestra, and the light and buoyant Haydn symphony went trippingly and joyously, the finale, "the chase," being specially appreciated by the audience.

This week's program will be as follows: A Faust overture, Wagner; "Das Gefilde der Seligen," Weingartner; symphony No. 9, Schubert.

## THE BOSTON ORCHESTRA.

### ITS SOLOISTS ON HAND FOR ALL EMERGENCIES.

Schumann's Piano Concerto Gives Way to a Bach Concerto for Violin, Flute, Oboe and Trumpet and the Audience Is Highly Delighted With the Result.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave its fourth concert last night at Carnegie Hall and had an audience of most substantial size. That audience had an opportunity to see what the Boston organization could do to extricate itself from a predicament. The soloist engaged for the concert was the Chicago player, Mme. Fannie Bloomfield-Zeisler, who has been felicitously called the Sara Bernhardt of the piano. On Wednesday night she received a telegram informing her that her husband was seriously ill and she was compelled to start at once for Chicago. When the orchestra arrived here yesterday the manager, Frederick R. Comee, was confronted with the news that he had no soloist.

Now the Boston Symphony Orchestra cannot furnish piano virtuosi, certainly not of the Sara Bernhardt description, but it has always on hand a full stock of virtuosi on all kinds of orchestral instruments. Those who were wise expected to be confronted with Timothee Adamowski, a few pages of Lalo, and a violin; but the blonde Adonis of Poland was not in his seat at all. Otto Roth sat there.

Mr. Gericke calmly led out a small squad of soloists and treated the audience to Bach's concerto, No. 2, in F major for violin, flute, oboe and trumpet. The soloists were Mr. Kneisel, violin; Mr. Macarre, flute; Mr. Longy, oboe and Mr. Knoepfel, trumpet. Mme. Bloomfield-Zeisler is a good pianist and the Schumann concerto is lovely music. Furthermore the lady is in a position to obtain sincere sympathy. Nevertheless there was an element of good fortune in the combination of circumstances which enabled last night's audience to hear the Bach concerto and such a performance of it.

The concerto, rarely heard, is one of the most precious gems in the inexhaustible treasury of Bach. It is one of those works in which the simplicity and chaste beauty of Bach's melodic thoughts are wedded most beautifully to his marvellous command of polyphonic composition, which gives such apparently spontaneous and unpremeditated results. Here is music in which perfect mastery is exhibited, in which musical science disports itself in the sheer delight of wielding its own mechanical devices, and

in which the results are all exquisitely lovely.

And how those four artists did play! To hear the extraordinary ease of Mr. Knoepfel's handling of the difficult passages in the upper register of the trumpet was alone a sufficient joy; but to it was added the solid violin playing of Mr. Kneisel and the pure, flawless oboe art of Mr. Longy, with which we are all acquainted, and the wonderfully fine flute playing of Mr. Macarre. What an organization it is that contains such masters! And they did not make any parade of themselves, but played together in a most admirable ensemble, with a just balance and a most delicate sense of proportion. They were accompanied adequately by the orchestra, and Mr. Gericke presided over the performance with the skill of a sincere lover of Bach. The whole thing was a rare treat.

The other numbers on the programme were Cherubini's "Water Carrier" overture, Richard Strauss's tone poem "Death and Transfiguration" and Beethoven's fifth symphony. The overture of the talented old martinet of the Paris Conservatoire was played with admirable finish and classicism of style, but the grooves of the orchestra were best revealed in the Strauss number. The spectacle of the classic Gericke developing into an enthusiastic and discriminating interpreter of the ultra-pictorial Richard Strauss is full of suggestion. The sun do move, brethren. The orchestra played the musical description of final dissolution and regeneration most beautifully. The balance and quality of tone for which this band is famous made the richness of the score stand out in glowing tints. No matter what one may think about the material which Strauss has used as the background of this music, there can be nothing but admiration for his constructive skill and for such an interpretation of his thought as that given last night.

The delicacy of ear, the quickness of perception and the readiness of resource, necessary to the equipment of a really able orchestral conductor were exhibited on Thursday evening at the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra when Mr. Gericke was conducting the performance of the Bach concerto for violin, flute, oboe and trumpet. It will be recalled that the composition was put on the programme at extremely short notice to fill the void occasioned by Mme. Bloomfield-Zeisler's inability to appear and play the Schumann piano concerto.

During the performance of the first movement the soloists sat at their desks in their accustomed positions. The orchestration of this movement, arranged for modern performance by Felix Mottl, is somewhat heavy, and the solo instruments did not stand out quite as prominently as they should have done. Before beginning the second movement Mr. Gericke brought the violin, flute and oboe forward a little and caused them to stand up. This made a decided difference in the effect of the instruments, which was naturally aided by the quieter character of the accompaniment.



## YESTERDAY'S MUSIC.

When solo singers are prevented from keeping their engagements at the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra it need not mean disappointment to the audience. That was demonstrated last night. Mme. Bloomfield-Zeisler was to have played the Schumann concerto at the fourth evening concert for this season in Carnegie Hall of the gentlemen artists from the New-England capital, but was summoned home to Chicago because of the illness of her husband. Instead of scurrying about for a substitute Mr. Gericke turned to his own forces and repaired the loss fourfold. Instead of Schumann's pianoforte concerto he gave the public Bach's second Brandenburg concerto grosso in the arrangement made by Felix Mottl. In this, a fascinating specimen of the old concerto grosso, with its small group of solo performers competing delightfully and harmoniously among themselves, and with the accompanying band, the solos were played by Mr. Kneisel (violin), Mr. Macarrie (flute), Mr. Longy (oboe) and Mr. Knöpfel (trumpet). There could not have been much special preparation under the circumstances, but the Boston artists seem to be always ready, and the performance was a delight, the slow movement, instinct with the tender loveliness of some of the "Passion Music," being particularly transporting. Such disappointments leave no sting.

The other numbers of the programme were Cherubini's eminently respectable overture to "Les Deux Journées," Richard Strauss's "Tod und Verklärung" and Beethoven's C minor symphony. To mention such pieces in a record of a concert by Mr. Gericke and his men is to convey a sufficient idea of the character of their performance; but a hymn of praise must be intoned at least for the manner in which Strauss's tone poem was sung, sung by one and sung by all till the swelling pæan expanded the hearts of the listeners in the triumphant close.

## THE SYMPHONY PROGRAMME.

## Hugo Heermann of Frankfort to Make a Boston Debut.

His European Reputation as a Violinist Sets Him in the Front Rank—Schubert's Overture in E Minor Will Be Given and Haydn's "Chase" as a Symphony Number.

The solo number of this week's Symphony programme provides for the introduction to Boston of Mr. Hugo Heermann, the Frankfort violinist, whose European reputation sets him in the front rank and of whom the critic of the New York Tribune, who is often inclined to be a little captious, said liberally, in relation to his performance of a Brahms concerto: "Brahms has a masterly interpreter, a true prophet, in the violinist

from Frankfort, whose performance dwarfed all that has been heard in New York from travelling virtuosi for years. In his playing we have dignity, manliness, strength, sweetness and elegance combined; an all but impeccable technique, unimpeachable taste, absolute sincerity, noble self-effacement."

Mr. Heermann had announced for his debut Richard Strauss' violin concerto, which is rather a juvenile and conventional composition; but he has discarded it for the Beethoven concerto. That is a good choice in various ways. It is in itself magnificent and a test of all that is best in its player as technician and artist, while it affords the general listener a satisfactory basis for his judgment, having been heard here so often in the renderings of so many different performers. The symphony is Haydn's "Chase," the first of five which he composed in 1781. It takes its name from its finale, which suggests the hurry-scurry of a vigorous steeplechase or hunting meet, and was not originally intended for a symphonic movement, but for the introduction to the third act of an opera about the rewards of fidelity, wherein Diana protects and unites a faithful couple and slays their persecutor. The other three movements are in Haydn's usually genial and comfortable vein, and gave pleasure when first heard in Boston four years ago. The overture will be Schubert's enlivening one in E minor, and there will be novelty in a set of choral variations for harp and orchestra, composed by Widor and first performed on March 12, 1900, in the Salle Evard, Paris.

## Talk of the Day

There will be no soloist at the Symphony concert this week. Inasmuch as there are subscribers who do not enjoy a concert unless there be some celebrated pianist, fiddler, or singing man, we respectfully call the attention of the manager to Mr. John B. Riley of York (Pa.), a veteran of the Civil War, who has more than a local reputation as "a trick violinist." We have no doubt that he could be secured for the concert, especially as his inimitable tour de force would not call for rehearsal; it is emphatically a solo performance. This astonishing virtuoso plays on the violin and cello simultaneously and keeps time on the cymbals, operated neatly by the right foot. His repertory includes all the masterpieces in fiddle-literature: "The Arkansaw Traveler," "Turkey in the Straw," "Old Dan Tucker," "Fisher's Hornpipe," and "Pop Goes the Weasel."

Nor is Mr. Riley narrowly musical. He dances jigs with a technique that is superb, in fact amazing, when you remember that he is seventy-five years old. Only the other day he challenged any man in Pennsylvania over fifty to a jig contest. "And I'll do me own fiddlin' sure," says Mr. Riley. There is talk of calling him the next scholastic

year to take the chair of Jigs, Splits, Pigeon-Wings, Double-Shuffles and Statue-Clogs, which has just been established at Yale.

It would be the agreeable duty of the compiler of the program-book, in the case of Mr. Riley's engagement, to trace the relationship between this artist and that other virtuoso, One-Eyed Riley, who is said by some to have departed this life last fall in a far Western town, but whose virtues will be preserved in the memorable ballad so long as the English language shall endure.

The Symphony Orchestra netted nearly \$3000 by its concert Sunday night in aid of its Pension Fund; and generous contributions swell this amount. There is talk of a second concert toward the end of the season, when Beethoven's ninth symphony may be performed with the aid of the Handel and Haydn chorus.

## MUSIC AND DRAMA

## Symphony Hall: Symphony Orchestra

The sixteenth Symphony concert was given in Symphony Hall on Saturday evening, the programme being as follows:

Franz Schubert: Overture in E minor.

Ludwig van Beethoven: Concerto for Violin, in D major, opus 61.

Charles-Marie Widor: Choral and Variations for Harp and Orchestra, opus 74. (First time.)

Mr. Schuëcker, harp.

Josef Haydn: Symphony in D major, "La Chasse."

Mr. Hugo Heermann was the solo violinist.

It is hardly a thing worth making much fuss about, but it would be interesting in a way to find out by actual referendum how many persons in Symphony Hall last Saturday evening wished to hear Schubert's overture in E minor; also how many were glad they had heard it when it was over. Audiences are such queer things sometimes that one never knows what they will, or will not, like. Take, for instance, Mr. Heermann's playing of the Beethoven concerto. I have been to concerts in Boston pretty steadily for the last thirty-seven years; and I cannot remember any other violinist reaping such applause with just this concerto as was elicited by Mr. Heermann last Saturday evening. The audience simply went wild with delight. Now, except for an exceedingly brilliant cadenza, exceedingly brilliantly played, the most noteworthy feature of Mr. Heermann's performance was, as it seemed to me, its neutrality; he seemed to take the music in the most obvious way, with hardly an attempt at anything that could be called interpretation; if he have a musical individuality, he kept it to himself on this occasion. His technique is certainly adequate, especially as regards his left hand; but it would be stretching a point to call his tone in any way remarkable. And yet, as I have said, the audience went

wild over him; one would have thought Melba had just sung the mad-scene from "Lucia." Of course all explanation of the why and wherefore must be conjectural. But one at least plausible explanation suggests itself to me; very much the explanation, upon the whole, that Wilhelm Hauff gave, in his once famous "Controverspredigt," of the popularity of H. Clauren's novels in Germany—a popularity that was as widespread and, one might almost say, furious as it was instantaneous. Said Hauff: "Ladies read Clauren, and forthwith exclaim, 'What easy naturalness, what truth to life! 'Tis tout comme chez nous; he describes us even to our very chemises, the delicious man!'" Now, I fancy there must have been a good deal of the "tout comme chez nous" feeling in Mr. Heermann's audience last Saturday evening; he played the concerto just about as nine out of ten of his hearers would have played it, if left to themselves—if they only had his fingers and bow arm. It was the very neutrality, or, to put it another way, the very average quality of his conception of the music that so strongly commended his performance to the average appreciation. One sees enough of this in life not to find it over-surprising; the most popular man by all odds in the French Revolution was neither Danton (the active energy of the movement), nor Marat (its brains), but Robespierre, who, as Taine has said, "for intellectual sterility seeks his fellow in history." Neither need one find much to regret in the matter; the general musical public is so open to being fooled by cheap tricks and charlatanry that it is even a source of pleasure, once in a while, to find its sympathy worked upon powerfully by great music, given simply as it stands, in a manner the severest charge that can justly be brought against which is that of lacking flavor.

Widor's new choral variations for harp and orchestra (considering the composer's ecclesiastical employment as organist at Saint-Eustache) remind one rather of what Zola (or was it Berlioz?) once said of the Catholic religion: "Le Catholicisme a du moins le mérite d'être une religion gaie." It is a most cheerful, not to say ballicose, composition (pardon the semi-classical neologism), which cheerfulness, however, does not prevent its getting duller and duller as it goes on. One would think it laughing at its own jokes. Still there exists so little bearable music for the harp, especially with orchestra, and this piece sets forth the instrument so brilliantly, that one can hear it once without grumbling. Mr. Schuëcker played it with the utmost dash and sparkle of style. The Haydn symphony—but then, there is no need of writing about Haydn symphonies in the present century.

The next programme is: Wagner, a Faust-Overture; Weingartner, "Das Gefilde der Seeligen" (new); Schubert, symphony No. 9, in C major. W. F. A.





MME. ANTOINETTE SZUMOWSKI-ADAMOWSKI.

SYMPHONY HALL  
SUNDAY EVENING, MARCH 1, 1903, at eight

# FIRST CONCERT

BY THE

## BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor

IN AID OF ITS

### PENSION FUND

*Assisted by* Mme. ANTOINETTE SZUMOWSKA

WHO HAS KINDLY VOLUNTEERED

#### PROGRAMME

- BEETHOVEN . . . Overture to "Leonore" No. 3, Op. 72
- SAINT-SAËNS . . . Septet in E-flat, Op. 65, for two Violins, Viola, 'Cello, Contrabass, Trumpet, and Piano. Full String Orchestra. Piano, Mme. SZUMOWSKA.
- TSCHAIKOWSKY . . . Symphony No. 6, in B minor, "Pathétique," Op. 74.
- I. Adagio.
  - Allegro non troppo.
  - II. Allegro con grazia.
  - III. Allegro molto vivace.
  - IV. Finale: Adagio lamentoso.
- WAGNER . . . . . Siegfried Passing through the Fire, from "Siegfried," Act III., Scene 2; and Morning Dawn and Siegfried's Voyage up the Rhine, from "Götterdämmerung," Prologue.

The Pianoforte is a Mason & Hamlin



# A SYMPHONY CONCERT FOR THE PENSION FUND

Boston Shows Its Appreciation of  
Its Superb Orchestra.

## REPRESENTATIVE PROGRAM

Pieces by Beethoven, Saint-Saens,  
Tschaikowsky and Wagner—  
Mrs. Szumowska as Soloist.

By PHILIP HALE.

Symphony Hall was filled last night with a brilliant and truly representative audience; representative because it was drawn from all classes of music lovers, who had come together to show their appreciation of the orchestra that is without a superior, and possibly without a rival. This concert was the orchestra's own concert. The players and Mr. Gericke, and Mrs. Szumowska, who has a peculiar interest in the orchestra and might justly be called one of the orchestral family, displayed their art on this occasion for the foundation of a pension fund.

### The Fund Itself.

The reasonableness of the establishment of such a fund has already been discussed in the Journal. And yet there was no real need of such discussion. The musician, however dear he may be to the Muse, is not spared the accidents, the infirmities of common humanity; nor did Death forget his grim errand in listening to the lute of Orpheus. That no one of their body might look forward with foreboding or fear to useless and miserable days, that no one who had given hostages to fortune might be without some consolation at the thought of his own ending, the members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra conceived this plan of a pension fund, in which both Mr. Higginson and Mr. Gericke are also deeply interested. The presence of so great an audience last night showed that this interest is shared by all lovers of music, by many who, though they may not be musical, nevertheless

are moved by civic pride. The audience itself was a noble tribute to the orchestra.

### The Program.

The program was admirably arranged. The composers whose works were chosen are illustrious in the ranks of orchestral writers. There was no narrowness in the choice, no partisanship, no spirit of clan or parish. Beethoven was there with his "Leonore." Saint-Saens, whose works are distinguished by the logical train of thought, the clearness and elegance of expression that have so long characterized that which is peculiarly French in art of every kind, was not represented by one of his orchestral masterpieces, but his chamber music enlarged for this occasion has its qualities; it provided a desirable contrast, and it added to the concert the charm of Mrs. Szumowska's presence. No musically sane person would dispute the supreme right of Tschaikowsky to be present with his symphony, that Iliad of woe; that epic of love and wild despair, of mad gaiety that would fain forget the inevitable end of every man's desire, of the hero's triumph, of the apotheosis that leads only to the tomb. And as Beethoven and Tschaikowsky are neither German nor Russian, but universal composers; as Saint-Saens is something more than a Frenchman of exquisite polish; so is Wagner not merely the man of Bayreuth but a world-man.

### The Concert.

Of the concert itself it is not necessary to speak. It is enough to say that conductor, orchestra, pianist were all filled with the spirit of the occasion and that the audience was most sympathetic and appreciative. There was the fanfare to greet the conductor; there were wreaths; there was frequent and hearty applause. May this be only the first of many such concerts, so that this pension fund, established firmly through the efforts of orchestra and conductor, and the spontaneous aid of music lovers, may grow under wise administration, so that the honor of membership may more and more be enviable, so that the players may be the more closely knit together in bonds of sympathy and brotherhood, as well as by the thought that they are fellow servants in the temple of art.

# THE PENSION FUND CONCERT.

## Mme. Szumowska's Re-entry a Feature of the Evening.

*Harold*  
Splendid Performance Before a  
Great and Distinguished Audi-  
ence—Presentation to Mr. Gericke  
of a Large Silver Wreath—Many  
Gifts to the Fund.

The special concert for the benefit of the Symphony Orchestra pension fund drew to the hall last evening a great and distinguished company, which filled its seating capacity, and heard, with many manifestations of high pleasure, a magnificent performance.

There had been selected for the orchestra three works of different schools and characters, in all of which the men have achieved signal triumphs of sense and spirit—Beethoven's "Leonore" overture, Tschaikowsky's "Pathetic" symphony, and from Wagner the three Siegfried episodes, so commonly and so oppositely linked together, his passage of the fiery barrier and his voyage up the Rhine in the early dawn.

It was necessary to provide something dignified and large for Mrs. Szumowska, who was to make here real re-entry for the season, and whose generously tendered service should be utilized by uniting it with the work of the orchestra. The programme being already long and serious a concerto was out of question, and an independent solo selection seemed undesirable. It was therefore necessary to take a piece of chamber music and enlarge its treatment to suit the occasion and the locality. The choice fell upon the E flat septet, for the five strings, trumpet and pianoforte, of Saint-Saens, the whole string band being employed, but the solo trumpet being left a unit. The composition itself did not suffer by such treatment, for it is rather of virtuoso than classic character and might be made a showpiece without distortion or much exaggeration.

Mme. Szumowska has always been distinguished for the delicate beauty, the tender grace and the appealing sensitiveness of her playing. But such virtues could not be hid, even in the amplification of their accompaniment, and it was further evident that Mme. Szumowska had ready at her command the developed elemental strength to cope with single parts, multiplied to a dozen or 16. In the first movement there was easy vigor, in the second firm clearness, in the third a duly gentle and emotional spirit, and in the finale positive but modest emphasis and effective nervous force. She was earnestly recalled and tendered a laurel wreath, whose diameter almost equalled her own height.

But hers were not the only laurels of the evening, for, as he took the stand, Mr. Gericke was saluted by a deputation, who gave him on behalf of the orchestra a large laurel wreath wrought

in solid silver, whereupon there were fanfares and hurrahs, both band and audience rising spontaneously.

The general interest felt in the cause is great, and has been marked by a host of contributions, ranging from 50 cents to \$5000, persons giving, as in the Roger Wolcott subscription, variably according to their purses, but always from their hearts. This amount has not been calculated, but last night's receipts will be about \$3000. The total of the initial fund cannot be estimated, for there will be immediate additions to it; but it is sure to be a growing capital, if Mr. Higginson be among its trustees. He has been a wise and generous patron of the orchestra; in a fiduciary capacity he would be its good and faithful servant, increasing the talents put into his charge.

### ORCHESTRA FUND CONCERT.

The concert at Symphony hall this evening, in aid of the pension fund of the Boston symphony orchestra, will make a notable event in the history of this organization. The object for which the concert is given has gained the favor of the public, and there has been a commendable disposition on the part of the patrons of the regular season to add their contributions to the fund. Mr. Gericke has selected a program of rare merit, and in its performance the men of the orchestra will undoubtedly strive to excel even the high standard established by their public performances in the concerts of the regular season.

The third "Leonora" overture will introduce the program, and this will be followed by Saint-Saens' septet in E flat, op. 65, for two violins, viola, cello, contrabass, trumpet and piano. In this number Mme. Szumowska, who has kindly volunteered her services, will sustain the piano part. The symphony "Pathetic," by Tschaikowsky, will follow, and the evening's selections will be concluded by scenes from "Siegfried" and "Gotterdammerung," by Wagner.

The second symphony concert was given last night. It was an extra one and was given in aid of a most worthy object. It was to form the nucleus of a fund to pension our symphony players when they are past service. Nothing can conduce more to the permanency of our orchestra than such a fund as this. Boston has led America in the matter of establishing a permanent orchestra and now she leads the way in establishing a safeguard around such an organization.

Judging by the very large audience, and by the fact that many contributed something beyond the price of their tickets, the donations ranged from 50 cents to 5000 dollars, we may hope to find the next-egg in the symphonic treasury and a new deed in favor of Frau Musica accomplished in our city.

The concert was of highest interest, per se, as may be seen by the following programme:—

Overture to "Leonore" No. 3, op. 72...Beethoven  
Septet in E-flat, op. 65, for two violins,



viola, 'cello, contrabass, trumpet and piano; full string orchestra.....Saint-Saens Piano, Mme. Szumowska.  
Symphony No. 6, in B minor, "Pathétique," op. 74.....Tchaikovsky  
Siegfried passing through the fire, from "Siegfried," act III, scene 2; and morning dawn and Siegfried's voyage up the Rhine, from "Gotterdammerung," prologue.....Wagner

It is not customary to exert the critical function upon a concert given for beneficence, in which all the artists and the conductor donate their services for a good cause, but, were this not the case, one could still speak chiefly in enthusiastic praise of the work done upon this occasion.

All the works given were familiar ones except the Saint-Saens septette. The combination of instruments here is an unusual one differing from that used in the two other famous septettes, by Beethoven and Hummel, and the addition of full string orchestra causes it to stand midway between chamber-music and Sinfonietta or Concerto. Mme. Szumowska is not only a splendid soloist, she is also a chamber-musician of high rank, and the ensemble of the septette was excellent. It is one of the brightest of compositions. Mme. Szumowska was recalled several times and received a huge laurel wreath.

Richter's arrangement of portions of the last two operas of the Trilogy (made with Wagner's consent, we believe) is one of the very best of all concert arrangements of the great composer's operatic works. It was given in a manner that brought out all its subtle points. Altogether, the concert was one memorable in itself and doubly memorable because of its object.

Enthusiasm was constantly at fever heat. When Mr. Gericke appeared he was presented with a silver laurel wreath on a velvet cushion, on behalf of his loyal orchestra. The audience rose to their feet in homage, and the brass band played a "Tusch"—a fanfare—in the heartiest manner. Never was compliment better bestowed. Mr. Gericke has made our orchestra what it is—the very best of the entire world—and has labored for it beyond belief. This latest innovation, the Pension Fund, also owes much to his fertile brain and his unceasing efforts.

We only wish him one yet greater triumph: that he may some day be assisted to transport his orchestra to England, France and Germany, that Europe may hear and be astonished at how one American city has excelled her in the instrumental field. Louis C. Elson,

## Symphony Hall: Orchestra Pension Fund Concert

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, assisted by Mme. Antoinette Szumowska, gave the first concert in aid of its pension fund in Symphony Hall last evening. The programme was:

Ludwig van Beethoven: Overture to "Leonore," No. 3, opus 72.  
Camille Saint-Saens: Septet for Strings, Trumpet and Piano, in E-flat major, opus 65.  
Peter Ilyitch Tchaikovsky: Symphony No. 6, in B minor, "Pathétique," opus 74.  
Richard Wagner: Scenes from "Siegfried" and "Gotterdammerung."

Just before the concert began a pretty little real scene was enacted: nothing hinted at what was coming—unless, indeed, it was the apparent determination of Mr. Georges Longy to play first violin, instead of oboe as usual—and most of the audience were probably as surprised as Mr. Gericke himself when, just as he was about to raise his baton, Mr. Kniesel stepped up to him and, in the name of the orchestra, presented him with a handsome silver laurel wreath on a velvet cushion, with the names of all the members of the orchestra engraved on the leaves. Then came a glorious "Tusch" from the band, in which the brass and percussion departments distinguished themselves particularly. This voluntary tribute of the orchestra to its conductor is worth more than a passing mention: it really means a good deal. There are still a good many men left who were members when Mr. Gericke made his parting bow from the platform of the old Music Hall in the spring of 1890, after his first five-year's engagement here; and, when we remember the state of mind in which the orchestra then bade him farewell, and compare it with that in which it now pays him this voluntary tribute of respect and affection, we can appreciate how much of sterling force of character and intrinsic manhood is implied in the change he has effected. No man ever better deserved a tribute of the sort than Mr. Gericke.

Of the excellent object of the concert little need be said here; it is one of those objects that commend themselves and need no talking-up. That it will increase the esprit de corps of the members is not the least of the benefits to be derived from the foundation of a pension fund.

The programme was chosen with excellent judgment, with an eye to popularity as well as to intrinsic musical value. The Saint-Saens septet was the only number to cause anything like surprise; but it sounded so much better "with all the strings" than it usually does as chamber-music that it really paid its way. Amid and against the larger mass of string tone, the trumpet lost not a little of that "unmannerliness" I once heard it charged with by a disturbed listener. Mme. Szumowska played the piano-forte part exquisitely.

Tchaikovsky's "Pathétique" made good its high reputation for popularity, and was loudly applauded after every movement. And the Wagner selections—Siegfried passing

through the fire; morning dawn and Siegfried's trip up the Rhine, closing with a few measures of the Walhalla-motive—made the concert end in a glow of color. W. F. A.

If everyone who has been edified, refreshed or spiritually uplifted by the magnificent playing of the Symphony Orchestra contributes, as he may, according to the measure of his gratitude and the length of his bank account, to the pension fund, every member of the orchestra will be able to live his last days in peace and comfort, so far as his material wants go. Though that, of course, will hardly happen. A great many people have none of that abstract gratitude, or public spirit, in their outfit, and though they are the prime losers by the omission, numbers of worthy objects are also losers. They make, or help to swell the army of folk, however, who are always ready to put out a dollar if they are to get their money's worth of enjoyment. Hence the annual pension fund concerts, the first of which was given last night, will receive their patronage, and judging by the attendance this support will prove a stable one while these concerts continue, and while such attractive programmes as that of last night are arranged.

**SYMPHONY HALL**  
**SUNDAY EVENING, March 1, at eight**  
**CONCERT**  
BY THE  
**BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA**  
WILLIAM GERICKE, Conductor  
IN AID OF ITS  
**PENSION FUND**  
Assisted by Mme. Antoinette Szumowska  
TICKETS NOW ON SALE.  
[A]

No. 5, "La Chasse."

ist:

EERMANN.



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*Symphony Hall.*

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SEASON 1902-03.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Mr. WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.

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**XVII. CONCERT.**

SATURDAY, MARCH 7, AT 8, P. M.

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**Programme.**

WAGNER,

A FAUST OVERTURE.

WEINGARTNER,

SYMPHONIC POEM, "The Elysian Fields," op. 21.  
(First time.)

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SCHUBERT,

SYMPHONY No. 9, in C major.  
I. Andante: Allegro ma non troppo.  
II. Andante con moto.  
III. Scherzo: Allegro vivace: Trio.  
IV. Finale: Allegro vivace.



## MUSICAL MATTERS

### THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

A Faust Overture.....Wagner  
Symphonic Poem, "The Elysian Fields,"  
op. 21.....Weingartner.  
(First Time.)  
Symphony No. 9, in C major.....Schubert.

A purely orchestral programme yet as interesting as any recent one of the series; although the public generally evinces more interest in a soloist than in any musical organization, our orchestra is quite able to hold attention without the assistance of singer, pianist or other solo attraction.

The "Faust" overture is interesting as showing the first glow of Wagner's genius, for, up to the time that he made the first version of this overture, he had been copying Italian and French models and had not given his own ideas full play; in "Faust" he first reveals his individuality. And it is characteristic that he should here dwell upon the discontented masculine rather than upon the "eternal feminine"; Gretchen is almost wholly banished and we are given a pessimistic bachelor of a hero. The work was finely interpreted, with moody caprice and bold contrasts.

After this the audience wandered in the Elysian Fields (a Teutonic "Champs Elysees") with Weingartner as guide. The work is the most impressive that this composer-conductor has yet given us. There is something of dreamy sweetness and of nirvana-like calm that suggests Gluck's view on a similar subject, and some baleful muted brass tones showed that trouble was not wholly absent even in Paradise. The work is founded upon a painting by Boecklin, and Weingartner has put a tag upon many a phrase in the composition to show exactly what he means. We do not believe in this kind of mood-cataloguing; nor do we find ourselves quite at home in the bizarre effects of orchestration and the unexpected progressions of the harmony. There are some points of great beauty in the work, but Weingartner does not have the sure touch and absolute authority of Richard Strauss.

The last number upon the programme spoke a language which we easily understood, and had a beauty that was readily comprehended. Yet, in its first days, the Schubert symphony in C major was considered remarkably abstruse and altogether too difficult for performance.

It was taken rather more rapidly than we are accustomed to hear it, and it

lost some of its poetry in consequence. At the very beginning, the romantic horn solo was given too boldly, but the reproduction of the melody on oboe and clarinette was more effective. The trombones in the coda of the first movement were excellent. This very passage was a bold departure in its time. Before it was written Mozart had shown the threatening tone-color of the trombones, in his Requiem and in "Don Giovanni," and Beethoven had brought the instruments into the symphonic orchestra (first in his fifth symphony, then in the sixth and ninth) but the use of trombones in the Schubert work was in a bolder manner than had, up to its time, ever been heard in symphony.

Mr. Gerleke made every repeat in the composition. While we generally believe in the repeat of exposition in symphony, Schubert has so many repeats of themes that one would recommend cutting wherever possible.

The whole work is song-like. Dvorak recently wrote that Schubert was at his greatest in instrumental composition, but even the amateur will discern the song element in his symphonies and his chamber music. Schubert thought song, just as Beethoven thought orchestral and Schumann thought piano. The second movement is a series of beautiful songs in glorious contrast, and the gypsy element in this part of the work speaks eloquently of Schubert's stay at Zelesz, in Hungary, as a music teacher, and his catching up the Tsigany music which is still the leading folk-song characteristic of that country. The oboe was very prominent in this movement and was exquisitely played.

How earnestly Schubert worked at this symphony may be seen by the alterations which he made in the score; Schubert, the composer who generally never altered a note from his original sketch! The two most delightful themes, for flute and violins, were an afterthought. More might have been made of the trio, in that noble horn theme which Liszt afterwards borrowed in "Les Preludes."

While speaking of resemblances, however, one cannot avoid noticing the fact that the most important figure of the finale of this symphony, the figure of four repeated notes, like a giant knocking at the door, had been used (with a different development, however) by Beethoven in that wonderful violin concerto which Mr. Heermann played at the preceding concert. We wish that the two works had been heard at the same concert, so that the audience might have studied the same



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thought as developed by two different minds.

The audience stayed to the end of the symphony and applauded each movement. Yet, for once, we were not greatly aroused by the reading, which seemed to be rather perfunctory and not as excellent as we are accustomed to hear under our great conductor's baton.

Next Saturday we are to have some more of the worthy modern music, in the shape of Charpentier's "Impressions of Italy" and Mr. Van Hoose is to sing Beethoven's "Adelaide" with orchestral accompaniment. Louis C. Elson.

## THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

### Progressive Trinity in Music Afforded by Mr. Gericke.

The Selections Include the "Faust" Overture from Wagner, Weingartner's Symphonic Poem, "The Elysian Fields" and the Ninth Symphony of Schubert.

Mr. Gericke's 17th programme was remarkable for the intellectual and spiritual progression of the selections that composed it, three in number, thus representing that essential trinity which seems to pervade all that is perfect and complete in the universe.

It began by that "Faust" overture of Wagner, intended to be but the opening movement of a great philosophic and emotional symphony, but ultimately left isolated. It is all unrest, fatigue, despondency, doubtful questioning, and deep, but vague longing for what constantly appears, alluring and consolatory, close at hand, but ever just out of reach—a hope, but not a promise, an expectancy, not an assurance.

Then came Weingartner's symphonic poem about "The Elysian Fields." Rightly it is called a poem, whereas most compositions presented as such are rather declamatory or dramatic narratives, eager to display action, to cause excitement and demonstrate the superabundance of clamorous and struggling vitality. But Weingartner, realizing that beauty, charm, lofty but tranquil joy, peace and harmony of feeling and delicious illusions are the first attributes which poetry bestows upon its winning, gracious and shapely thought, has wrought toward dainty, soothing, appealing effects in his music, so that ear, fancy and nerve may be wooed to sensuous ease and soft delight.

It is true that he has analyzed his own pages and told what he desired to imply by this theme and what by his particular treatment of that other; but this is all needless. The music as it

flows along, now languorously and now spiritedly, gayly or gravely, creates the melting moods—and no more is needed. One feels that a region, like Bunyan's Beulah, exquisitely dear and gracious, spreads before him, every feature a charm and an earnest of reposeful happiness; that within this landscape the blessed dance and sing and sport; calm, serious worship rises to a certain mild majesty, and then again placid, quiet enjoyment succeeds, and all sinks at last into its primal tranquillity. Nothing dignifies, exalts or fortifies the soul, and perhaps the grandest, gravest fancy of all is that which keeps the deep bass notes heard and felt almost constantly, as if to hint that all this delicious peace dwelt upon a sure, unchangeable, eternal foundation.

This poem delighted, but it left voids unfilled and longings without response. One needed to pass—and the opportunity was given—from the creation of talent and art, care and refinement, to the free eloquence of inspiration and genius, crying out in their last mortal days with appeal to the very soul of man, thrilling and uplifting it through its own spirituality. There is something in that ninth symphony of Schubert—something in its confidence, enthusiasm and insistence, its serene pathos, its gentle joy, its aspiration and its sense of glory, which even Beethoven does not give and which made Schumann, in his rhapsodic admiration, declare that such a work must be for all eternity, because it touched, expressed and vivified the highest, best and purest in human nature. Thus was the triad complete—mortal longings, sensuous contentment and immortal spiritual fruition.

The performance was as a whole at the level of the music. It was a pity, though, that the second harp asked by Weingartner could not have been provided. There never seems to be any difficulty about extra brass and beatable things for Wagner or Strauss, and in the larger ensembles of this poem, a single harp is absorbed and might almost as well be silenced. Just before the close of the poem there appears a single false touch—that is, unless it were laid on more heavily than was intended. A short phrase, reminiscent of the most sportive, jubilant episode of the poem, is inserted among the final strophes, which are all melting to soft repose and absolute evanescence. Were the phrase just barely audible, it might seem like a last dying echo of a long passed strain; but, sounding bright and clear, it startles and almost shocks.

The next programme will be this:

Overture, "Liebesfrühling." (first time) Schumann  
Aria from "Euryanthe." "Unter den blühenden Mandelbäumen" Weber  
Overture fantasia, "Romeo and Juliet" Tchaikowsky  
Aria, "Adelaide," with orchestral accompaniment. Beethoven  
"Impressions of Italy" Charpentier  
Soloist, Mr. Ellison Van Hoose.

## MUSIC AND DRAMA

### Symphony Hall: Symphony Orchestra

The seventeenth symphony concert was given in Symphony Hall last Saturday evening, the programme being as follows:

Richard Wagner: Eine Faust-Ouvertüre.  
Felix Weingartner: Symphonic Poem, "Die Gefilde der Seeligen," opus 21.

(First time in Boston.)

Franz Schubert: Symphony No. 9, in C major.

It seems a good while since Wagner's Faust-Ouvertüre was last heard here. Historically interesting the work will always be; for it was the first taste of the "later Wagner" the outer world got. And note how little there was in the work to scare the world at the time: some bold modulations, some rather "Weimarian" melody, but, upon the whole, so much of the old sonata form, and handled with such facile mastery! One wonders how people could have been shocked at it, as some unquestionably were. But it is not the new form, or the absence of old form, that the world at large most deplores in new and original composers of genius, but the new spirit; even the most conventional of old bottling will not reconcile conservative humanity to that. And, in spite of the old sonata form, one does find an enormous amount of originality of musical feeling in this Faust-Ouvertüre; quite apart from its historical interest, the work is still strong and fresh as it was half a century ago. One point is rather curious: in 1852 Liszt wrote to Wagner, about his first draught of the composition, "If . . . you introduced a soft, tender, melodious part, modulated à la Gretchen, I think I can assure you that your work would gain very much." And the "Gretchen" theme Wagner did introduce, following this advice, was about the only thing he ever wrote that reminds one strongly of Liszt! It sound almost like a plagiarism. The overture was beautifully played, and produced a profound effect.

As for Mr. Weingartner's "Gefilde der Seeligen," what can one really say of it? It shows a certain mastery over the resources of the modern orchestra; it is euphonious in a rather cloying way. But, upon the whole, one is tempted to call it Richard Strauss expurgated for nursery use. And one finds that Zola was quite right when he called expurgated things "terriblement fades" (terribly flat). There is no use trying to impute an interest to the music by connecting it with Böcklin's picture; the music is too dull, tame, tasteless in itself to be made interesting by any process whatever.

Schubert's great symphony came like sunshine after drizzle. Except for one or two (after all, slight) modifications of the rhythm in the last movement, the performance was one of the finest I ever heard. And there may be perfectly legitimate difference of opinion concerning the rhythmic modifications I object to. Only, the dominant spirit of the work seems to me so evident that I cannot but find it disturbing

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to have it contravened even in the slightest degree. This spirit is a machine-like persistency of rhythm. I know of only one other symphony which is at all to be compared to this one of Schubert's in this respect: Beethoven's No. 7, in A major: from a similar persistency of rhythm this has been called the "apotheosis of the Dance." Now, fitting as this term is to Beethoven's A major symphony, it is not quite so fitting to Schubert's in C major; here the persistency is more automatic-seeming, partakes more of the nature of fine machinery; its force and impressiveness reside in its inexorable regularity. I should much like to hear the symphony given once without any retarding or accelerating, absolutely like clock-work. I cannot help thinking it would be very exciting indeed. But it was a grand performance, all the same; it showed the work as one of those sporadic creations of genius which remain ever original, because there is nothing else in the world at all like them.

The next programme is: Georg Schumann, overture, "Liebesfrühling" (first time); — aria; Tchaikovsky, overture-fantasy, "Romeo and Juliet;" — aria; Charpentier, "Impressions of Italy." Mr. Ellison van Hoose will be the singer.

W. F. A.

### THE SYMPHONY PROGRAMME.

#### Musical Notions About Paradise to Be Offered as the Novelty.

Every man has his own notions about paradise, as has likewise every people. Mr. Gericke will give his audiences of this week their first chance to find out what Felix Weingartner thinks about it. Weingartner, as the reader doubtless knows, is one of the greatest European orchestral conductors and a past master of instrumentation. He belongs to the ultra Wagnerian school, and delights, like Strauss and Busoni, to let colors and effects melt into each other like dissolving views. His symphonic poem now to be presented, was written in 1897, and has been performed only a few times, generally leaving its auditors perplexed as to its course of thought, but still sufficiently impressed with its mood. Like Hans Huber's symphony, heard earlier in the season, the painter Böcklin inspired it by his famous picture, "Das Gefilde der Seeligen," which might be translated, "The Elysian Fields." The painting shows a small river sweeping through the middle distance; a centaur, bearing a nymph upon his back, is entering from the foreground to cross; near by are a couple of swans, and a short distance away a happy couple are disporting themselves in a little clump of reeds; on the farther shore, amid trees and flowering plants, are other figures, a bedecked altar, and a broad, placid landscape extending to the horizon. All suggests quietude, peace, restfulness and calm delight. Such moods the several phases of Weingartner's poem seem intended to evoke, rather through sensation and sentiment than through distinctly stated ideality. If they succeed in doing this, no more, perhaps, could reasonably be asked, for there would be no use in



trying to represent the individual element of the pictorial composition. If the lovely celestial vistas and the spiritual peace and happiness provided for the blessed are borne in upon the hearer's fancy and acceptance, the composer has succeeded, even if his score confounds analysis. And, by the way, the score demands about the whole range of modern instrumentation; it particularly calls for two harps, and for a special "high flute," and it relies upon the band for many solo passages, which emerge for a while from the general flow, but soon sink back into it. There appear to be four principal phases in it, these including many minor modifications. The pervading temperament seems to be bland, suave and gently fluent, although the middle movements are lightly quick, warm, broad, moderately strong and gay. The composer's conductorship is indicated in the many instructions and hints as to the reading, which are set down upon the score for the guidance of other directors.

The programme begins with Wagner's "Faust" overture, which, as will be remembered, aims to delineate the restless, anxious, perturbed, spiritual state of the philosopher, and his belief in and hope for the relief of death.

The symphony—there are only three numbers on the bill—is that magnificent one in C, which Schubert wrote in 1828, and may be called the greatest, as it was the last important work of his life, because of its richness, exaltation, sumptuous splendor and exquisite sensitiveness, all rising in the finale to amazing fulness, impetuosity and fervor. Its movements are differently interpreted. Mr. Perabo, writing enthusiastically about them in April, 1889, classified them as representing dawn, expanding to the glory and strength of day; woods, with the charming life and light of nature; peasant pleasure, with dances and homely delights; a splendid sunset, accentuated by the sound of evening guns. But the hearer needs no precise pictures for his uplifting and delight.

#### SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The 17th Symphony program had for its novelty Weingartner's symphonic poem, "The Elysian Fields," played for the first time at these concerts. The other selections were a "Faust" overture by Wagner and Schubert's ninth symphony. There were no soloists. The Weingartner poem was inspired by Arnold Böcklin's celebrated picture in which centaurs, youths and maidens are represented as enjoying the tranquil delights of the mythological elysium midst the meadows, flowery banks and waters of this undiscovered haven of bliss. The "poem" is very long, there are innumerable melodic contrasts typifying the various sports of the forms outlined upon the canvas, with the pastoral and different emotional effects illustrated skilfully by those instruments, singly and in combination, usually associated with similar episodes.

The work is of the class that depends very largely upon one's imagination for its proper appreciation, and if the composer's analysis is accepted and the auditor has a poetic temperament the musical narrative should prove very interesting. The effects produced by some of the instrumental combinations display considerable ingenuity on the part of the composer, who has no hesitancy in making bold progressions and cross harmonies, and he also shows

great ability in handling the same theme by different instrumental bodies. The "atmosphere" is generally joyous, even the heavier instruments joining in the expressions of gaiety, and throughout the piece the prominence given to the woodwinds suggests the intensely pastoral nature of the poem.

The clarinet passages, echoed by the deeper tuba and trombone, and repeated by the solo violin, are very striking bits in the first part. There is a splendid episode later on, where a vigorous orchestral crescendo develops into a charming dance motif, played by the lighter instruments, and near the end of the poem the counter themes given to the brasses and woodwinds in opposition to the violins are admirably orchestrated. From this on the tone of the work assumes a more mysterious air and the delicacy of treatment is more marked till the poem gradually terminates in a pianissimo finale. The orchestra did its work thoroughly well, the episodes outlined above being given as effectively as one could wish to hear by the different contingents.

The "Faust" overture, with its somewhat uncanny scoring, received an adequate interpretation, in the Wagnerian spirit, which wouldn't, of course, be suitable for Gounod's description of the same subject. The Schubert symphony, so exquisite in development and sentiment, was the most enjoyable of the three selections, and its performance showed the orchestra in its most responsive mood.

This week's program will be as follows: George Schumann, overture, "Liebesfrühling"; Tschaikowsky, overture fantasy, "Romeo and Juliet"; Charpentier, "Impressions of Italy." There will be vocal numbers, to be announced, by Mr. Ellison van Hoose.

## FELIX WEINGARTNER'S "THE ELYSIAN FIELDS"

Produced Here Last Night at the  
17th Symphony Concert.

### MORE COLOR THAN CONTENTS

By PHILIP HALE.

The program of the seventeenth Symphony concert, Mr. Gericke, conductor, was as follows:

A Faust overture.....Wagner  
Symphonic poem, "The Elysian Fields".....Weingartner  
Symphony in C No 9.....Schubert

Weingartner's symphonic poem was played last night for the first time in this city. Produced at Mannheim in 1897, it was performed in New York in 1898.

#### Boecklin's Picture.

The composition was inspired by a celebrated picture by the fantastical Arnold Böcklin, which hangs in the Na-

tional Gallery, Berlin. It is a tranquil landscape. In the foreground an old centaur is wading in smooth water toward the shore. He looks sadly at two swans and on his croup is a woman almost nude, who has arranged herself in a theatrical attitude, after the fashion of the Queen of Beauty and Delight in the transformation scene of a pantomime. Youths and maidens beyond, with garlands, dance about an altar, and lovers loll on a flowery bank. It was Weingartner's intention to put this picture into music, just as the aesthete in Punch was drawn, seated at a piano, and trying "to play the plate" on the rack before him. There is no reason why a composer should not write as a sub-title "Inspired by Böcklin," and then let the hearer, if he be so inclined, fit the music to the picture; but this composer wrote his own explanatory analysis, and no doubt now expects the hearer to hear exactly as he himself was moved by the painting.

#### Weingartner's Analysis.

Weingartner assigns themes to various things in and out of this picture. The chief theme is "the morning of blissful day by the side of the soundless, deep blue sea." A clarinet solo is the beautiful woman; sea gods and creatures are represented by trombones and tuba. There is the dance theme; the sanctuary theme. But why not the centaur theme? For the old centaur is the most prominent feature in the painting. (What sort of a theme would you give a centaur? How would you orchestrate it? Should a centaur wade in allegretto 6-8 or adagio 2-2? These are questions that might be asked at Conservatory examinations.) Weingartner is here particular instead of general in his musical argument. He is not content with a romantically vague impression, with a dreamy and yet sympathetic mood. He must make all of his little points, so that there can be no possible mistake. He sets carefully his guide posts.

#### His Results.

Weingartner's themes are not remarkable in any way; on the contrary they are for the most part common; they are not of such beauty or significance that they arrest immediately the attention or come back to one after he leaves the hall. There is a certain ingenuity in the manner of combination, but there are also holes in his work, there are passages that lead to nothing and others that suggest an emptiness which he had intended to fill. He had at his command all the resources of the modern orchestra, yes, he even called in an

alto-flute made for him to gain a special sonority, a flute, made in Germany, but what did he gain with all this? Nothing. There are amiable shades of color, but there is no exquisite and memorable nuance. There are agreeable groupings of instruments; there are well-contrasted bodies of tone; there is respectable routine work; but there is no sustained poetic flight. Take away the coloring, such as it is, and what is left? The musical thought is labored commonplace.

#### Elysium in Music.

There may be various views concerning the precise nature of the enjoyment in the Elysian Fields. Gargantua in the marvelous discourse delivered to his father, Grandgousier gave his opinion, which appealed strongly to no less a man than Robert Southey, but many would agree with him and Rabelais was a reporter rather than a judge in the matter. Weingartner might say he followed Böcklin's fancy; but in the painter's fancy there is classic serenity, which wholly escaped the composer. Why this brass band in the sanctuary? What have sea gods and sea creatures to do with the joys of the peaceful dwellers of the plain? Long ago a man named Gluck, who did not experiment with counterpoint, wrote in his opera "Orpheus" music for the chorus of the blessed and also for their solemn movements. He had a small orchestra; he wrote for it and his voices simple music of imperishable beauty, and in this music is the classic, unearthly serenity, sung by the ancient poets. This music of the Chevalier Gluck should always follow in concert the symphonic poem of Felix Weingartner, Edler von Muenzberg.

#### The Other Pieces.

Wagner's "Faust" overture now seems a highly orthodox composition in strict sonata form in comparison with the mirific tone-poems of the ultra-modern school. It is interesting to trace in it musical thoughts that also appear in "The Flying Dutchman," and some that sound as though they belonged even to "The Ring." Schubert's great symphony brought the long end. What wonderful pages it contains! The preparation for the entrance of the trombones in the first movement; the trombone measures themselves; the famous horn passage in the second movement; but when one begins to speak of the second movement he might vie with Schubert in length. This movement, by the way, was played delightfully, and for that matter the performance throughout the evening was of the best.



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*Symphony Hall.*

SEASON 1902-03.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Mr. WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.

XVIII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, MARCH 14, AT 8, P. M.

**Programme.**

- |               |   |
|---------------|---|
| SCHUMANN,     | OVERTURE, "Dawn of Love." op. 28.<br>(First time.)  |
| WEBER,        | ROMANCE, "Neath the Almond Blossom," from<br>"Euryanthe." (Act I., No. 2.)  |
| TSCHAIKOWSKY, | OVERTURE FANTASIA, "Romeo and Juliet."<br>(After Shakespeare.)  |
| BEETHOVEN,    | CANTATA, "Adelaide," op. 46, with Orchestral<br>accompaniment.  |
| CHARPENTIER,  | SUITE for ORCHESTRA, "Impressions of Italy."<br>I. Serenade.<br>II. At the Fountain.<br>III. On Muleback.<br>IV. On the Summit.<br>V. Naples. |

Mr. Van Hoose being ill }  
his solos were omitted }

Soloist:

Mr. ELLISON VAN HOOSE.

There will be no Public Rehearsal and Concert next week.

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## MUSICAL MATTERS

### THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Georg Schumann, Overture, "The Dawn of Love"  
Tschalkowsky, Overture, "Romeo and Juliet."  
Charpentier, Suite, "Impressions of Italy."

Mr. Van Hoose was to have been the vocalist, but a sudden illness eliminated his numbers and made the concert, as the one of the preceding week, a purely orchestral performance. Nor was this altogether to be regretted; we confess to enjoying the orchestra under such conditions quite as well as when garnished with this or that celebrity. Boston might take a leaf from the orchestral enterprise of Philadelphia, in this matter, for Mr. Fritz Scheel, the enthusiastic and able conductor of the orchestra of that city has arranged a cycle of five concerts there, from March 20 to 26, at which an entire Beethoven orchestral series is to be presented; nine symphonies, five overtures and the Emperor Concerto, in which only the concerto and the ninth symphony will call for solo talent, almost every concert being purely orchestral.

Georg Schumann is not a genius, yet he is more than a routine composer. He is a master of the modern orchestra; but so many have become masters of this mighty musical engine that a modern composer with the skill of a Berlioz no longer attracts much attention. Schumann is also an adept at figure development and is not incoherent, but logical, in the unfolding of his musical form; but he seems to have yielded to the modern impulse, which is working so much havoc in the latter-day repertoire, of desiring to say something definite in instrumental music, of forcing his orchestra to tell an intelligible story. Had the work been labelled "Concert Overture, Op. 28" we could have been more at ease; but when the title—"The Dawn of Love"—was foisted upon us, we could not avoid thinking that the amatory attack was very sudden; the horn passages (very difficult and well-played) only intimated to us that the lovers were in a dilemma; the heavy outbursts in fortissimo could suggest nothing else but the young lady's irate father.

The composition would be quite as consistent if one named it "A Day on the Stock Exchange;" the ascending passages on the brass might mean a rise in copper, the downward rush of the strings might illustrate the course of Dominion Coal and Iron, the oboe might

illustrate the bleating of the lambs, the horns the prospect of a bull market, etc., etc. We have too much of the photographic element in instrumental music nowadays; the charm and beauty of its vagueness is gone.

Tschalkowsky is still a name to conjure with,—and to mispronounce. Brahms, Richard Strauss and Tschalkowsky are to us the triumvirate of recent instrumental music; Tschalkowsky was the superior of the first-named in scoring and possibly not the least of the three in poetic content. This "Romeo and Juliet" overture is largely given over to the combats of Montagues and Capulets, but when the lovers do appear we have passages more tender and romantic than either Brahms or Strauss could evolve. Of course, when an instrumental work is built upon a play, the auditor has plenty of pegs whereupon legitimately to hang definite meanings, and there is no great danger of his dilating with the wrong emotion. The overture is great music and it was nobly played on this occasion.

Charpentier's "Impressions of Italy" is also in the more reasonable style of picture-music, for who can see Southern Italy and not think either music or poetry! Charpentier has individuality, just as Bizet had individuality, and he approaches nearer to that master than any other living Frenchman, although he has not (and nobody has) the exquisite melodic grace of the creator of "Carmen." The suite is uneven; the first movement is decidedly original and impressive. The bold and long-continued employment of unison work, the beautiful viola solo, the harp effects imitative of mandoline (by playing near the edge of the strings), all combine to make a fascinating picture. The oboe work of the second movement deserves a word of praise. The muleteer movement is rather obvious in its effects but is melodic and graceful, and particularly effective is the simple song of the maidens, a flute theme in thirds.

We find the last two movements less remarkable; Sorrento is worthy of a much more poetic portrayal than is here given, and the jumble of tunes and rhythms that stands for Naples does rank injustice to the most exciting city in the world. Elgar's "Cockaigne" overture might as well picture the Vesuvian city as such a mixture of marches and tarantellas. But Charpentier has something to say and when he gets his muse more fully under control he may rattle around in Bizet's vacant place, which no one has ever filled.

Adm. Mar 16 1903

Louis C. Elson.



## Mr. Van Hoose's Illness Causes Gaps in the Programme.

It begins to seem as if a vocal engagement for a Symphony must carry with it a billet for an illness this season. Sturdy Mme. Schumann-Heinck, although she had been hale and hearty until her Boston date approached, was then incapacitated, and Mr. Van Hoose, who was to all appearances well on Thursday, was so ill on Friday morning that his return home and care was necessary if he hoped to resume work next week. His own disappointment was great, for this was his first inability to meet an engagement. It would seem as though two vocal numbers might be supplied offhand here in Boston. But many considerations must be taken into account by the conductor—the calibre of the artist, the arias held ready by him or her for immediate performance, the consonancy of these with the other selections, and the possibility of obtaining at once the proper orchestral parts. A hasty canvass was made and inquiry was also made in New York; but it was thought best simply to drop Mr. Van Hoose's numbers and proceed without them. The instrumental part of the programme was varied and affluent of beauty and spirit.

The new overture led off bravely. Originally christened "Spring Festival," it was thought to be too vehemently jubilant for a season in which renascent vitality assumes the guise of "ethereal mildness" and owns aspirations that melt rather than burst into active efflorescence. Whether anything was really gained by changing the title to the "Dawn of Love" may be questioned. For the lively themes, one a trifle more sustained and poised than the other, soon grow so enthusiastic, not to say excited, and so full-voiced and emphatic that they would seem to represent the high noon of love's heyday rather than its dawning. Technically, the treatment, elastic, inventive and brilliantly colored, follows convention, and the work gives plentiful and buoyant pleasure.

Tschalkowsky's "Romeo and Juliet" overture-fantasia made its usual deep and passionate effect. The sombre, presaging, fateful introduction; the two periods of storm, anger and conflict, holding between them the one short episode of soul-felt bliss and mutual love, and then the fading away of all in "dire defeat," sorrow and plaintive wail, came in turn and commanded ready and changing sympathy.

The "Italian Impressions" of Charpentier, now heard for the second time, having been first played in Boston at a Symphony concert almost exactly two years ago, brought the concert to a cheery and early conclusion. They

would be entertaining to anybody, but their full value and appropriateness would be obvious only to those who have not merely visited Italy, but have known it. In the first section one feels the long, lazy, lounging swing of the young fellows as they stroll homeward drawing from violin string or striking from chords of mandolin and guitar their passing serenade, pausing, perhaps, under a window here and there, to catch a laughing response, a flower, or a "cornetto" to the "dolet." It holds the same spirit as Paladilre's "Mandolinata," but it moves more heavily and prosaically. The quieter, gayety of the water bearers as they gather about the mossy great stone basins, into which the fountains pour, the tread of their firm feet, and then the reciprocal merriment of men and maids when the mule trains come trotting homeward over the hills, which form the next two sections, are faithfully suggested. Parts of the section which hints at the great stillness that lies over the "desert of Sorrento," and is only smitten now and then by the sound of a church bell from far below, a voice in outcry, or a wind among the scattered trees, lacks expansive poetic imagination, although it is good enough so far as it extends. So, also, the final section, "Naples," is rather a collection of sketches and suggestions than a transcription of realisms, or a romance of idealities. It is lively, sharp, strong

and shifty; but none of its pictures are quite complete, and the one consistent underlying notion is that of the rattle and scuffle of the farantella. It is better taken as a bustling, stirring olio, than as a real Neapolitan "piatto misto." When Charpentier tried his hand upon home subjects, later on, he found his descriptive talent come into sharper play, and he colored his work to his own peculiar fancies, until his results were almost excessive.

The orchestra played to perfection all the evening, as if to make up in quality the evening, as if to make up in quality. Next week there will be no rehearsal or concert, and a week later will come this programme:

Symphony No. 38, in D major (Koechel.  
504).....Mozart  
Concerto for pianoforte in G minor, No. 2  
Saint-Saens  
Two movements from suite.....Arthur Foote  
"Carnival in Paris".....Svendсен  
Soloist, Mme. Antoinette Szumowska.

A Composition by Georg, Not Robert, Produced Last Night.

Mr. Arthur Hochman's Second  
Piano Recital Yesterday After-  
noon Was Well Attended.

Journal ——— Mar 15/903  
By PHILIP HALE.

The eighteenth concert of the Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Gericke, conductor, was given last night in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:

Overture, "The Dawn of Love"  
(first time).....Georg Schumann  
Overture—Fantasia, "Romeo and  
Juliet".....Tschaikowsky  
Suite, "Impressions of Italy".....  
Charpentier

Mr. Ellison Van Hoose, tenor, who was to sing at this concert, rehearsed, but was suddenly taken ill before the concert of Friday, to the disappointment of all that have heard him. And yet there was music enough last night; nor is it too much to say that the concert was one of the most interesting of the season.

George Schumann, as an orchestral writer, was introduced to us last season, when he brought with him a more or less perfunctory set of variations on a choral. He then seemed an eminently serious person who wrote music as he would write a treatise, conscientiously and laboriously. Last night we found him a more genial man with longings and blood. His overture is in classic form, but the contents are modern, and although his technical skill is abundantly shown, the overture was not written primarily as an exhibition of knowledge. The exultant chief theme is well found; it is more characteristic than the contrasting theme, which has little distinction of any kind, and is merely amiable, without sensuousness, without any subjective or objective beauty; it serves

chiefly as a contrast. When the overture was first produced in Berlin (April 1, 1901) it was entitled "The Celebration of Spring's Return," but a program note said that the music was intended to picture "the jubilation which bursts forth from the dull feelings of man in the flesh of his being." The work was criticized as being too energetic an expression of the thoughts suggested by the title, and for this reason possibly Schumann chose the title which now stands. Surely whether spring or love were in his thoughts, it comes with a rush, for we are at once in swing and exultation. In the detail the invention flags occasionally, and there is highly respectable routine work; but as a whole there is a go, a spontaneity, a freshness to the music that raise it above the level of the German chapel-master compositions of the day. Its clearly defined scheme and the sureness of the development are more satisfactory than works which suggest the composer teeming with vast ideas but unable to express them.

The overture by Tschalkowsky and the suite by Charpentier have been played at these concerts. The former is most Tschalkowskian in scenario and expression. It is a song of love and death, and seldom has such a rapturous song of love that mocks time and space been sung. How exquisite the amorous mystery of the passage that follows the first exposition of the great theme! It is as the invocation of Juliet to the night of nights! And when the chief theme breaks out and soars above clashing feud and confusion, one is tempted to cry out in wonder: "O Tschalkowsky!" as Berlioz was moved to invoke von Weber at the thought of the clarinet entrance in the "Der Freischuetz" overture. If only the overture were without those few final orchestral strokes! Charpentier's suite is deliberately picturesque, scenic. It is a good thing to hear such music, to revel in rhythm and color, to be reminded of Italian song as heard under an Italian sky. The suite is diabolically clever; and it is something more than this; for there is imagination, there is audacity. Nor is Charpentier here merely a scene-painter: there are passages of charming detail; there are sudden and surprising modulations that are in themselves a radiant or haunting poem. There is nuance after nuance. The performance of the orchestra was brilliant throughout the evening, and the various solo passages were gems of artistry.



## THE SYMPHONY PROGRAMME.

### A New Overture and Arias for Mr. Van Hoose. *March 13, 1902*

As the fancies of young folk are declared by the poet to turn lightly to love thoughts in spring, it is no doubt all right that love should have a little spring season for its own delectation. At any rate, that seems to be the idea of Georg Schumann, whose overture, "Love's Spring," new to Boston, stands at the head of this week's Symphony programme. His music was first heard last season, an elaborate, skilful and rather elegant series of orchestral variations upon a chorale theme having been introduced at the second concert. How finely poetical he can be he has here the chance to show.

The next orchestral selection pushes from love's spring to its autumn, and shows—to quote from Charles James Sprague—

"Young Love, with eye of tender gloom,  
Brooding o'er the hallowed tomb  
Where his plighted lovers lie—  
Where they met, but met to die."

For it is Tchaikowsky's "Romeo and Juliet" overture in the fantasia form, rhapsodical and pathetic by turns. It is moody, rather than idealistic, and presents, in sequence, the religious, the martial, the amatory and the funereal emotions of the tragedy.

The only other orchestral number will be Charpentier's suite, "Impressions of Italy," which was the first important result of his residence in that country as winner of the grand prix de Rome for 1887. It is divided into five sections, about which a somewhat fantastic analysis was written by one of the composer's friends. First is an allegro, supposed to be significant of a serenade situation. The young men sally gayly from the wine shops and cafes as midnight approaches, and go singing cheerfully along the streets to the tinkling of their mandolins and the occasional responses of the other sex. Second, tranquillo, a fountain scene. The streams come down into deep pools, and there the maidens gather to fill the vessels which they bear cheerily away upon their shoulders. Then comes an andantino to represent the home-returning of the mule train. The hoofs patter along regularly, and by turns the young men and young women sing in jovial chorus. A moderato follows, suggesting the calm upon the heights of Sant Agata, in what is known as "the desert," over and above Sorrento. The peninsula, with its villas and its fruitful orchards, lies far below, projecting into the Mediterranean, that stretches away to the horizon. Thence, for the final allegro, the scene shifts to Naples, with its bustle, its hubbub, its rush of life, its military order, its cries, its dances upon the quays and pavements, and its never slackening vitality. The comment has been made that this suite is made up rather of characteristic noises than descriptive music, and that it loses possible ideality or fidelity to fact. This remains to be seen.

The recurrence in December of the anniversary of Weber's birth seems to have attracted attention in many places to his "Euryanthe," which was then sung on several stages. A Vienna correspondent writes:

"Much earnest study has been devoted recently to a revival of Weber's 'Euryanthe,' that most hopeless of all masterpieces, which, in spite of its

glorious music, has at no time and in no place ever succeeded in holding the attention of the general public. Each one of the important opera houses of Germany counts in the history of its essays and achievements various attempts to galvanize into life a work that, but for the impossible libretto of Wilhelm von Chezy, would probably be accounted prime favorite among those which Carl Maria von Weber wrote."

In this country the opera is known by its overture and the hunters' horns, and by little else, although, in December, 1887, the Metropolitan revived it with a great cast, including Lehmann, Brandt, Alvary, Fischer and Elmblad. But, just at this time, some other samples are offered. Mr. Bispham is to sing the villain Lysart's scene from it on Saturday night in Philadelphia, and Mr. Van Hoose draws upon it for his first song on this programme, taking the opening song of the lover, Adolar, who exalts his sweetheart in a kind of troubadour lay. The story, it may be remembered, traverses similar ground to that of Shakespeare's "Cymbeline," the lovers being at last happily reunited. Mr. Van Hoose's second selection falls upon Beethoven's "Adelaide," with an orchestral arrangement of the accompaniment.

### SYMPHONY CONCERT. *St. Louis*

There was no soloist at the 18th of the season's concerts by the Boston Symphony orchestra. Mr. Ellison Van Hoose, tenor, had been engaged to sing a romance from Weber's "Euryanthe" and the cantata from Beethoven's "Adelaide," but because of a severe cold he was obliged to cancel the engagement. Mr. Van Hoose is highly regarded here and his inability to appear was naturally a great disappointment to the audiences at both the Friday afternoon rehearsal and last evening's concert.

Conductor Gerike offered no substitutes for the numbers omitted because of the tenor's illness, rightly considering that the remaining numbers provided a program of sufficient length. It is probable that if the wishes of a majority of the Symphony concert's patrons were complied with the concerts would never be of more than one and one-half hours' duration.

Three selections were played, "The Dawn of Love" overture by Georg Schumann, Tchaikowsky's "Romeo and Juliet" overture-fantasia and Charpentier's suite, "Impressions of Italy." The Schumann overture was the only novelty, the other two works having been frequently played here.

"The Dawn of Love" overture is a less joyous composition than its title would indicate, granting that love and happiness are necessarily closely allied. Mr. Schumann evidently regards the awakening of love as a very serious affair, for he writes about it in a heavy and unimpassioned style. It cannot be said that his music is exactly cold, for there is at times fiery intensity and emotional tumult, but there is little real warmth in his fire, and the sentiments expressed are those of the brain rather than of the heart. Technically considered, the work is well written and is constructed in a severely classical form, notwithstanding that the instrumentation is modern in its exceeding elaborateness. There is not much melody in the work, but the two principal themes are interesting and are often treated with great brilliancy. The overture was splendidly played, but it failed to receive more than a mild demonstra-

tion of approval from the audience.

Tchaikowsky's "Romeo and Juliet" overture is undoubtedly a splendid composition, superb in its richness and beauty of themes, impressive in its intensity of devotional fervor and magnificent in its splendor of tonal color, but the Russian composer is more a realist than an idealist and there is less tender sentiment in his treatment of the Venetian love tragedy than would be welcome.

Charpentier's fascinatingly brilliant orchestral suite was the most thoroughly enjoyed offering of the concert. The performance was masterly in precision of execution, deliciously dainty and graceful in bringing out the shadings and delicate contrasts of color and at all times most happy, most delightful in giving expression to the composer's sentiments. The work has frequently been given a place on the Symphony orchestra's programs in the past and it will ever be welcome in the future.

There will be no symphony concert this week. For the week following the program will be: Symphony No. 38 in D major, Mozart; concerto for pianoforte in G minor, No. 2 Saint-Saëns; two movements from suite, Arthur Foote; "Carnival in Paris," Svendsen; soloist, Mme. Antoinette Szumowska.

### Symphony Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra

The programme of the eighteenth Symphony Concert, given in Symphony Hall last Saturday evening, was:

Georg Schumann: Overture, "The Dawn of Love," opus 28.

(First time in Boston.)  
Peter Ilyitch Tchaikowsky: "Romeo and Juliet," Overture-Fantasia after Shakspeare, opus 67, No. 1.

Gustave Charpentier: "Impressions of Italy," Orchestral Suite.

Mr. Ellison van Hoose was to have sung Adolar's aria from Weber's "Euryanthe," Adolar's aria from Weber's "Euryanthe," and Beethoven's "Adelaide" with an orchestra accompaniment; but he was suddenly taken ill before the concert, and could not appear. As it was, the three orchestral numbers made up a delightful programme, though it is always a disappointment not to hear Mr. van Hoose sing.

Georg Schumann's overture lies on the border between Kapellmeistermusik and effectual composition. One can listen to it with pleasure, although one would hardly cross the street for the sole purpose of hearing it. The thing is a good example of the romantic treatment of a classical form, or, if you prefer, of putting new wine into old bottles. The character of the themes, the whole atmosphere of the piece, are distinctly modern, contemporary; the form is the good, old sonata form, but treated with so much mastery, so easily and to the manner born, that it puts no shackles upon the composer's expression of emotion. Best of all, the work is vivacious and lively, it plunges right in medias res with Beethovenish impetuosity; there is nothing soporific about it. Then, too, it does not make the impression of having been written simply for the sake of giving the composer a chance to orchestrate something; the musical ideas it is based on have a life of their own, they are not merely scaffoldings for the display of patches of color. In fact,

there is so much that is good, so much that is very good, in this overture that its stopping short on the hither side of greatness gives one food for reflection, spurs one on to thinking of what a positively enormous output of force it takes to create anything really and truly great! We hear that a pianist must exert the equivalent of three tons (in foot-pounds) of force to play Chopin's E minor concerto; think of what an output of nervous energy and creative vitality it must have taken to write it!

There are two ways of playing Tchaikowsky's "Romeo and Juliet"; one makes it sound well, the other makes it dramatically expressive. Of course the latter is the true method; but the former has certain advantages, nevertheless. For one thing, it makes the bellicose scenes in the work less repulsively reminiscent of Meyerbeer. Still, if you wish for the genuine, unadulterated Tchaikowsky, you had best not lay too much stress upon mere euphony; for it is written in Music's Book of Fate that the impeccable performance shall never be the most poignant one, and Tchaikowsky is nothing if not poignant. When first Mr. Gerike conducted the overture-fantasia here, treading hard upon Emil Paur's heels, one musician exclaimed in my hearing: "Well, at least he makes it sound well!" But I heard afterwards that others, who held Tchaikowsky in their heart of heart, wept actually salt drops in the lobby over the too, too, smoothly-combed rendering of their idol's work. Last Saturday evening, however, it seemed to me that Mr. Gerike performed the rather superhuman feat of leaving the Scylla of elegant, euphonious flaccidity well to port, while the Charybdis of over-bolsterous passionateness clutched in vain at his starboard bilge. From which anyone can see that the motive breeze blew from Charybdis toward Scylla, and not the other way. In a word, the performance was as impassioned and dramatic as is compatible with an ordinary regard for high finish.

Charpentier's Italian suite betters the fine impression it made when first given here. One feels more and more sure of the man's being really a genius; with all his Gallic lightness of touch, his rather irresponsible fancifulness, you feel that there is an undercurrent of deep emotion beneath the glittering surface of his expression such as bespeaks the true poet. Where some of his compatriots have fallen to raving over a beautiful bit of nature, he rises to the pitch of ecstasy: where they have shown exquisite taste, he betrays a profound feeling for beauty. Then he has something to say, and knows how to say it. The performance was simply masterly, perfect at every point; especially admirable was the playing of the frequent solo passages, notably by Mr. Schroeder and Mr. Longy.

The next programme is: Mozart, symphony No. 38, in D major (Koechel, No. 504); Saint-Saëns, concerto for pianoforte, No. 2, in G minor; Arthur Foote, two movements from suite; Svendsen, "Carnival in Paris." Mme. Antoinette Szumowska will be the pianist. W. F. A.



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*"Szumowska"*

**MRS. JOSEPH ADAMOWSKI,**  
The Boston Cousin of M<sup>rs</sup>. Paderewski.

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*Symphony Hall.*

SEASON 1902-03.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Mr. WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.

**XIX. CONCERT.**

SATURDAY, MARCH 28, AT 8, P. M.

**Programme.**

- |               |   |
|---------------|---|
| MOZART,       | SYMPHONY in D major, "without minuet," (K. 504)<br>I. Adagio: Allegro.<br>II. Andante.<br>III. Finale: Presto.              |
| SAINT-SAËNS,  | CONCERTO for PIANOFORTE in G minor, No. 2,<br>op. 22.<br>I. Andante sostenuto<br>II. Allegretto scherzando.<br>III. Presto. |
| ARTHUR FOOTE, | SUITE in D minor, op. 36.<br>I. Allegro energico.<br>II. Espressivo, non troppo adagio.                                     |
| SVENDSEN,     | "CARNIVAL AT PARIS." Episode for Orchestra,<br>op. 9.   |

**Soloist:**

**Mme. ANTOINETTE SZUMOWSKA.**

The Pianoforte is a Mason & Hamlin.





*Szumowska*

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II. Andante.

III. Finale: Presto.

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**MUSICAL MATTERS**

**THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.**

Great is singing, but greater still is music. An excellent symphony programme on the same night with an opera that contained real orchestral beauty, gave proof last Saturday night that there are at least a few thousand Bostonians who care more for worthy musical thoughts than for mere technical display in their execution.

The programme of the Symphony was as follows:—

- Symphony in D major, "without minuet".... Mozart
- Concerto in G minor, No. 2, for piano-forte..... Saint-Saens
- Suite in D minor, Op. 36 (two movements)..... Foote
- Orchestral Episode, "Carnival at Paris"..... Svendsen
- Soloist, Mme. Antoinette Szumowska.

The Mozart symphony proved itself a thing of beauty and a joy forever. Though usually rated less important than the great "Jupiter" symphony, or the G minor work, it seemed well able to stand comparison with these two masterpieces. From the very opening note, its clear, concise themes seemed fraught with expressive charm, and flowed on with that perfection of appropriateness and balance that makes the composer's works immortal. Such music will never grow old.

The andante also possessed its full measure of charm, but all slow movements of the 18th century run the risk of seeming too quiet and self-contained for modern ears. Some one has reminded us, by quotations, of its "exquisite grace" and "spring freshness"; and it still makes good its claim to this praise. Yet the music of old times, even in its most strenuous moments, lacks the modern element of orchestral power, and its subdued passages suffer still more by comparison. It was decidedly a case of "Spring, gentle Spring!" The rushing presto brought the work to a successful close, and Mr. Gericke earned decided praise for his sensible unaffected reading of it.

The Saint-Saens concerto must always be a thankful task for the soloist. The pleasing sincerity of its first movement, the inimitable delicacy of the second, and the lively brilliancy of the finale are sure to appeal strongly to the audience, and allow the performer to display his (or her) powers in varied forms. That Mme. Szumowska read the work with sympathetic understanding, and played it with consummate skill, may almost be taken for granted. Her thorough musicianship is now accepted as a matter of course, and Bos-

ton auditors always expect a treat when her name appears on symphony or recital programmes. The large number of recalls that she won last Saturday were a well-merited tribute to her greatness.

The word "suite" covers a multitude of orchestral efforts, varying from the light arrangements of Bizet and Grieg to the more serious, if less dainty, works of Lachner, or Tchaikowsky. Arthur Foote's suite is a work of so much breadth and such dignified earnestness that, but for the absence of strict symphonic form in the first movement, the composer may well be accused of excessive modesty in his employment of the term. The piece is animated throughout by a noble seriousness of musical thought and expression, and appeals strongly to all lovers of real beauty in the art. Such a composition as this proves that a true musician may still find worthy material without taking refuge in excesses of labored tone-coloring or bizarre harmonic effects. It should stand as a lasting rebuke to those aspirants who indulge in the wild discords of the modern metaphysical school.

Svendsen's "Carnival in Paris" was the least important number on the programme. The reviewer (who, of course, does not presume to be an authority on riotous times in Paris) receives from the work a general impression that horns, trumpets and bassoons pervade the streets of the gay capital, occasionally getting lost in wild rushes of the other instruments, but usually able to hold their own in the fracas. There are some worthy passages in the score, but much of the material is of little value and none too well arranged.

Next Saturday we are to hear Schumann's Overture, Scherzo and Finale, also a new Symphony in D minor by Dohnanyi. Whether we are to have more numbers, or whether the programme is mercifully shortened because of the opera season, is left a matter of doubt.

Arthur Elson.

Frederic R. Comtee, he of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's business department, he of the name of more versions than a folk legend, has ascended into the "circumambient ether" because of a jestful paragraph in this department. Many a time and oft—not upon the Rialto—has the writer of this column animadverted and reverted as to the perverted programme books used and abused at the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. People insist on rattling the leaves of the condemned things when Mr. Gericke is operating one of his long-distance-telephone pianissimos and the effect is well nigh maddening. THE SUN recently said it would be a good scheme to send these books



to the subscribers a week or two before the concerts and let them "bone up," as they say at Annapolis. Mr. Comee comes back at THE SUN in his best Harvard English, thus:

"Why the suggestion about sending the programme to subscribers a week ahead? We've been doing this for fifteen years and always advertise to do this in all the papers. Wake up, old man, and I'll have a cold bottle with you the next time we meet—perhaps two."

Notice the deep suggestiveness of the iteration of the "this;" also of the bottles.

## THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

### A Saint-Saens Piano Concerto Given by Mme. Szumowska.

*B Herald — Mar 29 1902*

Mozart Symphony in D Major is Mr. Gericke's choice for starting his Programme—Two Numbers from Arthur Foote's Orchestral Suite are rendered. *H M T*

It is true in a general way that the earlier classic symphonies are at a disadvantage when assigned to a modern orchestra for performance in a great hall, although it is on record that some of them have been played on special or festival occasions by even larger bands than are often heard nowadays. If their thought be sturdy, their phrasing sonorous, or if their quieter parts can be delivered with the tempered richness of restrained and concentrated power, they may hold their own with their successors, written with other objects and means in view.

Such is the Mozart symphony in D major, with which Mr. Gericke began his 19th programme. When first played at Prague, in 1787, under the author's direction, it not only invited, but commanded admiration; and it has held such a proud position ever since. Like a few others of his writing, it begins with a short, slow movement, and it has no minuet. It opens vigorously and distinctly, and its final presto is also full of life and of positivism in statement; but between these direct and emphatic movements, large, solid and assertive enough for present day conditions, is set a delicate, fresh and gracious andante, in which is a propitious tenderness as of budding spring—Mozart in his blindest and finest mood, as in the others he shows his strength and decision. The symphony was all well played, the subdued and rounded quality of the strings and wooden wind being particularly gratifying in the andante, in which no drums or trumpets are used.

Mme. Szumowska, as the occasion's soloist, followed with the G minor pianoforte sonata (No. 2, opus 22,) of Saint Saens, her performance of which deserved the several recalls that were accorded her. The concerto, which begins with a self-assertive cadenza-shaped passage for the solo instrument, shows the composer's skill in writing what may be called music for the virtuosos, and gives scope for the player's

exhibition of many qualities. Its grace, its fancy, its gaiety, its elegant ornamentation and its light speed fitted with Mme. Szumowska's best traits and were presented beautifully. Only in the heavier portions could one wish her to be other than she is; she has, indeed, the requisite strength of hand and arm for them, but she has not by nature the desirable forcefulness,—and as the distinction is spiritual and characteristic, one cannot expect it to disappear. The artist may by virtue of his art create the true form, but he can only vivify it from his own interior personality.

Next were given two numbers from Mr. Arthur Foote's orchestral suite, first played in Boston about seven years ago—an allegro and an adagio, of which the former is the more interesting, hearty and substantial, although not better written than the other.

The programme ended with a good rendering of Svendsen's "Carnival in Paris," which gave no exceptional pleasure. It is lively, but not merry, and clamorous rather than significant. It might serve as suggestive of a picnic, a country fair or a "high old time" almost anywhere, for all the individuality it possesses. It goes, but its ending seems to rather a dispersion

of ghosts after a "danse macabre," or a scattering of revellers before an onslaught of authority. The band played it for all it is worth, but the audience did not seem to care greatly for it.

For the next concert are announced the "overture, scherzo and finale" group of Schumann and the first presentation of Dohnanyi's symphony in D minor.

Frederic R. Comee, he of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's business department, he of the name of more verbiage than a folk legend, has ascended into "circumambient ether" because of a full paragraph in this department. Mr. a time and oft—not upon the Rialto—the writer of this column animadverted and reverted as to the perverted program books used and abused at the concert the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Per insist on rattling the leaves of the damned things when Mr. Gericke is creating one of his long-distance-telephonic pianissimos and the effect is well maddening. THE SUN recently said would be a good scheme to send these books to the subscribers a week or two before the concerts and let them "bone up," they say at Annapolis. Mr. Comee comes back at THE SUN in his best Harvard English, thus:

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Notice the deep suggestiveness of the iteration of the "this;" also of the bottles.

## SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Mme Antoinette Szumowska was the soloist at yesterday's Symphony concert and played her part in the brilliant concerto in G minor by Saint-Saens in a thoroughly intelligent way. Since this composition was first heard in Boston in 1876, with B. J. Lang at the piano, in the Harvard musical association concert, it has been heard here less than a dozen times, and certainly not Gebhart's, nor Seveking's, nor Bendix', nor Mme Hopekirk's interpretation was so satisfying or so poetically sympathetic as was Mme Szumowska's.

The dainty theme opening with the second movement, in which the declamatory passages by the piano alone are answered and repeated by the orchestration, was done with the pearly touch and perfection of technique characterizing authoritative interpretation. Mme Szumowska, as has been said before, is free from the mannerisms of lesser artists, and plays with a contagious but wholly dignified enthusiasm. Her number was treated with the rarest delicacy, and the delivery of the graceful theme of the concerto was surpassed only by the really masterly performance of its variations. Her playing was greeted with great applause and repeated recalls.

The rest of the program was in keeping with its florid Saint-Saens "key-note." That wonderfully resonant example of latter-day musical culture, Mr Foote's D minor suite, originally in four movements, but given yesterday with only two, was also accorded deserved and generous praise, Mr Gericke's reading of these two must have delighted the composer; but it seems a pity that such a noble composition is ever given cut in two. It was first played in Boston in 1896 in its entirety, and was well received. The Mozart symphony in D major, which opened the concert, is notable for the announcement, "without minuet," which accompanies its program mention. This was the symphony which aroused such enthusiasm in Prague in 1787, when the composer played the piano and when Anna Sterace, soprano, sung. All three of its movements were played by the splendid orchestra of which Boston may feel so justly proud in a way that would have delighted the composer who heard it originally with only six violins, two violas, two basses and the piano. The breadth and power of the conductor's reading was never more clearly exemplified.

The picturesque "Carnival at Paris," by John Svendsen, now living in Denmark, was the fitting close to this brilliant concert. The composition is truly called an episode—for it is just like no other work in the whole range of descriptive music. The bal masque, the opera procession and all the accompanying gaiety are strongly brought out in this exceedingly florid composition, and the idyllic theme of its closing measure, not more perhaps than the manner of its performance, wrought the audience to a high pitch of enthusiasm.

There was unusual breadth and variety to this program, and the audience showed to a rare degree its mid-Lent, but emphatic enthusiasm.

The program for the next concert will include Schumann's overture, scherzo, and finale, and Dohnanyi's symphony in D minor, the later for the first time here. *9 Love Mel. 29. 1903*

## Symphony Hall: Symphony Concert

While at the Boston Theatre there was opera going forward, with Siegmund drawing swords and singing passionately of love and moonshine, Brünnhilde springing from rock to rock shouting "Yo te ho!", Fricka storming and Wotan putting the disobedient Brünnhilde to sleep behind the magic wall of fire; while all these stirring incidents were occurring, there was at Symphony Hall music of quite a different complexion. Saturday night all was elegance, grace and refinement. First came a Mozart symphony, that in D major, without a minuet. Then there was Mme. Antoinette Szumowska Adamowska, who played Saint-Saens's G minor concerto. There followed two movements of a suite, in D minor, by Mr. Arthur Foote, and eventually, at a rather late hour, the concert was ended by Svendsen's "Carnival at Paris."

This was an evening of quiet enjoyment, with nothing to excite the emotions or to tax the intellect, all the compositions being well known at their full worth. The symphony received a reading that made it a delight to hear, careful, graceful, lively. Never has a Mozart orchestral work in Symphony Hall sounded so well worth while and so little harsh. Its lovely performance was heartily appreciated. Mr. Foote's suite was also very beautifully played. This work, first played at a Symphony concert in 1896, and by the Thomas Orchestra in 1899, was good to hear again. Skillfully written and charmingly melodious, it has several dramatic moments that bring out advantageously the quieter beauties of the whole composition.

Mme. Szumowska was not happy in her choice of a pianoforte concerto. That in G minor by Saint-Saens, if in no sense very big or profound, has many passages, notably the opening, that must be played as though they were. The scherzo, too, and no less the finale, must be played with sparkling brilliancy and with a very sharp rhythm. Strength, brilliancy, and a keen feeling for rhythm are not Mme. Szumowska's. All her playing was musicianly, tasteful and well-sounding; also graceful, but something more is required to do full justice to the composition. To hear this artist play a Mozart concerto would be a treat. Mme. Szumowska was heartily applauded.

This week's programme consists of Schumann's "Overture, Scherzo, and Finale," and a symphony, in D minor, by Dohnanyi. *Mel. 30. 1903* R. R. G.

**SYMPHONY HALL**  
Sunday Evening, March 1, at 8, Concert by the  
**Boston Symphony Orchestra**  
In Aid of Its Pension Fund

Tickets on sale at Symphony Hall, Friday, Feb. 13.  
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*Symphony Hall.*

SEASON 1902-03.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Mr. WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.

XX. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, APRIL 4, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

WITKOWSKY,

SYMPHONY in D minor.

- I. Lent et solennel. Animé.
- II. Très lent.
- III. Animé.

(First time.)

MARTINI.

SONGS WITH PIANOFORTE.

WEKERLIN.  
Old French Songs 18th cent.

- a) "Plaisir d'Amour."
- b) Menuet d'exaudet.
- c) "Jeunes fillettes."

HUGO REINHOLD,

PRELUDE, MENUET AND FUGUE, for Strings,  
op. 16.

- I. Prelude, Andante.
- II. Menuet, grazioso.
- III. Fugue. Allegro.

MASSENET,  
MASSE,

SONGS WITH PIANOFORTE.

Pensé d'Automne,

"L'oiseau s'envole là-bas," from "Paul et Virginie."

SCHUMANN,

OVERTURE, SCHERZO, AND FINALE.

Soloist:

M. CHARLES GILIBERT.

The Pianoforte is a Steinway.

Because of Good Friday the next Public Rehearsal will be on Thursday, April 9.



## MUSICAL TOPICS.

Chas. Gilibert Sings With  
Symphony Orchestra.

Bach's Mass in B Minor to Be Given  
This Week by the Cecilia Society.

Easter Concert Offerings—Pre-  
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*Clede* *Apr 5 1903*

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The main theme of the symphony is a Lower Brittany folk song, liturgic in character, elaborated and metamorphosed through three rather stately movements, the finale being a musical representation of a "Kermesse," or annual carnival, full of merry "low country" vivacity. The "Lent et Solennel" and "tres lent" movements were rather tame, but the anime was full of effective coloring and was generously applauded. Of the Hugo Reinhold "prelude, minuet and fugue for strings" it can justly be said that it more nearly approached the austerity of lenten music approved by the church than any other feature of the program.

The fugue was pretty thin, with its lonesome strings, and the minuet was the most pleasing of its movements. By far the best of the orchestra's efforts was the Robert Schumann "Overture, scherzo and finale" full of the haunting melody for which he was famous. It was first performed in Leipzig in 1841, and its "first time" in Boston was at a concert of the Howard musical association, Dec 2, 1869. It is in symphonic form, but the composer refused at first to recognize it as a symphony. This light and buoyant overture and fervid spirit of the "vivace" finale were performed delightfully by the musicians under Mr Gericke's superb and masterly control.

Chief interest centered in the appearance of one of the Metropolitan opera company's most valued singers, Charles Gilibert, the Parisian baritone, who, from the time of his first Boston appearance in April, 1901, as the sacristan in "La Tosca," has been a favorite with Boston audiences. In the title role of Don Pasquale, and as Masetto in "Don Giovanni," he has more recently won

the praise of local music lovers.

He gave yesterday two "groups" of songs, with the pianoforte, the first three being 18th century melodies. The first was a Martini "Plaisir d'Amour," very Frenchy in style; and the second was a "Menuet" by Joseph Exaudet, its words taken from a Favart comedy. These two were only moderately well received. The Wekerlin "Jeunes Fillettes" received the most generous applause—rollicking in movement, yet given with extreme delicacy, resulting in three recalls. The second group was not so enthusiastically greeted, though it included a charming poetical tribute by Massenet and Silvestre to Sibyl Sanderson, called "Pensee d'Automne," and a tuneful "chanson" from "Paul and Virginia," as sung by Domingue in the first scene of the second act. M Gilibert was in excellent voice, and could have felt no doubt of the friendliness of this city's musical colony. He sang with ease and intelligence, and showed that he was as fitted for concert as for opera.

The 21st rehearsal and concert will have Mr Ben Davies for soloist, the Englishman who has countless American admirers, and who has deserted Italian opera for the concert and oratorio platform. The program will contain two "first-time" numbers, an overture, "King Lear," by Litolf, and F. S. Converse's romance, "Endymion's Narrative." An aria from Mozart's "Don Juan," Guilmot's symphony in D minor, with organ, and the aria, "O Vision Entrancing," from A. Goring Thomas' "Esmeralda," are also likely to be included in the program.

### THE SYMPHONY PROGRAMME.

As we mentioned, a couple of days ago, Mr. Gericke has made one of his sudden changes of programme, and will retain for this week's rehearsal and concert only one work which he had promised—the symphony without a slow movement by Schumann, which goes under the long title of "Overture, Scherzo and Finale." He has proposed a new symphony by the pianist Dohnanyi, but he has substituted for it another unknown quantity, which is a symphony by Witkowski, who is spoken of as a pupil of Cesar Franck, an associate of D'Indy, and an extremist in modern orchestral thought and expression. From what can be learned about it, it is pretty queer, and may even be found quite ugly in parts. Indeed, the rumor leaks out that the first rehearsal quite staggered and phased the orchestra, but that now they are beginning to find more sense and coherence in the score. There will be less strain over a prelude, minuet and fugue by Hugo Reinhold, and there will surely be much pleasure to derive from a couple of groups of songs which Mr. Charles Gilibert of the Metropolitan company will sing. *Clede 3.1903*

### Symphony Hall: Symphony Concert

Mr. Charles Gilibert was the soloist at the twentieth Symphony Concert, of which this was the programme:

Witkowski: Symphony in D minor. (First time.)  
Songs with Pianoforte—  
Martini: "Plaisir d'Amour."  
Wekerlin: Menuet d'Exaudet.  
Old French Songs, 18th cent.: "Jeunes fillettes."  
Hugo Reinhold: Prelude, Menuet and Fugue, for Strings, op. 16.  
Songs with Pianoforte—  
Massenet: "Pensee d'Automne."



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 Masse: "L'oiseau s'envole en bas," from "Paul et Virginie."  
 Schumann: Overture, Scherzo and Finale.

For new works of note let us always be grateful whether we like them or not. The novelty of this last concert, the symphony by one Witkowski, is so exceedingly unusual that there is, apparently, nothing known about its composer beyond the bare facts that he is a lieutenant of cuirassiers in the French army, and that he has studied music with Vincent d'Indy, who conducted the symphony at a Paris concert in 1901. The work, after one hearing, seems to be as vague and indefinite as its author. All three movements are based on a single motive, a method of procedure well enough, provided the single motive is strong enough to stand the strain of being continually harped upon for half or three-quarters of an hour. In this instance, the motive is "a melody of Lower Brittany, of folk origin and liturgic character." Despite its fine source, however, the theme is not of striking character.

For three movements the music wanders on, now majestically, as at the very first, now in a gay march rhythm, now passionately, when the second movement sets out, and finally hilariously, for the third part of the symphony is stated to suggest a kermesse. If one can bring himself to the point of throwing all reason to the winds, so that he can refrain from wondering why a grandiose passage played by trombones and the like should occur cheek by jowl with a skittish march measure, or why stopped horns, with their ill-boding sounds, should suddenly make way for a pretty flute solo; if one can do this, then he surely will find, perhaps to his wonderment, the symphony interesting to listen to. Probably, decades ago, just so did the "Götterdämmerung" seem to the lovers of Rossini. The performance was magnificent, but nobody liked the symphony at all.

Far better were the people pleased with the composition by Mr. Hugo Reinhold of Vienna, the composer who wrote the charming "Tanzweisen" for pianoforte. This little suite is, at all events, no work to keep one wondering, for all in it is straightforward, natural and agreeable to hear. The minuet in particular gave pleasure.

The feature of the evening, however, was Mr. Gilibert's exquisite singing of the old French songs and the two modern ones. For excellence of voice, production, purity of style, elegance of phrasing and of diction, and delicacy of sentiment, Mr. Gilibert's singing has never been surpassed by any that has been heard in Symphony Hall. It was, in short, perfect. The applause after both groups of songs was tremendous.

Mr. Ben Davies will sing at the next concert, the rehearsal of which, on account of Good Friday, will be held Thursday instead of Friday. The programme is as follows: Litoff, overture to "King Lear" (first time). Mozart, aria, "Don Juan." F. S. Converse, Romance for full orchestra, "Endymion's Narrative," Op. 10 (first time). A. Goring Thomas, aria, "O Vision Entrancing," from "Esmeralda." Guilmant, Symphony No. 1, in D minor, with organ (first time at these concerts). (Organ, Mr. Wallace, Goodrich.)

R. R. G.

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 Journal Apr. 5, 1903  
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#### Witkowski's Symphony.

The first movement opens with a solemn prelude in which there are harmonies that recall "Parsifal." This is followed by the main body of the movement, an allegro which is made up of successive metamorphoses of the theme relieved by contrasting sections of a less stern character. This movement as a whole and after one hearing seems dry, although there are passages of interesting orchestration. The music is for the most part austere. The second movement is an amplification of a broad phrase sung sonorously by the strings. The finale is the musical portrayal of a kermesse, of "humanity in its cups." It is full of rhythmic changes; it is not picturesque or pictorial; it is at times brutally and ineffectively noisy; and yet the slower sections have genuine charm. Witkowski seems to me to be a close follower of d'Indy, but he has caught his occasional austerity and grimness rather than his sense of proportion and exquisite taste, his ability to put into music the sentiment of a landscape. Witkowski is not rich in melodic thought, or he prefers to choke such thought in his anxiety to shun the commonplace. Whether you like or dislike the symphony, you must admit the high purpose of the composer, who leaves lush meadows and the joy of the town

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## THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Tiresome New Composition by a  
 French Cavalry Officer.

Apr. 5, 1903  
 The Reinhold Number a Soothing  
 and Pleasant One—Mr. Gilibert  
 Sings Delightfully Two Groups of  
 French Songs—The Programme  
 for the Next Concert.





HERE is just one way in which to endure comfortably such a piece of composition as Mr. Gerlicke inflicted upon a patient and unresponsive audience in the new symphony by one G. M. Witkowski, of whom all the available information seems to condense itself into the facts that he is a lieutenant of the French cuirassiers, and that he studied music with Vincent d'Indy. That way is, to put reflection and reason aside and to resign one's self abjectly to the music, letting its flow do what it will and may with ears and nerves. Encouraging this spirit of resignation, one feels some calmly moulded music in the second or very slow movement; but while the others may be a little exciting, they are rather noisy than sonorous, and their speech is less a clear message than a confused jargon.

All the three movements—for there is no scherzo—which range nominally from the "slow and solemn" to the "animated," are said to have been built upon a single ecclesiastical theme which is finally perverted into the central emblem of a kermesse or fair. The treatment of this theme, which possibly the scholiast could trace, suggests something like the evolution of a school for the battalion from the use to be made of a squad of four as the elemental unit; and when there is in the course of the complicated development any definite idea or picture, it hints of a military melee or a crowding confusion. There is undeniable skill in the mixing up of instruments and their colors, but the most ambitious effects are the most ugly, and the work is one which, if it could not be "left in the pen," as the French say, might very well be left upon the shelf.

The world is full of beautiful, wholesome, gift-bestowing music. Why not be content to take that and leave alone what can at best gratify curiosity and at worst will weary and depress? The audience evidently did not care for the thing at all, but applauded with mild conventionality its conclusion, out of compliment to Mr. Gerlicke.

The Reinhold number was more soothing and pleasant, for it is instinct with soft-falling fancies and stated with delicate taste.

Mr. Gilibert again demonstrated, as before at Mme. Calve's concert, what a fine singer of songs he is. His choice was discreet, serious and dainty, and his delivery was quite perfection. The drole, quaint comedian gives place to the elegant, polished artist, in whom all must needs admire the bland quality of tone, and finished execution, the exact enunciation and the interpenetrative sentiment.

The programme for the concert, as reconstructed by Mr. Gerlicke, stood finally thus:

Symphony in D minor (first time)...Witowski  
Songs with pianoforte.  
a. "Plaisir d'Amour".....Martini  
b. "Menuet d'Exaudet".....Wekerlin  
c. "Jeunes Fillettes".....Wekerlin  
(Old songs of the 18th century.)  
Prelude, minuet and fugue for strings,  
op. 10.....Reinhold

Songs with pianoforte.  
a. "Pensee d'Automne".....Massenet  
b. Chanson from "Paul et Virginie".....Masse  
Overture, scherzo and finale, op. 52.....Schumann  
Soloist, Mr. Charles Gilibert.

The next programme will be this:  
Overture, "King Lear" (first time).....Litolff  
Aria, "Don Juan".....Mozart  
Romance for full orchestra "Endymion's  
Narrative," op. 10 (first time) F. S. Converse  
Aria, "O Vision Enchanting," from "Es-  
meralda".....A. Goring Thomas  
Symphony No. 1, in D minor, with organ  
(first time).....Gullmant  
Organ, Mr. Wallace Goodrich.  
Soloist, Mr. Ben Davies.

# Witkowski's Symphony at Twentieth Concert

Operatic Finale With "Carmen" and "Gotterdammerung" as Attractions—Camille Seygard Appears as Bizet's Heroine.

By PHILIP HALE.

The twentieth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Gerlicke conductor, was given last night at Symphony Hall. The program included these orchestral works: Witkowski's symphony in D minor (first time); Reinhold's Prelude, Minuet and Fugue for strings; Schumann's Overture, Scherzo and Finale. Witkowski is an officer in the French army and a pupil in music of Vincent d'Indy. His first work of any pretensions was a quintet, produced in 1898. This symphony is apparently his second, and it is a remarkable composition. It is in three movements, and the thematic material is derived from one chief or generative motive, viz.: a melody of Lower Brittany, of folk origin and liturgic character. All the developments have their source in this theme. The composer is naturally of that wing of the ultra-modern French school represented today by d'Indy, Ropartz and adherents of the Schola Cantorum, the music school in Paris which is of radical tendencies and is impatient with all manner of formalism and routine.

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Ben Davies.

From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.

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## Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1902-03.

# BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Mr. WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.

## XXI. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, APRIL 11, AT 8, P. M.

### Programme.

LITOLFF,

OVERTURE to the Opera "King Lear."  
(First time.)

MOZART,

ARIA, "Il mio tesoro," from "Don Giovanni."

F. S. CONVERSE,

"ENDYMION'S NARRATIVE," for ORCHESTRA,  
op. 10.  
(First time.)

A. GORING THOMAS,

ARIA, "O Vision Entrancing," from the Opera  
"Esmeralda."

GUILMANT,

SYMPHONY No. 1, in D minor, for ORGAN and  
ORCHESTRA, op. 42.  
I. Largo e maestoso: Allegro.  
II. Pastorale. Andante quasi allegretto.  
III. Finale. Allegro assai.  
(First time at these concerts.)

### Soloists:

Mr. BEN DAVIES.

Mr. WALLACE GOODRICH.





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From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.

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## FREDERICK CONVERSE'S ORCHESTRAL ROMANCE

*Journal* —  
Produced Last Evening at the 21st  
Symphony Concert.

### LITOLFF'S "LEAR" OVERTURE

Guilmant's Symphony, With Mr.  
Wallace Goodrich Organist and  
Mr. Ben Davies Tenor.

By PHILIP HALE.

The program of the twenty-first Symphony concert, Mr. Gericke conductor was as follows:

Overture, "King Lear".....Litolf  
Aria, "Il mio tesoro".....Mozart  
Romance, "Endymion's Narrative".....Converse

Aria from "Esmeralda".....Goring Thomas  
Symphony for organ and orchestra, No. 1.....Guilmant

Litolff's overture was played for the first time in Boston, and probably for the first time in this country. Mr. Converse's Romance was played for the first time. Guilmant's Symphony was played for the first time at these concerts.

#### Flamboyant Litolf.

Liszt, who evidently admired the talent of Litolf, nevertheless characterized it as flamboyant. This adjective described the man, the pianist, the composer. It is hard for us of today to realize that Litolf was once an indisputable influence, but his concertos and early overtures found imitators in the Byronic vein. This overture to "King Lear" was composed probably during his dark, sad days in Paris. There are traces of the old extravagant spirit which now seems rather formal and antiquated, just as "Lara" is today a much older and more primitive poem than the "Atys" of Catullus or the fourth book of the "Aeneid." Litolf's Lear struts across the stage and his Cordella anticipated a play-actress something like Virginia Buchanan. There is little romance, there is no passion in this music. And thus again we learn that extreme modernity runs a great risk of speedy dissolution and oblivion.

#### "Endymion's Narrative."

This is the second of Mr. Converse's orchestral romances. It was not suggested by the old legend nor was it inspired by the story of Endymion, who was expelled from his kingdom for being vanquished at the Olympian games; "upon which he retired into Caria to Latmos, where he applied himself to the observations of the stars, but chiefly of the moon, which gave the poets an occasion to feign that he was beloved by the moon, who came to visit him every night as he lay asleep upon the top of that hill." Mr. Converse was moved by the narrative of Keats's Endymion, who leaves the Festival of Pan, and talks with his sister Peona, like the walrus and the carpenter, of many things. There is no lavish attempt to follow the text, and the composer sensibly wishes his Romance to be judged first of all as music. After that the hearer can ponder the relationship of the music with the expression of a mind, bound by affection and material conditions, which yearns for an ideal beyond the common view. It is easier to enjoy the Romance and to speak of it as absolute music without esoteric significance. This Romance is an advance on its predecessor, "The Festival of Pan" (1900). The composer is surer of his strength, his imaginative flight is higher, his speech is more certain and eloquent. The music is sanely modern. There is little or nothing that seems experimental; there is no affectation of originality; there is clear melodic outline; but there is also modern feeling, modern expression. Mr. Converse has made a marked advance in orchestral ease. His orchestral speech is natural, entertaining, and at times it rises to true eloquence. The Romance is, indeed, an interesting work, full of musical matter, with the thought of ideals of beauty, free from materialism. The applause that followed the excellent performance and was acknowledged by the composer from the stage was much more than a courteous compliment.

#### Guilmant's Symphony, Etc.

Guilmant's symphony for organ and orchestra is familiar to many in its sonata form for organ alone. In the symphony Guilmant succeeded in the difficult task of reconciling organ and orchestra, chiefly by letting each in turn have the appointed say. There is antiphonal use of the rivals, or the orchestra is so employed that it does not quarrel with the less elastic organ. Mr. Goodrich played with taste and musical intelligence, and the Pastorale gave the audience special pleasure.

Mr. Ben Davies did not sing "Waft Her, Angels." He chose Don Ottavio's aria and Phoebus's chief tune from Goring Thomas's "Esmeralda." It



ade little difference now he sang the latter frothy salon aria, but "Il mio tesoro" demands supreme elegance as well as the finest vocal artistry. Mr. Davies sang this air in a bluff, hearty, England - expects every man to do his duty manner, and Mozart suffered.

## THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

*Herald*

### Unfamiliar Overture and a New Orchestral Romance Played.

Mr. Ben Davies, the English Tenor, Sings Delightfully and Broadly, and the New Music of "King Lear," Wild, Sweeping and Turbulent, Stands Approved.

When "King Lear" is mentioned, the mind naturally first recurs to the drear, helpless, awesome madness of the old king and his piteous death with the corpse of his devoted daughter in his arms. Yet these are, after all, but episodes—fatal and final, indeed—in a great, bitter drama of a rude, wild epoch, which Mr. Henry A. Clapp has well called an age of iron, characterizing as people of iron all who participated in it, not even excluding Cordelia, whose firmness he thinks proceeded rather from personal obstinacy than adherence to an abstract principle. It is a drama of anger and conflict, of political antagonisms, of internecine and foreign wars, of treachery, jealousy, hatred, violence and murder. No natural relationship guarantees peace, love and concord, but all evils follow upon the action of the affectionate, but rash and foolish, monarch, who resigns all only to see his realm dismembered, himself insulted and outraged, his children enemies and his one true daughter restored with his own wits only in his dying moments.

It seems to be more this general state of turbulence, revolt and battle in Britain that Litloff has undertaken to symbolize in the "King Lear" overture, which Mr. Gericke introduced at the Symphony concert, rather than any specific persons or phases of the story. It begins with a wild, sweeping rush of violins, to be sure, and it has the usual antithesis of a severe and a gentle theme; but without a name, the listener would be apt to assign it to a military or bellicose subject. Scarcely has the first onset of strings begun, when it is arrested by imperative trumpets; and, as the overture proceeds, there are ever and anon heard through or over its development of contrasted themes the rattle of drums and the dogmatic summons of trumpets, thus suggesting more the ebb and flow of battle than individual oppositions. It is a powerful, vivid and exciting composition, and was strikingly played.

Mr. F. S. Converse's "Endymion" romance for orchestra was in altogether a different vein, and as immaterial and metaphysical in its essence and suggestion as the other was material and demonstrative. The composer has gone to Keats for his subject, rather than to vague mythology, and he has chosen that part of the poem wherein

Endymion confides to his anxious sister, Peona, his more than earthly ambitions and longings, his doubts and distrusts, his strange slumbers, the exquisite visits of the goddess, which he remembers as one might perfect dreams; his pain at finding only memory remains when he awakes, and his hope that truth and realization may yet be vouchsafed him. Mr. Converse will not even intimate what lines of the poet impressed him most, and he will give no programme or clew for guidance through his romance, which he wishes to be heard and judged as absolute music. Taking it thus, then, it is a music of moods, which each listener must interpret according to his imagination and his nervous susceptibility. We should derive from it some such sequence as this: A placid, peaceful, rural, idyllic environment, through which passes a contemplative figure, grave, depressed and even suffering in spirit, beside whom moves a figure of consolation, and before whom ever rises an alluring but elusive ideal, and across whose mind constantly pass light-floating fancies. His moods are many, antagonistic, variable with despair and hope, but his persistent aspiration and faith uphold him, and he casts himself boldly and strenuously into the struggle for ascent and liberty. Such would appear to be the naturally and logically developed course of thought and feeling; but that others will feel so, or that this was the composer's order of thought and purpose in construction, cannot here be more than guessed. At all events, the music is beautiful, and both charms and constrains attention. It is freely and liberally melodious, it is picturesque in proportion, and its instrumental devices, while not fantastic, abstruse or far-fetched, are various, ingenious and effective. It recognizes the orchestral development of today, but it does not try to anticipate that of the future.

The Gullmant organ symphony, in which Mr. Wallace Goodrich sustained the solo part with dignity, address and taste, made its due impression and was much enjoyed. What an advantage it had in this representation over any former ones! For now organist and conductor have no longer to communicate with each other through the reversing and deceptive medium of a mirror; but can regard each other, eye to eye, and place the solo lead or the massive support instantly just where it belongs in the general scheme.

It was pleasant to hear again Mr. Ben Davies sing, as it is always pleasant to hear a good tenor of the English school. They give their voices with such unstinting frankness, they are so honest in their style and so substantially human in their expression. They do not strive for finical or falsetto high Cs, but are content with full, genuine As, with possibly an occasional B flat. They may lack something of poetry and romance, but one can spare that for the sake of hearty manliness. Mr. Davies sang the "Esmeralda" air too sturdily, perhaps, for the declaration of a lover who says that he "faints for delight;" but it sounded as if he were honorable and sincere, at all events, while, on the other hand, he delivered Don Ottavio's "Il mio tesoro" so assuringly as to give the idea that that gentleman might not have been such a milkop as he usually appears, and might have been capable of doing as he says and "only returning to announce slaughters and deaths." Mr. Davies was cordially welcomed and applauded.

For the ensuing rehearsal and concert there has been appointed this pro-

gramme:

Overture to "Iphigenia in Aulis".....Gluck  
Burleske in D minor, for pianoforte and orchestra.....Richard Strauss  
(First time.)  
A Steppe-Sketch from Central Asia.....Borodin  
Symphony in D minor.....Walter Rabi  
(First time.)  
Soloist, Mr. Heinrich Gebhard.

## THE SYMPHONY PROGRAMME.

### Rehearsal This Afternoon to Avoid Good Friday.

Mr. Ben Davies, Tenor, to Sing an Air from "Don Giovanni" and a Gem from "Esmeralda"—"King Lear" Overture by Litloff to Be Heard for the First Time.

The public rehearsal of the 21st Symphony programme will occur this afternoon, so that Good Friday observances may not be by it disturbed. There are several novelties to be produced, and there will be the further gratification of two tenor airs, to be sung by Mr. Ben Davies, who halts here for a day or two before taking up his march through Canada with Sir Alexander Mackenzie's British music expedition. He is to sing for one an air from "Don Giovanni," but has not yet announced whether it is to be Don Ottavio's usual "Il mio tesoro," or his less known first act aria, "Dalla sua pace la mia pende." His other selection is what has been called the gem of Goring Thomas' opera, "Esmeralda." This work, which follows Victor Hugo's story in all but in saving and marrying the heroine to Capt. Phoebus, instead of having her burned at the stake, was produced in England by Carl Rosa on March 26, 1883, and Mr. H. W. Savage tried to make some headway with it in New York in November, 1900. For the original production Mr. Davies, who will now deliver Phoebus' song, "O vision entrancing," was the Gringoire.

The opening number will give the first hearing of a rather celebrated "King Lear" overture, by Henry Litloff, whose compositions are generally marked by originality, vigor, color and a certain roughish splendor, such as are displayed in the sometime popular violin concerto, which may be recalled by many readers.

The last place will be given to the concerto in D minor, which Gullmant, the princeps master of organ and organ composition, developed for orchestra and solo from an organ sonata of his own. The grave first movement depends from two themes, one minor and one major, announced by the pedals and then transferred to the manuals and the band for elaboration. The second is a pastoral, in A, cast in 12-8 time and including a chorale. The finale is rapid and brilliant. Mr. Wallace Goodrich will be the organist, and he can be depended upon for a fine rendering of his part. Mr. Archer introduced the concerto at the Worcester festival of 1882.

The middle number will be an orchestral romance, his 10th numbered work,

by the Boston composer, Mr. F. S. Converse, who entitles it "Endymion's Narrative." What Endymion has to narrate, the students of mythology and fable may guess. That youth, being condemned to endless sleep, was nightly visited by Selene, as the story goes. Whether Endymion is to talk in his sleep, or whether he is to be allowed a period of wakefulness and remembrance, it remains for Mr. Converse to explain. Yet there was another Endymion, an astronomer, who perched upon a mountain in Greece and traced out the course of the moon; perhaps he may be the man.

## THE SYMPHONY CONCERTS.

The program for the 21st Symphony rehearsal and concert was somewhat unusual in character, for it presented three novelties and two soloists. Mr. Ben Davies, tenor, sang arias from "Don Giovanni" and "Esmeralda," and Mr. Wallace Goodrich played the organ part in Gullmant's D minor symphony, arranged for orchestra and organ. This selection, Litloff's "King Lear" overture, and "Endymion's Narrative," a romance for orchestra by F. S. Converse, were given for the first time at these concerts.

Mr. F. S. Converse in his second romance based upon incidents in "Endymion" has again shown his ability to write descriptive music of a high order of merit, for he evidently understands the art of instrumentation in producing effects suggestive of the text and working up to a climax expressed in the so-called modern style of musical illustration. The different episodes of the Keats poem are handled in an able manner, the dramatic element is shown in well arranged fortissimo passages and the whole work is one which reflects credit upon the abilities of the young American composer. The work was received with great enthusiasm and Mr. Converse, who was in the audience, was warmly applauded as he rose to acknowledge the greetings.

The Gullmant symphony for organ and orchestra is a massive composition, with innumerable themes given alternately to the organ and associate instruments, the different voices of the organ frequently being echoed by corresponding parts of the band. The effect is peculiar, and the blending of the solo instrument with the orchestra was so skilfully accomplished by Mr. Goodrich and Mr. Gericke's forces that the result was harmonious and very pleasing to the ear. The contrasts were set forth admirably in the legato and more delicate parts of the work; but the heavier staccato passages on the organ were open to the usual criticism and sounded abrupt, as they generally do. Mr. Goodrich's performance was excellent in every way and the orchestra performed its part in a commendable manner.

The Litloff overture, "King Lear," based mainly upon two motifs typifying the characters of the old king and the gentle Cordelia, was adequately interpreted by the orchestra. Mr. Ben Davies sang his two solos with splendid verve and sympathetic execution, his clear, vibrant tenor voice being specially effective in the bravura passages of "O Vision Entrancing," the excerpt from the opera "Esmeralda" by Thomas.



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This week's program will have Mr. Heinrich Gebhard as soloist in the Richard Strauss "burleske" in D minor, for pianoforte and orchestra. The orchestral numbers will include the overture to "Iphigenia in Aulis," Gluck; "A Steppe-Sketch from Central Asia," Borodin, and Walter Rabi's D minor symphony.

This reminds us that Miss Ada Crossley, who will sing at the Symphony Orchestra Pension Fund Concert a week from Sunday, comes from Australia, and not long ago she declared that everybody sings in Australia, "from the bushman, as he rides through the great forest, to the boy on the 'milk run.'"

## MUSICAL MATTERS

### THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Overture, "King Lear".....Litloff  
(First time.)  
Aria, "Don Juan".....Mozart  
Mr. Ben Davies.  
Romance for Full Orchestra, "Endymion's Narrative," Op. 10.....F. S. Converse  
(First time.)  
Aria, "O Vision Entrancing," from Esmeralda.....A. Goring Thomas  
Mr. Ben Davies.  
Symphony No. 1, in D minor, with Organ.....Guilmant  
(First time at these concerts.)  
Mr. Wallace Goodrich.

Revenos a nos moutons"; that is, let us get back from highly-flavored opera to our normal diet. The concert of Saturday was interesting in every number, was well-contrasted and exceedingly well performed. The Litloff overture to "King Lear" was, however, scarcely doing justice to the memory of that composer, for it is not as strong as the overture to "Robespierre," on which his latter-day reputation rests. Beside the Berlioz gusts of passion in his overture to "King Lear," the strutting of the pompous, military gentleman here portrayed became rather ludicrous. The loss of Cordelia was not made more intense than the loss of a collar-button. It was pleasant music, but it was not the Shakespearian hero. To set it so formally seemed like squirting rose-water from a silver syringe at a raging conflagration.

Mr. Ben Davies was in excellent voice, but he sang "Il Mio Tesoro" rather as a tenor robusto than as a tenor di grazia; he made the delicate song far too forcible; he made Don Ottavio into a sort of Othello. But in the second number of his solos he was on his native heath.

About Ben Davies, may his tribe increase, Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace!

The dream was rather too sweet if anything, and "Oh, Vision Entrancing" was scarcely symphonic in its style. It smelt of the footlights, and after the final high note one might have expected the Queen of the Fairies to enter, with the entire Corps de Ballet in short skirts. Mr. Davies was heartily applauded, however, and his vocal work deserved the tribute.

Mr. Converse's new work made a decided success. This composition is a great advance over the picture of Pan, which the composer gave us recently. There are moments of ineffable beauty in "Endymion's Narrative," and there is general coherency also—a thing to be devoutly grateful for in these spasmodic

days. Mr. Converse does not disdain melody either, and the march theme near the end of the work was a union of popular and classical that we seldom find. Of course it is impossible to give such a subject in modern style without trenching on Wagner's "Waldesweben," but the reminiscences were rather in style than in subject matter. Mr. Converse's mastery of the great orchestra of the present was evident from first to last, and sylvan beauty and daintiness were also abundantly in evidence. The work is representative of the best direction of modern music, and the composer no more endeavored to set our teeth on edge than Keats himself would have done. At the close of the composition Mr. Converse was twice called to the stage with heartiest applause.

Guilmant's symphony is an organ concerto, and one of the most practical and effective in existence. It is a very difficult task to combine the two great forces here used, and the best way seems to be to treat them as one might treat a double chorus in some vast vocal work, to use the organ and orchestra antiphonally, to have responses from one to the other.

We recall the last performance of this work in Boston. Music Hall organ had been sold as a broken-down and impracticable instrument, but it was determined to give Boston one last opportunity to hear its voice. Frederic Archer was called from New York and played this work with orchestra, when it was seen that there were wonderful beauties in the instrument, that there were stops there that could probably never be replaced in any new organ. Soon after that Mr. Gericke came to Boston and was greatly disappointed to find the great organ gone and a puny box of pipes hung, like Mahomet's coffin, between heaven and earth, in the hall. He had intended many combinations of organ and orchestra, all of which were, of course, rendered hopeless. It is only now, after the lapse of many years, that the great combination can be adequately heard, and last night Boston seemed to revel in the unusual scoring.

The first two movements of the symphony are the most popular, the last has the highest artistic worth. It must be confessed that there are some moments of mere prettiness in the first movement, but one can everywhere admire the tact, the grace, with which this organist-composer has built his work. The second movement strikes a happy medium between the classical and popular. It has sufficiently contrapuntal treatment to give it dignity, yet its canonic work is so

direct and its pastoral melody is so pleasing that the non-musician would scarcely suspect that the classical element was at all present.

The finale is brilliant after the toccata manner, full of dashing manual work and with a sufficiency of pedalling also. Here the virtuoso has his opportunity for display, and right well did Mr. Goodrich employ it. His playing is to be enthusiastically commended.

The figure tratement of the finale is carried on quite consistently and logically to the coda which forms a majestic culmination. The skill in working up climaxes is one of the points in which one must praise Guilmant cordially. Perhaps a trifle of the French confectionery could have been spared from the composition, but as a whole it was unstrained, skilfully interwoven and enjoyable in a high degree.

Spite of the fact that the symphony-concerto came at the end of the concert, the audience stayed to recall Mr. Goodrich and Mr. Gericke a couple of times, instead of immediately rushing for the corridors—sufficient evidence, surely, that the work, its conductor and its soloist were fully appreciated.

Louis C. Elson.

### Symphony Hall: Symphony Orchestra

The twenty-first symphony concert was given in Symphony Hall last Saturday evening, the programme being as follows:

Henry Litloff: Overture to "Le Roi Léar."  
(First time in Boston.)  
Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart: Aria, "Il mio tesoro," from "Don Giovanni."  
Frederick S. Converse: "Endymion's Narrative," Romance for Orchestra, opus 10.  
(First time.)  
Arthur Goring Thomas: Air, "O vision entrancing," from "Esmeralda."  
Alexandre Guilmant: Symphony No. 1, in D minor, for Organ and Orchestra, opus 42.  
(First time at these concerts.)  
Mr. Ben Davies was the singer, and Mr. Wallace Goodrich the organist.

The programme book says that Litloff's opera of "Le Roi Léar" was finished, "according to some," in 1890; as composers generally write the overture to an opera last, this would probably be about the date of the composition of the overture played at this concert. It is rather interesting to settle the date approximately, for the work is decidedly superior to the composer's "Robespierre," in style and contents. The "Robespierre" overture shows strongly the influence of Meyerbeer; it might be called a bastard younger brother of that master's "Struensee." "Le Roi Léar" shows more of the modern romantic, Berlioz-and-Wagner, influence, with now and then a reminiscence of Beethoven. Litloff was not a little influenced by Beethoven; in his "National-Hollandais" concerto-symphony the slow movement contains some striking developments on a modulation of which Beethoven was especially fond in his earlier



rather characteristic of him. Upon the whole, it is not impossible that Liszt may have been one of the post-Beethovenian composers Mendelssohn had in mind, when he wrote to Moscheles: "They clear their throats as he did, and cough his cough; but that is as far as they get!" If the "Rol L  ar" overture had been written earlier, it would sufficiently explain Liszt's flattering estimate of Liszt's talent as a composer; such workmanlike handling of "Zukunft" ideas—the composer gives himself away when he makes a characteristic harmonic progression from "Lohengrin" a prominent feature of his conclusion-theme—could hardly fail to call forth praise from the Weimar master. But, if the work was not written until 1890, its style is to be recognized as retrospective, rather than progressive. It is, however, by far the finest thing of Liszt's I have yet heard.

At last Mr. Converse has been and gone and done it! Heretofore he has given great promise; but I mistake much if he has not now given something better. To be sure, his "Festival of Pan" was something brilliant in the way of actual achievement; only the instrumentation seemed a failure, and gave an inevitable impression that the composer had miscalculated the general balance of his orchestra; the several instrumental groups tended to cancel, rather than reinforce, one another. But here in "Endymion's Narrative" the instrumentation is not only masterly, but now and then quite new. I have not the presumption to assert that I understand everything in this last orchestral romance of Mr. Converse's after but a single hearing. If I did, it would be presumptive evidence against the work's being worth much. Only the original is really worth while in Music, and the original is the hardest of all to understand at a glance. Show me a work that shall take me captive at the first rush, and I will show you one destined to die in ten years. Clearness is a quality, both in musical and poetic composition, about which altogether too much fuss has been made. The greatest poets and the greatest composers are just those who are the least clear—at first. But, like fine wine, they throw down a sediment after a while, and become as many-hued jewels, if never as crystal. But what unclearness I still may find in Mr. Converse's "Endymion," it does not make the impression of mere muddiness; it betokens more complexity of thought than it does impotence of expression. I look back over my life's musical experience, and I find that nearly all the really great music I know sounded pretty much like that at first. It took me a good many years to see daylight in Beethoven's eighth symphony; at first it sounded half incomprehensible, half ugly. What I do catch in this last work of Mr. Converse's is great poetic imaginativeness, melodic invention, strong harmony, and a general at-homeness in the chosen atmosphere; Mr. Converse walks this musico-poetic domain with conquering-hero step. He will be wanting to annex Newton

by this new work is strong and powerful almost in proportion to its lack of perfect definition. Neither does it seem to me particularly rash to own that I have no fear of greater familiarity with the composition breeding contempt; I cannot but feel it will grow stronger and more beautiful in my ears, the more sharply I am able to bring it to a focus. I take off my hat.

As for Gullmant's orchestro-organic symphony, it soon becomes evident to the attentive listener that the composer handles half-archaic forms and the semi-archaic style with immense skill, also with sympathy and no little sentiment. One feels that, like most organists who have passed the age of forty-five, Mr. Gullmant has drunk the rum of organ so long that he looks with reverence upon anything with a crank to it. And I, for one, feel that no one but an impenitent organist can look upon this combination of organ with orchestra as anything but unnatural and repulsive. Curious that organists do not so look upon it; for it shows forth all the inherent and unlovely shortcomings of their instrument in the most shameful light. But, after all, this is not the point I most wish to emphasize at present. No one, least of all a critic, need feel himself called upon to say anything whatever about this work of Gullmant's, for it was presented in surroundings that would have killed it outright, had it been twenty times by Gullmant. (By the way, this sentence is not aimed at Mr. Wallace Goodrich, for he played his part in the business admirably.) To put it at the end of such a programme was nothing short of symphonicide. Just consider the conditions, a minute.

We had had two new compositions already; an overture and a long and attention-taxing orchestral romance. After such a drain upon the listening faculty, only a musical Hercules could be fit for anything more serious than the overture to "Oberon;" to bring on at such a juncture a long contrapuntal composition, in the most ungratifying forms, a composition that shines more by its musicianship than by its charm, is like asking people to listen to a sermon, or a lecture on international law, immediately after a melodrama. When a certain self-centred revivalist, happening to find himself by mistake at an evening party just as the rush for the supper-table was beginning, suddenly cried out "Let us pray!" he was incontinently and quite properly hushed up by less insane guests. It would have served the Gullmant symphony right, last Saturday evening. If the audience had got up like one man and left the hall with the first measure. If you ask me exactly in what conditions this composition would be in place, I must answer that that is none of my business; I only know that it is vastly out of place at the end of a symphony concert. I have heard people who pretended to know say that some music sounds better in church than elsewhere; I personally have never heard any that did, but am willing to believe experts. Might it not be worth while to try this symphony in church? That is the place where organs most do congregate.

Mr. Ben Davies was not at his happiest in Mozart's "Il mio tesoro;" but he recouped himself well in Goring Thomas's air, singing with great effect. He was enthusiastically applauded.

## Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1902-03.

# BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Mr. WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.

## XXII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, APRIL 18, AT 8, P.M.

### Programme.

- |                  |   |
|------------------|---|
| GLUCK,           | OVERTURE to "Iphigenia in Aulis."   |
| RICHARD STRAUSS, | BURLESKE in D minor, for PIANOFORTE and ORCHESTRA.<br>(First time.)   |
| BORODIN,         | ORCHESTRAL SKETCH, On the Steppes of Central Asia. op. 7.   |
| RAFF,            | SYMPHONY No. 5, in E major. "Lenore," op. 117.<br>PART I. HAPPINESS IN LOVE. I. Allegro.<br>II. Andante quasi; larghetto.<br>PART II. PARTING. III. March-Tempo: Agitato.<br>PART III. REUNITING IN DEATH. (Introduction and Ballad, after G. B  rger's "Lenore.")<br>IV. Allegro: L'istesso tempo. |

Soloist:

Mr. HEINRICH GEBHARD.

The Pianoforte is a Steinway



and middle periods, and might be called rather characteristic of him. Upon the whole, it is not impossible that Liszt may have been one of the post-Beethovenian composers Mendelssohn had in mind, when he wrote to Moscheles: "They clear their throats as he did, and cough his cough; but that is as far as they get!" If the "Rol Léar" overture had been written earlier, it would sufficiently explain Liszt's flattering estimate of Liszt's talent as a composer; such workmanlike handling of "Zukunft" ideas—the composer gives himself away when he makes a characteristic harmonic progression from "Lohengrin" a prominent feature of his conclusion-theme—could hardly fail to call forth praise from the Weimar master. But, if the work was not written until 1890, its style is to be recognized as retrospective, rather than progressive. It is, however, by far the finest thing of Liszt's I have yet heard.

At last Mr. Converse has been and gone and done it! Heretofore he has given great promise; but I mistake much if he has not now given something better. To be sure, his "Festival of Pan" was something brilliant in the way of actual achievement; only the instrumentation seemed a failure, and gave an inevitable impression that the composer had miscalculated the general balance of his orchestra; the several instrumental groups tended to cancel, rather than reinforce, one another. But here in "Endymion's Narrative" the instrumentation is not only masterly, but now and then quite new. I have not the presumption to assert that I understand everything in this last orchestral romance of Mr. Converse's after but a single hearing. If I did, it would be presumptive evidence against the work's being worth much. Only the original is really worth while in music, and the original is the hardest of all to understand at a glance. Show me a work that shall take me captive at the first rush, and I will show you one destined to die in ten years. Clearness is a quality, both in musical and poetic composition, about which altogether too much fuss has been made. The greatest poets and the greatest composers are just those who are the least clear—at first. But, like fine wine, they throw down a sediment after a while, and become as many-hued jewels, if never as crystal. But what unclearness I still may find in Mr. Converse's "Endymion," it does not make the impression of mere muddiness; it betokens more complexity of thought than it does impotence of expression. I look back over my life's musical experience, and I find that nearly all the really great music I know sounded pretty much like that at first. It took me a good many years to see daylight in Beethoven's eighth symphony; at first it sounded half incomprehensible, half ugly. What I do catch in this last work of Mr. Converse's is great poetic imaginativeness, melodic invention, strong harmony, and a general at-homeness in the chosen atmosphere; Mr. Converse walks this musico-poetic domain with conquering-hero step. Boston will be wanting to annex Newton

yet! Indeed, the impression made upon me by this new work is strong and powerful almost in proportion to its lack of perfect definition. Neither does it seem to me particularly rash to own that I have no fear of greater familiarity with the composition breeding contempt; I cannot but feel it will grow stronger and more beautiful in my ears, the more sharply I am able to bring it to a focus. I take off my hat.

As for Gullmant's orchestro-organle symphony, it soon becomes evident to the attentive listener that the composer handles half-archaic forms and the semi-archaic style with immense skill, also with sympathy and no little sentiment. One feels that, like most organists who have passed the age of forty-five, Mr. Gullmant has drunk the rum of organ so long that he looks with reverence upon anything with a crank to it. And I, for one, feel that no one but an impenitent organist can look upon this combination of organ with orchestra as anything but unnatural and repulsive. Curious that organists do not so look upon it; for it shows forth all the inherent and unlovely shortcomings of their instrument in the most shameful light. But, after all, this is not the point I most wish to emphasize at present. No one, least of all a critic, need feel himself called upon to say anything whatever about this work of Gullmant's, for it was presented in surroundings that would have killed it outright, had it been twenty times by Gullmant. (By the way, this sentence is not aimed at Mr. Wallace Goodrich, for he played his part in the business admirably.) To put it at the end of such a programme was nothing short of symphonicide. Just consider the conditions, a minute.

We had had two new compositions already; an overture and a long and attention-taxing orchestral romance. After such a drain upon the listening faculty, only a musical Hercules could be fit for anything more serious than the overture to "Oberon;" to bring on at such a juncture a long contrapuntal composition, in the most ungratulating forms, a composition that shines more by its musicianship than by its charm, is like asking people to listen to a sermon, or a lecture on international law, immediately after a melodrama. When a certain self-centred revivalist, happening to find himself by mistake at an evening party just as the rush for the supper-table was beginning, suddenly cried out "Let us pray!" he was incontinently and quite properly hushed up by less insane guests. It would have served the Gullmant symphony right, last Saturday evening, if the audience had got up like one man and left the hall with the first measure. If you ask me exactly in what conditions this composition would be in place, I must answer that that is none of my business; I only know that it is vastly out of place at the end of a symphony concert. I have heard people who pretended to know say that some music sounds better in church than elsewhere; I personally have never heard any that did, but am willing to believe experts. Might it not be worth while to try this symphony in church? That is the place where organs most do congregate.

Mr. Ben Davies was not at his happiest in Mozart's "Il mio tesoro;" but he recouped himself well in Goring Thomas's air, singing with great effect. He was enthusiastically applauded.

## Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1902-03.

## BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Mr. WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.

### XXII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, APRIL 18, AT 8. P.M.

#### Programme.

- |                  |  |
|------------------|--|
| GLUCK,           | OVERTURE to "Iphigenia in Aulis."  |
| RICHARD STRAUSS, | BURLESKE in D minor, for PIANOFORTE and ORCHESTRA.<br>(First time.)                  |
| BORODIN,         | ORCHESTRAL SKETCH, On the Steppes of Central Asia. op. 7.                            |
| RAFF,            | SYMPHONY No. 5, in E major. "Lenore," op. 117.                                       |
|                  | PART I. HAPPINESS IN LOVE. I. Allegro.   |
|                  | II. Andante quasi; larghetto.  |
|                  | PART II. PARTING. III. March-Tempo: Agitato.   |
|                  | PART III. REUNITING IN DEATH. (Introduction and Ballad, after G. Bürger's "Lenore.") |
|                  | IV. Allegro: L'istesso tempo.  |

#### Soloist:

Mr. HEINRICH GEBHARD.

The Pianoforte is a Steinway



# SYMPHONY CONCERT OF YESTERDAY EVENING

Richard Strauss's "Burleske" as  
Played by Mr. Heinrich Gebhard.

MR. OSSIP GABRILOWITSCH

A Piano Recital Characterized by  
Marked Poetic Sentiment as  
Well as Brilliance.

By PHILIP HALE.

The program of the twenty-second  
Symphony concert was as follows:

Overture to "Iphigenia in Aulis".....  
Gluck-Wagner  
Burleske for piano and orchestra (for  
first time) .....

On the Russian Steppes.....R. Strauss  
Symphony, "Lenore".....Raff

The noblest music last evening was  
that which came first. It was nearly  
130 years ago that the overture of  
"Iphigenia" was first heard in Paris,  
and this overture is today Greek trag-  
edy in music. There is the direct,  
poignant appeal; there is the sugges-  
tion of brooding fate; there is the ex-  
quisitely simple beauty; there is classic  
and tragic serenity instead of melo-  
dramatic throe or convulsion. This is  
music of which one never tires, and  
mark the genius that used so power-  
fully the simplest means.

Strauss's Burleske.

This piece for piano and orchestra  
was played here last night for the first  
time, but it is not therefore a com-  
position of recent date. It was written  
about 1885 when the composer was  
strongly influenced by Brahms—and it  
was played by d'Albert, to whom it is  
dedicated, as far back as 1890. But  
why "Burleske?" I confess I find little  
significance in the title. It surely is  
not a burlesque of Brahms's style, al-  
though the music is at times essential-  
ly Brahmsian. I have seen English  
burlesques, played by British blondes,  
which were not unlike Strauss's piece  
in stretches of dulness. For this "Bur-  
leske" as a whole is long-winded and  
generally inclined toward dulness. Here  
and there are grotesque effects or bits  
of orchestral humor; here and there

are pleasing examples of melodic  
thought; but the piece is purposeless,  
neither wildly extravagant, neither con-  
sistently serious. It is said to be of  
extreme difficulty, indeed Mr. Lessmann  
says he knows of no concerto to com-  
pare with it in this respect. But what  
is difficult to one pianist may not be  
so extremely hard to another; for one  
hand differeth from another hand in  
glory. Take for instance Balakireff's  
"Islamey." There are excellent pianists  
who dare not attempt to play it in  
public; yet others of less technical pro-  
ficiency have triumphed with it. Mr.  
Gebhard gave a clear idea of the piano  
part of the "Burleske," but he did not  
by any surpassing brilliance or pro-  
nounced individuality raise the work  
high above monotony; yet he was ap-  
plauded heartily by the audience and  
recalled more than once or twice.

Raff and Borodin.

Borodin's little orchestral sketch has  
been played here twice before, and it  
is still effective, though to Western  
ears the Oriental song and the Russian  
are both exotic and not so unlike in  
character as to be strongly contrasted.  
It is a mood picture as well as a tone-  
poem, and it will please hearers of  
imagination for some years to come.  
Portions of Raff's "Lenore" have grown  
old, very old. This is especially true  
of the Andante, which now may be  
classed with once popular piano music:  
"Fallen Leaves," "Moonlight on the  
Hudson," etc. Yet there is in this sym-  
phony plenty of evidence in favor of  
Raff's great talent and his unlimited  
technical skill.

## MUSICAL TOPICS.

Heinrich Gebhard Soloist  
at the Symphony.

Concerts by Creatore, Felix Fox,  
Gabrilowitsch and Others.

Notes of Current and Coming  
Musical Attractions.

April fickleness outside was no damp-  
ener to musical ardor and enthusiasm  
within doors at last week's Symphony  
concerts, when one of Mr Gericke's most



son was presented. Chief attraction was centered in the brilliant and decidedly unusual "Burleske" for orchestra and pianoforte, which Richard Strauss dedicated to Eugene d'Albert. Nothing similar to this pyrotechnically inclined composition has been recorded in recent musical annals here—and now and then music lovers would betray a mixture of amusement and amazement, though always tinged with pleasure, in their appreciation of this modern classic, whose composer must have been in a vivacious mood in stringing together these harmonic pearls.

The "Burleske" was given here for the first time. It is one of the least known of Strauss' compositions, and is one of the most difficult concertos written, so far as its piano part is concerned. The opening movement gives a prominent part to the kettledrums. A curious phrase by the bassoons in answer to the introduction of the main theme by the piano indicates the grotesque motive of the composer. Following this is an imitation of pizzicato by the piano, taken up by the violins and from them passed on to the other strings successively. The refrain of the horns in the midst bears a strong resemblance to the symphony of "Till Eulenspiegel." The extremely difficult passages of parallel octaves and fifths were taken by Mr Gebhard as if they were matters of no consequence.

The orchestral sketch, "On the Steppes of Central Asia," by Borodin, was less appreciated than any number by the orchestra. It is one of those weird oriental compositions, which is most admired for the ingenious weaving together of different and repellant themes. In the opening measures there is heard a Russian song, which is interrupted by the somber tones of the English sounding and oriental song. These two songs form the main themes for the entire piece.

The last half of the program was made up of the four movements of Raff's symphony No. 5, in E major, based on the German poem of Leonore. The third movement, in march time, was the best part of the symphony, and called for a very fine dialogue between the violins and the cellos. The main theme is repeated in the beginning of the fourth movement in a minor key. The final theme is too ghostly to be enjoyable.

The opening number, Gluck's overture to the opera "Iphigenia in Aulis," was the best received number on the program, judging by the applause. The overture was written to join the opening measures of the opera without break and comes to an abrupt close when played by itself. As given by the symphony orchestra, the ending was that arranged by Wagner, when he was the conductor at Dresden.

At the close of Heinrich Gebhard's performance he was recalled four times to acknowledge the appreciation of an audience which included many personal friends.

This week's program will introduce Mr Adolf Bak, violinist, in the Wieniawski "Faust" fantasia. The other numbers will be the Beethoven symphony in C major; Smetana's symphonic "Richard III," first time here, Mendelssohn's "Ruy Blas" over-

of European press  
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roeder

ugno

- R. STRAUSS—  
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"L'Orestie," overture
- TSCHAIKOWSKY—  
Suite No. 3.
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Introduction and "Love Death," from "Tristan."  
"Wotan's Farewell".....Mr. van Rooy  
A Siegfried idyll.

BC

TRA.

### THE SYMPHONY PROGRAMME.

Two Interesting and Important Novel-  
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Mr. Gericke has been keeping some of his novelties, both promised and un-announced, in reserve, and this week he will present two of them. The symphony, which comes last on the programme, of course, comes first in consideration as being the larger and more serious work. It is written in D minor, with the customary excursions into F major and other relative keys, and its author is Walther Rabl, who was born at Vienna, Nov. 30, 1873. His early musical education was directed by J. F. Hummel, at Salzburg; thence he passed to that of Nawzath, at Vienna, and finally went to Adler, at Prague, where, in 1897, he was made a Ph. D., taking up in 1898 the profession of music and further interest- ing himself in the preparation of the critically annotated Dresden programme books.

This symphony, which is his 10th num-bered work, looks attractive and fresh in the score, but seems to proceed with- in normal lines of development and in-strumentation, its only unusual request seeming to be one for two harps, which will probably be denied him, although he has laid out rather elaborate duties for both. According to his scheme, the first movement, which is set in the nom-inal key, is broad, heavy and quite sus- tained; the main theme being presented by the brass choir. The second passes into F major, and is marked "not quite so slow." The third is quick and light, as suits its 6-8 measure; is pointed with the triangle here and there, and includes an agreeable and favorable thread of violin solo. The fourth begins very slowly, but soon changes to a swift and emphatic march tempo, which ought to bring an animating conclusion, for it seems vigorously and inventively worked out.

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The other things are standard. Gluck's overture expressive of the chief phases of Racine's "Iphigenia in Aulis," and Borodin's picturesque "Steppe Sketch from Central Asia," in which there are heard sounding across the almost illimitable waste the hoof beats and the wild songs of the home-coming caravan.

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steinway



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Stienway



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Exclusive of the programs printed above, the following music was played here by the Boston Symphony Orchestra this winter:

Concerto for violin.....Franz Kneisel  
Concerto No. 2, F major (for violin, flute, oboe  
and trumpet).

Symphony, "Eroica."

Symphony No. 5.

"Leonore" overture, No. 2.

Concerto for piano, E flat.....Frederic Lamond

"An die Hoffnung," song.....Mr. van Rooij

Symphony No. 1.

Symphony No. 3.

Roman Carneval, overture.

Air, "Achilleus".....Madame Schumann-Heink

"Water Carrier," overture.

Symphony No. 5.

### Symphonic Variations.

"Sea Pictures," songs.....Madame Lunel

### Excerpts, "Merlin."

Stanzas, "Sapho".....Madame Lund

Symphony No. 2

"Tasso," symphonic poem.

"The Three Gipsies," song...Mme. Schumann-Heink

Two Poems, for orchestra.

"The Betrothed of the Czar," overture.

Concerto for piano, No. 2.....Madame Szumowska

Concerto for 'cello, A minor.....A. Schroeder

"Omphale's Spinning Wheel," symphonic poem.

"Wanderer" Fantasia, for piano.....Mr. Pugno

Symphony No. 2.

"Genoveva," overture.

"Death and Apotheosis"

"Don Juan."

"L'Orestie," overture

Suite No. 3.

Introduction and "Love Death," from "Tristan."

"Wotan's Farewell".....Mr. van Rooy  
A Siegfried idyll.

TRA

Two Interesting and Important Novel-  
ties—Mr. Gebhard, Solo Pianist, to  
Appear at This Week's Concerts.

Mr. Gericke has been keeping some of his novelties, both promised and unannounced, in reserve, and this week he will present two of them. The symphony, which comes last on the programme, of course, comes first in consideration as being the larger and more serious work. It is written in D minor, with the customary excursions into F major and other relative keys, and its author is Walthar Rabl, who was born at Vienna, Nov. 30, 1873. His early musical education was directed by J. F. Hummel, at Salzburg; thence he passed to that of Nawzail, at Vienna, and finally went to Adler, at Prague, where, in 1897, he was made a Ph. D., taking up in 1898 the profession of music and further interesting himself in the preparation of the critically annotated Dresden programme books.

This symphony, which is his 10th numbered work, looks attractive and fresh in the score, but seems to proceed within normal lines of development and instrumentation, its only unusual request seeming to be one for two harps, which will probably be denied him, although he has laid out rather elaborate duties for both. According to his scheme, the first movement, which is set in the nominal key, is broad, heavy and quite sustained, the main theme being presented by the brass choir. The second passes into F major, and is marked "not quite so slow." The third is quick and light, as suits its 6-8 measure; is pointed with the triangle here and there, and includes an agreeable and favorable thread of violin solo. The fourth begins very slowly, but soon changes to a swift and emphatic march tempo, which ought to bring an animating conclusion, for it seems vigorously and inventively worked out.

In the other novelty, Mr. Heinrich Gebhard will appear as soloist, the work being the "Burleske" for piano-forte and orchestra, which Richard Strauss dedicated to Eugen d'Albert. The London Daily News recently said in a critical article upon Strauss and Wagner, "A sardonic humor is one of Strauss' weapons." A dry, sarcastic, sardonic, allusive humor is ever hard to understand, its seeming seriousness being too often taken literally. For such a reason Strauss' musical extravaganzas about the pranks of Till Owl-glass was a puzzler, and many may not know just what to make of this lively affair, which is rather a sort

of a skit than a systematic composition. Its general mood is vivacious, gay and sparkling, and its orchestration is moderate. But every now and then, without warning, it is found to drop into tranquillity or to be told to be expressive for a few bars; then it rattles on again, checking itself once to be pompous for a little while, then marking a couple of pages as "ferocious," tossing in a short cadenza, and ending oddly with a few dry chords and snappy phrases, to be separated by great pauses. In a way it suggests Mr. Grossmith's trick of taking a little theme and showing what A, B, or C might have done with it.

The other things are standard. Gluck's overture expressive of the chief phases of Racine's "Iphigenia in Aulis," and Borodin's picturesque "Steppe Sketch from Central Asia," in which there are heard sounding across the almost illimitable waste the hoof beats and the wild songs of the home-coming caravan.

Mr. Charles Martin Loeffler, the second concert master of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, has resigned his position and will henceforth devote himself to composition and teaching. Fortunately for Boston he will continue to make this city his home. Mr. Loeffler ended last night his twenty-first year as a most valuable member of the famous organization. As virtuoso violinist, as concert master and as composer he has played an important part in the history of the orchestra, and his departure is deeply regretted by the officers, the members and the public at large. Yet it is easy to see why he took this step. A composer of singularly original imagination, fastidious taste, and rare orchestral technic, he will now have more time for thought and meditation; he will be able to bring a fresher mind to his work; and as a teacher his influence will still be widely felt; it will make for present musical righteousness, and, with his compositions, long preserve his name.

STEINWAY





**Miss Ada Crossley**

Australian contralto, who will sing at the Symphony pension fund concert.

SYMPHONY HALL  
SUNDAY EVENING, APRIL 26, 1903, at eight

SECOND CONCERT

BY THE

**Boston  
Symphony Orchestra**

WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor

IN AID OF ITS

**PENSION FUND**

*Assisted by Miss ADA CROSSLEY*

**PROGRAMME**

- |                        |  |
|------------------------|--|
| ROSSINI . . . . .      | Overture, "William Tell"                 |
| BIZET . . . . .        | Suite, "Roma"                            |
| a. GIORVANI . . . . .  | Aria, "Caro mio ben"                     |
| b. E. GERMAN . . . . . | Song with Orchestra, "Love, the Pedlar"  |
| HANDEL . . . . .       | Largo for Violins, Four Harps, and Organ |

**HARPISTS**

Miss RAYMAH DOWSE	Mrs. HEINRICH SCHUECKER
Miss FANNY HAMILTON	Mr. HEINRICH SCHUECKER
Mr. WALLACE GOODRICH, Organist	

- |                       |               |
|-----------------------|---------------|
| SAINT-SAENS . . . . . | Danse Macabre |
|-----------------------|---------------|

**SONGS WITH PIANOFORTE**

- |                              |                                |
|------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| a. MASSENET . . . . .        | "Les Larmes" (Werther)         |
| b. RICHARD STRAUSS . . . . . | "Allerseelen"                  |
| c. HAHN . . . . .            | "Baysage"                      |
| d. C. WILLEBY . . . . .      | "Four-leaf Clover"             |
| JOHANN STRAUSS . . . . .     | Waltz, "Wine, Woman, and Song" |

THE PIANOFORTE IS A STEINWAY.





**Miss Ada Crossley**

Australian contralto, who will sing at the Symphony pension fund concert.

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SYMPHONY HALL  
SUNDAY EVENING, APRIL 26, 1903, at eight

## SECOND CONCERT

BY THE

# Boston Symphony Orchestra

WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor

IN AID OF ITS

## PENSION FUND

Assisted by Miss ADA CROSSLEY

### PROGRAMME

ROSSINI . . . . . Overture, "William Tell"

BIZET . . . . . Suite, "Roma"

a. GIORVANI . . . . . Aria, "Caro mio ben"

b. E. GERMAN . . . . . Song with Orchestra, "Love, the Pedlar"

HANDEL . . . . . Largo for Violins, Four Harps, and Organ

### HARPISTS

Miss RAYMAH DOWSE

Mrs. HEINRICH SCHUECKER

Miss FANNY HAMILTON

Mr. HEINRICH SCHUECKER

Mr. WALLACE GOODRICH, Organist

SAINT-SAENS . . . . . Danse Macabre

### SONGS WITH PIANOFORTE

a. MASSENET . . . . . "Les Larmes" (Werther)

b. RICHARD STRAUSS . . . . . "Allerseelen"

c. HAHN . . . . . "Baysage"

d. C. WILLEBY . . . . . "Four-leaf Clover"

JOHANN STRAUSS . . . . . Waltz, "Wine, Woman, and Song"

THE PIANOFORTE IS A STEINWAY.



# TONIGHT'S CONCERT AT SYMPHONY HALL

An Appeal to Which Music-Loving  
Bostonians Should Respond.

To the Editor of the Boston Journal:  
Please allow me to call the attention of your readers to the benefit concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which takes place on Sunday night at Symphony Hall.

May I suggest to you that upon this pension fund resulting from these concerts depends much the future of the orchestra. Presently, and increasingly, the members of the orchestra will be unable to play as they are playing now and must therefore cease their work. The fingers of the violin players give out; the lips of the instrument players give out, and it is an impossibility to keep these men in first rate condition beyond a certain time in life. Of course I can't support them after they have stopped playing and meet the cost of the orchestra also, and, as you know, the orchestra can never be a profitable institution.

I beg leave to address these few words to your readers in order to stimulate the demand for tickets. It is late in the season and people have spent their money, yet a great many of them are fully aware how much is owed to the orchestra and its good work in past years, and quite as well aware of how much will be owed for future work. I wish very much to keep the orchestra at its present point of efficiency, and can only do it by renewals from time to time. A pension fund is a great necessity, which I have long contemplated and never attended to.

H. L. HIGGINSON.

Boston, April 22, 1903.

## THE POPS.

On Monday evening, May 4, the eighteenth season of the "Pops" is at hand, with the usual eight weeks during May and June. It seems unnecessary to go into the details of these popular entertainments, every feature of which will be practically the same as last year, save the conductor. After five years of satisfactory and gratifying service by Messrs. Max Zach and Gustav Strube as joint conductors, the management

has decided to make a change. Mr. T. Adamowski, who nine years ago in old Music Hall conducted during the most successful season ever known in the seventeen years of the Pops, has been selected to lead an orchestra of fifty players from the ranks of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. In connection with this change in the leadership, it may be of interest to recall the conductors from the beginning, seventeen years ago. They were as follows: 1885, Ad Neuendorff; 1886, John C. Mullaly; 1887, Wilhelm Rietzel and Ad Neuendorff; 1888, Franz Kneisel and Ad Neuendorff; 1889, Ad Neuendorff; 1890, no concerts; 1891, T. Adamowski and E. Gruenberg; 1892, T. Adamowski; 1893, T. Adamowski; 1894, T. Adamowski; 1895, A. de Novellis; 1896, Max Zach; 1897, Max Zach and Leo Schultz, and for the past five years, 1898-1902, Messrs. Max Zach and Gustav Strube. All the conductors, with the exception of Neuendorff and Novellis, were members of the Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Adamowski has been busy for the past month with the preparation of some unusually attractive programs, and his recognized artistic temperament is sure to make itself felt, both in their makeup and rendition. There will be the usual light refreshments and all the other essential features will again be maintained. Reserved seats, both at the tables on the floor and in the first balcony, will be for sale Monday morning, April 27, at Symphony Hall.

## PENSION FUND CONCERT.

Symphony Superbly Plays a Popular  
Programme—Affair Given for Its  
Own Benefit.

Last night, in Symphony Hall, the Symphony orchestra gave the second concert for the benefit of its pension fund, arranging the promised programme thus:

Overture, "William Tell".....Rossini  
Suite, "Roma".....Bizet  
a. Aria, "Caro mio ben".....Giordani  
b. Song with orchestra, "Love, the Pedlar".....E. German  
Largo for violins, four harps and organ.....Handel  
Harpists: Miss Raymah Dowse, Miss Fanny Hamilton, Mrs. Heinrich Schuecker, Mr. Heinrich Schuecker.  
Organist, Mr. Wallace Goodrich.  
Danse Macabre.....Saint-Saens  
Songs with pianoforte:  
a. "Les Larmes" (Werther).....Massenet  
b. "Allerseelen".....Richard Strauss  
c. "Paysage".....Hahn  
d. "Four-leaf Clover".....C. Willeby  
Waltz, "Wine, Woman and Song".....Johann Strauss

This was a truly popular programme, affording the orchestra a perfect display of its virtuosity, from the picturesque elegance of the Rossini to the vertiginous velocity of the Saint-Saens, the concentrated tone volume of the

Handel and the full color of the Bizet. It also gave cause and chance for an assemblage of wonders. Fancy a large Boston audience, mainly composed of pious and proper Symphony patrons, hearing approvingly and loudly applauding, upon a Sunday evening, too, a Strauss waltz, played by the Symphony orchestra and directed by Mr. Gerlicke! The whole performance was superb, and the qualities displayed were always apposite to the individual selections. The delicate "Tell" obligatos were delightfully played, and Mr. Kneisel made great effects with his lead in the Largo and with the weird solo in the "Danse Macabre," that clever ghost story which the fat boy in "Pickwick" would have been glad to have in prose form, it "makes your flesh creep" so pleasurably.

Of course the Largo is quite an "ad captandum" affair—almost, indeed, a bit of clap-trap as so rigged out. However, the audience would have it repeated; and, as a deduction from this, the band would do well, perhaps, to acquire a five-foot gong and produce the "Sun Hymn," from Mascagni's "Iris," at their next benefit.

As for the waltz (which came near being the "Blue Danube," as we hear,) it was not up to Adolph Neuendorff's standard. That portly, prosaic-looking conductor had a way of impressing on a measure which would take such a rubato, a hold—or, if one dared, he might honestly call it a hug—that gave a lingering, languorous sentimentality, such as no other leader, not even Strauss himself, has imparted. Mr. Gerlicke put brilliant verve, spring and swing into the music, however, and the men responded with a will.

Miss Ada Crossley, the Australian contralto, who made her debut, has a very beautiful and remarkable voice. It is of one true timbre throughout, without a single inconsistent, weak or mongrel tone in it. Her method is simple, generous and sincere, and the rich quality appeals, convinces, melts and thrills. But, as is so often the case with sumptuous and touching voices, it seems to be attached to an unemotional and inelastic constitution, and is therefore adapted neither for execution nor expressiveness. What it reaches and conquers in the listener is due rather to itself rather than to its possessor. The Giordani had not the throb of the "heart that languishes," nor was there pathos in "Allerseelen." Yet delicacy and reserve made the Massenet and Hahn tender and pensive and gave point in the Willeby. The German was a commonplace triviality, pretty enough, but not worth the vocal wealth bestowed upon it; it belongs in the English tea-and-muffin's category. Mr. Zach accompanied admirably well.

## SYMPHONY PENSION FUND CONCERT.

One wonders what Walt Whitman, unlettered lover of music, would have written, had he heard the Boston Symphony in a "popular" programme before recording his impressions of "That Music Always Round Me,"

A transparent base shuddering lusciously under and through the universe,  
The triumphant tutti, the funereal wallings with sweet flutes and violins.

The practised and perfect organ, the developed soul, they personify dim shapes to the initiate. And to those with only rudimentary knowledge of music their performance of works not far removed from the level of average appreciation is perfect joy. Such was the nature of the second concert in aid of the symphony pension fund, given in Symphony Hall last night, with the assistance of Miss Ada Crossley, contralto. The orchestra played the "William Tell" Overture, Bizet's Suite "Roma," the Saint-Saens "Danse Macabre," a Strauss Waltz, "Wine, Women and Song," and Handel's Largo, for violins, four harps and organ. The harpists were Mr. and Mrs. Heinrich Schuecker, Miss Raymah Dowse and Miss Fanny Hamilton. Wallace Goodrich was at the organ. Miss Crossley sang with the orchestra an aria by Giorvani, "Caro mio ben," and German's "Love, the Pedler," and four songs with Max Zach's pianoforte accompaniment; Massenet's "Les Larmes," "Allerseelen," by Richard Strauss, "Baysage" and the "Four-leaf Clover," by Willeby.

A large and applaudive audience was most demonstrative in approval of the Largo, repeated in response to imperative call. Etherial, pensive and pervading, it was beautifully played, passing the organ's momentary engulfment of the harps in the beginning. The "William Tell" overture, marking symptoms of an aroused and angry people, received a stirring interpretation, culminating in an admirable climax. The strings shone pluperfect. With Bizet's suite, in its lively spirit, expansive sauvity and humorous suggestion, and the "Danse Macabre" Mr. Gerlicke was en rapport. They were the most enjoyable numbers of the evening. The Strauss waltz, harbinger of Pops, induced tapping of the Sabbatical foot and a secular smile.

Miss Crossley came to Boston with excellent reputation, not undeserved. Her voice is strong, well-balanced and expressive, an organ of unusual quality used with artistic intent. Faults noticeable last night were a slight thickening of the middle register and some shortness of breath. Her voice was best displayed by the "Four-leaf Clover," given with delightful effect. "Love, the Pedler," lacked the degree of archness desirable. "Caro mio ben" was sung with broadness, well sustained. She was not entirely at ease in the Strauss number.

S. C. Williams.



## PENSION FUND CONCERT AT THE SYMPHONY HALL

*Travel*

Uncommon Program Ranging From  
Richard to Johann Strauss.

The second concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra for the benefit of its pension fund took place last evening at Symphony Hall. The program consisted of Rossini's "William Tell" overture, Bizet's "Roma" suite, Handel's Largo, arranged for violins, harps and organ, the "Danse Macabre" of Saint-Saens, and Johann Strauss's "Wine, Women and Song" waltz, for orchestral numbers; and two groups of songs, including Giorvani's aria, "Caro Mio Ben," with orchestra, and Richard Strauss's "Allerseelen" with piano accompaniment. The singer was Miss Ada Crossley.

A greater contrast can scarcely be imagined than that between this program and the previous concert for the pension fund, which included Tschai-kowsky's "Pathetique" symphony; but the quality of performance was marked by no such difference, and the lighter music seemed to arouse fully as much enthusiasm. It is seldom indeed that one hears a program like last evening's so charmingly played; why not have such delicious frivolity a little oftener? The latter part of Rossini's overture is singularly suggestive of "ragtime"; people grinned at one another knowingly, but applauded with all their might. The feature of the program, however, as far as responsive enthusiasm was concerned, was Handel's Largo, with Misses Dowse and Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Schuecker at the harps, and Mr. Goodrich at the organ. The applause was irresistible; Mr. Gericke and the players bowed again and again, but there was nothing for it but to repeat the latter portion, beginning with the ensemble; people would have liked to hear Mr. Kneisel's solo a second time.

Miss Crossley has a strong contralto voice of good quality and considerable range. Her tones were generally full and resonant, the lower register even thrilling; but the middle tones were husky, and later she became a little hoarse, so that in the second group, with piano accompaniment, her voice

was quite under a cloud. She sang well, however, with sufficient feeling and passing good intonation; there was much applause. Mr. Zach played impeccable accompaniments.

The audience was tolerably large, but considering the nature and purpose of the occasion it should have been larger. There is no reason why every seat should not have been filled. Surely it cannot be that the character of the program was less attractive to the general public; the enthusiasm seemed to indicate that people hailed a change. At all events, there is no excuse for neglecting such an opportunity to show Boston's appreciation of her orchestra and the good feeling that an appeal of this sort must arouse. We are offered a capital program and a masterly performance; the least we can do is to avail ourselves of it.

### MUSICAL MATTERS

#### THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Overture to Oberon.....Weber  
Dante Symphony.....Liszt  
Four Choruses for Female Voices.....Brahms  
Overture "1812".....Tschai-kowsky

Not a very great or novel ending of the season, but a spicy and interesting programme, nevertheless. The Weber overture gave some especial opportunities to horns and clarinette, for these were the favorite instruments of this composer. One could make an interesting chapter out of the likes and dislikes of composers in the matter of instruments. Beethoven used the bassoon when he was in good humor; Mendelssohn had a penchant for the flute; Mozart disliked the flute, and had a horror of the trumpet in his young days; Weber loved the horn and the clarinette. It was Weber who first bound the classical overture more closely to the opera, which it preceded by taking its themes from the work itself. The overture was brilliantly given and enthusiastically applauded.

Liszt's "Dante" symphony is an unequal work, great in its first part and dull in its second. In the matter of effective orchestration, Liszt is not left so very far behind by the modern impressionists. There is plenty of cacophony in the picture of the infernal regions. Even the opponents of Liszt will admit that this portrayal of Hell sounds like it! But there are contrasts of much beauty in the movement and there is coherency even in the most fearful moments.

Many composers have essayed this in-



ternal subject; Berlioz, Meyerbeer, Schumann, etc. But it is only the most modern who write over its portals—"Leave Richter behind, all ye who enter here!" and cause all the rules of harmonic progression to melt in the cauldron.

Entirely beautiful was the duet of Francesca di Rimini and Paolo, although the unfortunate lovers seemed condemned to eternal 5-4 and 7-4 rhythms. Mr. S. Becker had important harp work to do, not only in both parts of this symphony, but in the later chorus accompaniments, and deserves an especially honorable mention, for his work was always flawless.

The picture of Purgatory was dull. It seems that the chief punishment in that region is for some to write complicated fugues and for others to listen to them. In Hades there was plenty of excitement; in Purgatory and in Paradise there was absolute stagnation. Of course, this work must not be scanned by classical symphonic measurements; it is a symphony only by courtesy.

The female choruses were admirably sung by members of the Thursday Morning Club, Mr. Goodrich's Choral Art Society, etc. The "Minnelled" of Brahms received an encore, which Mr. Gericke graciously allowed. The clear enunciation of German was remarkable. It must have been an arduous task to train an entire chorus so thoroughly in a foreign tongue.

"1812" is the apotheosis of national festivity, an outdoor work if ever there was one, and thoroughly fitted to its original surroundings at the dedication of the Russian church in Moscow, in 1881. But it is a trifle unwieldy in a hall, and even its dish of hashed Marsellaise is not entirely to our liking. However, there is something of power in the final mix-up of Moujik and Monsieur, and there are thrilling climaxes. We believe that Tchaikowsky has not had his full recognition as yet. His has been the fate of the bat among the birds and the mice; the Russians have accused him of being too German in his style, and the Germans have held him to be too Russian.

A word of commendation ought to be spoken regarding the excellent solo sung by a member of the chorus in one of the numbers. The name of the singer was not given, but her work was excellent. Mr. Gericke received much applause at the end of the concert—a species of public "Auf Wiedersehen" that he deserved. And now—"The King is dead! Long live the King!" The Symphony concerts are over! The "Pops" begin!

Louis C. Elson.

## MUSIC AND DRAMA

### Symphony Hall: Symphony Orchestra

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Wilhelm Gericke, conductor, gave the twenty-fourth symphony concert in Symphony Hall, on Saturday evening; the last concert of the season. The programme was—

Karl Maria von Weber: Overture to "Oberon."  
Franz Liszt: Symphony after Dante's "Divina Commedia."  
Johannes Brahms: Trios for Female Voices with Accompaniment of Harp and two Horns: "Es tont ein voller Harfenklang."—"Wein an den Felsen," opus 17, Nos. 1 and 2.  
Johannes Brahms: Romances for Female Voices without Accompaniment: "Minnelled."—"Der Bräutigam," opus 44, Nos. 1 and 2.  
Peter Ilyitch Tchaikovsky: Overture, "1812," opus 49.

Weber's ever-brilliant overture was brilliantly played—as far as conductor and orchestra were concerned. But the merciless acoustics of the hall let every single note of those dashing violin passages stand out so distinctly that it sounded like a class of boys spelling out poetry, letter by letter. One might as well play upon a pianoforte without a pedal as play such violin-phrases in Symphony Hall.

Liszt's "Dante" symphony has not been heard here, so the programme book tells us, since 1886. "Seventeen years!—it does not seem quite so long as that. Yet, considering the very different impressions the symphony made upon me then, and makes now, it appears in one sense much longer. When first I heard the symphony—in 1886—it seemed to me very horrible indeed; the Francesca episode in the "Inferno" sounded absolutely ear-scorching. But I have grown older since then, and become more modern in feeling: I now find the symphony very beautiful indeed; not up to the same composer's "Faust" by any means, but still very beautiful. One thing, however, should be premised: Liszt was one of the greatest interpreters of music, probably the very greatest, the world has ever known; and everything he wrote presupposed his own rendering. There is probably more left to be read between the lines in a composition by Liszt than in a composition by any other composer in the whole history of the art; a work of his is even more problematical than one by Chopin. Take the A major pianoforte concerto, for instance: it has been played here often enough, and by very different pianists; but I feel it in my bones that we have never yet heard it here as it sounded in Liszt's mind's ear when he wrote it. One can almost say that a composition by Liszt is nothing in itself; it depends upon the performer to make it or break it. Now, of all musicians I know, I think I should pick out Mr. Gericke as the least in psychological sympathy with Franz Liszt; I cannot but feel that, when he conducts a work by Liszt, he does so as a matter of artistic duty—not with his whole heart and soul. And last Saturday evening I could not help feeling at every turning that it was not the genuine, unadulterated "Dante" symphony I was hear-

Miss Ada Crossley, the contralto who is to make her first appearance in this city at the pension fund concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Sunday evening, the 26th inst., is a "child of the bush," being a native of South Queensland, Australia, where she spent her girlhood amid surroundings where there were not even the notes of the forest birds to encourage her to sing. Her début at Queen's Hall, London, in 1895, made her an immediate favorite with London audiences, and ever since that time she has enjoyed great prominence in the concert and oratorio performances of England. Her voice is said to be strong and peculiarly agreeable in quality and her enunciation particularly good. Since her recent arrival in this country she has gained great favor with New York audiences, and her appearance here promises to add much to the interest of the pension fund concert.

The men of the Symphony Orchestra are to be congratulated upon the interest shown in the concerts in aid of their pension fund. The concert announced for Sunday evening, the 26th inst., has already been made an assured financial success by the advance sale of seats. Upon this occasion Mr. Gericke has arranged for a hearing of the orchestra in a class of compositions which he has seldom introduced in the regular programmes of the season, and his choice of selections will be sure to delight the patrons of the concert. The programme will be introduced by the "William Tell" overture, and the other instrumental numbers will include Bizet's "Roma" suite, Handel's "Largo" for violins, four harps and organ, with Mr. Wallace Goodrich as organist; the "Danse Macabre," by Saint-Saëns; and the "Blue Danube," by Johann Strauss. Miss Ada Crossley, the English contralto, makes her Boston début at this concert, and in addition to an aria with an orchestral accompaniment she will sing with pianoforte accompaniment a group of songs including Massenet's "Les Larmes," Richard Strauss' "Allerseelen," Hahn's "Baysage" and C. Willeby's "Four-leaf Clover." The men of the orchestra can be relied upon to give their best efforts in the performance of this brilliant programme, and the occasion promises to be a notable social event from the patronage already assured. The sale of seats continues during the week at the Symphony Hall box office.

Yet Colonel Henry Higginson has the lot of his musicians, as they age, very much on his mind just now. When Adelina Patti, at sixty, feels the need of really beginning to lay up something, she has but to prepare, in her Welsh castle, for an American operatic tour, and Mr. Marcus Mayer will proceed to gather here a new fortune for her. The opera house and theatre in her castle grounds has been, no doubt, rather expensive to complete and equip with company and orchestra. Mr. Higginson still finds an orchestra alone all that he cares to be responsible for. He must keep the orchestra at the highest state of efficiency,

and this can only be done by letting men go, one after another, as they reach a certain age. The fingers of the violinists lose their nimbleness, the lips of the wind-instrument players fail to respond to the peculiar demands upon them. When this happens the best of his virtuosos must give place to the now best men in Europe, and, of course, Colonel Higginson cannot support them after they have ceased playing and other men are to be paid in their stead. We have always had some sad ghosts of public favorites of the past haunting Boston musical circles, and if we don't want to see others and more of them we must make these symphony concerts for the benefit of the pension fund very remunerative ones. Colonel Higginson may be relied on to plan to have coöperation go as far as it is practicable.

+ + +

### Symphony Hall: Pension Fund Concert

Last evening there was a second concert given by the Symphony Orchestra in aid of its pension fund. Miss Ada Crossley, the well-known contralto of all the English festivals, was the soloist, and the programme, in sharp contrast to that of the first pension concert, was in character light and gay. First came Rossini's "William Tell" overture, which many an old person and all young people must have been glad to hear. This work became at one time so hackneyed that for years no conductor ventured to write it down on a programme, with the result that, like the "Stabat Mater" and the Mendelssohn concertos, it remained quite unknown to most young concert-goers. Last night its performance was superb, the middle portion of the overture, the duet for wood wind instruments, being most poetically played, the final stretto going with a wonderful brilliancy. Then came a suite by Bizet, ambiguously enough called "Roma," a suite with a pleasant first movement, followed by a charming, chattering scherzo, in the fugual style. The next orchestral number was a monstrosity that must have made Handel the magnificent turn in his grave. This brilliant operatic composer once wrote a lovely air for contralto, "Ombra mai piu," in which a lady sings of a pleasant, shady spot she knows, a nice place to sit in of a hot afternoon. This simple air, now spoken of with bated breath as "Handel's Largo," has taken on a sacred character. It is sung to churchly words at divine service; it is played on cornets; organists roll it forth. And last night it was performed by all the violinists and viola players of the orchestra, reverently standing, while Mr. Wallace Goodrich at the organ added a majestic accompaniment; and there were four harpers as well; Mr. and Mrs. Schuecker, Miss Raymah Dowse, and Miss Fanny Hamilton. The people would have it over again.

The orchestra played Saint-Saëns's "Danse Macabre," that brilliant, splendid dance that does not compare, in horror and deathliness with Liszt's "Todtentanz," and, finally, Strauss's waltz, "Wine, Woman and



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 composer's waltzes, last night there was no great effect made by "Wine and Woman." There was rhythm enough, but the cymbals clashed as unduly loudly as they do under the lead of "Der schoene Eduard" himself.

Miss Crossley displayed a grand contralto voice, with wonderful chest tones, a good medium, and excellent high notes. The voice and its good training showed to advantage in "Caro mio ben," which Miss Crossley sang with the orchestra, but her other songs were exceedingly ill chosen. A ditty by E. German, "Love, the Pedler," and one by C. Willeby, "The Four-Leaf Clover," are quite out of place on a Boston programme, and the others, Massenet's "Les Larmes," Richard Strauss's "Allerseelen," and Hahn's "Paysage" are not for big, orchestral concerts. It would have been a pleasure to hear a great voice like Miss Crossley's in an aria. R. R. G.

#### SYMPHONY PENSION FUND CONCERT.

One wonders what Walt Whitman, unlettered lover of music, would have written, had he heard the Boston Symphony in a "popular" programme before recording his impressions of "That Music Always Round Me,"

A transparent base shuddering lusciously under and through the universe. The triumphant tutti, the funereal wailings with sweet flutes and violins.

The practised and perfect organ, the developed soul, they personify dim shapes to the initiate. And to those with only rudimentary knowledge of music their performance of works not far removed from the level of average appreciation is perfect joy. Such was the nature of the second concert in aid of the symphony pension fund, given in Symphony Hall last night, with the assistance of Miss Ada Crossley, contralto. The orchestra played the "William Tell" Overture, Bizet's Suite "Roma," the Saint-Saens "Danse Macabre," a Strauss Waltz, "Wine, Women and Song," and Handel's Largo, for violins, four harps and organ. The harpists were Mr. and Mrs. Heinrich Schuecker, Miss Raymah Dowse and Miss Fanny Hamilton. Wallace Goodrich was at the organ. Miss Crossley sang with the orchestra an aria by Giorvani, "Caro mio ben," and German's "Love, the Pedler," and four songs with Max Zach's pianoforte accompaniment; Massenet's "Les Larmes," "Allerseelen," by Richard Strauss, "Baysage" and the "Four-leaf Clover," by Willeby.

A large and applaudive audience was most demonstrative in approval of the Largo, repeated in response to imperative call. Etherial, pensive and pervading, it was beautifully played, passing the organ's momentary engulfment of the harp in the beginning. The "Wil-

helm Tell" overture, marking symptoms of an aroused and angry people, received a stirring interpretation, culminating in an admirable climax. The strings shone pluperfect. With Bizet's suite, in its lively spirit, expansive savvity and humorous suggestion, and the "Danse Macabre" Mr. Gericke was en rapport. They were the most enjoyable numbers of the evening. The Strauss waltz, harbinger of Pops, induced tapping of the Sabbatical foot and a secular smile.

Miss Crossley came to Boston with excellent reputation, not undeserved. Her voice is strong, well-balanced and expressive, an organ of unusual quality used with artistic intent. Faults noticeable last night were a slight thickness of the middle register and some shortness of breath. Her voice was best displayed by the "Four-leaf Clover," given with delightful effect. "Love, the Pedler," lacked the degree of archness desirable. "Caro mio ben" was sung with broadness, well sustained. She was not entirely at ease in the Strauss number. S. C. Williams.

#### THE PERMANENT ORCHESTRA.

(W. J. Henderson in New York Sun.)

There is only one way to make an orchestra permanent, and that is to make the endowment on which it rests permanent. If the annual income cannot die, the orchestra cannot. If the annual income can become tired, the orchestra must lie down and go to sleep. Does this mean that a first-class concert orchestra is not and cannot be a paying investment? Well, that is pretty near what is meant. It is said that the Boston Symphony orchestra is now self-supporting, and that the fund of \$1,000,000 invested by Maj. Higginson for its support is no longer required. That is not strictly true. The concerts in Boston, New York and Philadelphia are profitable, but those given in some other places are losing ventures. They have to be given in order to fill out tours for the band when it goes away from Boston. It will readily be understood that the profits on the concerts of this orchestra are not large. Its conductor gets a substantial salary; many of its performers are high-priced men. When the Boston Symphony orchestra needs a new oboist, for example, some one is sent across the sea to find the best oboe soloist in France—the nursery of wood wind players—and brings him here. Perhaps he is playing in the Lamoureux orchestra in Paris. That does not signify. The long arm of the endowment fund just reaches over and takes him out and gently deposits him in his proper place in the Boston orchestra. That is the way a great orchestra is made.

## Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1902-03.

# BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Mr. WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.

## XXIII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, APRIL 25, AT 8, P. M.

### Programme.

BEETHOVEN,

SYMPHONY No. 1, in C major, op. 21.

I. Adagio molto: Allegro con brio.

II. Andante cantabile con moto.

III. Menuetto: Allegro molto e vivace: Trio.

IV. Finale: Adagio; allegro molto e vivace.

WIENIAWSKI,

FANTASIA for VIOLIN and ORCHESTRA, on themes of Gounod's "Faust," op. 20.

SMETANA,

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MENDELSSOHN,

OVERTURE to "Ruy Blas," op. 95.

Soloist:

Mr. ADOLF BAK.



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Soloist:

Mr. ADOLF BAK.



By Duochet  
Boston Jan 14,  
1905.

The Hoffmann Quartet did some admirable *ensemble* work at its second concert. The members are all high-class musicians and hard workers, and one of them is a soloist of exceptional temperament, and virtuosity, only I am sorry to say that few know it or appreciate it. I refer to Adolf Bak the genial second violin of the organization. Some two or three seasons ago, Mr. Gericke gave him a chance to appear as soloist at a Sanders Theatre concert over in Cambridge. I do not know just why Mr. Gericke was so kind unless it was to fill in a date that was "open" unexpectedly. However, Mr. Bak got the chance and played the catchy "Faust" fantasie by Wieniawski.

And he woke up the sleepy Harvard professors and the other literary element as if a keg of dynamite had been set off under the seats of the mighty who were present. And what an awakening it was. The little Hungarian fiddler got I do not know how many recalls and Mr. Gericke nearly collapsed from astonishment, it was so sudden. But he was, however, wise enough to engage Mr. Bak for one of the Boston concerts, and there was something doing that night also. The Symphony girls damaged their kid gloves in their frantic demonstrations of approval, and Adolf is no Society boy either. But it made T. Adamowski, Otto Roth and others of the orchestral *prima donnas* a bit shaky, and Mr. Gericke must have been tipped off, not to do so again, for Mr. Bak has been kept in the background ever since. I hope he will not hide his artistic light under the bushel too long, for he deserves more recognition than he receives.

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"Faust," Fantasie for Violin.....Wieniawski  
Adolf Bak, soloist.  
Symphonic Poem, "Richard III.".....Smetana  
Overture to "Ruy Blas".....Mendelssohn

If Bach is the Old Testament of the musician, Beethoven may be considered the New, and it is a pretty coincidence that the new dispensation began the 19th century, for the first symphony was first performed in April, 1800. It is also interesting to note that the very first notes of this symphony threw down the gage to the critics—a cadence in the key of F begins this symphony in C—and it set them all denouncing the boldness of the new composer.

One may consider the first and the sixth symphonies as the weakest of the nine, yet at this concert there was great applause at the conclusion, and the audience evidently did not consider even the first symphony a back number. Mr. Gericke spared not a single repeat, but gave the work with every *Da Capo* and every possible extension. Yet even in this Haydn vein Beethoven did not seem weak or faded. What a bold affair that prominence of the kettle-drums in the second movement must have been in its time! What an advance in minuet-writing is the third movement! This third movement is the nub of the symphony; it is a giant tugging at the chain that Haydn had fastened upon musical form. It is far more of a Scherzo than the Scherzo of the second symphony, although it is still ticketed "Minuet."

When one comes to sift the charm that is in Beethoven, to find the reason why his name always comes to mind first when one speaks of Music, the cause is found in his union of intellectuality and emotion. Bach was infinitely greater from the intellectual side; Chopin certainly went beyond him in the mastery of emotion; but no one ever held these two attributes in such equipoise as did Beethoven; and even the first symphony shows this. In his vocal music there were defects which neutralized this union of qualities, and the singer is constantly disappointed by Beethoven's attempt to make instruments out of human voices, by his vocal impracticalities; but the symphonies wear gloriously well.

The Faust Fantasie is scarcely upon the symphonic level, but the audience swallowed the sugar-plum with great avidity. And Mr. Bak, of the Symphony orchestra, played it with most remark-

able finish. We can praise his delicacy of tone, its sympathetic quality, the surety of intonation, the purity of the double-stopping; but there was also a decided lack of breadth. The G string passages were too light; the "Calf of Gold" bleated like a very lambkin; the harmonics (exquisitely pure) were very tiny pipings compared with the effects that Wieniawski himself used to give in this work. There was unbounded applause at the end of the work and Mr. Bak was recalled again and again. He shook hands with Mr. Gericke, and this acknowledgement was only proper, for such admirable orchestral support is not heard once in a month of Sundays.

We reverence Smetana when his genius blazes forth for the glory of his beloved Bohemia; but we like him less in this musical commentary on Shakespeare. Richard III. has been rather shabbily treated by the composers. Volkmann caused him to die to Scottish music,—to the tune of "The Campbells Are Comin',"—which was composed long after Bosworth field and in another country; Smetana causes the tyrant to march around in fustian, accompanied by full brass band. There was much pomp and circumstance in the middle part of the work, and the finale "struck terror to the soul of Richard" (and incidentally to that of the auditor) with several cataclysms that spoke well for the practice of the orchestra.

"Ruy Blas" had a different setting. This was a clear form, a good sonata allegro. But what is far more to the purpose, spite of the fact that it was a most rapidly written composition, being created in less than three days (or possibly because of this) it has good contrasts and is more virile than much of Mendelssohn's overture music.

Mendelssohn comes like Banquo's ghost to the modern musical banquet and will not down. He was priggish, over-elegant, and formal, yet his music outlives the severe latterday criticisms upon it and is likely to be more frequently heard in the future than in the recent past. The pendulum will swing back, the Wagner opposition lose some of its force, and the musical Tennyson come to his own again.

Yet Mendelssohn, combined with the Beethoven first symphony, and the pretty Faust variations, made a programme that would not be classed even by the most conservative Fire Insurance Co. as "extra-hazardous"!

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# SMETANA'S IDEA OF THE TYRANT RICHARD THIRD

As Portrayed in His Symphonic  
Poem Played Last Night.

By PHILIP HALE.

The program of the twenty-third symphony concert was as follows:  
Symphony No. 1.....Beethoven  
"Faust" Fantasia.....Wieniawski  
"Richard III.".....Smetana  
Overture to "Ruy Blas".....Mendelssohn

Mr. Adolf Bak, a violinist and a member of the Symphony Orchestra, made his first appearance as a soloist at these concerts. He played Wieniawski's fantasia on themes from Gounod's "Faust." His tone was small, but pure and of a sweetness that was invariable, whether the music was from the Garden Scene or the air of Mephistopheles, "The Calf of Gold." The virtuoso passages were performed with marked accuracy and with applause-compelling ease. Mr. Bak also displayed a fine, almost microscopic taste rather than broad or deep emotional qualities. In its way the performance was admirable.

## Smetana's "Richard."

Smetana's symphonic poem "Richard III." was composed at Gothenburg in 1858, sixteen years before he wrote the first of his cycle of tone-poems, "My Fatherland," and before he determined to write music charged with a national spirit. When he wrote Liszt in 1858 with reference to "Richard III.": "At present I cannot do more than is therein," he undoubtedly told the truth. The work is not without imaginative quality, but the hearer feels that Smetana was not then master in the expression of his thoughts. The chief theme that typifies the hero is worked to death by direct, not by complex methods. The contrasting, expressive theme is of genuine beauty, but little is done with it. The pictorial or descriptive sections are at the best only theatre music and of a commonplace type. On the whole a youthful composition; yet every now and then are traces of the future greatness of this Czech musician, whose life was a noble one crowned by perhaps the most dismal tragedy recorded in the history of the art. It would be interesting to know whether the orchestra in

the Swedish town played the symphonic poem during Smetana's stay. The score was not published till after the composer's death.

## The Other Pieces.

The scherzo of Beethoven's first symphony is still fresh and graceful; but the preceding movements might well be allowed to sleep peacefully on the shelf, and the Finale is interesting chiefly as a collection of thoughts by Mozart and Haydn. Mendelssohn could see nothing in Victor Hugo's play "Ruy Blas;" he wrote, "It is really of no value, it is absolutely below contempt." He would not put the title of the play on the score of his overture. Did Victor Hugo ever hear Mendelssohn's overture? And if he did, what did he say about it? We know that Mendelssohn once remarked petulantly in London that he himself would like to burn it, he disliked it so much. For once a composer's opinion of his own work was sounder than his judgment on the work of another. Fechter made Ruy Blas a hero never to be forgotten. No conductor can so vitalize this overture.

## SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The principal feature of last week's Symphony program was the admirable interpretation of the Wieniawski "Faust" fantasia by Mr Adolf Bak, one of the first violins of the orchestra. The artist, who was comparatively unknown to many patrons, won immediate favor by the exquisite quality of his tone, which though not broad like a Kreisler or Ysaye, was of good carrying power and the acme of refinement and purity. His fingering was true and facile, his chords were harmonious and his runs, arpeggios and harmonics were clearly defined and as smooth as one could expect to hear, even from a violinist of more extended reputation. Possibly there was a lack of brilliancy and dash in the waltz movement; but the arias and figurations were beautifully expressed and all the familiar melodies were sung with a splendid tonality and finished execution. His greetings, "after he had made himself known," were very flattering, for he proved to be an artist whose work in the future should be a valuable contribution in the field of violin music.

Smetana's symphonic poem, "Richard III," was played for the first time here. It is a sombre, martial composition which illustrates quite vividly the character of the tyrant, the orchestration is bold, harsh at times, and very elaborate, and the performance was up to the usual standard of the orchestra. The brass contingent was notably efficient in its fortissimo playing.

The opening symphony, Beethoven's first, was given with grand effect, the andante, or second movement, being a gem in perfect colorings and musical lights and shades. The familiar piece was the most enjoyable of the orchestral numbers, although the Mendelssohn "Ruy Blas" overture, a pleasing contrast to its predecessor, "Richard III," was performed with befitting pomp and

ardor.

The program for the closing concerts will include Weber's "Oberon" overture, "Dante" symphony, Liszt; part songs for female voices, Brahms, and Tschaiowsky's overture, "1812."

From

April 7, 1903

## Symphony Hall: Symphony Orchestra.

The twenty-third Symphony Concert was given in Symphony Hall on Saturday evening, the programme being as follows:

Ludwig van Beethoven: Symphony No. 1, in C major, opus 21.  
Henri Wieniawski: "Faust" Fantaisie for Violin and Orchestra.  
Bedrich Smetana: "Richard III." Symphonic Poem.

(First time in Boston.)

Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy: Overture to "Ruy Blas," opus 95.

Mr. Adolf Bak was the solo violinist.

The Beethoven symphony was delightfully played, as usual. This is one of the things in which one has grown to expect perfection from our orchestra, as a matter of course.

Smetana's new "Richard III." proved rather a questionable work. It does it no good to compare it with Volkmann's overture on the same subject. Still, it has its merits; it is clearly written, effectively scored and full of life. Its clearness may, after all, be but a transitory virtue, as clearness often is in music; the things you understand at a dash are not, as a rule, those which long retain their hold upon you. But, if the work is musically clear, its relation to Shakespeare's tragedy is not always so by any means. One needed no programme-book to point out the "Richard" theme; that stood out plainly of itself. But what is the poetic significance of that melodious second theme? Does it stand for Lady Anne, or for the young princes? Or is it merely a musical summing up of the "non-Richard," of all that is not Richard? One would like to know. It might be objected that the whole symphonic poem does not rise above the level of melodrama; it certainly does not, but it seems to me that this was necessarily conditioned by the subject. Richard himself is no more than melodramatic; he cannot suggest such music as is suggested by Hamlet or King Lear; he does not even rise to the tragic level of Macbeth. Richard has no soul, not even a soul to lose; in him there is nothing for the Devil to take hold of. Of course, a Beethoven or a Wagner might write truly tragic music with "Richard III." for its title; but he who did this would be singing a Richard of his own, and neither Shakespeare's nor the real one. Still, merely melodramatic as the music is, it is pleasant to listen to; I should much like to hear it again.

Mendelssohn's "Ruy Blas" overture set one a-thinking. It is one of the least Mendelssohnian things he ever wrote; which may be explained by his total lack of sympathy with the subject. Of all men alive in his time, he was perhaps the very last to see the good in Victor Hugo, and the first to see the evil. Only in the can-

tile of the second theme (for 'celli and bassoons) does one recognize the habitual Mendelssohn; and part of this theme is taken from his "St. Paul." Again, it is the only theatrical overture he ever wrote; as it ends, you expect to see the curtain rise. But all this is not what set one a-thinking, but something else. Whether distinctively Mendelssohnian or not in the character of its themes, the overture is unmistakably Mendelssohnian in its technique. Of all the great composers that ever wrote, Mendelssohn is probably the one with whom the present generation has the least sympathy; we nowadays set Giuseppe Verdi above him, a thing which he, were he now alive, would doubtless consider the greatest conceivable insult. His whole musical creed was the farthest from ours, the traits which are most characteristic of him are those we most dislike. Yet we cannot but admit that he was a great master. And hearing this rather despised "Ruy Blas" of his once more gave one a sudden realizing sense of what an enormous power true mastery is! No matter how poor at heart the overture may be, anything that is so tremendously well done, any so supremely fine a piece of workmanship as it is, cannot fail of being admirable. Just think of the power that is implied in making those trivial themes so effective in so strict a form! The overture was exceedingly brilliantly played.

There were probably many persons who felt inclined to shrug their shoulders on seeing Wieniawski's "Faust" fantasy down on a Symphony programme. But it paid well. The fantasia on operatic airs has not been reckoned one of the most dignified musical forms; it is seldom spoken of with respect. Indeed very little really good work has been done in it. But there are some striking exceptions to this rule. Even so tetchy a purist as Felix Mendelssohn once wrote in terms of high admiration of Thalberg's pianoforte fantasia on Rosini's "Gazza ladra;" and I am much mistaken if this violin fantasy of Wieniawski's on themes from Gounod's "Faust" is not worthy to be placed beside it. In the first place, it is truly a fantasy, a product of the imagination, not a mere piece of working by rule. Hardly a melody is given in its entirety; it is as if the composer knew his whole "Faust" by heart, and let one phrase follow another just as it happened to come into his head. One feels as if the whole opera had been cut up into inch-lengths, and these thrown pell-mell into a kaleidoscope; every turn brings with it a new combination. Sometimes the concatenations are exceedingly poetic in their suggestiveness: for instance, when, just at the end of one of the love-themes in the garden scene, there suddenly crops up the phrase, "Permettereste a me," from Faust's first meeting with Margherita (I have not the French text with me). The whole thing is very aristocratically articulated; the orchestral part, too, is admirable. Mr. Bak, whose first appearance as a solo-player this was, played it exceedingly well;



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with small tone, to be sure, but with exquisite grace of phrasing, and just the right feeling. This is a case where elegance tells better than sentiment. It is good to find such playing come from the back row of our first violins; it reminded me of my first Conservatoire concert in Paris, years ago, when it took me some time to find out who was playing the violin solo in the introduction to Saint-Saëns's "Le Déluge;" after much looking I saw at last that it was a young man (he did not look over nineteen) in the sixth row of first violins. Indeed Mr. Bak may surely be said to have scored a palpable success; he was applauded and recalled to his heart's content.

The next programme, and last of the season, is: Weber, overture to "Oberon;" Liszt, "Dante" symphony; Brahms, two-part songs for female voices with harp and horn accompaniment, opus 17; two part-songs for female voices a capella, opus 44; Tchaikovsky, overture, "1812."

W. F. A.

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## Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1902-03.

# BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Mr. WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.

## XXIV. CONCERT.

[Last of the Season.]

SATURDAY, MAY 2, AT 8, P.M.

### Programme.

WEBER,

OVERTURE to "Oberon."

LISZT,

SYMPHONY after Dante's "Divina Commedia."

I. INFERNO. Lento, Allegro frenetico, Quasi Andante.

Andante amoroso (Francesca). Tempo primo.

II. a) PURGATORIO. Andante con moto. Lamentoso. Poco a poco piu di moto.

b) Magnificat.

BRAHMS,

TWO PART SONGS for FEMALE VOICES, with accompaniment of HARP and two HORNS, op. 17. Nos. 1, 4: "Es tönt ein voller Harfenklang"; "Wein' an den Felsen."

TWO SONGS from 12 Songs and Romances for FEMALE VOICES, without accompaniment, op. 44, Nos. 1, 2. "Minnelied," "Der Bräutigam."

(First time at these concerts.)

TSCHAIKOWSKY,

OVERTURE "1812." op. 49.



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**Symphony Hall.**

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**Twenty-Third Season, 1903-1904.**

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**The  
Boston  
Symphony  
Orchestra.**

**Mr. WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.**

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**Opening Concert,  
SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 17, 1903.**

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ing, but a rather faint shadow thereof. It was an admirable performance, in one way: finished, clean-cut, and full of a certain sort of life; "aber das Schenle, ich meine der Geist" was lacking, or, at best, counterfeited. Good Lord! a man is as he is born; he cannot make himself over again. A man may be the greatest Mozartian alive, without being in the least in sympathy with Liszt; he may even find Liszt to have many qualities in common with Dr. Fell.

To pick out a few separate things in this symphony, let me mention the 7-4 passage in the Francesca episode in the "Inferno." Surely Liszt never wrote anything more divinely beautiful; it has all the beauty and grace of the "Gretchen" movement in his "Faust" symphony, and is, moreover, far more truly expressive of its subject. With all her beauty of line and color, Liszt's Gretchen is as far removed from Goethe's as possible; she reminds one much more of Madame de Genlis! But Liszt's Francesca has at least something of artless girliness; nowhere, except perhaps in "Les Préludes," have I found Liszt's sentiment so free from affectation; and the sentiment in "Les Préludes" is skin-deep compared to that of this 7-4 episode. The introduction to the "Purgatorio" is too long-drawn-out, and rather dull at that; but from the point marked "Un poco meno mosso" the interest grows steadily up to the entrance of the "Magnificat." The little fugato in the middle shows real originality; it is neither Bach's fugue nor Beethoven's, but Liszt's very own. There is much grandiose mysticism, too, in the choral finale. The flutes and clarinets in the "Magnificat," though, are a clean steal from the flutes, clarinets and violins in the chorus "Remonte au ciel, ame naive" in Berlioz's "Damnation de Faust;" and not the sort of plagiarism that can be condoned as an improvement. The dates bear me out in this: Berlioz and Liszt were as intimate as possible; the former's "Faust" was brought out in Paris in 1846; the latter did not even begin sketches for his "Dante" symphony until 1847.

One thing is especially to be noted in this "Dante" symphony: the completely modern spirit in which it is conceived and carried out. Just think of it: Wagner did not begin the music of his "Nibelungen" before 1853; "Tristan and Isolde" was not begun until 1857; and here is Liszt writing music to the full as modern as "Tristan!" Yes, Liszt was in the fullest sense the brains of the "Future" movement; he may not have had the genius of either Berlioz or Wagner, but he had a more foreseeing spirit than either; his works were prophecies incarnate.

The Brahms part-songs are very beautiful, but entirely out of place at a symphony concert. How royal it would have been to have that chorus of women simply for the "Magnificat" in Liszt's symphony; and what sheer bourgeois economy it seemed, to have them add these part-songs, just so

as to get enough work out of them!

Tchailkovsky's "1812" was brilliantly played up to the entrance of the church tune at the end; but the famous coda sounded peculiarly and discouragingly tame; it made hardly any noise! Was this because the bells were played out of time, giving syncopated strokes between the beats!—or what was the matter? Probably the never-enough-to-be-anathematized hall!

Very interesting statistics of the past season are given at the end of the programme book. It seems, amongst other things, that we have had eighteen compositions given for the first time in Boston; a goodly number, though it might be objected that they were not all interesting, whereas a good many very curiosity-piquing works have been waiting some time for a performance here. I am not sure, but have a shrewd notion that the Chicago list of novelties might make us Bostonians blush. But, while I am on the subject of the programme books, let me say how admirably Mr. Philip Hale has edited them for the last two seasons. It is perhaps a little awkward to say this, for it may sound like a mere conventional compliment from a back-number editor to his successor; but I beg Mr. Hale to believe that this is not so; it is a perfectly frank expression of opinion. The programme books have never before been worth so much as now.

The end of the season brings with it one misfortune to the public; the resignation of Mr. Charles Martin Loeffler from the Symphony Orchestra. There is a fine bow, and, what is far more valuable, a still finer influence gone! Mr. Loeffler is henceforth to devote himself to composition, teaching and solo playing. If there is any consolation for the whole business, it is that he will compose more than formerly, having more time and less-divided strength; and this is a consolation worth having. At any rate we keep him in Boston. W. F. A.

## TO LEAVE THE SYMPHONY

Kneisel Quartette Makes This Announcement

Wider Field Sought by the Famous Musicians

Higher Goal for Their Artistic Careers

They Will Appear in Continental Musical Centres

One of the most important announcements in Boston musical circles in many



years, and one that will cause general regret throughout all this section of the country, was made this morning. It is that the Kneisel Quartette have decided to sever their connection with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, to seek a wider field and the higher goal which they have set for their artistic careers. The announcement comes as a great surprise, not only to the general public, but to Mr. Henry L. Higginson, to whom the members, after long deliberation, announced their decision only yesterday. In announcing the retirement of the quartet, Mr. Higginson says that their letter sets forth that they prefer to play only as a quartet or as soloists and to travel at their own will and more freely than now; and to this end they give up their orchestral duties as being incompatible with their chosen work. The substance of the letter to Mr. Higginson is as follows: "Henry L. Higginson, Esq.:

"Dear Sir—We have, for a considerable time, cherished a wish for a personal interview in order to tell you that of late the question of our artistic future has occupied our minds more earnestly and importantly than ever before. Yet, though we were clear as to what we wished to say to you, we decided to wait till the end of the season and then to communicate with you by letter instead of by word of mouth. . . . And so we come to you thus tardily and beg, first of all, to recall to your mind the fact that we long ago expressed the wish to make trial of our skill as quartet players in the larger musical capitals of Europe. The success of our concerts in London was so encouraging that we have never been able to stifle the desire to play in other countries than England. . . . Recent years have brought the conviction, however, that such activity as ours can be continued only for a measurable period. That which in our younger days could be accomplished only by effort now exacts excess of effort, and this must, sooner or later, revenge itself on one or the other of us. . . . The conclusion was obvious that we must free ourselves from some of the duties pressing upon us."

"And now we have reached the point which is the business of this communication; we ask you kindly to relieve us of our tasks in connection with the orchestra. We are well aware that we are surrendering positions the occupancy of which must redound to the honor of any artists in the world. Our feeling of affectionate attachment to the orchestra and our respect and admiration for Mr. Gericke combine to make our parting peculiarly painful; yet it is only by leaving the orchestra that we can reach the goal which we have set for our artistic careers. We beg of you, dear Mr. Higginson, to remember that Mr. Kneisel has done orchestra service for twenty years and Mr. Schroeder for more than thirty. . . . Touching the further development of our quartet, we desire to direct your attention to the fact that organizations of this kind that have achieved

fame (such as the Florentino, the Heckmann, the Joachim, and among the younger class the Bohemian and other quartets) do not belong to orchestras or have given up their positions in orchestras in the early part of their career. We believe that we can measure ourselves with the best in our field and therefore wish to devote ourselves wholly and singly to the work.

"We have already mentioned the things which make our parting with the orchestra difficult and painful; but have reserved for the conclusion what ought to have been set forth at the beginning, namely, our feeling of attachment and gratitude towards you personally. Please accept the assurance from us that we shall always and unalterably strive for recognition and approbation; we beg of you not to withdraw from us that kind interest which we have been privileged to enjoy for eighteen years. We shall never forget that it is you who have given us all imaginable help and encouragement even since the origin of our quartet, and we feel privileged to hope that you will maintain the same attitude towards us in our new endeavors, which, we assure you, are prompted wholly and purely by artistic motives.

"With renewed assurance of our profound gratitude and fidelity, we beg to subscribe ourselves your obedient servants,  
(Signed) Franz Kneisel,  
Julius Theodorowitz,  
Louis Svecenski,  
Alwin Schroeder."

Mr. Higginson adds the following:

"Mr. Kneisel and Mr. Schroeder were brought from Europe both to take the first place among their respective instruments and also to play in the quartet, which from the outstart I had intended to establish here as an adjunct of the orchestra. This purpose I carried out, and bore the quartet on my shoulders for some years.

"The members of the Kneisel Quartet have served me in every capacity long, faithfully and intelligently, and deserve very well of the public. Their reasons for leaving us are good and convincing, and, while these gentlemen are a great loss to the orchestra and to me, I see that they can labor more freely and to their own greater profit and renown by taking this step, and they take it with my entire consent and good will. But few losses in this world cannot be made good, and the places thus vacant will be filled by artists of the highest class. I wish the members of the Kneisel Quartet all success in their new efforts."

#### THE WORK WAS TOO HARD

Moreover, the Kneisels Desire to Appear Only as a Quartet, and Wish Ample Time to Prepare for Next Season's Tour

Franz Kneisel is at present out of town and will not return to Boston until May 18, but at his home in Jamaica Plain it was said this afternoon that the reasons

for the resignation of the quartette are that the members do not wish to work so much as they are obliged to with the Symphony Orchestra, and also that they desire to play only in quartette. It is not their intention to leave Boston. This city will still be their permanent home, although tours will be made which will often be extensive. It is their intention to go abroad next spring, starting in February, and visiting all of the principal European cities, and in order to perfect themselves for this tour it was considered best to sever the connection with the larger orchestra and devote attention exclusively to preparation for the quartette work.

The only other member of the orchestra who has resigned is Charles Loeffler, who will have no connection with the enterprise of the Kneisels.

#### THE SYMPHONY PROGRAMME

Liszt's Famous "Dante" Symphony to Be Performed Entire—The "Oberon" and "1812" Overtures.

Liszt seems to be coming to the front in these days. His two greatest symphonic poems, the "Faust" and the "Dante," have recently had almost simultaneous performances in Berlin, and the "Dante," in its second complete Boston performance, will be the chief matter in the last Symphony programme for the present season, having been first played on Feb. 27, 1886, under Mr. Gericke's direction. This symphony—to give it its name, although it is not one—was composed in 1856, after much study and sketching, and brought out at Dresden in 1857, appearing in London a dozen years later, and represented originally in Boston at an Old Bay State lecture course concert, when the first part was played by the Philharmonic orchestra. It aroused wherever presented immense excitement and determined opposition. Laudation and rhapsody were lavished upon it, but strong and competent critics pronounced it chaotic, absurd and cacophonous. In the course of a short but severe article the late Mr. Woolf called it "sombre farce" and "vulgar sensationalism run mad." But in a score of years Boston has heard compositions much wilder and more "fierce," and is prepared to listen to it dispassionately and clear-headedly. It is in two parts only, and no one needs to be told that it was inspired by Dante's "Divine Comedy." No attempt is made to depict paradise, Liszt having agreed with Wagner when he suggested that if the poet could not put heaven into words, the musicians had best not try to do it with notes.

The first part opens with a grave, gloomy recitative based upon the text,

"Per me si va nella città dolente,  
Per me si va nell' eterno dolore.  
Per me si va tra la perduta gente."

Then the brasses cry out "Lasciate ogni speranza, voi ch' entrate," in a phrase which often recurs. The immediately following allegro frenetico intimates the hurrying ghosts and

their pursuing penalties, the crowds, the cries, the incessant succession of the tortured and the torturers, the whirl of swift and mighty winds, until there comes in a sudden andante the lamentable episode of Paolo and Francesca, sad but amorous, wrought upon the pitiful text of "Nessun maggior dolore che ricordarsi del tempo felice nella miseria." As this passes, the frenetic allegro returns to finish out the part.

The second part, suggesting purgatory, begins gently, peacefully and hopefully, in a tranquil andante, but soon turns to suffering, depression and gloom. To end it well and to complete the sequence of the poems, there now enters the "Magnificat," sung by female voices, who maintain it to the last, and so leave upon the mind thoughts at least of heaven.

Having such a choir at hand, Mr. Gericke has thought to give it further employment, and there will consequently be sung four two-part songs by Brahms, half of them "a capella" and the others with harp and horn accompaniment. The programme will open and close respectively with the "Oberon" and "1812" overtures. Both are too well known to need description here, and the latter will be remembered as so vehement and clangorous that several Pops will be required to expel its last echoes from the hall.

#### CLOSE OF SYMPHONY SEASON.

With the Friday afternoon rehearsal and the concert last evening the 22d season of the Boston symphony orchestra was brought to a close. Aside from the, perhaps, more than commonly cordial expressions of good will towards conductor Gericke, there were no unusual demonstrations.

The program was as follows:

Overture to Oberon.....Weber  
Symphony after Dante's Divine Comedy.....Liszt  
When'er the Sounding Harp is Heard" and  
The Death of Tenebris, from four trios for  
female voices with accompaniment of  
harp and two horns.....Brahms  
Mainnelled and Der Brautgarn, from 12  
songs and romances for female voices  
without accompaniment.....Brahms  
Overture, 1812.....Tschalkowsky

The so-called Liszt symphony is an odd, almost freakish composition, and there is no especial reason for regret that it so seldom finds a place on the concert program. It has only once before been given here complete, in 1886, and then, as yesterday, under the direction of Mr. Gericke. The first part, "The Inferno," has been played a few times. All the elements of popularity that the work contains are to be found in the first part, and it is not to be denied that there are some fine examples of impressive descriptive writing and some remarkable effects in tonal color that are artistic even though showily sensational. This part can be listened to with interest, even with pleasure, but the second part, "Purgatorio and Magnificat," is dreary and monotonous. Even the admirable performance of the work could not move the audience to respond with more than a patter of perfunctory applause. The chorus was composed of members of the Thursday Morning club and the Choral Art society, and was a well balanced and readily responsive body of singers.

The chorus also gave excellent interpretation of the Brahms' part songs, severely classical compositions that de-



light the musical student, but dreadfully bore the average "uncultivated" lover of music that is melodious.

The other numbers of the program, the "Oberon" and "1812" overtures, were greatly enjoyed, for, as it is needless to state, they were both superbly interpreted. The exquisite tenderness and sentiment of Weber's music was revealed with rare expression, and Tschalkowsky's tremendously effective work was given with superb spirit.

From an interesting and exhaustive summary compiled by Mr F. R. Comee, business manager of the Boston symphony orchestra, it is learned that during the season of 24 concerts just ended, 18 works were performed for the first time in Boston. Fifty-five composers were represented by 104 selections. Beethoven leading with nine, followed by Brahms with eight, Robert Schumann, Tschalkowsky and Wagner with five each; Berlioz, Liszt and Schubert with four each. The classification of the works performed was as follows: Symphonies 24, suites and serenades 8, symphonic poems 9, overtures 19, orchestral variations 2, operatic excerpts and transcriptions 5, miscellaneous compositions 6, concertos and instrumental solos with orchestra 15, accompaniments to vocal solos, duets, etc. 16. There were 20 soloists, of whom seven were pianists, five violinists and four vocalists. Four members of the orchestra were among the soloists, Franz Kneisel, T. Adamowski, Adolf Bak and Alwin Schroeder.

The next season of the Boston symphony orchestra will begin Oct. 16, 1903. Mr Wilhelm Gericke will again be the conductor and it is not probable that there will be any noteworthy changes in the personnel of the organization.

#### THE "POP" CONCERTS.

The "Pop" concerts at Symphony hall will begin tomorrow evening, and for the next two months will be given nightly, except on Sunday. Good music, refreshments and all the attractive features of past seasons will be provided and the immense patronage which these popular entertainments have enjoyed for many years will undoubtedly be again extended. The orchestra will number upward of 50 men, drawn from Symphony players, and light music of the best class will predominate in the programs.

Mr T. Adamowski, will be the conductor and he has given much time to the selection of new music to be played here at these concerts for the first time. The following are the selections for tomorrow evening:

Overture, The Mastersingers of Nuremberg.....Wagner  
Intermezzo, Contes d'Hoffmann.....Offenbach  
(First time.)  
Suite from ballet, La Belle au Bois Dormant.....Tschalkowsky  
(First time.)  
Concert overture, In Bohemia.....H K Hadley  
(First time.)  
Fantasia on La Boheme.....Puccini  
(First time.)  
Suite, Henry VIII.....Saint-Saens  
Hymn to St. Cecilia.....Gounod  
Violin solo, Mr Karl Ondricek.  
Organ, Mr Snow.  
Festival march.....R Strauss  
(First time.)  
Salut d'Amour.....Ed Elgar  
(First time.)  
España.....Chabrier  
Overture, Fledermaus.....Joh Strauss  
Coronation march.....Ed German

#### Symphony Hall: Pop Concert

As in earlier days, under the leadership of Mr. Timothée Adamowski, there opened last night in Symphony Hall the eighteenth season of "Pop" concerts, opened with pomp and circumstance, with a crash of martial music, with tinkling harps, with many violins in unison, with Gypsy dances, German waltzes, with Spanish rhapsodies. All the glories of the past were at this opening of a season, and a certain something not always to be found. There was last night an unwonted brilliancy. More women appeared in gorgeous frocks, women, too, of fashion; glasses clinked more wickedly than they often do in Symphony Hall; more people, sitting about the little tables, contrived to look as though they did not mind the smoke, but were genuinely enjoying themselves. In short, it was a pleasant occasion to be at.

As for the music, it would be difficult to imagine better. In the matter of programmes for the first week, Mr. Adamowski has arranged a list of which he may well feel proud. Last night, for instance, out of twelve numbers, six were new in Boston, and of the remaining six, no one was in the least hackneyed. The Meistersinger prelude made an imposing inauguration to the season, and it was followed by a succession of charming compositions, not one of which was too heavy for a popular concert, too trivial to displease any listener, or too delicate to be heard above the din. This was, indeed, a triumph of programme making, and the arrangements for the rest of the week are no less good. Last night's programme, by the way, is well worth recording:

Overture, "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg".....Wagner  
Intermezzo, "Contes d'Hoffmann".....Offenbach  
(First time.)  
Suite from Ballet, "La Belle au Bois Dormant".....Tschalkowsky  
(First time.)  
Concert Overture, "In Bohemia".....H. K. Hadley  
(First time.)  
Fantasia on "La Bohème".....Puccini  
(First time.)  
Suite, "Henry VIII.".....Saint-Saens  
Hymn to St. Cecilia.....Gounod  
Violin Solo, Mr. Karl Ondricek.  
Organ, Mr. Snow.  
Festival March.....R. Strauss  
(First time.)  
Salut d'Amour.....Ed. Elgar  
(First time.)  
España.....Chabrier  
Overture, "Fledermaus".....Joh. Strauss  
Coronation March.....Ed. German

The playing was a complete satisfaction to listen to. In conducting his excellent forces, Mr. Adamowski brought to bear all the charm, warmth and delicacy that characterize his solo work. The result was delightful orchestral playing, exquisite in finish, inspiringly rhythmical, abounding in temperament. A feature of the evening was Mr. Ondricek's broad, sonorous and fervid playing of the Gounod piece. The whole concert, indeed, was a pronounced success. The very large audience was manifestly in the vein, and Mr. Adamowski is to be heartily congratulated on his admirable performance of a truly remarkable programme.

May 5, 1903 R. R. G.

#### LAST SYMPHONY CONCERT.

#### Impressive Effect of Liszt's "Dante" Symphony.

Mr. Gericke Introduces a Female Chorus—Two Great Overtures Performed—Over 100 Numbers Presented in the Season—Next Series Begins on Oct. 16 and 17.

At the first blush, it seems strange that Liszt's "Dante" symphony—which was the chief element in Mr. Gericke's last programme for the present season—should have perplexed, perturbed and even pained its hearers 20, or even 40, years ago. But a moment's reflection corrects that notion. Many a reader of these lines can recall his sensations on hearing the old Germanians, under Bergmann, play the "Tannhauser" overture, and remember his concordance with one stricture of the time, that it must have meant the banging of doors in a gale of wind.

Even a quarter of a century ago, music, however sentimental, romantic or emotional, was still primarily—if one may so express it—rhetorical in form, whereas it has since grown to be oratorical and dramatic. Then it seemed to aim first at producing thoughts, but now it wants to create moods and stir sensations. The course of orderly thought and the recognition of symmetrical form are not lost; but the rise, swell, establishment, domination and cessation of emotion have first consideration and main importance. But as emotion, even if in its essence tender, noble, solemn or affectionate, may become tumultuous, confused and rebellious, so its music may exceed due bounds, defy good governance and seem chaotic and irrational.

Such a distinction as this seems to account for and explain the different reception accorded last night to the "Dante" symphony and that which it met when it was first heard as a whole or in part.

It is such a composition as now appears to be the necessary outcome of a great musical mind, which had been long saturated with the essence of "The Divine Comedy," was original and bold, and had complete control of the vehicles of expression. There can be no question that the first part, representing hell, is not sweet, pleasant, ingratiating or calm. But is it not true, according to any principle of correspondence? Is Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment," or are the mortuary frescoes in the Pisa Campo Santo pleasant to look upon? Is there not something deeper than the grotesque in even the "Snap Shots from Hades" that appear in Life? The opening pages, based upon the lines which The Herald quoted on Friday, are stern, imperious, and implacable; but they give the real key to the evolution of the

poet's observations and reflections. Under their impression Dante and Virgil began their dreadful, pitying circuit and their every new spectacle only deepened the effect.

The music evokes the sense of pang, horror, woe, bitter, whirling winds, storm and desolation. It presents what Mr. T. B. Aldrich once called felicitously, when describing in a private letter something repugnant and hateful, "a most uncongenial hell." But is not that what an inferno, demoniacally pervaded, should be? So long as the composer does not violate the laws, principles and privileges of his art, it is his duty to make his hell as awesome and menacing as the poet's. Surely Liszt has done so, and the world is now prepared to understand and appreciate. Yet one must not forget the tender beauty, melancholy grace and tempered gloom of the Paolo and Francesca episode, which for a few moments brings fond languor, close, harmonious union and palliated woe into the midst of the fierce fury of rushing wind and cruel elemental persecution.

It has been objected that Liszt's purgatory, if less awful and horrible, is more sad than his hell. Is not that again consistent with the poem? Does not Dante suggest that perhaps the greatest punishment of all for those who may hope and believe in ultimate release and rehabilitation lies in the thought of how much better they might have done in earthly life? The reader of Swedenborg knows how he teaches that a man's last judgment and destination are to be derived from his own memory, as the Egyptian weighed the soul and the Hindoo provided for an open reading of each dead man's book of life. That Liszt should have made his purgatory so woful is, therefore, logical, as his wisdom is to be commended for his not trying to depict a heaven, but only letting its hopeful, happy, pious ascriptions irradiate the end of the probationary state which is just being reached.

The performance was at all points clear, emphatic, perfectly balanced, lively and romantic. The many obligatos, particularly those for the wooden wind, violin and cello, were feelingly played, and Mrs. Kilduff's short Madonna solo stood out sweetly from amid the excellent singing of the female choir, which was drawn chiefly from the Thursday Morning Club and the Choral Art Society.

The same choir sang charmingly and finely two of Brahms' trios for female voices with harp and horn accompaniment and without accompaniment his "Ave Maria" and "Brautlied." All were new in these concerts, and all are interesting, the clever use of the original text helping the effect in a way. But the death song over Trenar, derived from Ossian, has an utterly inappropriate character. It is melancholy, but it has nothing of the weird remote gloom of the haunted wastes and the strange, barbaric passion of the poem.

The two overtures—"Oberon," the ever dreamy and lovely, and "1812," Tschalkowsky's Gilmanesque noisy special celebrant—were played admirably, each after its kind, and Mr. Gericke received his usual tributes of praise for work well done and of anticipated pleasure for next season.

A very hasty digest of the programmes shows that they named 104 numbers, which is a little less than the average.



and that the novelties were 17, which is about one in six, and is liberal. Composers to the number of 55 were quoted, of whom 23 were German or so associated, 14 French, four American, counting in Mr. Loeffler; three each English and Russian and one Swiss. Mr. Converse's "Endymion" had its first public reading. More minute details will be found in the last of Mr. Hale's programme books.

The next season is to begin on Oct. 16 and 17.

## LISZT'S IDEA OF DANTE A SYMPHONIC INFERNO

Final Concert of the Twenty-Second  
Season of the Orchestra.

By PHILIP HALE.

The twenty-fourth and last concert of the twenty-second season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Gericke, conductor, was given last evening in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:

Overture to "Oberon".....Weber  
Symphony—"Dante".....Liszt  
Two part songs Nos. 1 and 4 from  
op. 17.....Brahms  
Two part songs Nos. 1 and 2 from  
op. 44.....Brahms  
Overture—"1812".....Tschalkowsky

The brilliant performance of Weber's familiar overture was followed by a careful and thoughtful reading of Liszt's symphony, "After Dante's 'Divine Comedy.'"

The work is seldom given. Mr. Listemann brought out the "Inferno" here in 1880 and Mr. Gericke performed the whole symphony in 1886.

### Liszt's Work.

Liszt's first intention was to write a movement for each section of the "Divine Comedy," but Wagner reminded him that the "Paradise" was the weakest part of Dante's poem and he strongly hinted that Liszt might equally fall with the poet; so Liszt contented himself with a musical picture of the "Inferno" with the Francesca episode, and with the "Purgatorio" at the end of which he introduced the "Magnificat" as a reminder of the "Paradiso." It would be easy to jest about the comparative suffering of him that is obliged to hear the "Inferno" and then the "Purgatorio."

The symphony as a whole is pretentious and dry when it should be terribly frank and of poignant interest; yet there are charming episodes in much of the Francesca chapter and the opening of the "Purgatorio," nor is the treatment of the "Magnificat" without a touch of mysticism and grandeur. But the horrors of hell as put into music by Liszt move us no more than a grotesque old picture of the tortures of the damned, and the fugue in the "Purgatorio" is perhaps the most boring passage in any symphony signed by a great name. The sinner hearing it might well shriek out in agony: "Now for the first time I really know what suffering is."

### The Other Pieces.

The female chorus, admirably led by Mr. Gericke, sang with beautiful quality of tone two depressing trios by Brahms, and two songs from Brahms's op. 44, which so shone in contrast that the first was repeated, although these two pieces are not in themselves of much distinction.

The season ended with a performance of Tschalkowsky's "1812," which was composed for a special and out-door occasion, the dedication of the Church of the Redeemer in Moscow. Tschalkowsky himself did not class it with his best works and said that it had no significance outside of Russia; yet there are two exotic themes of haunting beauty, and there are full orchestral moments that stir the blood. Mr. Gericke was warmly received, and there was much applause in the course of the concert.

## "POP" CONCERT SERIES OPENS TOMORROW NIGHT

Final Rehearsal of Boston Symphony Crowded With Smart Set.

Mr. Fred Comee is being congratulated upon all sides in securing so popular a leader for the "Pop Concerts" as Mr. "Tim" Adamowski, and the two months' series of these always well attended course of concerts which open tomorrow evening will fill Symphony Hall with one of the largest and most brilliant audiences of the season.

Already there are a large number of tables engaged, and among the fashionables who will be "in evidence" tomorrow night are Mr. and Mrs. J. Montgomery Sears, Major and Mrs. Henry L. Higginson, Dr. George Monks, Mr. Clay-

ton Johns, Miss Ethel Gibson and friends, Mr. and Mrs. Wilhelm Gericke, Mr. and Mrs. James B. Forsythe, Miss Estelle Kimball and party, Miss Susan Day Kimball, Mr. and Mrs. Fred O. North, Mr. Fred S. Converse, Mr. Arthur Richmond, Mr. and Mrs. John C. Fairchild, Miss Madelaine Boardman, Miss Tudor and others.

The last of the twenty-four public rehearsals of the Boston Symphony orchestra under the popular leadership of Mr. Wilhelm Gericke called out society en masse at Symphony Hall, Friday afternoon, when every seat was occupied.

Among the many well known people present were Mrs. Gericke, Mrs. J. Montgomery Sears, who had Mrs. John C. Fairchild with her; Miss Grace Dabney, who was with Miss Sargent; and Miss Rosamond Saltonstall; Mrs. W. Forbes Conant, Mrs. Charles H. Palne, Miss Brown, Miss Madelaine Boardman, Mrs. Leonard Fowle, Mrs. Sydney Harwood, Mrs. Neal Rantoul, Mrs. William P. Shrieve, Mrs. George Putnam and her young daughter, Miss May Moseley; Mr. and Mrs. Elliot W. Pratt, Mrs. Horatio Curtis, the Misses Annie and Susie Mills, Mrs. Arthur T. Bradlee, Mrs. Daniel Snow, Miss Mabel Jones, Hon. Charles P. Curtis, Mrs. John L. Thorndike, and her daughter, Miss Olivia Thorndike; Mr. Arthur Foote, Miss Nathalie Matthews, Mrs. Arthur A. Haserick, Mrs. Frank Gair Macomber, Mr. J. Wallace Goodrich, Mrs. Fred O. North, Mr. William A. Norris, Miss Lizzie Eustis, Miss Mary Eustis, Miss Brown, Miss Mary Wetherbee and others.

### From The Pops 4/25/1903

One can hardly realize that the twenty-second symphony season ends during the coming week, and on the following Monday evening, May 4, the eighteenth season of the "Pops" is at hand, with the usual eight weeks during May and June. It seems quite unnecessary to go into the details of these popular entertainments, every feature of which will be practically the same as last year, save one very essential factor, the conductor. After five years of most satisfactory and gratifying service by Messrs. Max Zach and Gustav Strube as joint conductors, the management has decided to make a change. Mr. T. Adamowski, who, nine years ago in old Music Hall, conducted during the most successful season ever known in the seventeen years of the Pops, has been selected to again wield the baton over an orchestra of fifty players from the ranks of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, surely a sufficient guarantee of the musical standing of the concerts.

In connection with this change in the leadership, it may be of interest to recall the conductors from the beginning, seventeen years ago. They were as follows: 1885 Ad Neuendorff, 1886 John C. Mullaly, 1887 Wilhelm Rietzel and Ad Neuendorff, 1888 Franz Kneisel and Ad Neuendorff, 1889 Ad Neuendorff, 1890 No concerts, 1891 T. Adamowski and E. Gruenberg, 1892 T. Adamowski, 1893 T. Adamowski, 1894 T. Adamowski, 1895 A. de Novellis, 1896 Max Zach, 1897 Max Zach and Leo Schultz; and for the past five years, 1898-1902, Messrs. Max Zach and Gustav Strube. All the conductors, with the exception of Neuendorff and Novellis, were members of the Symphony Orchestra.

Mr. Adamowski has been busy for the past month with the preparation of some unusually attractive programmes, and his recognized artistic temperament is sure to make itself felt, both in their makeup and rendition.

There will be the usual light refreshments and all the other essential features will again be maintained. Reserved seats, both at the tables on the floor and in the first balcony, will be for sale Monday morning, April 27, at Symphony Hall.

### A LOSS TO BOSTON

[From the Springfield Republican]

Music lovers the country over will read with mingled feelings the news that the Kneisel quartet is to leave the ranks of the Boston Symphony Orchestra for the purpose of making longer tours and developing an even higher degree of artistic excellence in the field of chamber music. The members, Franz Kneisel, Julius Theorowicz, Louis Svecenski, and Alwin Schroeder, address a regretful letter to Mr. Higginson, in which they speak of their desire to visit Europe and make trial of their skill in the larger capitals, and add that as they grow older the labors of quartet and orchestral work become more wearing. Quartets which have achieved high fame, like the Florentine quartet or the Joachim quartet, have not essayed this double work. Mr. Higginson regrets the loss of these talented players, but says that their reasons are good. First-rate musicians will be found to take their places. Mr. Kneisel and his associates will continue to make Boston their headquarters, and while they will be missed from the orchestra, it may be hoped that they will be heard more frequently here in chamber concerts.



WORKS PERFORMED AT THE SYMPHONY CONCERTS  
DURING THE SEASON OF 1902-1903.

Works marked with a double asterisk were performed for the first time in Boston.  
Works marked with an asterisk were performed for the first time at these concerts.  
Works marked with a dagger were performed for the first time anywhere.  
Artists marked with an asterisk appeared at these concerts for the first time.  
Artists marked with a double asterisk appeared for the first time in Boston.  
Artists marked with a dagger are members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

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BACH . . . . .	2	MENDELSSOHN . . . . .	2
BEETHOVEN . . . . .	9	MOZART . . . . .	3
BERLIOZ . . . . .	4	PARKER, H. . . . .	1
BIZET . . . . .	1	RAFF . . . . .	1
BORODIN . . . . .	1	REINHOLD . . . . .	1
BRAHMS . . . . .	8	RIMSKY-KORSAKOFF . . . . .	1
CHARPENTIER . . . . .	1	RUBINSTEIN . . . . .	2
CHERUBINI . . . . .	1	SAINT-SAËNS . . . . .	3
CONVERSE . . . . .	1	SCHUBERT . . . . .	4
DVOŘÁK . . . . .	2	SCHUMANN, G. . . . .	1
ELGAR . . . . .	2	SCHUMANN, R. . . . .	5
EXAUDET . . . . .	1	SMETANA . . . . .	1
FIBICH . . . . .	1	STRAUSS, R. . . . .	3
FOOTE . . . . .	1	SUK . . . . .	1
FRANCK . . . . .	1	SVENDSEN . . . . .	1
GLUCK . . . . .	1	TANÉÏEFF . . . . .	1
GOLDMARK . . . . .	1	THOMAS, A. G. . . . .	1
GOUNOD . . . . .	1	TSCHAIKOWSKY . . . . .	5
GUILMANT . . . . .	1	WAGNER . . . . .	5
HAYDN . . . . .	2	WEBER . . . . .	1
HUBER . . . . .	1	WEINGARTNER . . . . .	1
LISZT . . . . .	4	WIDOR . . . . .	1
LITOLFF . . . . .	1	WIENIAWSKI . . . . .	1
LOEFFLER . . . . .	2	WITKOWSKI . . . . .	1
MACKENZIE . . . . .	1		

## SUMMARY BY WORKS.

### I. SYMPHONIES.

BEETHOVEN: Symphony No. 1, in C major, Op. 21.	
Symphony No. 3, in E-flat, "Eroica," Op. 55.	



Symphony No. 4, in B-flat major, Op. 60.	4
Symphony No. 5, in C minor, Op. 67 . . . . .	2
BERLIOZ: Love Scene and "Queen Mab" Scherzo from "Romeo and Juliet," dramatic symphony, Op. 17 . . . . .	2
BRAHMS: Symphony No. 1, in C minor, Op. 68.	2
Symphony No. 3, in F major, Op. 90 . . . . .	1
DVOŘÁK: Symphony No. 5, in E minor, "From the New World," Op. 95 . . . . .	1
GUILMANT: Symphony No. 1, in D minor, for organ and orchestra, Op. 42.* (WALLACE GOODRICH, organist) . . . . .	1
HAYDN: Symphony in D major, "The Chase."	2
Symphony in D major (B. & H., No. 10) . . . . .	1
HUBER: Symphony No. 2, in E minor, "Böcklin," Op. 115** . . . . .	1
LISZT: Symphony after Dante's "Divine Comedy" . . . . .	1
MENDELSSOHN: Symphony in A major, "Italian," Op. 90 . . . . .	2
MOZART: Symphony in D major, "without minuet" (K. 504). Symphony in C major, "Jupiter" (K. 551) . . . . .	1
RAFF: Symphony No. 5, in E major, "Lenore," Op. 177 . . . . .	1
RUBINSTEIN: Symphony No. 2, in C major, "Ocean," Op. 42, second version, I., III., IV., VII. . . . .	1
SCHUBERT: Symphony No. 9, in C major . . . . .	1
SCHUMANN: Symphony No. 2, in C major, Op. 61. Symphony No. 3, in E-flat, "Rhenish," Op. 97 . . . . .	2
TSCHAIKOWSKY: Symphony No. 5, in E minor, Op. 64 . . . . .	1
WITKOWSKI: Symphony in D minor** . . . . .	1
Total . . . . .	24

## II. SUITES AND SERENADES.

BACH: Overture (suite) No. 2, in B minor, for strings, flute, and pianoforte accompaniment . . . . .	1
BIZET: Suite, "L'Arlésienne," No. 1 . . . . .	1
CHARPENTIER: Suite, "Impressions of Italy" . . . . .	1
FOOTE: Suite in D minor, Op. 36. I. Allegro energico. II. Espressivo . . . . .	1
REINHOLD: Prelude, Minute, and Fugue for strings, Op. 10 . . . . .	1
SCHUMANN: Overture, Scherzo, and Finale, Op. 52 . . . . .	1
SUK: Suite, "A Fairy Tale," Op. 16** . . . . .	1
TSCHAIKOWSKY: Suite No. 3, in G major, Op. 55 . . . . .	1
Total . . . . .	8

## III. SYMPHONIC POEMS.

FRANCK, CÉSAR: Symphonic Poem, "The Æolidæ" . . . . .	1
LISZT: Symphonic Poem No. 2, "Tasso: Lament and Triumph" . . . . .	1
LOEFFLER: Two Poems: "La Bonne Chanson" (after Verlaine), "Villanelle du Diable" (after Rollinat) . . . . .	2
SAINT-SAËNS: Symphonic Poem No. 1, "Omphale's Spinning-wheel," Op. 31 . . . . .	1
SMETANA: Symphonic Poem, "Richard III."** . . . . .	1
STRAUSS, RICHARD: Tone-poem, "Don Juan" (after N. Lenau), Op. 20. Tone-poem, "Death and Transfiguration," Op. 24 . . . . .	2
WEINGARTNER: Symphonic Poem, "The Elysian Fields," Op. 21** . . . . .	1
Total . . . . .	9

## IV. OVERTURES.

D'ALBERT: Prelude to the Opera, "The Ruby" . . . . .	1
ARENSKY: Introduction to the Opera, "Nala and Damayanti,"** . . . . .	1
BEETHOVEN: Overture to "Leonore," No. 2, in C major, Op. 72, . . . . .	1
BERLIOZ: Overture, "The Roman Carnival," Op. 9. Overture to "The Fehmic Judges," Op. 3* . . . . .	2
CHERUBINI: Overture to the Opera, "The Water-carrier" . . . . .	1
FIBICH: Overture to Vrchlický's Comedy, "A Night at Karlstein," Op. 26** . . . . .	1
GLUCK: Overture to "Iphigenia in Aulis" (WAGNER's ending) . . . . .	1
LITOLFF: Overture to the Opera, "King Lear"** . . . . .	1
MENDELSSOHN: Overture in C minor to Victor Hugo's "Ruy Blas," Op. 95. . . . .	1
RIMSKY-KORSAKOFF: Overture to the Opera, "The Betrothed of the Tsar"** . . . . .	1
SCHUBERT: Overture in E minor . . . . .	1
SCHUMANN, GEORG: Overture, "The Dawn of Love," Op. 28 . . . . .	1
SCHUMANN, ROBERT: Overture to the Opera, "Genoveva," Op. 81 . . . . .	1
TANÉIEFF: Overture, "L'Oresteia" . . . . .	1
TSCHAIKOWSKY: "Romeo and Juliet," overture-fantasia after Shakespeare. Overture in E-flat major, "1812," Op. 49 . . . . .	2
WAGNER: A "Faust" Overture . . . . .	1
WEBER: Overture to the Opera, "Oberon" . . . . .	1
Total . . . . .	19

## V. ORCHESTRAL VARIATIONS.

DVOŘÁK: Symphonic Variations on an original theme, Op. 78 . . . . .	1
WIDOR: Choral and Variations for harp and orchestra, Op. 74** . . . . .	1
Total . . . . .	2

## VI. OPERATIC EXCERPTS AND TRANSCRIPTIONS.

BEETHOVEN: Andante cantabile from the pianoforte trio, in B-flat major, Op. 97 (orchestrated by LISZT) . . . . .	1
BRAHMS: Hungarian Dances, Nos. 11, 12, 13, 14, 15 (orchestrated by ALBERT PARLOW) . . . . .	1
GOLDMARK: Chorus of Spirits and Spirit's Dance from "Merlin,"** . . . . .	1
SCHUBERT: Fantasia in F minor, Op. 103 (orchestrated by FELIX MOTTI) . . . . .	1
WAGNER: Introduction and Love Death from "Tristan and Isolde" . . . . .	1
Total . . . . .	5

## VII. MISCELLANEOUS.

BORODIN: "On the Steppes of Central Asia," orchestral sketch, Op. 7 . . . . .	1
CONVERSE: "Endymion's Narrative," romance for orchestra, Op. 10† . . . . .	1



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LISZT: March of the Three Holy Kings, from "Christus" **	I
SVENDSEN: "Carnival at Paris," episode for orchestra, Op. 9	I
WAGNER: Kaisermarsch	I
A Siegfried Idyl	I
Total	6

# VIII. CONCERTOS AND INSTRUMENTAL SOLOS WITH ORCHESTRA.

BACH: Concerto in A minor, No. 1, for violin.* (FRANZ KNEISEL.†)	I
BEETHOVEN: Concerto No. 5, in E-flat major, for pianoforte, Op. 73. (FREDERIC LAMOND.**)	
Concerto in D major for violin, Op. 61. (HUGO HEERMANN**)	2
BRAHMS: Concerto in D major for violin, Op. 77. (MAUD MACCARTHY**)	I
LISZT: Concerto in E-flat major, No. 1, for pianoforte. (MARK HAMBOURG)	I
MACKENZIE: "Pibroch" Suite for violin and orchestra, Op. 42.* (TIMOTHÉE ADAMOWSKI†)	I
PARKER, H. Concerto in E-flat for organ and orchestra, Op. 55.** (HORATIO PARKER*)	I
RUBINSTEIN: Concerto No. 2, in D minor, for violoncello and orchestra, Op. 96.* (ELSA RUEGGER)	I
SAINT-SAËNS: Concerto in A minor for violoncello, Op. 33. (ALWIN SCHROEDER.†)	
Concerto in G minor, No. 2, for pianoforte, Op. 22. (ANTOINETTE SZUMOWSKA.)	2
SCHUBERT: Grand Fantasia in C major, "Wanderer," Op. 15, arranged and orchestrated by LISZT. (RAOUL PUGNO.*)	I
SCHUMANN: Concerto for pianoforte, Op. 54. (FANNY BLOOMFIELD-ZEISLER)	I
STRAUSS, R.: Burleske in D minor for pianoforte and orchestra.** (HEINRICH GEBHARD)	I
TSCHAIKOWSKY: Concerto No. 1, in B-flat minor, for pianoforte, Op. 23. (HAROLD RANDOLPH*)	I
WIENIAWSKI: Fantasia on themes from Gounod's "Faust."* (ADOLF BAK†)	I
Total	15

# IX. VOCAL MUSIC: SCENES, ARIAS, DUETS, QUARTETS, ETC.

ANON.: "Jeunes Fillettes."* (CHARLES GILIBERT*)	I
BEETHOVEN: Recitative and Song, "To Hope," Op. 94.* (ANTON VAN ROOY*)	I
BRAHMS: Two Part-songs for female voices, with harp and horns, Op. 17: "Es tönt ein voller Harfenklang," "Wein an den Felsen."*	
Two Part-songs for female voices, <i>a capella</i> , Op. 44: "Minnelied," "Der Bräutigam"*	4
ELGAR: Two Songs of the cycle, "Sea Pictures," Op. 37.* (KIRKBY LUNN**)	2
EXAUDET: Minuet.* (CHARLES GILIBERT*)	I
GOUNOD: Stanzas of Sappho. (KIRKBY LUNN**)	I

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MARTINI, ÉGIDE: "Plaisir d'Amour."* (CHARLES GILIBERT*)	I
MASSÉ: "L'Oiseau s'envole là-bas."* (CHARLES GILIBERT*)	I
MASSENET: "Pensée d'Automne."* (CHARLES GILIBERT*)	I
MOZART: "Il mio Tesoro,"* from "Don Giovanni." (BEN DAVIES)	I
THOMAS, GORING: "O Vision Entrancing," from "Esmeralda."* (BEN DAVIES)	I
WAGNER: "Wotan's Farewell" and "Fire Charm," from "Die Walküre." (ANTON VAN ROOY*)	I
Total	16

NOTE.—The Romance from "Euryanthe" and Beethoven's "Adelaide" (pages 979 and 1003) were not sung, on account of the sickness of Mr. Ellison Van Hoose.

# THE FOLLOWING ARTISTS HAVE APPEARED THIS SEASON.

MR. TIMOTHÉE ADAMOWSKI,† violinist. Jan. 31, 1903. Mackenzie's "Pibroch" suite, Op. 42*	710
MR. ADOLF BAK,† violinist. April 25, 1903. Wieniawski's Fantasia on themes from Gounod's "Faust"*	1256
MME. FANNY BLOOMFIELD-ZEISLER, pianist. Feb. 14, 1903. Schumann's Concerto in A minor. (Sketch)	822
MR. BEN DAVIES, tenor. April 11, 1903. "Il mio Tesoro,"* from "Don Giovanni," and "O Vision Entrancing,"* from Goring Thomas's "Esmeralda."* (Sketch)	1152
MR. HEINRICH GEBHARD, pianist. April 18, 1903. R. Strauss's Burleske**	1210
MR. CHARLES GILIBERT,* baritone. April 4, 1903. Songs by Martini,* Exaudet,* Massenet,* Massé,* Anon.* (Sketch)	1094
MR. WALLACE GOODRICH, organist. April 11, 1903. Guilmant's Symphony in D minor for organ and orchestra, No. 1*	1172
MR. MARK HAMBOURG, pianist. Jan. 24, 1903. Liszt's Concerto in E-flat major, No. 1. (Sketch)	654
MR. HUGO HEERMANN,** violinist. Feb. 28, 1903. Beethoven's Concerto in D major, Op. 61. (Sketch)	875
MME. KIRKBY LUNN,** mezzo-soprano. Jan. 3, 1903. Stanzas of Sappho, Gounod; Two of Elgar's "Sea Pictures."* (Sketch)	536
MR. FRANZ KNEISEL,† violinist. Dec. 6, 1902. Bach's Concerto in A minor*	370
MR. FREDERIC LAMOND,** pianist. Nov. 1, 1902. Beethoven's Concerto No. 5, in E-flat major, Op. 73. (Sketch)	134
MISS MAUD MACCARTHY,** violinist. Nov. 15, 1902. Brahms's Concerto in D major, Op. 77. (Sketch)	191
MR. HORATIO PARKER,* organist. Dec. 27, 1902. His Concerto in E-flat, Op. 55.† (Sketch)	475
MR. RAOUL PUGNO,* pianist. Oct. 18, 1902. Schubert-Liszt, "Wanderer" Fantasia. (Sketch)	24



MR. HAROLD RANDOLPH,* pianist. Dec. 20, 1902. Tschaikowsky's Concerto No. 1, in B-flat minor, Op. 23. (Sketch)	428
MISS ELSA RUEGGER, 'cellist. Oct. 25, 1902. Rubinstein's Concerto No. 2, in D minor, Op. 96.* (Sketch)	71
MR. ALWIN SCHROEDER,† 'cellist. Jan. 10, 1903. Saint-Saëns's Concerto in A minor, Op. 33	595
MME. ANTOINETTE SZUMOWSKA, pianist. Saint-Saëns's Concerto in G minor. March 28, 1903	1042
MR. ANTON VAN ROOY,* baritone. Nov. 22, 1902. Beethoven's "To Hope," Op. 94,* Wotan's Farewell	255, 266

\*\*

Mezzo-soprano: Mme. Kirkby Lunn**	I
Tenor: Mr. Ben Davies	I
Baritones: Messrs. Gilibert* and Van Rooy*	2
Pianists: Mme. Bloomfield-Zeissler, Messrs. Gebhard, Hambourg, Lamond,** Pugno,* Randolph,* Mme. Szumowska	7
Organists: Messrs. Goodrich and Parker*	2
Violinists: Messrs. Adamowski,† Bak,† Heermann,** Kneisel,† Miss MacCarthy**	5
Violoncellists: Miss Ruegger, Mr. Schroeder†	2
Total	20

#### ENTR'ACTES.

BLACKBURN, VERNON: "The Tribe of Salieri"	316
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"Music and Speech"	892
"A Note on Mozart's 'Don Giovanni'"	1048
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"A Note on Planquette"	1258
"Mechanism in Music"	1260
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"The Neo-Russian School and Opera"	660
"Tschaikowsky's First Love and Amazing Marriage"	716
"The Esterházy Orchestra"	886
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SYMONS, ARTHUR: "On Musical Criticisms"	310
VILLIERS DE L'ISLE ADAM: "The Slayer of Swans" (Englished by Philip Hale)	1058
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## MERRIMENT ON WINGS OF ADAMOWSKI'S MUSIC

First "Pop" Concert Proves a Joyous Resurrection.

### FASHION WAS OUT IN FORCE

Return of Popular Series Welcomed by Big Attendance and Excellent Playing.



Conductor Adamowski,

Who opened the "Pop" concert season in Symphony Hall.

It was with dress and drink, music and merriment, laughter and light that the "pop" concert season opened at Symphony Hall last evening. Fashion was there and it was representative. The compositions of the masters were artistically played by the Symphony Orchestra. Timothy Adamowski was there and he was given an ovation, from the opening Wagner selection to the last strains of the "Coronation March" by Gernan.

In every way the first night was a success. Corks were lifted by ubiquitous waiters from the imprisoning

glass that held them as tightly as winter seems to hold spring, but with the warmth within and the spirit of freedom that was everywhere it seemed as if the austerity of dull, drear days had gone and there had come to replace it the breath of summer and the unconventionality of life in the fields.

#### Representative of Fashion.

The audience was representative of fashion and youth. It was young, and being young, it enjoyed. Every table was filled, and if the applause that greeted each number was not more than enthusiastic it was because the word "popular" was badly used as the talisman of the summer concert season.

The program was not "popular" in the ordinary acceptance of the term. It was rather classical, and there was no number that could enthuse him who did not know music as the critics think he ought to know it.

Some went to hear the music. More went to see who was there to hear the music. They went to chat, and Maestro "Tim" often had to use his baton rather freely on his music rack to restore the degree of order that he deemed necessary to a full appreciation of his work and that of the musicians who were accompanying him.

#### Conductor Insisted on Order.

Some of them perhaps thought that the renowned conductor was interfering with their privileges when he spoke so loudly with his little stick, but he usually conquered in this regard, as he did with his music, and when it was all over even those who talked forgot all but that the evening had been a pleasant one.

#### Four Numbers New Here.

The program was as follows:

"The Mastersingers of Nuremberg" Wagner  
Intermezzo—"Contes d'Hoffmann" Offenbach  
Suite from Ballet, "La Belle au Dormant" Tschalkowski (First time.)  
Concert overture—"In Bohemia" H. K. Hadley (First time.)  
Suite—"Henry VIII." Saint-Saëns  
Hymn to St. Cecilia Gounod  
Violin solo, Mr. Karl Ondricek.  
Organ, Mr. Snow.  
Festival march R. Strauss (First time.)  
Salut D'Amour Ed. Elgar (First time.)

Espana Chabrier  
Overture—"Fiedermaus" Joh. Strauss  
Coronation March Ed. German

The four compositions offered here for the first time proved immensely popular, especially the Puccini number in La Boheme.

Every table was occupied and the audience was fashionable, as the unseasonable weather had detained a number of the fashionables in town later



than usual. Those who entertained parties of friends were Major and Mrs. Henry L. Higginson, Miss Madelaine Boardman, Mr. and Mrs. J. Montgomery Sears, Miss Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. John Fairchild, Dr. George Monks, Arthur Richmond, Mr. and Mrs. Wilhelm Gericke, Clayton Johns the composer, Mr. and Mrs. Fred S. Converse, Miss Tudor, Otis Kimball and friends, Mr. and Mrs. Fred O. North, Miss Susan Day Kimball.

#### Some of the Gowns.

Mrs. Sears was in pale gray veiling with a long light blue wrap, and Mrs. Fairchild in black robe and petted lace. She wore a large picture hat of black and white feathers. Mrs. Higginson was in black and white silk. Mrs. Gericke was in panne velvet and wore a large black hat. Mrs. Josef Adamowski was in pale gray crepe de chine and wore a black hat. Miss Estelle Kimball, with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Otis Kimball, was in pale gray crepe with a large flower picture hat. Mrs. Kimball was in black lace.

Others present were Colonel Charles Sampson, Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Pitman, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Taggard, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Souther, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Howard, John J. Turner, John Stone Stone, Mr. and Mrs. Eben Stanwood, Josef Adamowski, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Jones, Dr. and Mrs. J. Foster Bush and their daughter, Miss Bush, Otto Roth, Miss Boardman.











VOLUME 23

1903-1904









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BOSTON  
SYMPHONY  
ORCHESTRA



SEASON

✻ 1903-1904 ✻

PROGRAMMES AND COMMENTS  
COMPILED BY

ALLEN A. BROWN



L. S. J. Spence, Del.



Copy 125 5. vol. 23  
 Allen A. Brown  
 Oct. 1, 1904

Jan. 2 Dec. 26 Dec. 19 Dec. 5 Nov. 28 Nov. 14 Oct. 31 Oct. 24 Oct. 17  
 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

Jan. 9 Jan. 23 Jan. 30 Jan. 6  
 11 12 13 14

SYMPHONY HALL  
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**BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA**

MR. WILHELM GERICKE  
 CONDUCTOR

CONCERTS:  
 SATURDAY EVENINGS AT 8 O'CLOCK  
 TWENTY-THIRD SEASON, 1903-1904

15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24  
 Feb. 13 Feb. 27 Mar. 5 Mar. 12 Mar. 26 Apr. 2 Apr. 9 Apr. 16 Apr. 23 Apr. 30

Second Balcony  
 RIGHT  
**A 10**



Jan. 2	Dec. 26	Dec. 19	Dec. 5	Nov. 28	Nov. 14	Oct. 31	Oct. 24	Oct. 17
10	8	7	6	5	4	3	2	1

Jan. 9  
11

Jan. 23  
12

Jan. 30  
13

Feb. 6  
14

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15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
Feb. 13	Feb. 27	Mar. 5	Mar. 12	Mar. 26	Apr. 2	Apr. 9	Apr. 16	Apr. 23	Apr. 30



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# SPECIAL NOTICE.

## Index

Composer	Name of Work	Date of Performance	
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Albani, Eug'd	Ouv: "The Improvisatore"	X	Jan 2.04
Arbos, E. F.	"Tango" Violin & Orch. op 6 no. 2. E. F. Arbos	II	Oct 24.03
Bach J. S.	"If thou thy heart bestowest" with Piano Miss Marguerite Hale	XXIII	Apr 23.04
Bergel	Ouv. to "Medea" op 22	IX	Dec 26.03
Beethoven	Symphony No 2. op 36	IV	Nov 14.03
	" " 7. " 92	XV	Feb 13.04
	" " 8. " 93	IX	Dec 26.03
	" " 9 " 125	Pension Concert	Apr 13.04
	Ouv. C maj. op 115	II	Oct 24.03
	" " Coriolanus" op 62	XVIII	Mar 12.04
	" " Egmont	Pension Concert	Apr 13.04
	" " Fidelio" op 72	VI	Nov 28.03
	" " Leonora" op 72. 2	XX	Apr 2.04
	Concerto Violin & Orch. op 61	XIV	Feb 6.04
	Miss Olive Mead		
	Soloists for the 9th Symphony		
	Mrs Kilesti - Bradbury		
	Miss Pauline Woltman		
	Mr Th. von Yonx		
	Mr Sullivan Sargent		
	- Handel & Haydn Chorus -		
Berlioz, H.	"Harold in Italy" - Symphony -	VII	Dec 5.03
Bizet, Geo:	"Quand la flamme d'amour" Chas. Gillebert	X	Jan 2.04



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Bizet, Geo:	'Quand la flamme d'amour'	X Jan 2.04
	Chas. Gilebert	

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Brahms, J.	Symphony No. 2. op 73	I	Oct. 17. 03
"	" " 4. " 98	XIV	Feb 6. 04
Academic Ovr.	op 80	VII	Dec 5. 03
Fragile Ovr.	" 81	XIX	Mar 29. 04
Concerto Violin & Orch.	op 77	VIII	Dec 19. 03
Miss Maud MacCarthy			
Longing at Rest	} Songs with Viola & Piano	XVI	Feb 27. 04
Cradle Song of the Virgin			
Frau Schumann - Heink			
Bruch, M.	Fantaisie on Scotch Airs op 46. V <sup>o</sup> 1 orch	VI	Nov 28. 03
Alex. L. Birnbaum			
'Andromache's Lament' from 'Achilles'	op 50	XVI	Feb 27. 04
Schumann - Heink			
Aria from 'Odysseus'		XXIII	Apr 23. 04
Miss Marquiste Hall			
Bruckner A.	Symphony No. 9 in D min:	XX	Apr 2. 04
Bruneau	Ent'acte 'Messidor'	I	Oct 17. 03
Campo	'Charmant Papillon' with Piano	XI	Jan 9. 04
Mad. William Blauvelt			
Chabrier, Em:	Ovr: 'Gwendoline'	XVI	Feb 27. 04
Chadwick G.W.	Concert ovr: 'Euterpe'	XXIII	Apr 23. 04
Cherubini	Ovr: 'Anacreon'	XV	Feb 13. 04
Delibes	'Pourquoi' with Piano	XI	Jan 9. 04
Mad. William Blauvelt			
Dohnanyi	Symphony in D min:	VI	Nov 28. 03
Dubois Th:	Ovr: 'Fritthof'	XIV	Feb 6. 04
Dvorak	Symphony No 2. op 76	V	Nov 21. 03
'Song - Gute Nacht'		XX	Apr 2. 04
Miss Muriel Foster			

Elgar Ed.	Var. on an Orig. Theme, op 36	IX	Dec 26. 03
"	" " " "	XXIII	Apr 13. 04
Prelude to the 'Dream of Gerontius'		XXIX	Mar 26. 04
Gluck	'Che Faro' from 'Orpheus'	XXI	Apr 2. 04
Miss Muriel Foster			
Glazounoff	Symphony No. 4 - op 48 in E flat	II	Oct 24. 03
" " "		X	Jan 2. 04
Ovr. 'Carnival' op 45		XXI	Apr 9. 04
Goldmark C.	Ovr: 'Sakuntala' op 13	II	
Gounod Ch.	Waltz from 'Romeo & Juliette'	Pension Grant	Dec 27. 03
Madame Melba			
Grieg, Ed:	'Peer Gynt' Suite No. 1.	Pension Grant	Dec 27. 03
Handel	'Largo' for Violin, 5 Harps & Organ	Pension Grant	Dec 27. 03
Scene: 'Sweet Bird'		IX	Dec 26. 03
Mad. Melba			
Haydn	Symphony No 1. c maj. Br. H.	XXI	Apr 9. 04
" " 9 Cmi: "		VIII	Dec 19. 03
Kopchinski, H.	Concert Piece for Piano & Orch. in D min	XXII	Apr 18. 04
Helen Kopchinski			
Kuro H. H.	Concerto for Piano & Orch. op 11	IV	Nov 14. 03
Adela Aus der Ohe			
Indy, Vin: d'	'La Forêt Enchantée' op 8	III	Oct 31. 03
Ent'acte 'L'Etranger'		XXII	Mar 5. 04
Kaun, Hugo	Symph. Poem "Minnchahn" op 41-1	XXIX	Jan 30. 04
Lalo E.	Spanish Rhapsodie V <sup>o</sup> orch. op 21	XXVIII	Mar 12. 04
T. Adamowski			



Liszt F.	Symphonic Poem "The Ideale" Natr	V	Nov 21.03
	" " "The Preludes"	XXI	Apr 9.04
	Piano Concerto No 1. Geo. Proctor (13)	XXII	Jan 30.04
	" " "2 12. J. J. J. J.	XXIII	Apr 9.04
	Dance of Death. Piano & Orch.	XXIV	Mar 5.04
	F. Busoni		
Loeffler Ch.	"Death of Pindagiles" for Orch.	X	Jan 2.04
Marsenet J.	"Twilight" Song with Piano	IX	Jan 2.04
	Chas. Gilibert		
Mendelssohn	Symphony No 3 in A min op. 56	XI	Jan 9.04
	Over "Midsummer Night's Dream"	V	Nov 21.03
	" " "Fair Melusine" op. 32	XX	Apr 2.04
	Nocturno & Scherzo from Midsummer Night's Dream	Pennine Concert	Dec 27.03
	Concerto Violin & Orch. 1 min. op. 64	II	Oct 24.03
	E. F. Lubos		
	"Spring Song" with Piano.	XXIII	Apr 23.04
	Miss Marguerite Hall		
Mozart	Symphony E flat maj: K 543	XVI	Feb 27.04
	Over from "Kallenberg's Pato" - "Pato, Pato"	VI	Dec 5.03
	Madame Melba		
Paine J. K.	Ballet Music from "Azara"	VII	Dec 19.03
Perilhou	Song "The Virgin at the Manger"	X	Jan 2.04
	Chas. Gilibert		
Poise F.	Song of "Gilles"	X	Jan 2.04
	Chas. Gilibert		
Reft J.	Over "Eine feste Burg" op. 127	IV	Nov 14.03
Rachmaninoff	Song "Von Jenseit" with Piano	XX	Apr 2.04
	Miss Muriel Foster		
Rimsky-Korsakoff	Over "The Betrothed of the Tsar"	XXII	Apr 16.04

Rosini	"Una Voce" with orch	XI	Jan 9.04
	Mad. Lillian Blauvelt		
Rubinstein	Symphony No. 11	XXIII	Jan 30.04
Saint-Saens C.	Over "The Barbarians"	XXI	Jan 9.04
	Concerto Piano & Orch. No. 5 op. 103	XXII	Mar 5.04
	F. Busoni		
	Concerto Violin & Orch. No. 3. op. 61	XXI	Apr 9.04
	Emile Jauret		
	Concerto Cello & Orch. op. 33	V	Nov. 21.03
	Rudolf Krasnelt		
	Scherzo from Concerto for Piano & Orch. No. 2. } <sup>op. 22</sup>	XXII	Apr 16.04
	Helen Kapetkintz		
Schubert F.	Unfinished Symp. in B min.	XXII	Apr 16.04
	Tango - "Gretchen am Spinnrade"	III	Oct 31.03
	"Erl König"		
	Mad. Joh. Gadoski		
Schumann, Geo.	"In Carnival Time" op. 32. For orch.	XXI	Jan 23.04
Schumann R.	Symphony No. 1. op. 38	XXVI	Mar 5.04
	" " "4 " 120	III	Oct 31.04
Sibelius	Symphony No. 2 D maj.	XXIII	Mar 12.04
Smetana	Symph. Poem "Vysehrad"	IV	Nov 14.03
	Over "The Gold Bride"	XXII	Jan 30.04
Strauss R.	"Don Quixote" op. 35 for orch.	XXV	Feb 13.04
	"Don Juan"	Pennine Concert	Apr 19.04
	"Don Quixote"	" " " "	" " " "
	Love scene from "Fienstein"	" " " "	" " " "
	The last three were conducted by		
	Richard Strauss		
	Song "Mutterständerlein" Miss Muriel Foster	XX	Apr 2.04
Strube	"Fantastic Overture" for orch: op. 20	XXIII	Mar 12.04



10  
Svensen

Symph. No 2. op 15

XII Jan 23.04

Thomas, Amb:

Qu. to 'Mignon'

Pension  
concert Dec 27.03

Arioso from 'Hamlet' - Chas. Gilibert

X Jan 2.04

Mad Scene from 'Hamlet' - Mad. Melba

VII Dec 5.03

" " " citta

Deib. " 26.03

Tschaikowsky

Symphony No 4. op 36

XIX Mch 26.04

" 'Manfred' Symphony of 56.

XXXIV Apr 30.04

Var. from Suite No. 3.

Pension  
concert Dec 27.03

Orch. Ballade 'Le Royvode' op 78

VII Dec 7.03

Concerto Piano 10th No 1. op 23

I Oct 17.03

Harold Bauer

Verdi G.

Aria from 'Traviata' Mad. Melba

Pension  
concert Dec 27.03

Boleso from 'Il Siciliano'

XI Jan 9.04

Mad. Lillian Blauvelt

Tollmann R.

Symphony No 1. op 44

XXXIII Apr 23.04

Serenade No 3. op 69

XII Jan 23.04

Wagner, R.

Qu. zu 'Tannhauser'

VIII Dec 19.03

" 'Rienzi'

XXXIX Apr 16.04

Prelude 'Tristan & Isolde'

Pension  
concert " 19.04

" 'Waldweben'

II Oct 24.03

" 'Kaisermarsch'

XXXIV Apr 30.04

Selections from 'Siegfried' & 'Gotterdammerung'

" " " "

Weber C. von

Qu. 'Der Freischütz'

XII Jan 23.04

" 'Surreythe'

I Oct 17.03

Aria from 'Der Freischütz' with orch

III " 31.03

Mad. Joh. Gadschi

Widor, Ch:

'Chorale Variations' for Hump & Orch.

Pension  
concert Dec 27.03

'Liquorina' Garsoli

## Soloists

### Vocalists

Blauvelt, Mad Lillian

Jan 9.04

Foster, Miss Murid

Apr 2. "

Gadski, Mad. Johanna

Oct. 31.03

Gilibert, Charles

Jan 2.04

Hall, Miss Marguerite

Apr 23. "

Melba, Madame

Dec. 5.26.27.03

Schumann, Heintz Frau

July 27.04

And for the 9th Symphony.

Mr. Etta Riley-Bradbury

Miss Pauline Wolman

Mr. Th. van Gorp

Mr. Sullivan Targent

Apr 13.04

A Chorus from the Handel & Haydn

### Pianists

Aus der Ohe, Adele

Nov 14.03

Bauer, Harold

Oct 17. "

Busoni, F.

Mch 5.04

Kopetski, Mad. Helen

Apr 16.18.04

Joseffy, Rafael

Mar 26.04

Proctor, George

Jan 30.04

### Violinists

Adamowski, J.

Mch 12.04

Arbes, E. F.

Oct 24.03

Birnbaum, Alex. W.

Nov 28. "

MacCarthy, Miss Maud

Dec 19. "

Mead, Miss Olive

Feb 6.04

Sauzet, Emile

Apr 9. "

### Cellist

Krasselt, Rudolf

Nov 21.03



12  
Harp

Tassoli, Signorina

Dec 27. 03

Conductor

Wilhelm Gericke

Richard Strauss Conducted some of his own  
Compositions at a Pension Concert Apr 19. 04

## SYMPHONY HALL

Huntington and Massachusetts Avenues

\*\*\*\*\*  
\* TWENTY-THIRD SEASON 1903-1904 \*

### BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA 94 PERFORMERS

\*\*\*\*\*  
\* Mr. WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor  
\* TWENTY-FOUR CONCERTS

On Consecutive SATURDAY EVENINGS from  
October 17, 1903, to April 30, 1904, omitting  
November 7, December 12, 1903, Janu-  
ary 16, February 20, and March 19,  
1904, and

TWENTY-FOUR PUBLIC REHEARSALS

On Consecutive FRIDAY AFTERNOONS from  
October 16, 1903, to April 29, 1904, omitting  
November 6, December 11, 1903, Janu-  
ary 15, February 19, and March 18,  
1904.

#### SOLOISTS:

Mme. Melba, Mme. Gadske, Mme. Schumann-  
Heink, Mr. Glibert, Miss Aus Der Ohe, Mme.  
Hopekirk, Miss Maud Mac Carthy, Miss Olive  
Mead, Mr. Busoni, Mr. Harold Bauer, Mr. Ra-  
fael Joseffy, Mr. George Proctor, Mr. M.  
Fernandez Arbos, Mr. T. Adamowski, Mr. Ru-  
dolph Krasselt, and others.

TICKETS for the series of CONCERTS and  
for the series of REHEARSALS, \$12.00 and  
\$7.50, according to location.

The \$12 seats for the Rehearsals will be sold  
at auction at Symphony Hall MONDAY, Sep-  
tember 28, at 10 A. M.

The \$7.50 seats for the Rehearsals will be  
sold at auction at Symphony Hall TUESDAY,  
September 29, at 10 A. M.

The \$12 seats for the Concerts will be sold  
at auction at Symphony Hall on THURSDAY,  
October 1, at 10 A. M.

The \$7.50 seats for the Concerts will be sold  
in like manner at the same place on FRIDAY,  
October 2, at 10 A. M.

Tickets will be delivered in the Hall, and  
must be paid for as soon as bought or they  
will be immediately resold.

#### BOSTON SYMPHONY CHANGES.

Two New Players Engaged—Timothée  
Adamowski to Marry.

William Gericke was compelled to go  
abroad suddenly last spring to engage a  
first violin and a first 'cello for the Boston  
Symphony Orchestra in place of Franz  
Kneisel and Alwin Schroeder who retired  
from the organization to devote their time  
to the work of the Kneisel Quartet. The  
two players finally secured are Mr. Arbos

13  
of London and Rudolph Krasselt of Berlin.

Mr. Arbos is a Spaniard, a popular parlor  
violinist in London and a teacher in the  
Royal Academy of Music. One of his  
pupils was Maud McCarthy, who came  
last year to this country. He has never  
been conspicuous in London musical affairs  
of a serious nature.

Herr Krasselt is a young German who  
studied under Klingel at Leipzig and has  
recently been playing with success in  
Berlin.

Another interesting bit of news about  
the Boston Symphony Orchestra is that  
Timothée Adamowski, one of the first  
violins, is engaged to marry. He has long  
been a popular figure in Boston society  
and was taken up there first by Mrs. Jack  
Gardiner, who made a lion of him and  
launched him so favorably on the rather  
placid waters of Boston society that he has  
floated ever since. He is to marry Miss  
Gertrude Lewis Pancoast of Philadelphia.

She is an orphan and is a daughter of  
the late Dr. and Mrs. William L. Pancoast.  
Her mother was a sister of J. Hampden  
Robb, who died a year ago in Paris, and  
since that time Miss Pancoast has lived  
in Philadelphia with her sister, Mrs. John  
L. Conaway. The engagement of the two  
was announced in Carlsbad, whither the  
violinist had followed the young woman.  
He is a Pole and a brother of Joseph Ada-  
mowski who married Paderewski's pupil,  
Antoinette Schumouska, and plays the 'cello  
in the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

## ---BOSTON--- SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

SEASON 1903-1904

Mr. WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor

Each order for Season Tickets  
placed with us will be given  
personal attention, and we  
guarantee to execute all such  
orders in a satisfactory man-  
ner and for a small commis-  
sion.

Correspondence solicited. All information,  
with diagram of Symphony Hall, will be  
sent to any address on request, gratis.

**CONNELLY'S**

TICKET OFFICE, ADAMS HOUSE

'Phone, Oxford 942

There is a sturdy rumor in the air  
that Carl Ondricek may be found in  
the Symphony Concert master's seat  
when the new season begins, and  
many good and wise folk would like  
it to be true.



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*Miss. Conner* *Aug 19. 1903*  
THE positions have been filled that were made vacant last spring by the withdrawal from the Boston Symphony Orchestra of Franz Kneisel, concertmaster, and Alwin Schroeder, first 'cellist. The new leader of the violins will be Fernandez

Arbos, and the 'cello department  
**THE CHANGES** will have Rudolph Krasselt as its  
**IN BOSTON.** chief. It is understood that these engagements were made by Mr. Higginson himself.

Musicians here had been rather looking forward to the reinstatement of Anton Hekking as the first 'cellist of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. There existed a general belief that the position could have no worthier representative. Hekking was until not long ago the 'cello king of the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, but it was understood that he had no binding engagements for next season or thereafter. The passing by of Hekking is the more to be wondered at because the new Boston Symphony 'cellist, Krasselt, is only twenty-five years old. Hekking was a prominent member of the famous Bilse Orchestra in Berlin at about the time that Krasselt came into the world; while the latter has had a couple of years' experience (under Hekking) in the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, and has taught 'cello at Stern's Conservatory, also in Berlin. While youth is never a crime, it is on the other hand no recommendation for the position of first 'cellist to the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Neither in experience as an ensemble player, nor in skill and authority as a soloist, does Krasselt rank with his predecessor, Schroeder. There seems no reason to doubt that the younger man might some day rank with the best in his profession, but at the same time one must wonder that the Boston Symphony management is willing to experiment in so important a matter. It will be well if the experience is not repeated that befell Theodore Thomas in Chicago some years ago, when he engaged a concertmaster fresh from the classroom of Joachim. The Boston Symphony men are keen critics, and it would not take them long to pick the flaws in the new 'cellist, if there are any to be found. After that his troubles would be many and picturesque.

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While we have no desire to display unwarranted hostility against young Krasselt, we voice the opinion of the entire local 'cello community when we ask why there was not engaged in his place some one of the several great European players who are available for just such a position? It is not our province to name these men now, but we are in a position to do so if the necessity should arise.

Fernandez Arbos, a Spaniard, friend of Sarasate, pupil of Joachim, and professor at the London Royal College of Music, is a musician of quite another stamp. He will doubtless prove to be a worthy successor of Kneisel. Arbos has for some years been a most successful teacher in London. As a soloist he is always in demand. His style is eclectic, his repertory not less so. He is a composer of marked gifts. His trios for piano, violin and 'cello have become famous wherever people are progressive enough to play chamber music by any composer born after 1840. This man Arbos should make his mark in Boston, and make it quickly. He is a man of warm temperament, a true Spaniard in his physical makeup. This poses a pretty problem for Mr. Gericke, the director. It will be a great change from the placid Kneisel to the fiery Arbos. Altogether, Mr. Higginson has made some radical departures, and from New York their result will be watched with interest. In Boston there is interest, too, but perhaps also a wee bit of apprehension.

*London* *June 9. 1903*  
C. M. Loeffler, of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, is here, and Fred Comee is expected. They are supposed to be looking for the successors of the Kneisel Quartet players, recently resigned, and Mr. Gericke has been here on the same mission. The post of first 'cellist was offered or suggested to Jean Gerardy, but not viewed favorably by him. It is now understood that the Kneisel resignation was not due to engagements, but to a positive rupture between Kneisel and Gericke, not of a personal nature, however. This was intimated in this paper originally.





### Well-known Musician Weds.

Timothee Adamowski, assistant conductor of Boston Symphony orchestra, was married yesterday at Narragansett Pier to Miss Gertrude Lewis Pancoast.

**TIMOTHEE ADAMOWSKI**

**WEDS MISS PANCOAST**

Musician's Bride a Belle of Three Cities.

HOME TO BE IN BOSTON

### Groom Is Assistant Conductor of the Symphony Orchestra and of a Polander.

Special to The Boston Journal.

Narragansett Pier, R. I., Sept. 1.—With the dawn of a fair September came the first society wedding of the season when Miss Gertrude Lewis Pancoast, daughter of Dr. William H. Pancoast of Philadelphia, was married to Timothee Adamowski of Boston.

The ceremony was performed by the Rev. W. H. B. Allen, rector of St. Peter's, at high noon today, and the organist was Wallace Goodrich, organist of Trinity Church, Boston. The march from Lohengrin was played upon the entrance of the bridal party, and the overture from the Meistersinger was the music at the end of the service.

The bride, who was attired in white crepe de chene elaborately trimmed with Irish lace, wore a large picture hat of Irish lace and white ostrich feathers and carried a shower bouquet of lilies of the valley. She was attended by her little niece, Miss Gertrude Pancoast, who acted as flower girl.

### Brother Gives Away Bride.

The bride was given away by her brother, Howard Pancoast. Mrs. John L. Conaway, sister of the bride, wore a hand-embroidered white muslin and valenciennes lace dress with hat to match, and carried a bouquet of orchids.

Mrs. Howard Pancoast wore a gown of white embroidered batiste and large lace picture hat.

The church was decorated with golden rod and white hydrangeas. The best man was Mr. William P. Blake of Boston, a friend for twenty years of the groom. Following the ceremony was a wedding breakfast at the cottage of Mrs. John L. Conaway. The cottage decorations were a mass of white hydrangeas and ferns.

The bride is well known socially in New York, Boston and Philadelphia and at Narragansett Pier. She is a brunette and tall and stately.

### Mr. Adamowski Musical Conductor.

Mr. Adamowski, the groom, is assistant conductor of the Boston Sym-

phony Orchestra and second concert master of this noted band of musicians. He is a violin player of national repute, and his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Adamowski, are of Warsaw, Poland, the senior Mr. Adamowski being a prominent official in the Russian government.

Among the friends of the groom at the reception were Mr. and Mrs. Josef Adamowski, the former a brother of the groom; Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Richmond of Boston and Mrs. Martha Dana. Friends and relatives of the bride at the ceremony and reception were Mrs. Thomas B. Wanamaker, Mrs. Barclay Warburton, Mrs. A. E. Norris, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Pancoast, Mrs. Howard Roberts, Clarence Lewis and Dr. and Mrs. Benjamin Reath.

Mr. and Mrs. Adamowski will reside on Chestnut street, Boston, after their honeymoon.

### Mr. Adamowski's Marriage.

*Journal Sept. 6, 1903.*  
Mr. Timothee Adamowski, whose marriage to Miss Gertrude Pancoast

took place at Narragansett last Tuesday, has for years been one of the most conspicuous members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. In a sense, he has been the leader of the fashionable members of that famous band, though his taste for fashionable life has never once sidetracked his devotion to his art. Time and time again he has been reported as engaged to some society girl, but he survived so many of these reports that people began to wonder whether he would ever forsake bachelor's hall. He is a compatriot and intimate friend of Jean Ignace Paderewski, the most celebrated of living pianists, and his brother, Joseph Adamowski, a few years ago married Miss Szumowska, a pupil of Paderewski.

*Journal Sept. 20, 1903.*

With the preliminary announcement of the Boston Symphony Orchestra for its twenty-third year, the musical season may be considered as opened. A second and even third generation, if one recalls the patrons of the early days, are now enjoying these concerts, remarkable for their even excellence and high standard. And the good opinion of the musical



public obtains not alone at home, but in all the cities visited by the orchestra on its monthly tournees.

Among a score of flattering comments last season we quote from the New York Tribune that "the visit of the Boston Symphony Orchestra has left a feeling of admiration and gratitude keener, more tender, and more fragrant than ever before," while the New York Herald stated that "this virtuoso organization spread a noble feast." The Times, speaking of the orchestra, said: "It affords a pleasure distinct in degree and kind," and the Sun honestly says: "To speak frankly New York has found the Boston concerts a safe vehicle for admiration." The Philadelphia Press says of the performances of the orchestra in its two series of concerts in that city: "There is something more than mere virtuosity in its noble interpretation," while the Baltimore Sun pays a marked compliment by affirming that "this company of great artists gives a distinction to whatever it undertakes."

#### Gericke Again Conducts.

Mr. Wilhelm Gericke will again occupy the position of conductor, and ample evidence of both his popularity and fitness is afforded in his record of ten years in this capacity, five of which were during his first term, beginning in 1884, while the coming season will be the sixth of his second regime.

The list of soloists is as usual a notable one, and includes Mme. Melba, Mme. Gadski, Mme. Schumann-Heink, Mr. Glibert, Miss Aus Der Ohe, Mme. Hopekirk, Miss Maud MacCarthy, Miss Olive Mead, Mr. Busoni, Mr. Harold Bauer, Mr. Rafael Joseffy, Mr. George Proctor, Mr. M. Fernandez Arbos, the new first violin and concert master; Mr. T. Adamowski, Mr. Rudolph Krasselt, the new first vio-

loncello, and others. Madame Melba returns, after an absence of two years, and four seasons have passed since Mme. Gadski appeared with the orchestra in Boston. Mms. Schumann-Heink has just secured her release by Kaiser Wilhelm from the Royal Opera Company in Berlin, which enables her to fill her concert engagements in this country.

Mr. Glibert will be most pleasantly remembered from last season, as will also Miss Maud MacCarthy and Miss Olive Mead, who made such a favorable impression two seasons ago. Mr. Busoni returns to America after an absence of nine years, during which time he has made a splendid reputation in Europe. The recent triumphs of Mr. Harold Bauer afford the best possible reason for his re-engagement. Mr. Joseffy has a host of friends and admirers who will always welcome his appearance and who regret that he has not favored Boston for five years. Mr. Proctor's rapid advancement in his profession lends an interest and attractiveness to all his performances, and Mr. Adamowski is an artist too well established with symphony patrons to need extended exploiting. Of the new comers in the ranks of the orchestra, Mr. M. Fernandez Arbos, the first violin and concert master, and Mr. Rudolph Krasselt, the first violoncello, notice will be given during the coming weeks.

#### *Journal Sept. 6, 1903.* The Kneisels and Mr. Loeffler.

Speaking of the Symphony Orchestra, Bostonians are curious to know the true facts of the resignation of the members of the Kneisel Quartet. Probably this curiosity will be satisfied before long. At the bottom of all is a tale of defeated ambition. Mr. Loeffler's resignation will give him a better opportunity to develop his rare abilities as a composer. Mr. Gericke, the conductor of the orchestra, is expected to return to Boston with his new players before the month is out.

## SYMPHONY SUCCESSORS OF KNEISEL AND SCHROEDER.

*Herald Aug 11, 03*

They Are to Be Arbos, a Violinist, and Rudolph Krasselt, 'Cello, the Former from London and the Latter, a Leipsic Conservatory Graduate.

The places in the Boston Symphony orchestra made vacant by the resignation last season of Franz Kneisel and Alwin Schroeder are to be filled by Mr. Arbos, violin, and Rudolph Krasselt, violoncello. Mr. Gericke, conductor, and Mr. Ellis, manager of the orchestra, engaged the musicians after a long and laborious search, which took them among the musical capitals of Europe. Mr. Arbos comes from London, where, although he has not been prominently identified with orchestral work, he has been a popular teacher and salon

player. He is a Spaniard by birth, and studied under Joachim. He holds a position in the Royal College of Music. Herr Krasselt, the violoncellist, is a young man of 25, and has studied under Kriegl at the Leipsic Conservatory. He has made an excellent record in Berlin.

It is said that efforts were made to engage Wessely, a well known concert master of London, and also Marteau. Willie, a 'cellist of Dresden, was also spoken of, but he had just received an appointment at the Dresden Conservatory with the title of professor, a position much prized by German musicians.

#### The Boston Symphony Orchestra

Twenty-two years with always one high ideal is a flattering record for any organization, and another record of every seat in the house sold for the season for both series of concerts at a premium at the annual auction sales ever since the occupancy of the new Symphony Hall three years ago, is the most satisfactory evidence of the public appreciation of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. A generous founder and patron with the courage of his convictions, a conductor with ten years of service in two terms of five years each, ninety-four performers selected from the best in this country and Europe, a long list of the most distinguished assisting artists available and an unsurpassed audience room unselfishly given by some five hundred public spirited enthusiasts, are the chief factors which are combined in the most unique musical ensemble in the world.

The twenty-third season, which begins with the Friday afternoon and Saturday evening performances on Oct. 16 and 17, will in every way equal, and if possible, surpass its predecessors. To assure its patrons that the orchestra will afford the same degree of pleasure and enjoyment as in the past would be sufficient, for it seems safe to assert that a single season which has been a disappointment is yet to be recorded.

Mr. Wilhelm Gericke will again be welcomed as the conductor for the eleventh season, a record which speaks for itself and in a most convincing way. As a matter of interest to the many patrons who regularly attended the concerts from the beginning, Mr. Henschel conducted for the

first three years, Mr. Gericke for the next five years, then Mr. Nikisch for four years, Mr. Paur following with five years, and last season was the fifth year of Mr. Gericke's second regime.

The list of soloists is as usual a notable one and includes Mme. Melba, Mme. Gadski, Mme. Schumann-Heink, Mr. Glibert, Miss aus der Ohe, Mme. Hopekirk, Miss Maud MacCarthy, Miss Olive Mead, Mr. Busoni, Mr. Harold Bauer, Mr. Rafael Joseffy, Mr. George Proctor, Mr. M. Fernandez Arbos, the new first violin and concert master; Mr. T. Adamowski, Mr. Rudolph Krasselt, the new first violoncello, and others. Madame Melba returns after an absence of two years, and four seasons have passed since Mme. Gadski appeared with the orchestra in Boston. Mme. Schumann-Heink has just secured her release by Kaiser Wilhelm from the Royal Opera Company in Berlin, which enables her to fill her concert engagements in this country. Mr. Glibert will be most pleasantly remembered from last season, as will also Miss Maud MacCarthy and Miss Olive Mead, who made such a favorable impression two seasons ago. Mr. Busoni returns to America after an absence of nine years, during which time he has made a splendid reputation in Europe. The recent triumphs of Mr. Harold Bauer afford the best possible reason for his re-engagement. Mr. Joseffy has a host of friends and admirers who will always welcome his appearances and who regret that he has not favored Boston for five years. Mr. Proctor's rapid advancement in his profession lends an interest and attractiveness to all his performances, and Mr. Adamowski is an artist too well established with Symphony pa-



trons to need extensive exploiting. Of the newcomers in the ranks of the orchestra, Mr. M. Fernandez, the first violin and concert master, and Mr. Rudolph Krasselt, the first violoncello, notice will be given during the coming weeks.

There will be the usual two series of twenty-four Friday afternoon public rehearsals and twenty-four Saturday evening concerts. The \$12 seats for the rehearsals will be sold at auction, at Symphony Hall, Monday, Sept. 28, at 10 A. M. The \$7.50 seats for the rehearsals will be sold by auction, at Symphony Hall, Tuesday, Sept. 29, at 10 A. M. The \$12 seats for the concerts will be sold by auction, at Symphony Hall on Thursday, Oct. 1, at 10 A. M. The \$7.50 seats for the concerts will be sold in like manner at the same place on Friday, Oct. 2, at 10 A. M.

Bids will be accepted for seats in their regular order only, and not for the choice; and not more than four seats will be sold on one bid. The seats open to competition will be shown on a diagram, and will be marked off as sold. Tickets will be delivered in the hall, and must be paid for as soon as bought, or they will be immediately resold. Admission first come first served, to the second balcony on Friday afternoons only at twenty-five cents, will be given according to the plan adopted two years ago and which has met with universal satisfaction.

#### The New Symphony Players

It is a remarkable illustration of the stability of the Boston Symphony Orchestra that Señor Fernandez Arbos, who succeeds Mr. Kniesel as first violin, is only the third concert-master in its twenty-two years' existence. Señor Arbos, though a Spaniard by birth, is, as he is termed by E. A. Baughan, a cosmopolitan, and far removed from the popular conception of the Spanish national temperament. A figure to fit that idea—of fire and glowing passion—would be that brilliant Venezuelan, Mme. Carrefio, and not Señor Sarasate or Señor Arbos. She has iridescent moods. They have the restrained and nervous subtlety of the Latin mind, with its passion for accuracy to perfection, or the aristocratic fastidiousness of an ancient and dying race.

Señor Arbos was born nearly forty years ago at Madrid, where his father was a military bandmaster. He early showed talent for music, and a special predilection for the violin, which his father did his best to foster. At the Madrid Conservatoire his professor of the violin was Jesus Monasterio, who had been a pupil of De Beriot, and was solo violinist of the royal band, and the royal chamber of musicians. Monasterio introduced his promising pupil (who when only twelve years of age had gained first prizes for violin, theory, etc.) to the Princess Isabel, aunt of the reigning king, and she took a lively interest in the young musician, making him an allowance so that he could continue his studies abroad, a kindness which Señor Arbos has never forgotten.

#### The Boston Symphony Orchestra

For the twenty-third consecutive season the announcement of the twenty-four Friday afternoon public rehearsals and the twenty-four Saturday evening concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, in Symphony Hall, sets the musical pace for the year. Ninety-four as good players as can be found the world over, directed by a conductor whose term of ten years' service is the greatest possible proof and evidence of his ability, will render good music in the best way, thus fulfilling both the initial motive and the always cherished purpose of the founder of this unsurpassed organization. Every assurance is given that the season beginning on Oct. 16 will equal if not surpass its predecessors, with as attractive a list of soloists as has ever been presented.

The auction sales of season tickets will begin at Symphony Hall at 10 A. M. on Monday, Sept. 28, when the \$12 seats for the Friday rehearsals will be sold. The \$7.50 seats for the rehearsals will be sold on Tuesday, Sept. 29. After a rest of one day the auction sales will be renewed on Thursday, Oct. 1, when the \$12 seats for the Saturday evening concerts will be sold. Friday, Oct. 2 will be the last day of the sales, when the \$7.50 seats for the Saturday evening concerts will be sold.

For some four years Vieuxtemps had settled down as principal professor of the violin at the Brussels Conservatoire, and to Brussels went young Arbos, and became his pupil, studying composition and theory under Gevaert, the director of the Conservatoire. At fifteen Arbos gained the Prix d'Honneur and was already a sound all-round musician, as well as a brilliant violinist. While living at Brussels he heard Joachim, and was much struck by a style of playing almost diametrically opposed to the Vieuxtemps school. Joachim was then at the height of his fame both as virtuoso and teacher, and for some ten years had been director of the Berlin high school for music.

This admiration for Joachim had far-reaching results on the artistic development and career of Fernandez Arbos. So much was he impressed by the great violinist's playing that he went to Berlin and studied with Joachim for three years. It might have been thought that Joachim, the leader of the German classical school, would have been the last man to influence a young Spaniard who had been taught his instrument first by a favorite pupil of De Beriot, and then by Vieuxtemps, both leaders of the brilliant Belgian school of virtuosity, but Señor Arbos is not the typical Spaniard of the popular imagination, and no doubt the tuition of Gevaert, a most solidly-learned musician, had had its effect in forming the young violinist's mind.

The study under Joachim certainly made a deep impression on Señor Arbos. Had he finished his studies at Brussels he might have been content to be a virtuoso only;

the German training grafted a depth and breadth of musicianship on his racial passion for perfection of detail. The study at Berlin also had its effect on Señor Arbos' career in a material sense. He became leader of the Berlin Philharmonic Society's orchestra, and played as soloist in all the principal towns of the continent.

For a time he settled down as professor of the violin at the Harburg Conservatoire, but at the express desire of the queen of Spain, he accepted the same post at the Madrid Conservatoire.

So sound and cultured a musician, however, could not be expected to find full scope for his talents at Madrid, and in 1890, after a successful début at a series of concerts given by Señor Albeniz at St. James's Hall, Señor Arbos practically settled in London.

His work there was by no means confined to the concert room, for he was chief professor of the violin at the Royal College of Music and a member of the board of professors; an honorary member of the Royal

Academy of Music, and an examiner of the associated board. Señor Arbos has composed a good deal of chamber music as well as comic opera.

Rudolph Krasselt, the new 'cellist, will make his first appearance in America at the second concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. His year of compulsory military service in the German army is just expiring and he will not be free in time to play at the first concert.

Mr. Krasselt is one of a family distinguished for musical ability. His father is concertmaster of the orchestra at Baden Baden and one of his brothers is concertmaster at Weimer. A few years ago Rudolphe Krasselt was playing with Hekking at the first desk of the Berlin Philharmonic Society under Nikisch. On Hekking's retirement he became first 'cellist of that organization.

## BUSONI, PIANO VIRTUOSO, TO PLAY HERE ON JAN. 8.

Famous Pianist, Who Formerly Lived in Boston, Will Tour  
America Under the Direction of Mr. Ellis, and  
Appear with the Symphony.

Feruccio Busoni, the famous piano virtuoso, will make his appearance in America in January under the direction of Charles A. Ellis. This will mark the first visit of the great pianist to this country in 10 years. Under the auspices of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Busoni will give his first performance in Symphony Hall on Friday evening, Jan. 8. In addition to his engagements with the Boston Symphony orchestra and other large musical organizations in America, the virtuoso will enter upon a recital tour, touching the principal centres of the East, as well as the larger western cities. In the artistic world Busoni has won for himself an exceptionally high place and his services during the last 10 years have been particularly sought after in European music centres, where he is looked upon as one of the greatest piano virtuosos. Critics have accorded his compositions the highest commendation. His appearance in this city, where he is well known on account of his former residence in Boston, is looked forward to with a great deal of interest by the older musicians. The present residence of Busoni is Berlin.



FERUCCIO BUSONI, PIANIST.

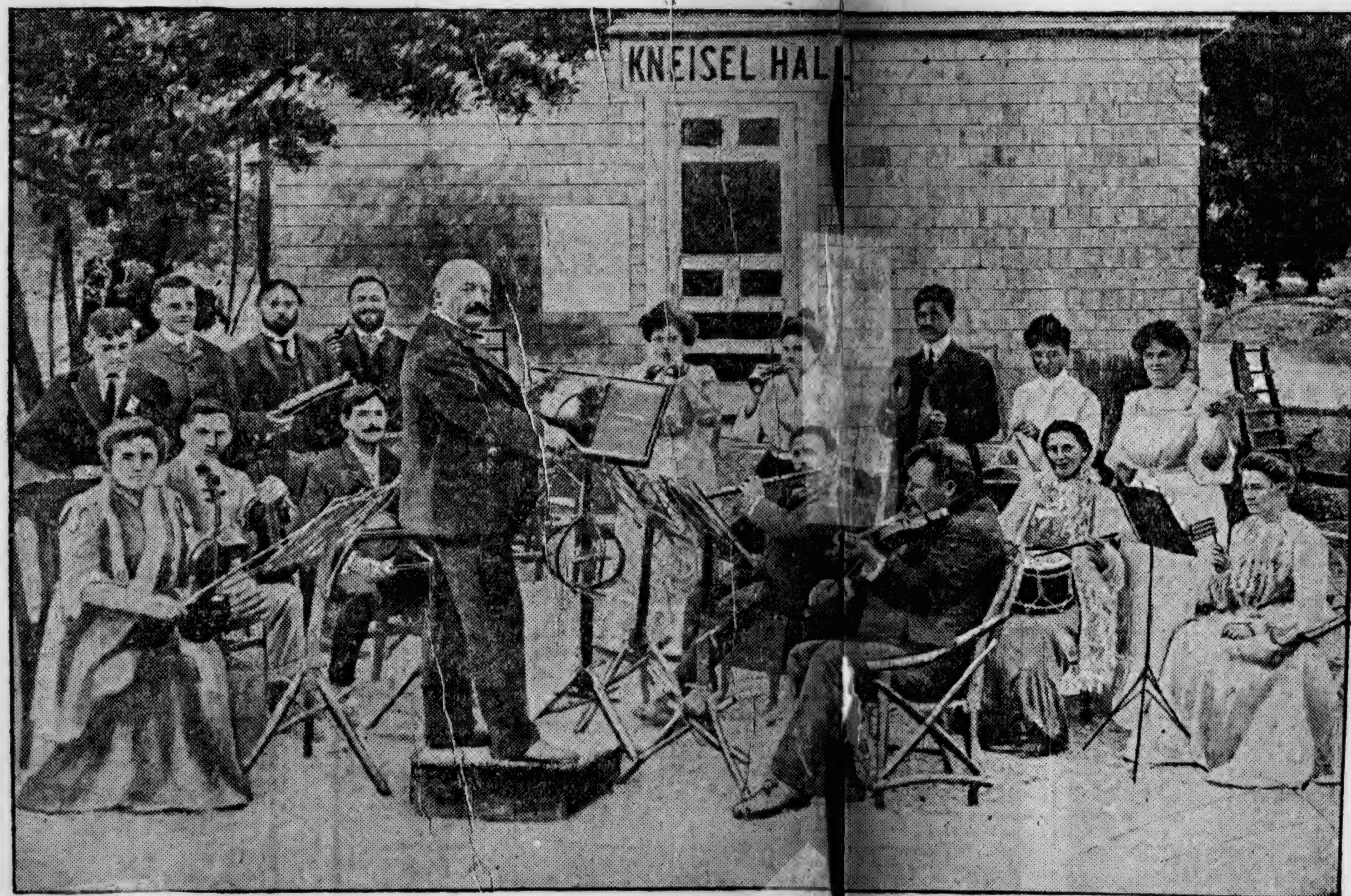




CHARLES MARTIN LOEFFLER,  
Who leaves the Symphony Orchestra after a service of 21 years.  
(From a photograph by Mrs. J. Montgomery Sears.)

# BLUE HILL SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

## Unique Performance of Haydn's "Toy" Symphony Down by the Sad Sea Waves on the Maine Coast.



Standing—Robert Kneisel, W. B. King, Franz Kneisel, Julian Theodorowicz, John Sauerquell, Miss Helen Krehbiel, Mrs. H. E. Krehbiel, C. Ensworth, Miss Victoria Kneisel, Miss Olga Thoma.  
Seated—Mrs. Franz Kneisel, Abraham Moses, W. C. McKinley, Alexandre Thoma, E. Krehbiel, Mrs. Thomas Tapper, Mrs. W. C. McKinley.

The musical atmosphere of Boston, which has spread out and enveloped the smaller cities of New York, Chicago, Pittsburg, Cincinnati and Philadelphia to such an extent as to provide life-giving qualities to symphonic organizations in these municipalities, has, during the summer season, extended to Blue Hill, Me., and the first (last and only) concert of the Blue Hill symphony orchestra will go down in musical history as one of the notable events of the present year. It was to fitly commemorate the 14th birthday of the young maestro, Master Robert Kneisel, that the new organization was called into being, and with the approval of Mrs. Franz Kneisel, concertmeister, conductor John Sauerquell selected Haydn's "Toy" symphony, C major, as the most appropriate medium of displaying the abilities of the distinguished artists assembled for the occasion.

The roster of the orchestra read as

follows: Mrs. Franz Kneisel, concertmeister; H. E. Krehbiel, musical critic of the New York Tribune, leader of the second violin section; Abraham Moses, second violin; W. C. McKinley, viola; Alexander Thoma, flute; Miss Helen Krehbiel, quail; Julius Theodorowicz, nightingale; Franz Kneisel, cuckoo; Mrs. H. E. Krehbiel, trumpet; Miss Victoria Kneisel, triangle; C. Ensworth, cymbals; Mrs. Thomas Tapper, drum; Mrs. W. C. McKinley, rattle; Miss Olga Thoma, bells, with Master Robert Kneisel at the pianoforte. All the tickets sold were put at \$3 and \$5, but it is reported that, rather than lower the price, following the custom in all the large cities, a device known as a "D. H." ticket punch was made us of, and a very respectable audience of nearly 90 rows secured and so seated that Kneisel hall had the appearance of being filled to overflowing.

The event was the occasion of an ovation to conductor John Sauerquell, whose masterly skill was shown in the faultless interpretation given the stu-

pendous composition chosen to display the technique of the orchestra and the virtuosity of its members. A fitting poetical tribute to this conductor's genius was prepared for the occasion, and permission has been given by the owner of the copyright for the publication of the following stanzas:

He can lead a Haydn symphony,  
A canon waits as well,  
And does it with such airy grace,  
This talented Sauerquell.

And when he steps upon the stand  
There comes a mighty yell,  
Storms of applause and stamps and cheers,  
All for the great Sauerquell.

All the applications for performances for appearances of the Blue Hill symphony orchestra in London, Paris and Berlin have been necessarily refused by conductor Sauerquell, who sacrifices these flattering opportunities to gratify his personal ambition because of his desire not to discourage the struggling organizations in these cities devoted to

symphonic production by putting forward a standard of excellence which other orchestras could not hope to attain.

Franz Kneisel, with his family, spends the summer at his place on Blue Hill bay. He has recently added 30 acres of woodland to his grounds, making plans for one of the most attractive homes on the Maine coast. Mr. Kneisel, who is devotedly fond of trees and flowers, will not allow a tree to be felled unless it interferes with absolute comfort. The Mascot, Mr. Kneisel's home, he loves, because the builder, instead of felling a large Norway spruce, had built the veranda around it. Blue Hill has long been a favorite spot for musicians. Prof. Hill, head of the musical department at Wellesley, was the pioneer; Wilhelm Gericke of the Boston Symphony has a home on the hill above Mr. Kneisel, and Louis Svecenski of the quartet is always there with his pretty wife. Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. Krehbiel of New York spend part of each summer with Mr. and Mrs. Kneisel.



## HIGHEST PREMIUM \$77

### Seat Auction for Symphony Rehearsals

None of the Prices Offered Was Unusual

Average Is Lower Than Last Year

Bidding Throughout the Sale Steady and Even

*Transcript Sept. 26, 1903*  
This morning's auction sale in Symphony Hall of seats for the Friday afternoon rehearsals of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was marked by entire lack of excitement. Though the attendance was large and the bidding at times spirited, the offers seldom soared above a steady average, and there was not even one of those unexpected and unreasonable flights into the hundreds which are usual on these occasions. The highest premium paid during the morning, in fact, was \$77, for seat 19, in row M. When this is contrasted with the record price of \$305 last year, paid on each of three seats not far from the front of the hall, and \$200 paid during the same sale for the three seats directly in front of them, it will be seen how quiet and featureless today's auction was.

The general average of prices, moreover, seemed to be a little below last year's, though this may be evened up before the four days of the auction are needed. But whether the average was below or not, it was remarkably steady and even. Prices seemed to be governed more by the actual relative value of locations than by the whimsical preferences which have in the past resulted in a few unreasonable premiums. Prices started low, generally under \$20 for the first row or two, and increased farther back in the hall—the middle aisle seats drawing the highest, and those at the sides the lowest. It was possible to reckon with exactness the probable prices for nearly every seat before it was offered. The auction was accomplishing very definitely what it was meant to accomplish, putting an exact—not arbitrary—value on every place in the hall.

The sale was opened shortly after ten o'clock, under the usual conditions. The tickets offered were for twenty-four public afternoon rehearsals, the nominal price being \$12 each, the actual price having the premium added. Nobody could buy more than four places on a single bid. The seats were sold in their order, beginning with A1, the righthand seat in the front row, and working back into the hall. The first place brought just the same price as last year,

\$11, and as was the case then it was the lowest paid during the morning. Three years ago this seat was sold for \$280, to somebody who craved the honor of buying the first ticket in the new hall. The next year it brought \$20. Undesirable as the first row is except for the deaf, the prices went up from \$11.50 for the next three seats, to \$20 for one near the left. No less than nine of them brought \$19 each. Last year one of these seats was sold as high as \$26.50. Row B, curiously enough, struck a somewhat lower average, the premiums with two exceptions hovering about \$13 and \$14. A very excited lady paid \$35 each for three of the seats, one on the centre aisle. Another bought just across the way for \$23, and would have paid \$24 had not the auctioneer gently cautioned her that she was bidding against herself.

In Row C, after the first eight or nine had been taken at a little more than \$12 premium each, the prices jumped above \$20 for good, and ticket brokers, who had hitherto kept more or less in the background, now began to take a hand. General W. W. Blackmar, who bought in the same row last year, took four seats near his old ones at a somewhat smaller premium. Several seats in the next row were sold above \$30. Mr. Connelly bought two aisle seats for \$41, and Mr. Herrick four at \$46—the first to approach \$50. Prices in row F, which was taken largely by brokers, ranged from \$15 to \$42, and \$50 was not reached until row G, when Mr. Herrick purchased the favorite seats, on each side of the middle aisle, at \$58 and \$48 premiums. Last year these same places sold for \$73 and \$68—a comparison which shows something of a difference between the two sales. Mr. Connelly took at \$42 four seats on the left hand aisle which last year sold at \$1.

In Row K the first lively bidding of the morning was started. After a few sales at \$16, \$35 and \$39, the centre aisle was reached at seat 17—exactly the same situation as last year, when Mr. Pratt bid \$200 for 17, 18 and 19. Here, again, a somewhat slow sale was first enlivened, for Mr. Pratt evidently wanted the same seats, and a man in the centre of the hall was decisively against him. The bidding was rushed up to \$70, and then began to crawl, until it stopped at \$76, and Mr. Pratt had his tickets for nearly \$400 less than before. Prices then dropped from \$40 to \$18. In the next row, where Mr. Pratt last year bought the corresponding three seats at the \$305 premiums, bidding started out stiff at \$30. But when the auctioneer reached the more desirable seats towards the centre of the hall, on one occasion he actually could not start a bid, and had to wait for an offer of \$15. Two excellent seats, which last year sold for \$50 each, thus went for \$25. The next four seats were bought at \$31, and these four included the famous seat 17, on which Mr. Pratt made his highest bidding last year. The next seat, on the aisle, sold for \$57.50, and its mate across the way was bought at \$55. Thus the three seats which in 1902 went to a single purchaser at premiums aggregating \$915, were bought in 1903

by three purchasers at \$143.50.

In Row J Mr. Pratt again took the centre aisle seats, paying a premium of \$70, as against \$95 last year. Seats adjoining them sold for \$35 and \$45. The succeeding rows were taken almost entirely by the brokers—Wadsworth, Connelly, Heard, Pratt and Herrick. Of these Mr. Herrick took by far the greater number, like last year buying many of the less costly side seats. In Row M Mr. Heard paid the highest premium—\$77—having bought an aisle seat for \$51, and evidently expecting to pick up the next one at a lower rate. He was obliged, however, to make good at a higher. Mr. Herrick was caught several times in a similar way, having taken four seats up to the aisle seat, and paying sometimes double for the fifth. In Row O he bought four seats, just up to the middle aisle seat, for \$30, and was obliged to pay \$70 for the next three. These were among the liveliest contests of the morning, several people being in the bidding.

Tomorrow morning the \$7.50 seats for the rehearsals will be sold by auction in the hall at ten o'clock.

## PREMIUMS UNUSUALLY LOW

Auction Sale of \$7.50 Seats for Friday Rehearsals of Boston Symphony Orchestra Held This Morning—Some Sold as Low as \$2.50 *Transcript Sept. 27, 1903*

Yesterday's comparatively low premiums at the first auction sale of seats for concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra were followed today by still lower ones. At the first-named sale the \$12 tickets for the Friday afternoon rehearsals were sold, including the bulk of the floor and first gallery, and leaving only nine floor and five gallery rows to be disposed of this morning. The nominal price of these seats is only \$7.50, so the premiums, as a rule, range somewhat higher than would be expected from their location; but this year the demand for them seemed to be very light. Bids, in fact, were less than half as high as those of last year, and it is doubtful if good seats in the first balcony ever went so low before. Some excellent places, in fact, were knocked down at \$2.50 premium, making the total cost of the tickets \$10. Since each ticket admits to twenty-four concerts, this makes about forty-two cents a performance—or only a little more than the so-called rush seats in the second balcony, to which admission is granted for a quarter.

A larger number were buying for themselves at this sale than at yesterday's, for those who sit in the \$7.50 seats are generally willing to do their own bidding, and dispense with the services of an agent. At ten o'clock the front part of Symphony Hall, where the sale was held, was filled with women, and the early bidding was

conducted by means of distinctly feminine voices, or by the waving of gloved hands. The ticket brokers were for the most part quiet, and the auctioneer's wand was kept pointing all over the hall, instead of chiefly at their little corner in the left. Seats were purchased, moreover, largely by ones and twos, and not in blocks of four. Until prices became temptingly low, in fact, the brokers confined themselves to taking up the end seats, of which they bought nearly everyone. As the sale progressed the little groups of women moved to the rear of the hall, where purchasers sat in their seats, compared notes as to prices with their companions, and made acquaintance with their fortnightly neighbors of the coming winter. Back there, where the remote rattle of the auctioneer's figures was drowned in chatter, it was more like an afternoon tea than an auction.

Prices started in row KK, immediately behind the last \$12 seats, at a fairly high level. The first two went for \$19, but this was the highest premium paid during the morning. Seats on both aisles were bought by Herrick at \$17 and at \$18.50, but the run of places went for \$15.50, with an occasional \$14.50 or \$16.50, and at the end there was one lone premium of \$12. Last year the average rate was \$18, and three premiums higher than \$20 were paid. In the next row (LL) a decided drop was noticeable. Several of the best places were bought at \$16.50 and \$15.50, but the average was nearer \$11 or \$12, as against an average of about \$17 last year. A few sold for \$9 and \$10. In the next row (MM) prices fell to \$8, and at the end to \$7.50, where last year they held at \$15 and \$16; \$10.50 was the highest premium in the row, and \$9 was by far the most common figure. NN, which last year sold at about the same as MM, went by single seats and pairs at a succession of \$7.50 and \$8 premiums; and in OO the rate dropped as low as \$5 and \$6.

For the next three rows there was a steady drop, until the lowest price of all was reached in SS, half of whose twelve seats sold at \$2 and the other half at \$2.50. Last year all went at \$5.50, and that rate was the lowest paid.

In the balcony, of which the last five rows were offered, and all of them desirable seats for music-lovers, prices did not take the jump expected. Instead of going up to \$19, as they did last season, they only touched \$14, and even in the first row fluctuated from that high-water mark to as low as \$5. Most went for about \$2. In the row behind (F) the average was about \$7.50, against \$17 last year; in row G it was \$5.50, against \$16 last year, and in H and the succeeding rows, where seats sold last year at \$15 and \$10, prices went to pieces at \$4 and \$2.50.

Symphonies are quoted higher. Evidently confidence is returning, and there is renewed hope of a gay and festive winter.



## LITTLE FAST BIDDING AT SYMPHONY HALL

Prices for Seats Lower Than Last  
Year's Average.

HIGHEST BID MADE WAS \$77

Woman Bids Against Herself and  
Small Boys Raise a Few  
High Figures.

*Journal*  
Sept. 29, 1903.  
The rush for tickets to the Friday afternoon rehearsals of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was less strenuous yesterday than it has been in previous years. From the time the auction sale opened at 10 in the morning till the last ticket on sale yesterday was disposed of there was hardly a spirited contest for the desirable seats.

The prices paid averaged much lower than last year. Seat 19 in row M brought the record price of the day, \$77, while several which went last year for good sums were not snapped up with even a show of eagerness.

The usual crowd of curious spectators was on hand, but their expectations of witnessing a repetition of the fast and furious bidding which has taken place in earlier days were disappointed. A large number of seats went to agents, the identity of the real purchasers being effectually concealed.

**Mrs. Gardner's Seat "Marked Off."**

One spectacular effect which the crowd desired, but did not see, was the contest for Mrs. John L. Gardner's seat. It was not put up at public this year, but was "marked off" before the bidding began.

While the prices paid were lower than usual, there seemed to be less whimsical craze for particular locations, which has carried the values up enormously in the past. The best seats brought the best premiums yesterday, and the bidding was steady.

Mrs. Gardner was present during part of the morning, and took the greatest interest in the proceedings. Among others there were William C. Endicott, Mrs. Samuel Aldrich, Mrs. William

Humphrey and Alvin Schroeder. The number of women was not as large as usual, but they were strongly in evidence.

The bidding yesterday was on the \$12 seats, while today the \$7.50 ones will be put up. Ticket dealers took a number of the better seats. Most of the contests, such as they were, ranged about the seats on the aisle. Gen. W. W. Blackmar took his usual places in row C, and a number of other "old-timers" were on hand to secure their favorite positions.

**Woman Bid Against Self.**

There were some amusing incidents, though the proceedings lacked the vim which those who went purely for fun would have liked to see. One lady ran the price of a ticket up to \$23, and would have given more had not the auctioneer courteously told her that she was bidding against herself. A few small boys, who had slid by the argus eyes that should have seen them, created a momentary diversion in the general monotony by making some enormous bids for rather undesirable places. They were quickly discovered and summarily ejected.

The bidding today probably will be less lively than yesterday, as the seats are not those over which there is generally a spirited struggle.

## PAY HIGHER PREMIUMS FOR SEASON TICKETS

*Journal* — Oct. 3, 03  
Symphony Concert Auction Closes  
With Good Sales of Seats.

The auction of seats for the Symphony concerts closed yesterday with the sale of the \$7.50 season tickets for the Saturday evening concerts.

The premiums paid on the average ranged higher than last year, although there was little speculation. The seats were sold for the most part to lovers of good music who do not pretend to be "fashionable." Students and educational institutions bought largely.

The highest price paid yesterday in premium was \$21, while in some instances seats went as low as \$3.

## SYMPHONY STOCK GOES UP.

Yesterday's Sales About the Average—  
Closing Sale of Tickets Will  
*Herold* Be Held Today. Oct. 2, 03

Auction sale bids for \$12 seats to the Saturday evening concerts of the Boston Symphony orchestra took a brace yesterday morning after low prices for rehearsal seats, and brought the prices up to an average of what they were last year for the sale. The rehearsal auctions led to an impression that the bottom had fallen from the Symphony market, but yesterday morning interesting competitions for many end seats kept the prices at a good average.

The highest premiums yesterday were \$50 each for seats 18 and 19 in row J; \$50 for end seat 17, row P, and \$47 each for 15 and 16 in the same row. Bids over \$20 for aisle seats were frequent. Five dollars was a starter on most bids, and only rarely did seats sell lower.

Last year the highest bid on \$12 seats at the evening concerts was \$34 for seats 18 and 19 in row K. These seats sold this year for \$24 and \$29.

In the sale were many paradoxes of bidding, inside seats in row I bringing \$20 premium, when aisle seats in the same row sold for \$10. A \$50 premium bid was sandwiched between \$22 and \$17 sales. After a \$19 sale the next two seats sold at \$42 premium.

Many of the peculiar variations of price for seats presumably equally advantageous came from interesting manipulations by the bidders. Most of the purchasers were regular ticket dealers, buying for clients. Unlike many of the scattering bidders, they could not take seats at random wherever the opportunity for a low bid occurred, but had to purchase seats already designated by their clients. These brokers very soon became identified with a bear movement to keep the bids on their seats as low as possible. Several bidders, however, became conspicuous in a bull charge upon the bears, and put many of the bids up, wherever the dealers seemed especially to want certain seats.

Very often when a dealer got the choice of a pair of end seats at a high bid he would take but one, hoping to get the other at a much lower figure. At times the scheme was successful, and this accounts for the great difference in the premiums of contiguous seats. At other times, however, a gentleman who was bidding apparently to inject a little ginger in the sales would catch a dealer and chase him into the high figures to keep two seats together.

After such flurries the squad of dealers seated together in a front row turned around to this gentleman, and with thunderous expressions would play a chorus of facial symphonies that were highly Wagnerian.

An average of the premiums for the choice \$12 seats at the Saturday evening concerts is not much below \$20.

The closing sale of season tickets for the Boston Symphony orchestra's performances will be held at Symphony Hall today, when the \$7.50 seats for the Saturday evening concerts will be offered at auction. These low priced seats afford opportunities for many music lovers to hear at a very reasonable outlay concerts of extraordinary attractiveness at which many of the world's

great singers and instrumentalists will appear. There are 917 tickets to be sold today.

## SYMPHONY SEAT AT PREMIUM OF \$61

*Journal* — Oct. 2, 03  
Bidding at Yesterday's Sale Lively  
and Average Good.

Sixty-one dollars was the highest premium paid yesterday when the \$12 concert seats were put on sale. The prize seat was S 17. Seats on either side brought half as much. The next highest figure was \$51, paid for an aisle seat in the center of the hall. Several seats in the immediate vicinity brought over \$40 and two over \$45.

The strangest bid was \$44 for seats in U 24 and 25, while seat 28 of the same row brought only \$9. The lowest bid was \$2, which was paid for several seats in J J, the last \$12 row on the floor. The highest balcony bid was \$38, for seats A 20 and 21. The attendance was good and the prices for the day averaged a bit better than usual.

## SYMPHONY TICKETS CHEAP.

Many Bought at Sale of Rehearsal  
Seats at Rate of 42 Cents  
*Herold* Per Concert. Oct. 30.

Symphonies slumped again yesterday in the market. A persistent raid, driven by the amalgamated lovers of music who sit in the second best seats at the Boston Symphony orchestra Friday afternoon rehearsals, knocked the props from under the traditions of what Symphony reserved seats are worth.

Seats in the rear of the hall on the first floor sold as low as \$2 and \$2.50 premium, which, added to the \$7.50 face value of the tickets, makes it possible to hear 24 Boston Symphony rehearsals for \$19, or at about 42 cents a concert. The lowest premiums on these seats last year were \$15 and \$16.

The next sale will be tomorrow at 10 A. M., when the \$12 seats for the Saturday evening concerts will be auctioned.



## SYMPHONY SALE ENDS <sup>Oct 2 1903</sup>

Today the \$7.50 Seats for the Saturday Night Concerts Were Sold by Auction

All the \$7.50 seats for the Saturday evening concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra were sold by auction today in the hall. There was a fairly good-sized attendance, but bidding lacked the spirit of former years. The premiums as a whole averaged lower than last year, although no seats offered today were without a ready purchaser. More time was required for today's sale than when the same seats were sold Tuesday for the Friday afternoon rehearsals, because in addition to the rear seats on the floor and first balcony the entire second balcony was sold. These upper balcony seats are the so-called "rush seats" for the Friday performance.

Some of the floor seats sold today at a premium of \$5, while the average for these few rear rows was about \$7. The best \$7.50 seats are located back of the first rows in the first balcony and for these the prices ranged considerably higher than for the floor. In the second balcony the highest price of the morning was given for three seats in the first row on the left side. The same seats last year brought a premium of \$12.50. Some choice seats in the same row back and front of the hall sold at \$7. Today brought the sale to a close.

## SYMPHONY SALE.

Drop in the Prices From Last Year's Rates.

Seats for the Friday Afternoon Rehearsals at Auction Today.

About Half as Much Realized as for the 1902 Concerts.

*Globe*

Whatever may be the cause, and the management seems unwilling to discuss the subject, seats for Friday afternoon rehearsals of the Boston Symphony orchestra so far in the public sale have brought only about half the prices received for them last year under similar conditions.

When the public auction of the seats was resumed this morning at 10 in Symphony hall there was about the same

sized attendance as yesterday, and the assembly was constantly changing as those present managed to secure seats and left the hall to make room for those who had just arrived with the intention of making purchases. This morning the bidding was more among individuals, although the ticket agents were present and secured a number of desirable locations.

The sale opened with the seats on the rear quarter of the floor, beginning at KK, and the rear half of the first balcony was also auctioned. Last season when these seats were sold three of them in row KK were disposed of at premiums of \$22.50, \$21.50 and \$20, while this morning the highest premium obtained was \$18.50 for two end seats, while some of this row sold for premiums of \$12 and \$12.50. In the next row the prices dropped to \$16.50 as the highest premium, and many seats in that row went for \$8, \$9 and \$9.50. The average premiums paid for this row last season was from \$15 to \$17. Seat 13 in this row sold at a premium of \$13, and some merriment was caused as to what may happen to the purchaser when on Jan 29th the 13th rehearsal takes place.

Just \$13 was the highest premium paid in the next row, and that was for an end seat, while the lowest in the same row was \$7.50, and the average rate was about \$9.50. In row NN the highest premium was \$9, most of the seats selling for \$7.50. Last season row OO sold almost entirely at a premium of \$13 each, while this morning \$8.50 was the best obtained, and many seats went as low as \$5 and \$6, while two were purchased at premiums of \$4.50.

Row PP is that in which the pillars supporting the first balcony come, and the best secured for a seat in this row was \$5.50, while one seat sold for \$3.50, and most of them went at advances of \$4.50 and \$5.

The next three rows are more or less blocked by the pillars, but last year \$8 and \$10 premiums were paid for seats here, while this morning \$4.50 was the high mark and quite a large number sold at premiums of \$2.50. In row RR the two center aisle end seats brought \$4 each premium, two for \$2 each, and others at \$2.50 and \$3. The 12 seats in row SS realized \$2 premium each with the exception of three which went at \$2.50.

Prices jumped again when the rear half of the first balcony was offered, and in row E, the first placed on sale, the highest premium obtained was \$14 for two seats on the right end of the center tier. One group of four seats went for premiums of \$4 each, while \$5, \$6 and \$8 were the prevailing rates. Last year practically \$19 each was offered on this row.

One seat in the next row sold at \$12.50, but the average premium on the remainder was about \$7. Just \$5.50 was the average for the next row, and a group

of three sold at \$6.50, the best price secured. On the last row—H—the best premium was \$4 and the majority sold for \$3, and the 12 end seats in the corners, at the extreme rear of the balcony, sold at about the same rates.

## SYMPHONY TICKETS SELL TODAY AT DOLLAR EACH

*Sound* ——— *Oct 1, 03*

Music Loving Public Will Have Chance at Low Prices.

While nearly all of the best seats for the Friday afternoon rehearsals of the Symphony concerts have been sold, some as high as \$77, there are many of the dollar seats to be sold today at auction. This will give those of the music-loving public that cannot afford to pay fancy prices a chance to secure seats at a reasonable price.

Though there will be many ticket brokers present, the management is determined that the public shall have a fair show in obtaining tickets. It is expected that the rush for dollar seats will be great. The management is pleased with the large number of tickets sold the past few days.

*Globe*

*Sept. 20, 1903*

For 22 years the Boston symphony orchestra has been a musical organization so unique as to command both the attention and respect not only of America, but of the world. Founded and maintained by a single individual who has never swerved from his original ideal, there has always been an underlying tendency to advance and to improve, with a resulting standard of performance approaching very close to perfection.

The 23d season, which begins with the Friday afternoon and Saturday evening performances, Oct 16 and 17, will in every way equal, and if possible surpass its predecessors. To assure its patrons that the orchestra will afford the same degree of pleasure and enjoyment as in the past would be sufficient, for it seems safe to assert that a single season which has been a disappointment is yet to be recorded.

Mr Wilhelm Gericke will again be welcomed as the conductor for the 11th season, a record which speaks for itself and in a most convincing way. As a matter of interest to the many patrons who regularly attended the concerts from the beginning, Mr Henschel conducted for the first three years, Mr Gericke for the next five years, then Mr

Nikisch for four years, Mr Paur following with five years, and last season was the fifth year of Mr Gericke's second regime.

The list of soloists is as usual a notable one and includes Mme Melba, Mme Gadski, Mme Schumann-Heink, Mr Gilbert, Miss Aus Der Ohe, Mme Hovekirk, Miss Maud MacCarthy, Miss Olive Mead, Mr Busoni, Mr Harold Bauer, Mr Rafael Joseffy, Mr George Proctor, Mr M. Fernandez Arbos, the new first violin and concert master; Mr T. Adamowski, Mr Rudolph Krasselt, the new first violoncello, and others.

Mme Melba returns after an absence of two years, and four seasons have passed since Mme Gadski appeared with the orchestra in Boston. Mme Schumann-Heink has just secured her release by Kaiser Wilhelm from the Royal opera company in Berlin, which enables her to fill her concert engagements in this country. Mr Gilbert will be most pleasantly remembered from last season, as will also Miss Maud MacCarthy and Miss Olive Mead, who made such a favorable impression two seasons ago.

Mr Busoni returns to America after an absence of nine years, during which time he has made a splendid reputation in Europe. The recent triumphs of Mr Harold Bauer afford the best possible reason for his reengagement. Mr Joseffy has a host of friends and admirers who will always welcome his appearances and who regret that he has not favored Boston for five years. Mr Proctor's rapid advancement in his profession lends an interest and attractiveness to all his performances, and Mr Adamowski is an artist too well established with Symphony patrons to need extensive explaining. Of the newcomers in the ranks of the orchestra, Mr M. Fernandez Arbos, the first violin and concert master, and Mr Rudolph Krasselt, the first violoncello, notice will be given during the coming weeks.

There will be the usual two series of 24 Friday afternoon public rehearsals and 24 Saturday evening concerts. The \$12 seats for the rehearsals will be sold at auction at Symphony hall Monday, Sept 28, at 10 a m. The \$7.50 seats for the rehearsals will be sold at auction Tuesday, Sept 29, at 10 a m. The \$12 seats for the concerts will be sold at auction Thursday, Oct 1, at 10 a m. The \$7.50 seats for the concerts will be sold in like manner at the same place Friday, Oct 2, at 10 a m.

Bids will be accepted for seats in their regular order only, and not for the choice; and not more than four seats will be sold on one bid. The seats open to competition will be shown on a diagram and will be marked off as sold. Tickets will be delivered in the hall and must be paid for as soon as bought or they will be immediately resold.

Admission, first come first served, to the second balcony, on Friday afternoons only, at 25 cents, will be given according to the plan adopted two years ago and which has met with satisfaction.

...Music at all events still hath charms, for did not the stock of the Symphony rally yesterday after the break of the two preceding days? Boston is at least still loyal to this notable specialty.



# Concertmaster Arbos Here for Symphony Orchestra

Arrives on the Ivernia with Mr. E. Ferir, First  
Viola, Both of Whom Will Take Part  
in String Quartet.

Mr. F. Arbos was a passenger of the Cunarder Ivernia, arriving yesterday afternoon, and is at the Hotel Brunswick. Mr. Arbos comes to take up his duties as concertmaster of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and as principal of the string

quartet, which will bear his name and will give a series of concerts here this winter. Mr. Arbos was accompanied by Mr. E. Ferir, who has been engaged as one of the first violas of the orchestra and a member of the quartet.

The change in the personnel of the Boston Symphony orchestra, which brings from Europe a new concert master and first violin and a new first violoncello, has most naturally aroused great interest in musical circles throughout the country. It is a most notable illustration of the stability of this organization that the newcomer, Senor Arbos, is only the third concert master in its 22 years' existence. The following sketch of Mr. Arbos was written by Mr. E. A. Baughan, a London journalist of note:

According to the popular idea the Spanish national temperament is compact of passion. It is, indeed, quite a commonplace of descriptive critics when dealing with Spanish musicians to refer to the molten "fire" which glows through their performances with a peculiar warmth. English writers, such as Byron and Charles Kingsley, have helped to form this ready-made idea of the Spanish temperament, and to most of us the word "Spain" conjures up visions of dark beauties with flashing eyes and of men who are either Don Juans or bull fighters.

The popular figure of a Spanish musician should be that brilliant Venezuelan, Mme. Carreno, and not Senor Sarasate or Senor Arbos. She has iridescent moods. They have the restrained and nervous subtlety of the Latin mind, with its passion for accuracy to perfection or the aristocratic fastidiousness of an ancient and dying race.

Senor Arbos himself is cosmopolitan. Born nearly 40 years ago (to be precise, on Christmas day, 1863), at Madrid, where his father was a military bandmaster, he early showed talent for music and a special predilection for the violin, which his father did his best to foster.

The childhood of the young violinist was passed in the province of Galicia, but on the breaking out of the war the Arbos family moved to Madrid, a favorable circumstance for the young musician, who was thus able to continue his musical studies at the Madrid Conservatoire. His professor of the violin there was Jesus Monasterio, who had been a

pupil of De Beriot, and was solo violinist of the royal band and the royal chamber musicians, and later on became a director of the conservatoire.

Monasterio proved the arbiter of young Arbos' destinies, for the court musician introduced his promising pupil (when only 12 years of age he had gained first prizes for violin, harmony, theory, etc.) to the Princess Isabel, aunt of the reigning King, and she took a lively interest in the young musician, making him an allowance, so that he could continue his studies abroad, a kindness which Senor Arbos has never forgotten.

For some four years Vieuxtemps had settled down as principal professor of the violin at the Brussels Conservatoire, and to Brussels went young Arbos, accompanied by his mother. At that time Vieuxtemps had ceased to play in public, owing to a stroke of paralysis of his left side, but he still taught, and the promising young Spanish violinist became his pupil, studying composition and theory under Gevaert, director of the conservatoire. At 15 Arbos gained the prix d'honneur and was already a sound, all-round musician, as well as a brilliant violinist.

While living at Brussels the young musician heard Joachim and was much struck by a style of playing almost diametrically opposed to the Vieuxtemps school. Joachim was then at the height of his fame, both as virtuoso and teacher, and for some 10 years had been director of the Berlin high school for music.

This admiration for Joachim had far-reaching results on the artistic development and career of Fernandez Arbos. So much was he impressed by the great violinist's playing that he went to Berlin and studied with Joachim for three years. It might have been thought that Joachim, the leader of the German "classical" school, would have been the last man to influence a young Spaniard who had been taught his instrument first by a man who had been a favorite pupil of De Beriot, and then by Vieuxtemps, both leaders of the brilliant Belgian school of virtuosity, but then Senor Arbos is not the typical Spaniard of the popular imagination, and no doubt the tuition of Gevaert, a most solidly learned musician, had had its effect in forming the young violinist's mind.

The study under Joachim certainly made a deep impression on Senor Arbos.

Had he finished his studies at Brussels he might have been content to be a virtuoso only; the German training grafted a depth and breadth of musicianship on his racial passion for perfection of detail. And the study at Berlin also had its effect on Senor Arbos' career in a material sense. He became leader of the Berlin Philharmonic Society's orchestra and played as soloist at one of the concerts. Five years were spent in Germany, during which period Senor Arbos played as soloist in all the principal towns and then toured through France, Holland, Belgium, Spain, Portugal and as far afield as Poland.

For a time he settled down as professor of the violin at the Hamburg conservatoire, but at the express desire of the Queen of Spain he accepted the same post at the Madrid conservatoire, and soon afterward founded a chamber music society there, by means of which Madrid amateurs were made acquainted with all the modern works of chamber music hitherto unknown to them.

So sound and cultured a musician, however, could not be expected to find full scope for his talents at Madrid, and in 1890, after a successful debut at a series of concerts given by Senor Albeniz at St. James' Hall, Senor Arbos practically settled in London.

He was engaged to play at the "Pops" with Joachim and then toured through the provinces with Edward Lloyd, Santley and other artists, and for many years he has appeared as soloist and leader of a quartet in London concert rooms. Two years ago he played Spohr's duet concerto in b minor with Dr. Joachim at the Leeds festival, one of the most important of the English musical meetings. The occasion was no doubt inspiring for Senor Arbos and he has seldom played more finely. His work in London was by no means confined to the concert room, for he was the chief professor of the violin at the Royal College of Music and a member of the board of professors, an honorary member of the Royal Academy of Music and an examiner of the associated board. He has made a high reputation as a teacher, and one of his pupils, Miss Maun MacCarthy, is known to American audiences. Senor Arbos has composed a good deal of chamber music as well as comic opera.

Of the man himself it should be said that, in these days of self-advertisement, it is refreshing to find a musician who is content to let his reputation rest on his merits alone, and one who, in spite of arduous professional toil, has remained an artist in his whole-hearted love for his art.

Rudolphe Krasselt, the new 'cellist of the Boston Symphony orchestra, will make his first appearance in America at the second concert of the organization. His year of compulsory military service in the German army is just expiring, and he will not be free in time to play at the first concert.

Mr. Krasselt is one of a family distinguished for musical ability. His father is concert-master of the orchestra at Baden Baden, and one of his brothers is concert-master at Weimar. A few years ago Rudolphe Krasselt was playing with Hekking at the first desk of the Berlin Philharmonic Society under Nikisch. On Hekking's retirement he became first 'cellist of that organization. His last engagement before joining the army was as first 'cellist of the Vienna Opera House.

For a young man he has played much in quartet concerts in Berlin and Vienna, and has had much success as a soloist. It is believed that he will prove a valuable acquisition to the ranks of resident musicians.

*Journal - See next page*  
**T**HE change of concert-masters for the Symphony Orchestra is a matter of larger and more far-reaching consequence than even far reaching consequence than even a regular and observant attendant upon the concerts might think. For the concert-master is much more than the first of "four and twenty fiddlers, fiddling in a row." He is a teacher, expositor, guide and exemplar for them and their associates. He is, as it were, the conducting link, intellectual, technical and esthetic, between the conductor and the band. His first duties have to do with the external form of the music as it shall be presented. He considers and prescribes phrasing accent, bowing and what may be called rhetorical delivery, leaving its expression and color to the conductor. He must also have a quick and correct ear for pitch and tune, so that perfect harmoniousness may be insured; this especially when a soloist is to perform and the orchestral support must be exactly accordant with the pitch of the solo instrument. He has often to be the means of conveying the conductor's desires to the orchestra and of instructing the men as to the execution of them. He is in a way not quite unlike the centurion of the New Testament, being himself "a man under authority," but also having others under him. His knowledge must be large and accurate, his taste refined and his industry and patience endless.

## Influence Broader Yet.

But his influence extends beyond the scope of technique and training, and is likely to be most felt beyond that. Even the conductor himself has scarcely more power—although, of course, he has more initiative—in shaping the character and course of an orchestra than the violinist who sits close at his left hand, and seems first to catch his hints and directions. The French call the concert-master the "chief of attack," which term



# PLACE AND DUTIES OF *Journal (Pickens) Oct 4.03* A CONCERT MEISTER

## Possible Influence of the New Man on the Boston Symphony Orchestra—Musical Miscellany.

Intimates the readiness, promptness and decision with which the leading violin must show to the eye the first stroke of his bow and to the ear the first notes it evokes. It might seem strange—if we were not learning in these days so much about thought transference, spiritual suggestion and other psychical facts and possibilities—to think that a single man, sitting with his back to half his associates and directly facing but a few of them, should be able so to influence them all that they will systematically obey or ignore and even controvert the commands of their director, and thus to impress upon them as a body rather his own personality than that of their common master. Ferdinand David was said to have done more to make the Gewandhaus Orchestra what it was than the conductors who nominally controlled both it and him, even though Mendelssohn was among them.

### Interest in New Man.

With the coming of a new man to this place at the head of the Symphony Orchestra—where he has had but three predecessors in its score and more of years—several questions arise as to what his influence and usefulness may be. First arises one of nationality. The orchestra is almost entirely German in blood and feeling, having as regular members only the few French wooden-wind players, who could not be easily replaced by men of other lands, a couple of Englishmen, and about as many Americans. What the natural and national temper of the orchestra is has often been unpleasantly shown by its excessive applause of a German soloist and its undisguised and almost supercilious assumption of indifference when a man of another nation has performed. Indeed, at one time, when the choice of

a conductor was under consideration and some of the great Frenchmen had been suggested, the founder of the orchestra asked significantly in a note upon the subject if it were likely that the band would respect and obey a director who did not come from their own German stock. It is therefore to be seen whether this same band, with all its rather clanish homogeneity, will be considerate, obedient and pliable under the concert-mastership of a Spaniard, who may be even further from their sympathy than a Frenchman would be. He has in his favor that, after he had been partly formed by Vieuxtemps, he became an admiring, devoted and serious student under Joachim and was for a time leader of the Berlin Philharmonic. After a half dozen hard-working years in Germany he gave some time to Hamburg and finally settled in London, where he has been professor in the Royal Academy. He brings, apparently, his native warmth of temperament, the French finesse and elegance due to Vieuxtemps and the sound reasonableness and classic solidity of Joachim.

Which element of this triad is likely to be most felt in the long run?

### Other Masters Compared.

Boston has known two sharply contrasting fashions of mastership. W. Listemann could play anything written for the violin—the most difficult almost as if it were the most facile. He was a fiery, impetuous, undaunted positivist, and when he was once possessed of his daimon he went on, controlled only by that impulse. Sometimes his fellows were entangled and lost in the mazes which were as open champagne country to him, and sometimes, exciting them to follow boldly and securely, he

swept on the whole orchestra beyond the conductor's governance to extreme and surprising effects.

Mr. Kneisel, on the other hand, coming to Boston a young man with career and position to make, has always been reflective, calm and conservative, and his influence has been toward self-control, steadiness and intellectuality rather than passionate freedom, although he has shown strength and feeling. His own playing has ever been so exact and elegant, scholarly and sincere, that an admirer once lamented because he would never make a mistake, lose his place or do an inconsiderate thing. He has been close in thought and sentiment to Mr. Gericke, who could hardly have had a lieutenant more in conformance with his ideas.

Mr. D'Arbos enters upon a position made doubly difficult by the possible innate differences of temperament between himself and his chief and companions and by his succession to a favorite and esteemed musician. But his associates and the public must be depended upon to welcome him according to his reputation and accredited accomplishments, to give him favoring opportunity and cordial encouragement, and to bestow upon him without partializing comparisons the just reward of his merits.

## CONCERT MASTER.

*Rehe. Exp. 13.03*  
Fernandez Arbos Succeeds  
Franz Kneisel.

Interesting Career of the Symphony  
Orchestra's First Violinist.

Rudolphe Krasselt, New 'Cellist,  
Also a Musician of Note.

The change in the personnel of the Boston Symphony orchestra which brings from Europe a new concert-master and first violin and a new first violoncello, has most naturally aroused great in-

terest in musical circles throughout the country.

It is a notable illustration of the stability of this organization that the newcomer, Mr. Arbos, is only the third concert-master in its 22 years' existence. The following is from a sketch of Mr. Arbos by Mr. E. A. Baughan, a London journalist:

Fernandez Arbos was born on Christmas day, 1863, at Madrid, where his father was a military bandmaster, he early showed talent for music, and a special predilection for the violin.



RUDOLPHE KRASSELT,  
New Cellist of the Symphony Orchestra.

The childhood of the young violinist was passed in the province of Galicia, but on the breaking out of the war, the Arbos family moved to Madrid, a favorable circumstance for the young musician, who was thus able to continue his musical studies at the Madrid conserva-



toire. His professor of the violin there was Jesus Monasterio, who had been a pupil of De Berliot. Monasterio proved the arbiter of young Arbos' destinies, for the court musician introduced his promising pupil to the Princess Isabel, aunt of the reigning king, and she took a lively interest in the young musician.

Vieuxtemps had settled down as principal professor of the violin at the Brussels conservatoire, and to Brussels went young Arbos, accompanied by his mother. At that Vieuxtemps had ceased to play in public, owing to a stroke of paralysis of his left side, but he still taught, and the promising young Spanish violinist became his pupil, studying composition and theory under Gevaert. At 15 Arbos gained the prix d'honneur.

While living at Brussels the young musician heard Joachim, and was much struck by a style of playing almost diametrically opposed to the Vieuxtemps school. So much was he impressed by the great violinist's playing that he went to Berlin and studied with Joachim for three years. It might have been thought that Joachim, the leader of the German "classical" school, would have been the last man to influence a young Spaniard who had been taught his instrument first by a man who had been a favorite pupil of De Berliot, and then by Vieuxtemps, both leaders of the brilliant Belgian school of virtuosity, but then Mr Arbos is not the typical Spaniard of the popular imagination.

He became leader of the Berlin Phil-



**FERNANDEZ ARBOS,**  
New Concert Master of the Symphony Orchestra.

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For a young man he has played much in quartet concerts in Berlin and Vienna and has had much success as a soloist. It is believed that he will prove a valuable acquisition to the ranks of resident musicians.

### Bidding at Yesterday's Sale Lively and Average Good.

Sixty-one dollars was the highest premium paid yesterday when the \$12 concert seats were put on sale. The prize seat was \$ 17. Seats on either side brought half as much. The next highest figure was \$51, paid for an aisle seat in the center of the hall. Several seats in the immediate vicinity brought over \$40 and two over \$45.

The strangest bid was \$44 for seats in U 24 and 25, while seat 28 of the same row brought only \$9. The lowest bid was \$2, which was paid for several seats in J J, the last \$12 row on the floor. The highest balcony bid was \$38, for seats A 20 and 21. The attendance was good and the prices for the day averaged a bit better than usual.

# SYMPHONY AUCTION SALE CALLS OUT FASHIONABLES

Despite Changes Society's Interest in Musical Organization  
Never Lessens.

The initial auction sale of the Symphony public rehearsal seats at Symphony Hall on Monday morning served the purpose of collecting a greater aggregation of the smart set than any other happening of the post-summer season.

The sale was briskly conducted and there is another season of unalloyed success assured to Boston's splendid musical organization.

Mrs. "Jack" Gardner, in spite of the many caprices popularly credited to her, never loses interest in music and things musical. She was among the first to arrive at the Monday morning seat sale, having driven over from Brookline in her depot carriage.

During the major portion of the morning she sat in the right hand balcony, going on the floor later to chat with Mr. Alwin Schroeder of the orchestra, who is the 'cellist of the Kniesel Quartet.

Mrs. Gardner is looking particularly well this fall. Monday morning she wore a gown of black nun's veiling, the trained skirt in full accordion effect and the bodice done in jetted bands.

Over this she wore a three-quarters length coat of black taffeta. With this she wore a small black straw hat, colonial in shape and draped in a white chiffon veil.

She wore no gloves, but on her left wrist was a superb snake bracelet of Roman gold in twisted design, and set with a single large topaz.

Others noted at the sale were Hon. and Mrs. George F. Sanger, Mrs. William Humphrey, Mrs. Samuel N. Aldrich, Mr. William C. Endicott, Jr., Miss Underhill, Mrs. Edward Nelson Kimball, Jr., and Mrs. Frederick Tudor.

## SYMPHONY

REHEARSAL & CONCERT SEATS

Are for Sale at  
**CONNELLY'S** TICKET OFFICE  
56 STATE ST. ADAMS HOUSE 05

**SYMPHONY REHEARSALS**  
Seats in 11, \$27 each and one seat in V, moderate price. Address F. M. R., Boston Transcript. (A):

**\$16.50—SYMPHONY CONCERTS**  
Half of two evening tickets, first balcony centre, D 2 and 3. HERBERT F. SYLVESTER, 43 Bowers St., Newtonville, Mass. (A):

## Aptommas Harp Recitals

By the renowned Harpist on FRIDAY AFTER-NOON, Oct. 9th, at 3.30, Faelten Hall, 80 Huntington Avenue. (A):

**SYMPHONY**  
SEASON TICKETS for sale in all parts of the Hall. WADSWORTH, 40 State St., Room 53. 5t(A): 06

As a usual thing fair weather waits upon the first symphony rehearsal of the year. Or so one may conclude if one has the privilege of consulting the past diaries of a rehearsal girl. And today, though not of the brisk setting-up sort which one may reasonably expect in October, has a soft fairness that makes summer finery seem suitable enough. There is much curiosity among the dear girls to see the new members of the orchestra and judge by appearances, as symphony girls always can, if they look "fit" for the season's work. They can point them out to you, every one of them, if you happen not to be able to recognize them, for the girls who attend these rehearsals regularly, year in and year out, can tell from the remotest seat in the upper balcony the place of every musician and whether or not he is in it.

## Symphony Rehearsal and Concert

TICKETS FOR SALE  
**WADSWORTH'S, 40 State St., Room 53.**  
Telephone 4235-5 Main. Oct. 11, 1903

**SYMPHONY TICKETS**  
Evening, AA centre, \$27; also front row left upper balcony, \$28. Address E.W.D. Boston Transcript. (A):



OCTOBER 16, 1903.

## OLD FAVORITES AND NOVELTY ON PROGRAM

Bauer to Play Tschaikowsky's Piece  
at Symphony Concert.

## WEBER AND DVORAK ITEMS

Selections From Works of These  
Famous Composers Are Prom-  
ised to Patrons.

The first symphony program of the new season include two well-known and well-esteemed orchestral numbers—the hunting-flavored overture to Weber's "Euryanthe" and Dvorak's second symphony—the one in D, whose several movements show so agreeably his personal and national characteristics. The first, after its sonorous introduction, is of a pastoral character; the second is contemplative and studied; the third is genial and gracious with a touch of quaintness, and the fourth is a spirited and eager allegro, its brilliant and strenuous finale being long and stirring. The work has been known to Boston audiences since Mr. Henschel introduced it in 1882, and Mr. Gericke has already played it several times.

### Will Play Old Favorite.

Between these two numbers will be placed the solo and the novelty of the program. Harold Bauer, who stands foremost for intellectuality, sincerity, self-devotion, pure ideal and lofty accomplishments, and whose mere technical resources are unsurpassed, will play the first pianoforte concerto of Tschaikowsky, which has been heard here from Hepekirk, Joseffy, Sieveking, Sliwinski and others, the last previous player being Harold Randolph, who presented it in December, 1902. It has always been enjoyed for every reason. Its tonality, that of B flat minor, represents one of the most touching minor and one of the most stately major keys in the whole round of diapasons. Its creation caused the composer a bitter hour at first, for Nicolas Rubinstein, to whom he had dedicated it, contemned, derided and caricatured it. But it met different estimation from Von Bulow, who brought it before the world, so that it soon attained such favor that Rubinstein was glad to retract his ill opinion

and range himself with its admirers.

### Caught From Strolling Beggar.

The first movement, perhaps the most sensitively written of the three, is said to have been suggested by a tune caught from a strolling beggar; its second, an andantino semplice, partly sustained and partly on a Slavish scherzo vein, refers to a gay tune of French origin, but in the third the Slavic disposition of the composer dominates his use of the three themes upon which the vigorous and vivacious rondo is built.

The novelty will be an intermezzo (chosen also from one of his early programs by Theodore Thomas) from Bruneau's unsuccessful opera, "Messidor." When this was produced in Paris, in March, 1897, The Journal printed at full length the laudatory review of the Pall Mall Gazette, and the deplorable French and German criticisms. A few lines, therefore, will suffice to give the reader all he needs now to know.

### Early Distinguished.

Lonis Charles Bonaventuro Alfred Bruneau was born at Paris in March, 1857, studied at the Conservatory and won a violoncello player's prize and also a second prix de Rome, the latter in 1881. He has written various concert works and several operas, of which "L'Attaque du Moulin" came nearest to a full success. The theme of this was drawn by the librettist Gallet, from Zola, which perhaps led Bruneau to go to Zola for the book of his next opera, "Messidor," which was furnished in the form of a lyric poem. The story is a legend of the Pyrenees. A stream has supported the dwellers on its banks by bringing them golden sands. One avaricious man has saved his findings and builds a mill which drains the stream. The gold has been given by a miraculous Christ-child, who dwells in a rocky cathedral, and if this is seen by mortal the beneficence will cease. It is discovered, the waters escape in a torrent, and a landslide destroys the once gold-bearing regions. The people must betake themselves to agriculture, and thus regain prosperity. The poem was a vehicle for Zola's mysticism and his theories of life, caste and opposing human conditions, and neither its beauties nor the charms of the music, both of which were undeniable, could save it for the stage. The entr'acte shows Bruneau's lighter thought and touch.

### SYMPHONY TICKETS

Choice locations; Rehearsals, \$27 and \$45. Evenings \$20, \$23, \$27. Address F. L. L., Boston Transcript. (A):

### \$17.50 SYMPHONY CONCERTS

Half of two evening tickets, at \$8.75 each; first balcony centre, D 2 and 3. Herbert P. Sylvester, 48 Bowers St., Newtonville, Mass. (A):

### SYMPHONY TICKET

\$20.00, Concerts (evening), Second Balcony, centre, single seat A14 front row and aisle. Address C.M.R., Boston Transcript. (A):

### SYMPHONY TICKET

FOR SALE—One seat on the floor, MM 29, for the rehearsals. Price reasonable. Address F.O.D., Boston Transcript. (A):

## SYMPHONY REHEARSAL BRINGS OUT SOCIETY

Many Fine Gowns Displayed at  
Yesterday's Concert.

## COMING HOME FROM EUROPE

The Steamer Commonwealth Brings  
Back Delegation of Boston's  
Smart Set From Abroad.

Society was well represented yesterday afternoon at the initial public rehearsal at Symphony Hall. Mrs. Timothee Adamowski attended in a modish gown of black cloth with hat to match. She was with Miss Madeline Boardman, the latter very chic in a dark blue cloth.

Mrs. "Ollie" Ames was with her mother, Mrs. Preston West.

Mr. Francis Wilson, the comedian, was with his wife, whose costume was a white peau de cygne waist and black skirt.

Mrs. Henry L. Higginson had Mrs. Alexander Higginson with her. Mrs. Neal Rantoul was with her sister, Miss Rosamund Saltonstall. Mrs. Rantoul wore a dark gray tailor gown. Miss Saltonstall was in dark blue velling trimmed in narrow blue satin ribbons. She wore a blue flat hat.

Others present were Mrs. Gorham Hubbard, Mrs. Wilhelm Gericke, looking well in white silk waist and gray tailor gown; Mrs. J. Montgomery Sears, Miss Higginson, Miss Allison Houghton and her mother, Mrs. E. Houghton, Mr. Holker Abbott, president of the Copley Society; his sister, Mrs. William P. Fay, and her daughter, Miss Katherine Fay, Mrs. Fred R. Comee, Mrs. L. H. Mudgett, Miss Sears, Mrs. Alfred T. Waite, Mr. Honore Norris, Mr. Arthur S. Hyde (cousin of Mme. Eames-Story), Mr. Dennis, Mr. J. Wallace Goodrich, Miss Fay, Mr. Lythgow Devens, Mr. Stoddard, Mrs. Aspinwall, Mrs. George Sanger, Mr. R. H. Stearns, Mr. Arthur Foote and his daughter, Miss Katherine Foot, Mrs. Knowlton, Mrs. Motley, Mrs. Harry Pratt McKean, Mrs. John Lowell, Miss Thorndike, Miss Juliet Higginson, Miss Molly Johnson and her sister, Mrs. Jack Lavalley, Mrs. Edward A. Horton, Miss Mary Pecker, Mrs. Rudolph Agassiz, the Misses Susie and Annie Milk, Mrs. Wagniere and her sister, Mrs. Arthur W. Blake, Mrs. Arthur Sargent and her sister, Mrs. Thomas Wales, Mrs. Harold D. Corey, Miss Pancoast, Mr. and Mrs. Lee, Miss Amory, Miss Winthrop, Miss Burnham, Miss Susie Howe, Mrs. King, Miss King, Miss Isigli.

**SYMPHONY TICKETS**  
Evening, AA centre, \$27; also front row left upper balcony, \$23. Address E.W.D. Boston Transcript. (A):

## SYMPHONY

SEASON TICKETS for sale in all parts of the Hall. WADSWORTH, 40 State St., Room 53. 5t(A): o 6

### SYMPHONY REHEARSALS

Seats in II, \$27 each and one seat in V, moderate price. Address F. M. R., Boston Transcript. (A):

### SYMPHONY CONCERT PROGRAMME

The programme of the first concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Gericke conductor, on Friday and Saturday, Oct. 16 and 17, will be as follows:  
Overture, "Euryanthe".....Weber  
Concerto in B minor for piano...Tschaikowsky  
Entr'acte from "Messidor".....Bruneau  
(First time in Boston.)  
Symphony No. 2 in D major.....Brahms  
Mr. Harold Bauer will be the pianist.

## PRICES ARE BETTER.

Sale of \$12 Seats for Saturday Evening Symphony Concerts Brings In  
Higher Premiums.

When the public sale of the \$12 seats for the regular Saturday evening concerts of the Boston Symphony orchestra had been more than half concluded yesterday morning it was found that better prices had been obtained than at the other sales this fall. The average of the premiums obtained for these seats yesterday was above that of last year. Last season the highest premium obtained was \$34 for seats 18 and 19 in row K. Yesterday at different times two single seats sold for premiums of \$50, a number for premiums over \$40, and a great many at \$30 and over.

Bids came briskly after the sale was well started, and the large gathering made competition for desirable end seats so brisk that the regular ticket agents who were after them showed signs of grave surprise at the rates they were compelled to pay to obtain the seats they most desired.

In row J came the surprise of the morning, when the dealers were making things lively in bidding for seats 18 and 19, the two end seats in the center. When they had run the price up pretty well an outsider in the rear of the house began to bid, and the two seats were knocked down to him at a premium of \$50 each. All the ticket dealers "rubbered" to see the man to whom the seats had gone, but he was unknown to them.

Row P was also a very high-priced tier of seats, Mr. Wadsworth securing a single center end seat at a premium of \$50, and \$47 each being paid for two others in the same row.

Today the \$7.50 seats for the Saturday evening concerts will be auctioned.

### SYMPHONY CONCERTS

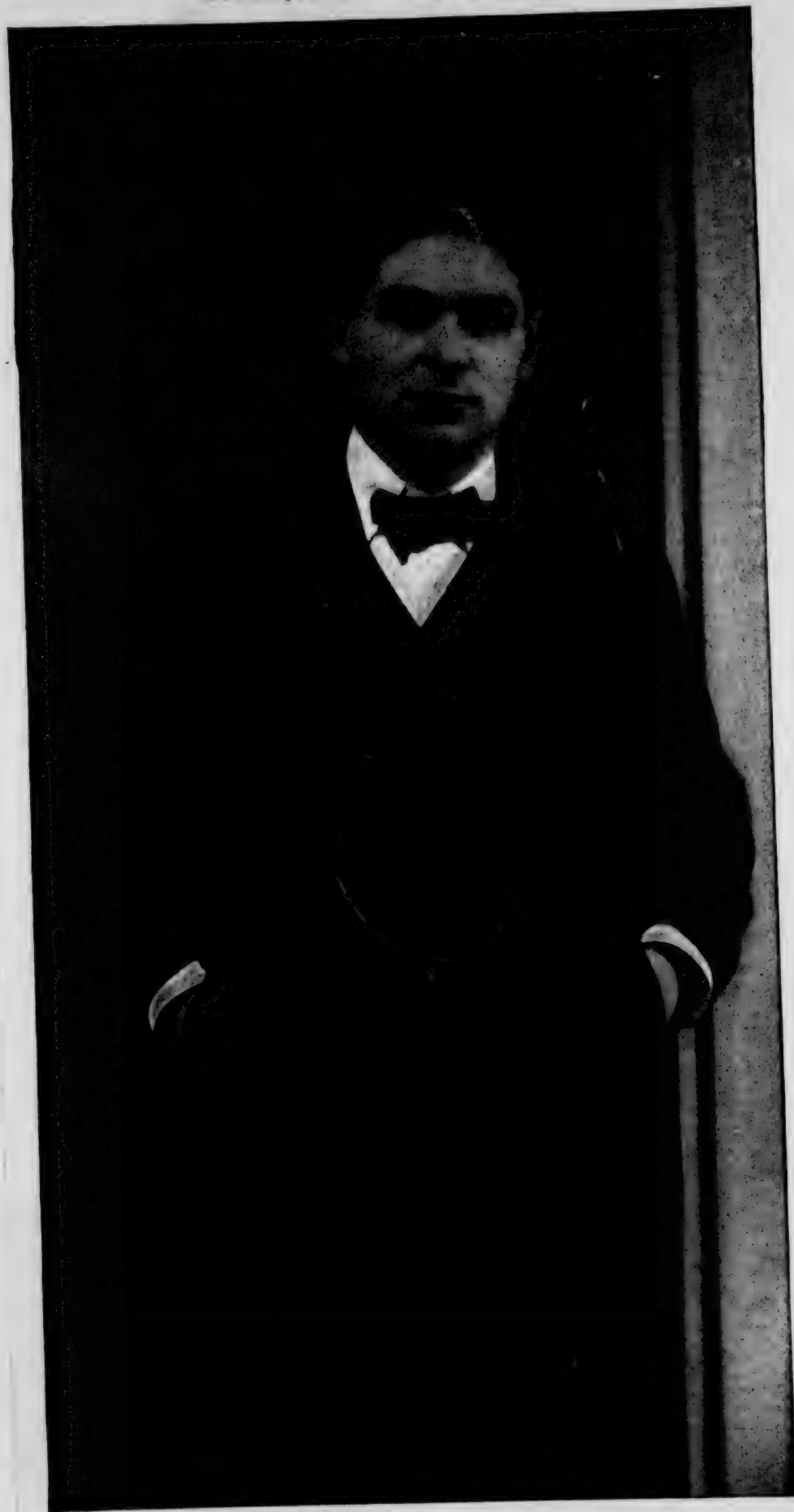
FOR SALE—Two good floor seats for alternate Saturdays, \$30.00 Address E.T.M., Boston Transcript. (A):

### FOR SALE

Two season tickets, SYMPHONY Saturday concerts; on floor front. \$19 EACH. Address P.W.C., Boston Transcript. WF(A): o 14



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**HAROLD BAUER.**



27  
39  
***Symphony Hall.***

SEASON 1903-04.

**BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.**

**Mr. WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.**

**I. CONCERT.**

**SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17, AT 8, P. M.**

**Programme.**

**WEBER,**

**OVERTURE to "Euryanthe."**

**TSCHAIKOWSKY,**

**CONCERTO for PIANOFORTE in B flat minor, No. 1,  
op. 23.**

**I. Andante non troppo e molto maestoso. Allegro con  
spirito.**

**II. Andantino semplice. Allegro vivace assai.**

**III. Allegro con fuoco.**

**BRUNEAU,**

**ENTR'ACTE SYMPHONIQUE, from "Messidor."  
(First time.)**

**BRAHMS,**

**SYMPHONY No. 2, in D major, op. 73.**

**I. Allegro non troppo.**

**II. Adagio non troppo.**

**III. Allegretto grazioso, quasi andantino.**

**IV. Allegro con spirito.**

**Soloist:**

**Mr. HAROLD BAUER.**

**Mason and Hamlin Pianoforte.**



HAROLD BAUER.



*Symphony Hall.*

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Mason and Hamlin Pianoforte.



## SYMPHONY SEASON OPENS.

### The Overture to "Euryanthe," as Usual, Heads the List.

Concerto by Tschalkowsky, Entr'acte by Bruneau and Symphony by Brahms Complete the Programme—Wilhelm Gericke is the Conductor Again This Year.

The programme of the first concert of the 23d season of the Boston Symphony orchestra at Symphony Hall, last evening, Mr. Gericke conductor, was as follows:

Overture, "Euryanthe".....Weber  
Concerto No. 1 in B-flat minor for piano, Tschalkowsky  
Entr'acte, Symphonique from "Messidor," Bruneau  
(First time.)

Symphony No. 2 in D major.....Brahms  
The overture to "Euryanthe," in Europe, as well as in this country, often serves as opening or closing piece at a first symphony concert of a season. Thirty years or more ago, when negro minstrels were fashionable as well as popular entertainers, the opening chorus, or, to speak by the card, the "opening load," was an arrangement of a chorus from "Ernani," and it was entitled "O Hail Us, Ye Free!" Had not this particular chorus been sung, the audience would have been suspicious of the jests, songs, dances and farces that followed. So, too, there was a time when all popular concerts began with the overture to "Zampa" or the overture to "Massaniello" or the overture to "Poet and Peasant." In concerts of a more dignified nature "Euryanthe" is accepted by many as the fitting announcement of the beginning of another season.

There is a reason other than more caprice for this choice. The overture is not without a certain old-fashioned but veritable pomp; it has the spirit of ceremony which the admirers of Weber call "the chivalric spirit." What Mr. Apthorp was fond of naming the characteristic Weberian upward rush—in other words, the flourish peculiar to Weber, his signature, which was his mannerism—contributes no doubt to the general feeling of pleasurable expectation and promotes what Athenaeus held to be one of the chief ends of music—"a gentlemanlike joy."

It would be perhaps an idle task for an ultra-modern to insist that the only music in this overture that appeals to the men and women of the younger generation is that of the short episode which was originally intended to accompany a pantomimic scene on the stage, a scene of old-fashioned romantic melodrama, with tomb, kneeling heroine, gliding ghost, and an eavesdropping, intriguing woman. In these few mysterious measures Weber thought far beyond his period. The ultra-modern might say that the rest of the music is decorative and that the decorations are substantial till they are cumbrous; that the melodies are like unto a cameo-brooch worn by a faded woman who remembers nights of coquetry and

dances long out of fashion; that the few measures of counterpoint show Weber as a plodding amateur. Nevertheless, the conventionally jubilant swing and the impetuous pace make their way in a concert hall even in 1903.

So, too, the choice of a symphony by Brahms was in this instance judicious. The symphony in D is the most genial of the four, the most easily accepted by an audience, for if there are pages of supreme beauty in it, as toward the end of the first movement, so there are pages that are Mendelssohnian in the form and in the rhythm of the easily retained melodic thought. Mendelssohn, a shrewd composer, seldom, if ever, committed the blunder of surprising an audience. As in the theatre, so in the concert hall, an audience does not wish to be left in doubt, and in this symphony, which is in reality a storehouse of truly beautiful things, there is every now and then a passage that is accepted by the hearer as an agreeable commonplace.

The entr'acte from Bruneau's "Messidor" is a prelude to the fourth and last act of that opera, for which Zola wrote the libretto in prose. In the opera house the curtain rises toward the end of the prelude and the final measures are enchainé with the music of the scene. The entr'acte is built on five typical themes, for Bruneau invented themes to typify situations or to serve as symbols. An earnest commentator assures us that there are at least 26 of these themes and they must be mastered for the purpose of prompt identification, or the hearer sits in his seat with as foolish a face as that of Parsifal standing during the communion scene in the castle of the Holy Grail. The themes in the entr'acte typify Spring, Sowing, Water, Love and Toil.

In the opera house these themes may suggest what has gone before, serve as a summing up of preceding action, or awaken thoughts concerning the outcome of the story. In a concert hall this entr'acte sandwiched between a concerto and a symphony can be considered only as absolute music. The themes are merely melodies without esoteric significance. As absolute music, the entr'acte is a pleasing work. The themes are fresh; they are introduced with apparent spontaneity; they are not too laboriously combined; and the orchestration is ingenious and sonorous. Bruneau is a composer concerning whom there is a marked difference of opinion even in Paris. A man of decided convictions, a critic who wrote bravely and honestly, he inevitably made enemies. Let us hope that we shall have an opportunity of hearing more of his music and of judging for ourselves. He has composed a symphonic poem, "The Sleeping Beauty," which will soon be played at Chicago, and excerpts from his latest opera, "L'Ouragan," have been warmly applauded in Parisian concert halls.

Tschalkowsky's first piano concerto has been played many times in Boston since it was introduced here and to the world, by von Buelow in 1875. Last night the pianist was Mr. Harold Bauer, and his performance was a memorable one, memorable for rhythm and passion. Tschalkowsky was an oriental in his love of rhythm and color, in his delight in rhythmic iterations, in drum beats or in haunting phrases that repeated do not weary, but take possession of the hearer and fret his nerves.



till he is mastered by the spell, till he thinks and dreams or would fain act to that compelling rhythm.

It has been said of this great tone-poet of longing, anguish and despair, that he at times is melodically trivial or coarse. His melodies have a direct appeal; pathetic, they stab the heart; but their gayety is not that of the idle dancer. Let the tune be at first ever so sprightly, sadness creeps in, and the sadness is soon poignant in the expression of the melancholy. Tchaikowsky might well have written the dance tunes for the revellers in Poe's wild tale; music that now halted strangely, that shuddered in its measure, knowing the approach of masked Red Death. In this concerto how suddenly the merri-ment of the French dance tune in the second movement is chilled! And how the dance fades away as at command.

Now Mr. Bauer not only appreciated the essential spirit of this concerto, which is too often misunderstood or belittled by being turned into a mere show piece, but by an intellectual force charged with artistic passion, he interpreted the music and revealed Tschalkowsky's soul, a soul that, as we now know from the composer's correspondence, was full of strange contradictions; the soul of a man shy, now distrustful and now confident of his genius—one yearning for affection, yet suspicious and inclined toward misanthropy; a man of the loftiest and noblest aspirations, vexed by grievous mental ailments.

The concerto is to be taken as Victor Hugo took Shakespeare—in bulk. It is enough to say of Mr. Bauer's performance that never before did the work seem so colossal in proportions, so tenderly beautiful, so rhythmically entrancing and irresistible, so demoniacally, and yet so nobly, passionate. The long continued and repeated applause was merely the attempt of the audience to show in a measure its profound appreciation of the concerto and Mr. Bauer's artistic worth.

All in all, a concert of unusual interest. Mr. Gericke was warmly greeted, and he conducted with fervent authority. His reading of the first movement of the familiar symphony was perhaps especially admirable in a concert that even at the very beginning of the season was often worthy of the reputation of the orchestra at its zenith. Mr. Arbos, the concert master; Mr. Ferir, the violin player, and other new members were in their respective seats. Mr. Krasselt, the cellist, will be present at the next concert.

## FIRST SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Twenty-Third Season Opens in Symphony Hall—Harold Bauer Soloist—New Faces in the Orchestra.

With the opening of the 23d year of the Boston symphony orchestra, the local musical season may be said to be fairly under way, and for six months at least the outlook presages great activity in the realms of melody, with many famous artists announced to appear in this city and almost innumerable concerts and recitals, vocal and instrumental, scheduled at the various halls. New quartets, prominent orchestras from other cities and grand opera companies will be in evidence during

the fall and winter, and no lover of music of the higher class will have any reason to complain either of the quality or quantity of the musical surfeit which is promised by the advance heralding.

This season's symphony orchestra shows some changes in membership. The first desk of the first violins is now allotted to Mr. Arbos, the new concert master, and Mr. Adamowski. Back of them are seated Mr. Birmbaum, a new member, and Mr. Roth. Mr. Krasselt, the new first cellist, will appear at the second concert. There is a new viola player, Mr. Ferir, and the second violins have a new leader, Mr. Barleben, formerly of this organization.

One Symphony audience is like another nowadays, and has been for years, and the opening rehearsal and concert were given before the usual large gatherings with the same hearty greetings for Mr. Gericke when he first appeared upon the platform. The program introduced Mr. Harold Bauer as soloist in Tschalkowsky's first concerto, for piano. The orchestral numbers were the "Euryanthe" overture, Weber; entr'acte from "Messidor," Bruneau, for the first time, and Brahms's D major symphony.

Mr. Bauer is very popular in this city, and deservedly so, for his honors have been won by an honest musicianship displayed in the many concerts and recitals in which he has assisted. He is a skilful artist, modest and without affectation; an interpreter who does not exploit the abilities of the performer at the expense of the composer. The Tschalkowsky concerto was played beautifully throughout. The octave chords in the opening theme were given with a grandeur and verve that balanced perfectly with the heavy orchestral background; the peculiar rhythmic dialogue between the solo instrument and the orchestra went as smoothly as one could wish and in the fortissimo finale the piano maintained its proper relations with the orchestral contingents. The daintier second movement was sung with charming effect, the lullaby, of course, showing Mr. Bauer's legato fingering to special advantage. The characteristic Slav melody of the last part was given with delightful abandon and clarity of tone, despite the rapid tempo, and the climax was reached midst applause, for the audience did not wait for the closing measures before beginning its plaudits. Mr. Bauer made many journeys from the retiring room to the stage before his delighted auditors allowed him to finally retire.

The orchestral work was of the usual high standard. The novelty number, Bruneau's entr'acte music, is a pleasing descriptive piece in which the various themes are well contrasted, one movement suggesting the "Pilgrim" chorus from "Tannhauser," and the others showing originality in ideas. The piece is admirably scored, the strings having some charming passage work, and the horns showing up well in the earlier part of the movement. There were no difficulties which the orchestra could not readily meet, and the interpretation was thoroughly commendable.

The familiar "Euryanthe" overture by Weber, with the exquisite pianissimo measures for the strings, which were faultlessly played, and ending with a rousing coda given with excellent effect, open the concerts auspiciously and were cordially received. The Brahms symphony went well, and although to some there are many moments which may be described as uninteresting and vague, the performance lacked nothing in

merit.

This week's program will be as follows: Overture in C. Beethoven; "Waldweben," from "Siegfried," Wagner; Glazounow's fourth symphony, and Mr. E. F. Arbos will appear as violin soloist, playing a Mendelssohn concerto and a Spanish morceau of his own composition.

## MUSIC AND DRAMA

### Symphony Hall: Symphony Orchestra

On Saturday began the present season of symphony concerts, the twenty-third in succession. Mr. Wilhelm Gericke again conducts, and the make-up of the orchestra is much the same as it was last year, barring the withdrawal of the members of the Kneisel Quartet. This was the programme of the opening concert, Mr. Harold Bauer being the soloist:

Weber: Overture to "Euryanthe."

Tchaikovsky: Concerto for Pianoforte in B-flat minor, No. 1, Op. 23.

Bruneau: Entr'acte Symphonique, from "Messidor." (First time.)

Brahms: Symphony No. 2, in D major, Op. 73.

So early in the season, even a mediocre concert must give pleasure, but, in point of fact, this first of the twenty-four orchestral concerts was distinguished alike for a delightful programme and for remarkably brilliant playing. Of greatest interest, perhaps, was the prelude from Bruneau's opera, "Messidor," for of this famous composer's work we have heard here little, if, indeed, anything. For many years now Bruneau has enjoyed a high reputation in Paris. He has written orchestral music, several operas which have been produced at the Opéra or the Opéra Comique—where, to be sure, they have never permanently held the stage; he has written, in a charming style, at least two volumes of thoroughly interesting musical criticism; and, latterly, he has become a conductor at the Opéra Comique. In his published criticisms, Bruneau has been an impassioned defender of the use of prose in opera librettos. Putting his theory into practice, he set a prose text by Zola, with results that pleased some but displeased more. The prelude from "Messidor" played the other night is based on six typical themes, or motives, of the opera. Regarded as absolute music, it is indeed pleasant to hear, melodious, easily and naturally flowing, and beautifully orchestrated.

As for the Brahms symphony, the one composition of this master which all the world, anti-Brahms people included, unite in admiring, it was given a performance not soon to be forgotten. Never before has the poetry of the exquisite pages at the close of the first movement been brought out more sympathetically, nor the tender charm of the andantino, which no less a personage than Mr. Runciman compares to a "wild rose." And it is safe to say that rarely, if ever, here, has the finale gone with such amazing brilliancy. The entire symphony, as well as the accompaniment to the concerto, or, indeed,

the whole concert, was a triumph of splendid orchestral playing.

In his former appearances here with the orchestra Mr. Bauer has always chosen to play a work that was a rare pleasure to hear, but which has given him little opportunity to display his powers as a virtuoso. By way of a change, probably, on Saturday he played a composition of quite a different complexion, the wild and barbaric B-flat minor concerto of Tchaikovsky, with its tremendous first theme that sweeps listeners off their feet at the start, its moments of frantic passion and of poignant sadness. That Mr. Bauer has added to his great reputation can hardly be claimed. That so absolutely adequate a performance, with so many moments of great brilliancy, with such uniformly beautiful tone, with such musical understanding, could make so little impression is an interesting psychological study. Surely Mr. Bauer played this rhapsodical, demoniacal, fantastic work called a concerto far too much as though it were the Beethoven E-flat concerto. Instead of one long glow of emotion, now passionate, suddenly sad, and then, before one realizes it, gay, its gaiety quickly turning to fury, the concerto, as Mr. Bauer had it, consisted of many sharply contrasted episodes, all stopping neatly and cleanly at the end, with a pause before the next. Mr. Bauer has done far greater playing than this.

At the next concert Mr. E. Fernandez Arbos, new concert master, will play. This is the programme: Beethoven, Overture Op. 115; Mendelssohn, concerto for violin; Wagner, "Waldweben," from "Siegfried"; E. F. Arbos, Morceau de Concert for violin and orchestra, "Tango"; Glazounow, Symphony No. 4, in E-flat (first time).

R. R. G.

## LARGEST CROWD OF WEEK AT SYMPHONY SEAT SALE.

Premiums for \$7.50 Places Were Not as High as Last Year—\$3 the Minimum.

The auction sale of seats for the Symphony concerts was continued this morning, with the largest crowd of the week present to bid for the \$7.50 tickets for Saturday evenings. The 917 seats disposed of brought very fair prices, the premiums averaging between \$10 and \$15, not quite so large as last year.

The better choices brought good bids, while some of the poorer seats went as low as \$3 premium. The sale was begun at 10 o'clock, and continued for about three hours, with an almost continual change of onlookers.

Though speculators were present, the greater part of the gathering was made up of persons who bought for their private use. Society bought its tickets earlier in the week, purchasing the \$12 seats through agents, but there were still others of the "set" who attended this morning's sale.



# First Symphony Rehearsal Of Season This Afternoon.

*Handwritten: 16.03*

## Much Curiosity to See the New Concert-Master, Mr. Arbos, and the New Orchestra Players—The First Two Programmes.

The first public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra will take place this afternoon at Symphony Hall at 2:30. The first concert will be on Saturday evening at 8 o'clock. There is natural curiosity to see the new concert-master, Mr. Arbos. Mr. Krasselt, the new first 'cellist, will not join the orchestra until the second concert. Mr. Ferir, the new viola player, who will sit at the same desk with Mr. Max Zach, is a Belgian, who has spent several years in London. The leader of the second violins this season will be Mr. Carl Barleben, who was formerly a member of the orchestra. Mr. Birmbaum, a violinist, plays with the orchestra for the first time. Mr. Gericke has chosen for the first programme these pieces: Overture to "Euryanthe" by Weber; Tschalkowsky's piano concerto in B flat minor No. 1; entr'acte from "Messidor," by Bruneau; and Brahms's symphony No. 2 in D major. The overture and the symphony are familiar. The piano part of the concerto will be played by Mr. Harold Bauer. Bostonians feel a peculiar interest in this work, for it was played here for the first time in any concert hall by Von Buelow, who cabled the news of success to the composer; and,

as the story goes, Tschalkowski borrowed the money to cable back his gratitude. The entr'acte from Bruneau's opera is really a prelude to the fourth and last act, and it is built on "typical themes" used throughout the opera. These are the themes of Spring, Water, Sowing, Toil and Love. The opera itself, when it was produced at the Opera, Paris, excited hot and acrimonious discussion. The libretto, written by Emile Zola, is in prose. Gauthier-Villars said Zola wrote it in prose because he did not have time to versify it, and this was only one of many bitter jests cracked at Zola's expense. Some found symbolism in the story—the struggle between gold and nature. The music was warmly praised and violently condemned. The entr'acte has been played at Parisian concerts.

The programme of the second concert will include Beethoven's overture in C, op. 115, which is seldom played; the Waldweben from "Siegfried," and Glazounoff's symphony No. 4, which will be performed here for the first time. Mr. Arbos will play Mendelssohn's concerto and a Spanish dance of his own composition.

The new string quartet, made up of Messrs. Arbos, Roth, Ferir, Krasselt, is now rehearsing, for Mr. Barth is playing 'cello until Mr. Krasselt will arrive.

### TABLE GOSSIP.

—The first Symphony rehearsal Friday afternoon drew a larger audience than usual at a first performance, and very many patrons came from their seaside and country homes. Every seat was taken, and Mr Gericke received a demonstration of applause as he came upon the stage. Mr Harold Bauer, the soloist, was recalled again and again after his playing of the concerto, and he has lost none of his former prestige. The places formerly filled by Mr Kneisel and Mr Loeffler were taken by Mr Arbos, the new concert master, who will be the soloist at next week's concert, and Mr Timothee Adamowski. A few in the audience were Mrs James H. Beal, Mr and Mrs Francis H. Peabody, Mr and Mrs Converse (Miss Tudor), Mrs Irving Wood, Miss Heloise Hersey, Mrs Curtis Guild Jr, Miss Mollie Johnson, Mrs Albert Nickerson, Mr E. Pierson Beebe, Judge Charles Allen, Mrs Gericke and her little daughter, Mrs Mudgett,

Mrs Arthur H. Sargent, Mrs Hall Curtis, Mrs William P. Fay, Miss Katherine Fay, Miss Margaret Dana, Miss Susie Amory, Mr Wallace Goodrich, Miss Madeline Boardman, Mrs Frederic R. Comee, Mrs George Mann, Mrs Arthur Stanwood, Mr Arthur Foote, Miss Foote, Miss Estelle Kimball, Miss Manning, Mrs Thomas Wales and Mr James P. Stearns. Mrs John L. Gardner was not in her accustomed seat, as she is still in Washington. Mrs Adamowski was looking well in a black cloth costume, with black hat, and wearing a corsage bouquet of violets. Mr Ellis and Mr Comee were both on hand, giving a cordial greeting to many old friends.

**WANTED**—Two tickets for SYMPHONY, FRIDAY AFTERNOON REHEARSALS. Address, stating price and location, M., 517 Exchange Building, Boston. (A):

### SYMPHONY

A few good Saturday evening concert tickets for sale and to rent for each concert. WADSWORTH, 40 State St., Room 53. Tel. 4235-5. (A):

## MUSICAL MATTERS

### THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Weber.....Overture to "Euryanthe"  
Tschalkowsky.....  
Concerto for Pianoforte, No. 1, in B-flat minor, Op. 23.  
Mr. Harold Bauer, pianist.  
Bruneau.....  
Entr'acte Symphonique from "Messidor" (First time.)  
Brahms....Symphony No. 2, in D major, Op. 73

There ought to be no animadversion upon the first symphony concert of any season, for the orchestra have not quite shaken off vacation ease and the critic who has become music-hungry after a four months' fast, would digest, and enjoy, and rhapsodize over a much poorer orchestra and programme than this. "A short retirement urges sweet return," and the homing of our orchestral swallows is always ardently looked forward to.

On Saturday, for the first time in many years, an element of novelty entered into the orchestra itself! A new "concert-meister," and a new violist, were only two of the stranger guests in the band, but these were the most important. We doubt whether there will be any noticeable change in the ensemble, for Mr. Gericke has a habit of making his added material blend, as we have seen some years ago, when changes were far more frequent than they have recently been. Senor Arbos, the new concert-meister, sat at the chief desk, with Adamowski at his side; emphasizing the change in the first violins. Herr Ferir and other newcomers were seen in the ranks, and next Saturday the new leader of the violoncellos, Herr Krasselt, will be in his place. We shall have an opportunity to judge of these men very soon, Senor Arbos being the first to present himself for criticism, in the Mendelssohn concerto (violin), and in one of his own compositions, at the next concert. The good old "Euryanthe" overture, which began the concert, was as effective as ever. Yet it had one point of surprise. The chief theme of this work ends with a resounding crash, in Weber's most theatrical style. We remember the manner in which Berlioz chops off the head of the young lover, in the "Symphonie Fantastique," and the way in which Rubinstein brings down the house in the "Tower of Babel," but we still regard the explosion with which Weber rounds off (or rather blows off) the end of the chief theme in this overture, as one of the remarkable crushes of music. We were greatly astonished, therefore, when Mr. Gericke caused it to roar as gently as a sucking dove!

The next feature in the interesting

game was the playing of the right Bauer. Harold Bauer was certainly the right man in the right place in Tschalkowsky's noble concerto, the concerto that Boston first discovered and appreciated. Often as we have heard the work since its first performance here, in 1875, we doubt if ever it made so strong an impression as upon this occasion. Mr. Bauer is a rival to the great D'Albert in breadth and massive power, and his conception of the concerto was sufficiently individual to give a new interpretation without distortion of any kind. He won a great triumph.

The concerto itself is very long, but not prolix in the slightest degree. It contains enough ideas to fit out the entire modern school of composers with thematic material. Every day we are more impressed with the genius of Tschalkowsky,—a composer who gives originality without eccentricity, who is modern without being full of vagaries! His chief fault is a lack of symmetry and logical sequence; there is a certain roughness in his work, but this gives a barbaric splendor that in itself has a sort of attraction. And this is the man whom the Russians accused of being too German! Had he but possessed a little more of the Teutonic power of detail he would have been one of the greatest tone-masters.

A novelty in the first concert! A bit of the French music of the present, which somewhat resembles the extreme music of the future. We are glad of this earnest of a progressive spirit in the matter of programme make-up. If Bostonians only knew what Theodore Thomas has given the citizens of Chicago in the recent years (sometimes against their will!) they would feel that the sceptre of catholicism in music does not belong to Boston.

Bruneau's Entr'acte was, however, badly placed. Coming after the great concerto it scarcely had a fighting chance. Heard, let us say, after either a Mozart symphony or a D'Indy jumble, it would charm by its thematic work on the one hand and its comparative clearness on the other. It is an earnest work, and sincerity is worth something in these days of musical affectation. It has some broad climaxes which are effective enough. We should hear Bruneau again soon, and in some of his larger works. The Brahms symphony, which closed the programme, made a peculiar effect after an hour of modern passion. It fully demonstrated the sure touch of the master of figure treatment, but it also emphasized the phlegmatic character of the German composer. Tschalkowsky has left it on record that he held Brahms to be decidedly inferior to himself in composition, and this was but natural,



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 for the two are opposites in almost every particular. If Brahms had more of Tschalkowsky, if Tschalkowsky had more of Brahms, in his make-up, then we should have a musical ideal. The two men seem to supplement each other. The Scherzo was, as ever, the gem of the symphony, a calmly beautiful movement with something of the tranquillity of the Bach Christmas Oratorio in its

measures. The finale was brilliantly performed, and the two last movements were the best given, and the most interesting of the symphony. The more the pity that the concert was so long that there was a decided exodus before these movements were played. Only the faithful Brahmsites stayed to the end.  
 Louis C. Elson.



[Photo by Notman.]

SENOR FERNANDEZ ARBOS,

First Violin and Concert Master of Boston Symphony Orchestra.

35  
 47  
*Symphony Hall.*

SEASON 1903-04.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Mr. WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.

II. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

BEETHOVEN,	OVERTURE in C major, op. 115.
MENDELSSOHN,	CONCERTO for VIOLIN in E minor, op. 64.
WAGNER,	"WALDWEBEN," from "Siegfried."
E. F. ARBOS,	"Tango." MORCEAU DE CONCERT op. 6, No. 3. (First performance.)
GLAZOUNOFF,	SYMPHONY No. 4, in E flat, op. 48. I. Andante. Allegro moderato. II. Scherzo: Allegro vivace. III. Andante. Allegro moderato (First time.)

Soloist:

Mr. E. FERNANDEZ ARBOS.



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# THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Overture in C major, op. 115.....Beethoven  
Concerto for violin in E minor, op. 64.....Mendelssohn  
.....Mr. Arbos, violinist.  
"Waldweben," from "Siegfried".....Wagner  
"Tango," Morceau de Concert op. 6, No. 3  
(First performance).....E. F. Arbos  
.....Mr. Arbos, violinist.  
Symphony No. 4, in E flat, op. 48.....Glazounoff

A programme full of interest and of novelty. But it began rather tamely. Beethoven's C major overture may have been a picture of a festivity in the early years of the 19th century, but it by no means thrills the modern pulses. It received a sedate and conservative reading, as befitted its Sir Charles Grandison style.

Why Mr. Arbos should have chosen Mendelssohn's violin concerto as his visiting card is difficult to understand. There are many violinists who can play this work well, and it is not a revelation of high musicianship to achieve a flawless interpretation of it. Even the Bruch G minor concerto would have given as much of technique and revealed more of individuality and of expression. When Mr. Kneisel, 18 years ago (less one week) presented his credentials, he played Beethoven's great concerto,—a crucial test.

Mr. Arbos played the Mendelssohn work very finely, if a trifle nervous in the first movement. The interpretation of the slow movement was very delicate and refined. Of course the intonation was always perfect and there was no blurring, although the finale was taken at a break-neck speed. The cadenza of the first allegro, oddly placed by the composer in the middle of the movement, was also perfect. Much applause followed the performance and Mr. Arbos was recalled three times. Yet the work was not a convincing one to the reviewer and the points of technique, even, were not of sufficiently exacting character whereby to judge a virtuoso.

These, however, came later in a composition by Mr. Arbos himself. In the Tango Mr. Arbos' foot was upon his native heath (if there are any heaths in Spain) and he displayed a most brilliant virtuosity. The work itself was but a popular trifle, with variations of a theme in an easily-grasped manner, but the tricks of execution which garnished it made it piquant enough. There were harmonics galore, and double stopping; pizzicato effects and combinations of pizzicato and arco (bow); skips, runs, chords and G string display. In short, Mr. Arbos in this composition showed that he is a virtuoso of high rank. He reminded one of Sarasate in this school of execution.

The gem of the programme was Wagner's "Waldweben". One can enjoy

this fully as well in Symphony Hall as in Boston Theatre. On the operatic stage one has several adjuncts that draw the mind away from the glorious music. There is a bird that will not fly, a dragon with a face like an apothecary shop-window on a dark night, Siegfried piping on a reed which often speaks in the orchestra a few seconds after he blows, and a canvass forest that does not help the mental picture in any degree. Here we are spared these handicaps and have besides, an orchestra such as one does not hear in American Wagner performances in any opera house. The interpretation was altogether beautiful, the manifold voices of the strings being well-balanced and the intricate score being made as clear as it ever can be.

Glazounoff's fourth symphony has a fault that leans very far over to Virtue's side. It is too melodic! It opens with two chords, in the style of Beethoven's Heroic symphony, but this preamble leads to a Russian pastorelle rather than to anything sterner. The chief theme is lyrical and gentle, after the manner of a subordinate theme, and, as a consequence, the themes of the first movement lack contrast. The development is rather confused, but exposition and recapitulation are very sweet and so clear that the movement ought to become popular at once.

The Scherzo is a melodic gem, and here the tuneful character can only be regarded as a merit. There are carollings and pipings in great profusion and even a drone bass adds to the pastoral character. The composer displays a great affection for the woodwind (all the Russians seem masters of this department of the orchestra) and he gives a chord accompaniment of wind instruments that is novel and effective. There is a strongly rhythmic undertone that saves the movement from becoming too effeminate. The trio is, however, as saccharine as a Mendelssohn Song without Words, and the muted strings carry on a most tuneful theme.

In the finale the composer uses a slow introduction (he omits a slow movement, altogether) and then plunges into the most complicated counterpoint, as if to make up for the prettiness of the first two movements. There is more than a suggestion of Tschalkowsky in this movement, and a waltz-like theme accentuates the resemblance, for Tschalkowsky and Berlioz are the only two great composers who have used the waltz in a symphony. There was some beautiful oboe playing in this finale, but the horns were not as secure as usual.

The symphony is short, melodious, popular, and should not be shelved. It

would be well to hear it again, if only to prove that there are a few composers who still write music.

## Symphony Hall: Symphony Orchestra

The second symphony concert, held Saturday evening in Symphony Hall, was made interesting by the first appearance in Boston of the new concert-master, Mr. Arbos, and, in lesser degree, by the first hearing of a new symphony by Glazounoff. This was the programme:

Beethoven: Overture in C major, op. 115.  
Mendelssohn: Concerto for Violin in E minor, op. 64.  
Wagner: "Waldweben," from "Siegfried."  
E. F. Arbos: "Tango," Morceau de Concert, op. 6, No. 3.  
(First performance.)  
Glazounoff: Symphony No. 4, in E flat, op. 48.  
(First time.)

All the world, naturally, was agog to hear Mr. Arbos play. It is unfortunate, therefore, that the new violinist should have appeared for the first time here on an evening when inspiration and enthusiasm were, for the most part, conspicuously lacking. The Beethoven overture in C major, very correctly played, aroused feelings only of wonder that Beethoven, in his later years, should have written so dry and academical a work; also that any conductor, in this year of 1903, should choose to produce it.

It was after this depressing introduction that Mr. Arbos played. Evidently a musician of solid worth and an accomplished violinist, he showed throughout the Mendelssohn concerto an agitation and a disquiet that plainly bespoke painful nervousness. He was more at his ease in his own pretty trifle, the set of Spanish dances called "Tango," but still it would be discourteous to Mr. Arbos to opine that on Saturday he was at his best. One point, however, is from many signs clear: the nervousness that to some extent marred his solo performance in no wise affects Mr. Arbos' manifest ability as concert-master.

Between the two solo pieces came the "Waldweben" from "Siegfried," rather dryly and prosaically played till the end, when the entire orchestra swept up to a magnificent climax.

The main offering of the concert was the first performance in Boston of a symphony, No. 4, by Glazounoff. Although this composer is but thirty-eight or nine years old, he has found time, in the intervals of teaching instrumentation and of conducting symphony concerts, to write seven symphonies, several symphonic poems, long ballets, and other orchestral works. Whatever else may be thought of this symphony No. 4, in E-flat, it by no means savors of labor and of frantic search after ideas, for it is absolutely spontaneous and glows with life. There are only three movements, the necessary contrast, however, being furnished by slow introductions to the first and third movements. While the symphony was constantly a pleasure to hear, from the Oriental richness and the sparkling brilliancy of its orchestration, and the piquancy and the variety of its rhythms, once heard it leaves little impression beyond that of a charming fantasia, in which pretty themes (the first,

by the way, sounding as though the composer had borrowed it from Dvorak, after the doctor's researches in America) appear, are tossed about in varying forms, and then disappear. Of the three movements, the gay scherzo, really delightful, seems strongest, although the finale works up to a high point of brilliancy. On the whole, it is the gorgeous raiment rather than the body of the symphony that makes its hearing so well worth while. It is indeed on quite a different level from the first movement of the composer's sixth symphony, played here a few seasons ago. The performance was admirable.

This week Mme. Johanna Gadske purposes singing with the orchestra. This will be the programme: Goldmark, Overture to "Sakuntala"; Mozart, Aria, "Il Re Pastore"; D'Indy, "La Fort Enchantée," Legende-Symphonie (d'après une Ballade de Uhland); Massenet, Aria from "The Cid"; Schumann, Symphony in D Minor, No. 4. R. R. G.

## SYMPHONY CONCERTS.

The second symphony program introduced the new concert master, Mr E. Fernandez-Arbos, for the first time in this country as a soloist. His selections were Mendelssohn's E minor concerto for violin and the Arbos concert piece, "Tango," a kind of Spanish dance. The other program numbers were Beethoven's C major overture, the forest music from Wagner's "Siegfried" and Glazounoff's fourth symphony, the latter piece and the "Tango" by Mr Arbos being new at these concerts. The debut of Mr Arbos as soloist made the concert of special interest, for he challenged comparison with other violinists heard in the city by playing the familiar Mendelssohn concerto, a graceful, brilliant and sentimental work, in which the solo instrument is so prominent that any lack of skill in the performer is readily detected.

At the outset Mr Arbos showed that a quiet elegance and daintiness of tone marked his execution, and if this tone was not very broad it was, nevertheless, of a resonant quality and pure. All the themes in the first part of the concerto were beautifully delivered, the cadenzas and trills were exquisitely given and accomplished with seeming ease, and the arpeggios were handled with the skill of a master. In the second part the breaks in the melodies were played very smoothly, soloist and orchestra being in perfect accord, and the dashing finale, though a bit lacking in vigor, was a splendid example of rapidity in chord fingering and complicated bowing. In execution Mr Arbos left nothing to be desired, for all the work of the left hand was distinguished by a clarity of tone and deftness of fingers that made his performance highly enjoyable and satisfied his auditors that the new artist was admirably equipped for his labors with the great orchestra.

His own composition, "Tango," a florid, sprightly bit of dance music, was played with an abandon, verve and technical skill that were delightful. At the close of each number Mr Arbos was greeted with immense applause and recalled innumerable times to the platform.

The Glazounoff symphony has but few of the so-called Russian characteristics, dissonant phrases and cross harmonies, and although the heavier instruments are vigorously employed at times the



score is generally free from the harshness usually found in the longer works of the Slav composers of the present day. Many of the themes are given alternately to different instruments in brief solos or duets, suggesting rather too much of repetition, specially in the first movement; but the orchestration is as clever as it is complicated, and the instrumental combinations are very effective and usually harmonious. One peculiar arrangement for the instruments makes the violins play a theme in the upper register, while the basses and brasses furnish a robust staccato background. The third part is rather chaotic in tempo and musical matter, until the key is attained, then the close becomes a rushing finale. The orchestra played the score commendably as a whole, if one may judge from a single hearing of the work. The clarinets and flutes in their figurations were in unison, the horns heard to advantage in their more robust phrases and the heav-

ier instruments intoned the rapid passages smoothly. The symphony is hardly one that will please the general ear, though the admirable performance by the orchestra entitled it to respectful consideration, which it received.

The majestic opening in the Beethoven overture was given with the proper ceremonious treatment and the joyous finale went with splendid swing and dash. In the wonderful forest music from "Siegfried" the orchestra played with its usual spirit and nicety in shades of expression, the familiar excerpt being received with great favor.

This week's program will have Mme Galski as soloist. She will sing an aria from Mozart's "Il Re Pastore" and an excerpt from Massenet's opera, "The Cid." The other selections will be the overture from Goldmark's "Sakuntala"; "The Enchanted Forest," a symphonic poem by D'Indy, and Schumann's fourth symphony.

# ARBOS SOLOIST AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

At the second Symphony concert last evening, Conductor Gericke presented the following programme:

Beethoven.....Overture in C major, Op. 115  
Mendelssohn.....Concerto for violin, Op. 64  
Wagner....."Waldweben," from "Siegfried"  
Arbos....."Tango," concert piece, Op. 6, No. 3  
Glazounoff.....Symphony No. 4

Fernandez Arbos was the soloist. The feature of the orchestral number was the symphony of Glazounoff in E flat, Op. 48, which was heard for the first time in this city.

The work is of only moderate length, in three movements, more or less subdivided, and is brilliantly scored, like most of the latter-day Russian compositions.

The performance was a very fine one, and the symphony is certainly worth another hearing in the near future.

Beethoven's overture in C major, which began the programme, has not been heard at these concerts for many years.

The "Waldweben" from Wagner's "Siegfried" was superbly played and made the usual delightful impression.

The soloist was the new cornet master, Fernandez Arbos, who made his first appearance last evening. His interpretation of the familiar Mendelssohn concerto was without affectation, clean cut and at times most brilliant.

The finale has been given her by some other artists with more virtuosity and brilliancy than was the case last evening, but as a whole the performance was highly artistic and worthy of much commendation.

The programme of the third rehearsal and concert will include Goldmark's popular "Sakuntala" overture, Schumann's fourth symphony, and a symphonic legend, "The Enchanted Forest," by

D'Indy. Mme. Galski will sing numbers by Mozart and Massenet.

## ARBOS ESTABLISHED IN HIGH POSITION

*Journalist* — *Editor*  
Solo Performance at Symphony Concert Splendid One.

## "TANGO" HEARD FIRST TIME

Artist's Own Composition Proves Diverting and Full of Abandon in Expression.

Mr. Arbos, by his solo performances at the second symphony, placed himself at once in the caste of true and high artist. In spite of all the ardor, chivalry, passion and abandon of the Spanish nature, there is always in it a fundamental element of gravity. One feels that the mendicant is somehow akin to the hidalgo and wears his torn cap and rags as he might carry a plumed hat and cloak, and even when

Don Quixote most moves our laughter or our pity, we recognize regardfully his inherent dignity.

Mr. Arbos lacked neither poetry, vitality nor warmth in the Mendelssohn concerto, of which his playing was elegant, wholesome, symmetrical and well-colored; but still, if one were to characterize it briefly, it would be to consider it as rather reflective and restful in its general temper.

There was none of the half pathetic languor of Camilla Urso, nor yet of that most intemperate rush and outcry of De Seve. The opening allegro glowed with the lambent light of a happy content that might well range with the pleasing, bland melancholy of Jacques, which indeed it might have served to illustrate, while the finale rejoiced lightsomely with a spirit of such fairy frolic, as breathes life into so many of the "Midsummer Night's Dream" scenes, only intensified and enforced by a man's energy and activity. It was a rendering that appealed alike to intellect, fancy and taste and contented all.

## "Tango" for First Time.

Mr. Arbos' own "Tango" concert dance now heard in public for the first time was diverting and animating, but seemed rather a ballable to dance with than by, marking rather say spirits than regular steps and figures. Being of a light and lively nature, rising to eager and active exhilaration as it proceeds toward its climax, it gave more opportunity for virtuosity in technique and abandon in expression. But while that virtuosity was ample, easy and affluent, it was always as the means to an end, and not displayed for itself alone, and behind the abandon there was always a light sense of reserve to qualify and dignify it.

The definite impression derived then from the hearing of his two numbers confirmed Mr. Arbos as an artist whose mastery of his instrument is complete in strength and fulness—for his tone is large and rich—as well as in facility of execution, variety of color and finesse of detail, whose mind is clear, whose judgment sound, and whose sentiment is honest, delicate and persuasive. A single debut only serves to fix a few gauge-points, however, and one must wait for the advance of the season to draw all the outline and fill the whole body of his disposition, ability and artistry, from which much good will be expected.

## Beethoven Overture.

The Beethoven overture, broad, stately and strong at first, and then nobly gay and festive, began the evening well, and the ever-delightful pictorial poetry of Weber's "Waldweben" made a refreshing interlude.

The Glazounoff fourth symphony, new to Boston, shows in its idealism and in the limning thereof in orchestral colors that known sympathy of its author for the romantic, the legendary and the mysterious, and hinted at the predilection which he still preserves for the ballet—the real ballet, with its continuous story, its definite personages, its truthful, pantomimic action and its constant blending of the poetry of motion with that of sound. It has but three movements, and in their subdivisions the andante seems to be both the favorite and the prevailing tempo.

The tones are sometimes languorously sentimental, or again dreamy and lulling; but they are always romantic and winning. The scherzo of the second

movement, which leaves the quieter tonality of the first movement, centering closely about the grave tranquillity of E flat, and passes at once into the vigorous vitality of E flat, is full of hearty happiness told in phrases that ring and roll as with merry cordial laughter. It thus brings a strong contrast, but is not too antipathetic in sentiment or shape.

## Suave Amatory Theme.

The last movement opens with a suave amatory theme, but as the treatment enlarges with episodes for trumpets and strong wood winds, and assertive though not vehement contrapuntal elaboration, it becomes emphatic and almost declamatory. The instrumentation becomes richer and more diversified, and the variety of thematic treatment is more insisted upon. It justifies the composer's place as eminent among Russian professors of orchestration; but it is neither pedantic, tedious nor heavy, although scholarly, authoritative and forcible.

The orchestra did excellently by the work, which made so favorable an impression that the mass of the audience would evidently enjoy a repetition while it is still bright in mind.

The next program does not offer novelties, but it holds out the pleasing promise of arias from Mozart and Massenet, to be sung by Mme. Galski.



THE second Symphony rehearsal Friday afternoon was a crush, for there was a strong desire to hear Mr. Arbos, the new concert master upon his first appearance as a soloist. He was warmly applauded both upon his entrance and after his playing. One could not help noting the strong resemblance of the young violinist to Mr. Gericke, a sort of younger brother indeed. He has the same coloring and figure and wears his beard similarly. It had at first sight really an odd effect, as if Mr. Gericke of 1892 was leading the violins and Mr. Gericke of 1903 the orchestra. Mr. Arbos made a wonderfully good impression, and his modesty was not the least of his charm.

Some of those at the rehearsal were Mrs. Boylston Beal and her sister, Mrs. S. Van Rensselaer Crosby, Mrs. John Fairchild, who was with Mrs. Montgomery Sears, Miss Susan Thayer, Mrs. George C. Lee, Jr., Mrs. Frederick R. Sears, Mrs. Bryce Allan, Mrs. Preston West and her daughter Mrs. Oliver Ames, Mr. and Mrs. Albert F. Bigelow, Mrs. DeFord Bigelow, Mrs. Dudley Fay and Miss Alice Fay, Mrs. T. Adamowski, who had Mr. Forbes Robertson and Miss Gertrude Elliott with her; Mrs. Neal Rantoul, Mrs. Matthew Luce, Mrs. William P. Fay, Mr. and Mrs. Eben Jordan, Miss Barbara Higginson, Miss Minna Lyman, with Miss Mea Bowditch, Miss



Edith Stackpole, Mrs. Charles Head and Miss Margaret Head, Miss May Kenney, Mrs. John Lowell, Sr., Miss Mabel Warren, Miss Rosamond Peabody, Miss Abby Manning and her niece, Miss Margaret Manning; Miss Rachel Brooks, Miss Susan Amory, Miss Estelle Kimball, Miss Elizabeth Devens, Miss Dorothy Forbes, Miss Rosamond Saltonstall, Miss Katherine Foote, Mrs. C. W. Barron and her daughter, Miss Jane Waldron; Mrs. John E. Hudson, Mrs. F. L. Emerson and Mrs. George Cushing and her sister, Miss Alice Littleton.

Miss Gertrude Elliott (Mrs. Robertson) attracted much admiring attention. She wore a simple but effective costume of dark-tinted cloth, brightened with red, and a large picture hat. Mrs. Gardner has changed her rehearsal places which she has always had heretofore in the front row of the right balcony to the back seats against the wall, as she says the lights are less trying there. Mme. Gadski will be the soloist this week.

**CTOBER 23, 1903.**

## MUSICAL BOSTON TO HEAR A NEW MASTER

Debut of Mr. Arbos Slated to Take  
Place This Week.

### PROGRAM IS ATTRACTIVE

Includes a Mendelssohn Concerto,  
Beethoven Overture and  
Original Piece.

A personal and artistic interest attaches to the Symphony program of this week, because it provides for the Boston debut of Mr. Arbos, the new concert-master. For his serious and classical selection he will play the Mendelssohn concerto, an undying favorite with virtuosi and their audiences. First presented in London in 1845, it has been heard wherever high violin music is known, and there is scarcely a player of any consequence who has it not in his standard repertory, so that to cite all who have used it in Boston would

be virtually to catalogue all the violinists who have figured in concerts here. It gives joy in the hearing and it is so familiar as to furnish a better gauge of an artist than almost any other.

It is all genial, elegant, fanciful and lively. Mendelssohn is at his best and happiest in it, and its beauties and graces of form were probably enhanced by the technical skill of David, who was so long in the Gervandhaus orchestra, and was often consulted while the concerto was a-making. The movements will be remembered as three—an impassioned allegro, an andante, and a vivacious allegro. The construction is such as to offer chance for sentimentality, dash, gayety or ebullient spirits at the fancy of the player, and excuse can be found for some excess in any one of these directions. It will be easy to argue from Mr. Arbos' reading whether conservatism or temperament is likely to predominate in his work here. Besides the concerto he will play a morceau of his own writing, a tango or tanago. Mr. Arbos explains that there is a dance bearing the same name, which he thinks to be of Cuban origin. It is an outdoor dance, for fiestas or festal occasions, and it is still in vogue. His music is meant to be appropriate and illustrative.

A not very familiar Beethoven overture, the opus 115, will begin the program. This was under the composer's hand for two years, being devised as part of an intended setting for Schiller's "Hymn to Joy," which was finally absorbed into the ninth symphony. It was appropriated, however, in 1814 for a celebration of the Emperor's name-day, and so called "Namenfeier." It has a stately, marchlike opening, and passes soon into a lively and good-humor 6-8 form, which continues to the end.

The grateful, lulling, "Waldweben," from Wagner's "Siegfried," will be given, and there will be for a novelty Glazounoff's fourth symphony, being that in E flat which he introduced to London in 1889 at a Philharmonic concert.

## ARBOS' DEBUT AS A SOLOIST

New Symphony Concert-  
Master I sto Make His First  
Appearance in America  
in This Role Today.

## PROF. J. K. PAINE ON MUSIC'S FUTURE.

### Harvard Man Spoke at the Dedication of Wagner Monument, Predicting a World-Wide Art.

Mr. E. Fernandez Arbos, the new concert-master of the Boston Symphony orchestra, will make his first appearance as a soloist in this country this afternoon at the second public rehearsal and tomorrow evening at the second concert. He will play Mendelssohn's familiar concerto and a piece of his own composition. Few wandering virtuosos have played the concerto at Symphony concerts, but it has been played by Messrs. De Seve, Nowell, Loeffler, Kneisel and Miss Leonora Jackson.

Mr. Arbos' own composition, entitled "Tango," is one of a set of three pieces for violin and orchestra, composed this year at London. "Tango" is dedicated to Sarasate, and it will be played this afternoon for the first time. The title is the name of a dance, still popular in Spain in the street and in hall and theatre. Mr. Arbos is inclined to think that both name and dance are of West Indian origin, and the tango is still danced in Cuba.

The orchestral pieces on the Symphony programme of this week are an overture in C major, op. 115, by Beethoven; the "Waldweben," from "Siegfried," and Glazounoff's symphony No. 4 in E flat major. The overture is seldom heard either in this country or in Europe. It was written, as some say, for the "Name day" celebration of the Emperor Joseph II., but others scout the idea and insist that it had its origin in sketches for the finale of the ninth symphony. The body of the overture is developed from a theme that is almost insignificant. Glazounoff's symphony was composed in 1893. It is in three movements, without a separate slow movement, but the first movement and the finale are introduced by an andante. The music is not ferociously Russian in its character. The symphony is played here for the first time. It will include an early work by Vincent d'Indy, a symphonic poem, entitled "The Enchanted Forest." It is at least 25 years old, but some of our novelties come late. Mme. Gadski will sing an air from Massenet's "Cid" and an air from Mozart's "Il Re Pastore." The other orchestral numbers will be the overture to "Gakuntala" and Schumann's Symphony No. 4 in D minor. The orchestra will leave the following Sunday for its first trip to Philadelphia, Baltimore and New York.

The first of the Kneisel concerts in Potter Hall will be on next Tuesday

evening. The programme will include Schubert's posthumous quartet, the one with the variations on the "Death and the Maiden" theme; a piano trio by Smetana (Mr. Gebhard, pianist); and a new quartet by Kopyloff. Alexander Kopyloff is counted a member of the younger Russian school, although he is in his 50th year. He has written a symphony in C minor and a scherzo for orchestra, two string quartets, fugues and other pieces for piano, choruses and songs. The quartet is said to be exceedingly interesting on account of its beauty and strength. It is by no means revolutionary, and there is no straining after grand effects. The Kneisel quartet has just made an engagement to play in Paris on March 15 of next year. Mr. Arbos is busy preparing the programmes for the concerts of his quartet in Jordan Hall. The programme of the first concert will be Beethoven's quartet in F minor and Tschalkowsky's piano trio, with Mr. Harold Bauer as pianist. Mr. Arbos will play excerpts from Bach's suite in E major for violin alone. The programmes will be composed of both ancient and modern works, and Cesar Franck, Faure, d'Indy and the Russians will be represented, as well as Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, Schubert and Schumann.

Prof. John K. Paine of Harvard University spoke at the banquet on the night of the dedication of the Wagner monument at Berlin. He closed as follows: "We all realize that most of the forms of modern music have been developed to the highest point by the great masters of Germany from Bach to Wagner. Through their supremacy the strict national limits of musical style have been greatly modified. It is no longer a question of purely German, Italian, French, Slavonic or Anglo-Saxon music, but cosmopolitan music. No doubt certain national characteristics will continue to exist, but I believe, in the future, composers will be distinguished more by their individuality of style than by nationality or what is called local color. It is with this strong conviction that I enthusiastically propose the toast 'The Future of International Music.'"

Mr. Harold Bauer's first recital in Steinert Hall will be on the afternoon of Wednesday, Nov. 4, when he will play Brahms' variations on a theme by Handel; Schumann's Sonata in F sharp minor, and pieces by Chopin (among them the Tarantelle), Schubert and Saint-Saens.

### SECOND SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Glazounoff's Fourth Symphony  
a Novelty for Boston.

Mr. Arbos, the Concert Master,  
Makes His First Appearance as  
a Violinist, Playing "Tango"  
One of His Own Compositions—A  
Glance Backward. P. Hall

The programme of the second concert of the Symphony orchestra, Mr. Gericke conductor, given last evening in Symphony Hall, was as follows:



Concerto for violin... Mendelssohn  
"Waldweben," from "Siegfried".... Wagner  
"Tango," concert piece for violin.... Arbos  
(First performance.)  
Symphony No. 4, in E-flat major.... Glazounoff  
(First time.)

Beethoven's overture, which is seldom played, was composed, some say, for the "name-day" of the Emperor Francis II. As Beethoven was a violent republican in his political views, he could hardly have approached the task save in a perfunctory spirit. Others say that the overture was the result of sketches which found fuller and nobler expression in the finale of the ninth symphony. Whether the work was "occasional" or one intended for all time, it is merely a piece in the complete works of Beethoven, and few true amateurs of music or books sigh for the complete works of any largely productive composer or author. To roll the eyes and to stammer in praise over each page signed by Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Wagner, Tschalkowsky is rank fetishism. Homer did more than nod occasionally; he slept profoundly.

It is a good thing to hear now and then an inferior work by a great man, for the hearer is reminded that even the great man was mortal. Played last night with the utmost care, the overture seemed hopelessly antiquated and boring.

Glazounoff's symphony No. 4, composed in 1893, and performed in several cities of Germany, as well as of Russia, was played for the first time in Boston. The composer is now in his 39th year, and his life as a teacher and conductor has been a busy one of late, yet he has written seven symphonies, symphonic poems of large dimensions, many other orchestral pieces, ballets for the opera house, and he has found time to orchestrate the works of friends and colleagues. He studied under Rimsky-Korsakoff, who has his pedantic as well as his romantic side, and he thereby gained, no doubt, a great technical facility. When he wishes to indulge in contrapuntal hours he does not write as one experimenting. He also has an appreciation of glowing colors; his instrumentation is rich and of brilliance that at times dazzles. This modern Russian instrumentation, by the way, is founded on that of Berlioz and of Liszt. The facility which Glazounoff displays, the fertility of the man, have worked him injury, for many of his compositions are of only superficial brilliance, and his sentiment, too, often is parlor sentimentalism; sentimentalism which, designed for the concert hall, nevertheless smells of the hot and perfumed air of the parlor and exhales the sighs of easily palpitating women.

But this symphony in E flat is much more interesting than some of the music of Glazounoff that has been made known to us. It is not so striking a work as the sixth symphony, but how high it towers above the "Raymonda" suite and the "Solemn" overture in spontaneity, originality and imagination. The symphony is in three movements. The first begins with an introduction in the minor, and the chief theme is of an exotic nature, of oriental suggestion. The themes of the main body of this movement are not of especial distinction, but they are expressive and they are well clothed. Episodes of contrasting character are as a succession of finely colored tone pictures, which are seen only for a

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## NY CONCERTS.

New York 1903

EVENING, NOVEMBER 5.  
..... Weber  
..... Mendelssohn  
..... Wagner  
..... Brahms

## AFTERNOON, NOVEM-

..... Goldmark  
..... Weber  
..... (d'après une Ballade  
..... D'Indy  
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..... Schubert  
..... Schubert  
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But this symphony in E-flat is much more interesting than some of the music of Glazounoff that has been made known to us. It is not so striking a work as the sixth symphony, but how high it towers above the "Raymonda" suite and the "Solemn" overture in spontaneity, originality and imagination. The symphony is in three movements. The first begins with an introduction in the minor, and the chief theme is of an exotic nature, of oriental suggestion. The themes of the main body of this movement are not of especial distinction, but they are expressive and they are well clothed. Episodes of contrasting character are as a succession of finely colored tone pictures, which are seen only for a

moment, and leave a pleasant, but somewhat vague recollection, so that the hearer would fain hear each again. The second movement is a brilliant and fascinating scherzo; it is alive with gaiety, and the expression is refined, whereas the themes themselves might easily fall into the commonplace were it not for the piquancy of rhythm and harmonies, and the singular charm of the instrumentation. There is no slow movement. The finale begins, however, with an andante. The finale allegro shows the technical skill of the composer. At a first hearing the movement seemed episodic, and one might fairly wish for a less interrupted flow of musical thought. The themes are for the most part insignificant, but they are elaborated with more than ordinary skill.

With the exception of a few themes, the music of this symphony is not characteristically Russian; it is more the work of a latter-day and thoroughly equipped German, who has given his days and nights to Schumann, and who has studied instrumentation with Rimsky-Korsakoff. There is, it is true, the oriental delight in marked rhythm and gorgeous color, but the musical thought and the harmonic expression are of western lands. There is little or no depth to the music; there is no elemental emotion, no fierce, barbaric passion, no strange fancies are awakened, and no wild, sensuous or gloomy mood is firmly established; but the music often charms, and the workmanship commands respect. The symphony, which was read with due appreciation and played as a virtuoso piece, was well worth producing.

The familiar "Waldweben" gave much pleasure.

There was natural curiosity to hear Mr. Arbos. It was in 1885 (Oct. 31) that Mr. Kneisel played for the first time as a soloist at these concerts. His engagement as first concertmaster had provoked much comment, and the newspapers had published letters of indignant protest; for Mr. Listemann had then many friends who were grieved because he had been removed from the position. Mr. Gericke had brought with him young players from Vienna, and the invasion was considered by the more sensitive as a deliberate attack on American institutions. There were appeals to the patriotic spirit of every Bostonian, nor was any attention paid to the fact that Mr. Listemann was born at Schlotheim, that, as concertmaster, he had breathed the enervating air of a foreign court, and that he himself was an importation. Nevertheless, Mr. Kneisel played the Beethoven concerto, and he was not torn to pieces on the stage, nor was he the next day sawn asunder on the Common; on the contrary, if the contemporaneous newspaper may be believed, he was applauded most enthusiastically. Nor did the orchestra sink into obscurity, as some wisely predicted. Mr. Arbos was not made the subject of such attacks. He was welcomed heartily on his arrival, and again last night when he stepped forward to play. Thus should it ever be.

It may be said of Mr. Arbos that he displayed an agreeable tone and that he played as a rule with taste and true feeling. In the first movement of the concerto he was inclined toward undue haste, and the performance was somewhat nervous. This nervousness was natural and to be expected, and it may

well account for certain performance. Mr. Arbos, other movements with great control, and he often reveals an accomplished violinist himself, admirably made a work to call forth the strain of a great artist. The

sandpapered, and the part of a Sir Charles Grandison of ladies. The music raised to its highest point Arbos played it as a sentiment, not as a sentimental thoughtless virtuoso. He applauded after the concert his own "Tango," which set of variations on a signal dance tune with in postlude. This piece of piquancy, but it is one of the Promenade than to a concert, for its intrinsic value.

Mme. Lisa Delh

There were more than 200 guests distinction in art and letters, the home of one of our most structures was brilliant with the

Mr. Walker was worse box than the  
Mrs. Mary W. Ketc

Among those present were Dr. Mr. and Mrs. Marvin Dana, Nye, Dr. and Mrs. Theodore

ding and Miss Redding, Mrs. ter, Mrs. B. Simonson, Mrs. K. Miss Kate Percy Douglas, Jo

Mrs. Sydney Rosenfeld, the Waldweben, from Siegfried. Chaffin, Mrs. George Olcott, Theodore Conolly and Miss Co

lane, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Sa Mrs. Earle, Miss Woodward, Simonson, Miss Mary McCull

Black, Stephen Hewlett, Dr. a Mrs. Frederick Goodwin, Miss Hewlett, Professor and Madam

Madame Jeannin, Miss Ada Pat Hauser, Mr. Rudra, Mr. and M

the Misses Spencer, Mr. and M West, Mrs. Stephen C. Hunter

Mrs. J. Albert Hawkins, the Mis Mrs. Belleville, Miss Ruby Rees Mrs. Archie Robinson, Mrs. Hen

of these men have graduated and are no longer academicians, but are demonstrators of authority. Mr. Gericke is an amiable time beater. It will be observed that Mr. Hale, who is suffering from the fact that he is writing for a daily paper, which, like all dailies, cannot afford to be independent, cannot afford to print the truth. Mr. Hale, as will be seen by the following, does not enter upon any criticism of Mr. Gericke's conducting. It will be observed by students of these phenomena that the daily music critic can always freely criticise the absent composer and the transient guest, but the local musician, the local musical institution, with their permanent pull, cannot be treated unfavorably by the critic, because the owners of the daily papers, being the slaves of their public opinion, cannot afford to have the truth printed in their columns. They are in a

## BOSTON SYMPHONY CONCERTS.

FIRST CONCERT, THURSDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 5.  
Overture to Euryanthe.....Weber  
Concerto in E minor, for violin, op. 64.....Mendelssohn  
Waldweben, from Siegfried.....Wagner  
Symphony No. 2, in D major, op. 73.....Brahms

SECOND CONCERT, SATURDAY AFTERNOON, NOVEMBER 7.  
Overture, Sakuntala.....Goldmark  
Recitative and aria from Der Freischütz.....Weber  
La Forêt Enchantée, Légende-Symphonie (d'après une Ballade d'Uhland .....D'Indy  
(First time in New York.)

Songs—  
Gretchen am Spinnrade.....Schubert  
Erlkönig .....Schubert  
Symphony No. 4, in E-flat, op. 48.....Glazounoff  
(First time in America.)

These annual New York concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra have in time come to be regarded as among the most important musical events of our metropolitan season. It has long been customary to class this splendid organization with the best orchestras in the world, and it is a custom which seems justified in almost every respect. A large and representative following attends the concerts here of the men from Boston, and on Thursday and Saturday of last week Carnegie Hall saw all the old familiar faces and a goodly sprinkling of new. The attendance must have cheered both the players and the manager.

There is at this late day no special reason for going very deeply or analytically into the playing of the Boston



56  
Symphony Orchestra. This body was long ago letter perfect in everything that pertains to orchestral routine, and there was no cause to suppose from the playing at the concerts last week that the leader has lessened his vigilance or the orchestra its earnestness. We have heard the Boston Symphony in nearly all the classical works, and we have many times bestowed on them the large measure of praise and the small share of adverse criticism their work warrants. It remains but to say that the widely advertised changes in the personnel of the body were without any audible effect on its playing. There were the same suavity, the same elegance, the same even balance of tone, that have always distinguished the Boston Orchestra from our local organizations. The first violins played with more elasticity and with better bowing under the new concertmaster, but that is a question of temperament rather than of musicianship. The first 'cellist had little opportunity to display any individual prowess, but his tone was sympathetic, even if small.

The Weber, Wagner and Brahms numbers of the first concert need only general comment. Mr. Gericke's merits and demerits are familiar to all readers of THE MUSICAL COURIER and they are familiar, too, to the persons who year in and year out have heard Mr. Gericke's readings of the standard score. It seems superfluous therefore to state that the Weber number was done *con amore*, that the "Waldweben," though a technical delight, lacked freedom and warmth, and that the Brahms Symphony was austere and correct. It is not the Hamburg master's greatest creation, by the way.

The soloist of the Thursday concert, E. Fernandez-Arbos, made a favorable impression on the whole, though following so closely on the heels of Thibaud it was inevitable that the Spaniard should suffer by comparison. Such violin playing as Thibaud's is not heard often in a decade, and it was certainly not heard in the performance of Mr. Arbos. It is not quite just to pass a final opinion at this moment on his solo playing. Mr. Arbos was plainly so nervous that he could not do himself justice. His intonation was lamentable and his phrasing unnatural for such a good musician as we know him to be. His tone wavered and wanted in warmth. His left hand is speedy, but erratic. However, as was remarked before, this criticism must be taken with reservations, and it is to be hoped that it may be revised when Mr. Arbos plays in New York again, later in the season.

At the Saturday matinee Mr. Gericke read the Goldmark Overture without spilling any surplus passion. He got color from the score, but it was not the purple and gold of Goldmark. It was rather the gray of Gericke. It is this lack of temperament which prevents the Boston leader from ranking with the great ones of his craft, and makes of him an artisan where other men are artists. It is this lack of temperament, too, which prevented Mr. Gericke

from getting an engagement in Europe after he left Boston some years ago and went to try his luck abroad.

D'Indy's symphonic legend was analyzed in these columns on the occasion of its first Berlin production by Richard Strauss. THE MUSICAL COURIER then called the work well made, melodious, and pretty. It is all that now, but nothing more. The story of the enchanted forest and the sleeping hero is old in literature and in music. D'Indy has found no new formula of expression, but he has traveled in the worn grooves with grace and distinction.

Glazounoff is not a Russian of the untamed bear variety. His paw is shod in velvet and he dances to every tune but the Tartar. His name is Calmuck but his music is French. The delicacy and discretion of the orchestration suggest Saint-Saëns, and the treatment of the brass and strings in combination more than once recall memories of Massenet. Glazounoff has enough learning to mix all this limpid sweetness with a sufficiency of counterpoint, and the result is not only pleasant but also interesting. One is grateful for a relief from the usual symphonic hubbub. The first movement shows the most sustained effort, but the scherzo caught the fancy of the listeners. It was played with marvelous finish and daintiness, and the first violins, under Arbos, covered themselves with glory. The Glazounoff work is in three movements, a slow introduction to the third part taking the place of the customary *andante*.

*Mus. Courier*  
Tribune.—\* \* \* Arbos' performance was woefully impure in intonation.

*Mus. Courier*  
Sun.—\* \* \* His intonation was almost invariably correct.

IS not this a pretty thing to set before the New York musical public? These two excerpts were culled from the Tribune and the Sun the morning after Arbos' first appearance here with the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

#### A PROBLEM

#### FOR THE PUBLIC.

Now, did Arbos play with pure or impure intonation? The public would like to know, and we would like to know, and it seems not at all improbable that Mr. Arbos himself would like to know. Who is right, the music reporter of the Tribune, or the music reporter of the Sun? Which of these two men is tone deaf, consequently unmusical, consequently incompetent as a music reporter, and consequently guilty of spreading information which on the face of it is false, and perhaps even libelous? One of these two men must in the nature of the evidence adduced be wrong. Which

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the case of "Parsifal" 57  
civilization do with us

Those who are of attitude of egotism. opportunity to go by w Then why do the pap Manchuria? It is the Russia from securing Manchuria—when we obvious intention. So tion. England annex north coast of Africa ment with other Powe ply took it. The Unit Philippines—paid cash notwithstanding their 1775; but we hold on the European countri China. Why should Panama while it is gr

## "Parsifal"

hearing, which had been adjourned November 6, was again adjourned November 13. It is probable that further delay next Friday has been amply demonstrated by arguments on both sides another week before the judgment. The meantime Tammany has facetiously called "the" when we take into consideration the Evening Post in the "



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IS not this a pretty thing for the New York musical public? It is culled from the Tribune, and is the result of an investigation after Arbos' first appearance in the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

#### A PROBLEM FOR THE PUBLIC.

we would like to know, and it is probable that Mr. Arbos does not know. Who is right, the Tribune, or the music reporter? One of these two men is tone-deaf, and consequently incapable of making a correct report, and consequently incapable of giving information which on the face of it is perhaps even libelous? One of the nature of the evidence

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57  
one is it? If a thing is plain blue, it is not red, nor is it green, unless the eye of the onlooker be color blind. If a violin performance is in tune it cannot be out of tune, and vice versa, unless the listener be tone deaf. Is the music reporter of the Sun tone deaf, or has the sense of pitch been denied his colleague on the Tribune? Here is a profound puzzle for the student of such matters, and we shrink from expressing any hasty opinion.

It is certain that one of these men is wrong, and the other is right, although we are by no means convinced that the man who is right is not wrong, and the man who is wrong is not right. This is a puzzle in itself, mayhap, but these music reporters are very puzzling creatures. The puzzle is how a tone deaf man could ever have acquired a position where he is allowed such a reckless use of adverbs and adjectives on musical subjects? A candidate for an active position with a railroad company is at once rejected if he is found to be color blind. This is a duty which the railroad company owes the public. Similarly, should a newspaper not discharge a music reporter who is found to be tone deaf? That is a duty to the musical public which pays money for its newspaper and should not be imposed upon. A man who cannot hear properly is a bad music reporter, for he is compelled to guess at things and thus frequently is put in the position of bearing false witness in print against an innocent artist.

If one of these men is not even able to determine pitch—the fundamental basis of all music—how then dare he have the hardihood to flounder about in discussions of musical æsthetical questions, and to presume to dictate to composers how they shall compose, and to players how they shall play? What iota of value have the collected writings of such a man when he is unable to tell whether a violinist plays in or out of tune—a feat that we have actually seen musical babies perform correctly!

The parallel at the head of this article has been made mentally by nearly every musician in town this week. It caused so much mirth that the reporter of the Sun felt himself called upon to make the following explanation in his Sunday column:

There was almost as great a difference of opinion expressed about E. Fernandez-Arbos, the new concertmaster



of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Some persons declared that his intonation was excellent, and others that it was painfully bad. Now this question of intonation is very uncertain. What one man hears in one part of an auditorium is not always that which another man hears in a different part. Acoustics play weird tricks on hearers. Sometimes at the opera people in different parts of the house cannot agree at all as to the quality and power of certain voices.

The truth is that tone colors are affected by varying conditions of acoustics and there has never been any question that pitch is very susceptible to them. Carnegie Hall rejoices in the possession of notoriously bad acoustics. The writer of this department heard Mr. Arbos play sadly out of tune in certain passages of the Mendelssohn Concerto, but in others he heard the gentleman play with absolutely perfect intonation. Mr. Arbos was so painfully nervous that the writer thought this must be the cause of the numerous slips, while he judged that extended passages which he played in accurate tune represented the normal performance of the artist. Is it possible that he was in his normal state when he played out of tune and that he was overcome temporarily by nervousness when he played in tune?

It is hardly necessary to dissect this limping twaddle at great length. Acoustics have nothing to do with the question of intonation. In some halls a tone may sound large when it is small or small when it is large, but it could under no conceivable circumstances sound false when it is pure, or pure when it is false. We must express surprise that the Sun reporter's acoustic phenomena, if true, have never been discovered before by the thousands of persons who have been listening to concerts at Carnegie Hall for many years.

"What one man hears in one part of an auditorium is not always that which another man hears in a different part." Quite true. But if a man be tone deaf it would make no difference whatever, for no matter where he might sit he would always hear the same thing—nothing. Several persons of our acquaintance sat on the left side of Carnegie Hall, three rows behind the Sun reporter, and they heard Mr. Arbos play out of tune almost incessantly. So it would appear that persons sitting in the same part of the auditorium do not necessarily hear the same thing.

Here is another parallel wherein the Sun music reporter contradicts himself:

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## GADSKI TO SING AT THE SYMPHONY

The solo singer at the third public rehearsal of the Symphony orchestra this afternoon and at the concert tomorrow night will be Mme. Johanna Gadske. It will be her second appearance at these concerts. Her first was on Oct. 29, 1898, when she sang in German "Ocean, Thou Mighty Monster!" from "Oberon," and Elisabeth's Greeting from "Tannhaeuser." She will not sing today the arias announced, viz.: One from Mozart's "Il Re Pastore," which Melba sang some years ago, and "Pleurez, Mes. Yeux," from Massenet's "Cid," which Emma Eames sang here at a Symphony concert in 1893. After Mme. Gadske's arrival in New York Wednesday she spent some time in weighing the comparative advantages of this aria and that one, and yesterday she finally decided to sing Agathe's familiar recitative and aria from "Der Freischuetz," and two songs by Schubert: "Gretchen at the Spinning Wheel" and "The Erlking."

Mme. Gadske, born at Auklam in Pomerania, June 15, 1872, studied at Stettin and made her first operatic appearance at Kroll's, Berlin, in May, 1891, as Pamina in the "Magic Flute." In 1894 she became a member of the Bremen opera company. Her first appearance in Boston was as Elsa, April 2, 1895, when she was a member of the Damrosch German opera company. She married in 1892 Mr. Hans Tauscher, who was then an army officer.

The orchestral pieces will be Goldmark's well known "Sakuntala" overture, Vincent d'Indy's "The Enchanted Forest" and Schumann's romantic symphony in D minor, which was a favorite with Mr. Nikisch. D'Indy's "Enchanted Forest," op. 8, will be performed in Boston for the first time, yet it is an early work of this talented and fastidious composer. It was written in 1878 and it was played for the first time at a "Concert Populaire," conducted by Paderloup at Paris March 24 of that year. The music, a legendary ballad for orchestra, is in illustration of Uhland's ballad, "Harald," which he wrote for a drama, "Tamlan und Jane." The drama, founded on an old Scotch ballad—it is in many collections, as in Scott's "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border"—was never completed; the poem was published in 1813. Harald and his knights ride through the forest. The knights are pelted with roses by elves; they are wooed and caressed, then dragged from their horses, and borne away to Fairyland. Harald's armor of steel protects him from the blandishments and wiles of the elves, but, lonely, he wanders and at last drinks of a spring and falls asleep. He is still sleeping, and around him, as he sits, gray-haired and gray-bearded, the elves by moonlight circle slowly

about him; but when the storm roars, he stirs uneasily and reaches for his sword.

D'Indy wrote this music when, a pupil of Cesar Franck, he was a warm admirer of the German romantic school. He made pilgrimages to Weimar, Bayreuth, and even to Vienna, where he hoped to see Brahms, and not finding him he tracked him to his lair at Tutzling, where Brahms was anything but amiable. The Ballade has been played in Chicago by Mr. Thomas' orchestra.

The chief events of next week are the first production here in English of Verdi's opera, "Othello," by Mr. Savage's company; the first piano recital of Mr. Harold Bauer; and the first appearance in Boston of Mr. Jacques Thibaud, the eminent, though young, French violinist, whose marked abilities are recognized throughout Europe. Mr. Thibaud will make his first appearance in this country today at New York and at Mr. Wetzler's orchestral concert. A his afternoon recital a week from Saturday at Jordan Hall—there will be no Symphony concerts next week—Mr. Thibaud will play with Mr. Andre Benoit Cesar Franck's sonata for violin and piano, and solo pieces by Bach, Chopin-Wilhemj, Saint-Saens, Vieuxtemps, Marsick, Guiraud and Wieniawski.

Mr. Bauer will play at his recital next Wednesday afternoon, at Steinert Hall. Brahms' variations on a theme by Handel; Schumann's sonata in F sharp minor; Chopin's polonaise in E flat minor, etude in C sharp minor, nocturne in F sharp minor and Tarantelle; Schubert's impromptu in A flat, and Saint-Saens' etude in the form of a waltz.

The soloist at the Symphony concerts a fortnight from today and tomorrow will be Miss Adele aus der Ohe, who will play a piano concerto by H. H. Huss of New York. There are few distinguished virtuosos who are willing to play a wholly unfamiliar work, especially when it is by an American. Teresa Carreno has played MacDowell's second concerto in Europe as well as in this country, but the virtuoso as a rule prefers to do with a sure applause-winner. And after all, even a virtuoso may in certain respects be human.

Felix Mottl was safely landed in New York on Wednesday. He is to be general musical director and supervisor at the Metropolitan Opera House; but when a reporter ventured to ask him how he felt about the production of "Parsifal" and whether he considered the music-drama greater than "The Ring" or "Tristan," Mr. Conried asked Mr. Mottl not to answer, lest, by injudicious remarks, he might injure the feelings of both Cosima Wagner and the manager and, incidentally, hurt the business. Mr. Mottl will prepare the production of "Parsifal" at rehearsals but he will hand over the stick to Mr. Hertz on the eventful day. This is nice conduct. Let us hope that Mr. Hertz has a retentive memory. Perhaps Cosima may yet be persuaded to come over to sit in a stockholder's box, so that she may confirm her suspicions. She would not be the least important feature of the show. We saw her at Bayreuth in 1882, the first year of "Parsifal." She and her husband and Liszt and the miscellaneous children and grandchildren were all together, and even in such company she seemed a dominating person, with a nose full of determination, a nose to threaten and command.



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## BOSTON ROMANCE.

[From Harper's Weekly.]

It was during the intermission. The men from Boston, otherwise the Boston Symphony orchestra, had just played the "Waldweben" from Wagner's "Siegfried"—that magic idyl of woodland life—and some one was complaining of the lack of poetic truth in the interpretation, which was inelastic, metronomic, icily regular. These, surely, it was observed, were not Siegfried's woods!

"Oh, no," was the illuminating response; "these were Boston woods." It was an admirable criticism. Those were, essentially, Boston woods; and, by the same token, Mr. Gericke's emotion is Boston emotion; his impulses, his method of approach, are characteristic. To praise his orchestra—that orchestra whose virtuosity has become almost vulgarly traditional—is merely to indulge in the unexhilarating pastime of acknowledging the obvious. But perfection has its disadvantages. Do we not too complacently welcome the splendor and purity of tone, the flawless technical accomplishment, of this unique band, ignoring the vital shortcomings which are palpable, under the present direction, in its performances? If our memory serves, it is Mr. Finck who has frankly declared his preference for an inspired pianist and an indifferent piano over a perfect instrument and a poor performer. Not to make too harsh an application of the parable, one may say that the Boston Symphony orchestra is the perfect instrument, and Mr. Gericke, its conductor, the—well, let us say, unsatisfying performer. For color and movement, for passion, for romantic suggestion, you are offered the metronome and the stop watch.

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not more difficult. The question still faces us:  
Which of these two men, the Sun reporter or the  
Tribune reporter, is tone deaf?

## GADSKI TO SING AT THE SYMPHONY

The solo singer at the third public rehearsal of the Symphony orchestra this afternoon and at the concert tomorrow night will be Mme. Johanna Gadske. It will be her second appearance at these concerts. Her first was on Oct. 29, 1898, when she sang in German "Ocean, Thou Mighty Monster!" from "Oberon," and Elisabeth's Greeting from "Tannhaeuser." She will not sing today the arias announced, viz.: One from Mozart's "Il Re Pastore," which Melba sang some years ago, and "Pleurez, Mes, Yeux," from Massenet's "Cid," which Emma Eames sang here at a Symphony concert in 1893. After Mme. Gadske's arrival in New York Wednesday she spent some time in weighing the comparative advantages of this aria and that one, and yesterday she finally decided to sing Agathe's familiar recitative and aria from "Der Freischuetz," and two songs by Schubert: "Gretchen at the Spinning Wheel" and "The Erlking."

Mme. Gadske, born at Auklam in Pomerania, June 15, 1872, studied at Stettin and made her first operatic appearance at Kroll's, Berlin, in May, 1891, as Pamina in the "Magic Flute." In 1894 she became a member of the Bremen opera company. Her first appearance in Boston was as Elsa, April 2, 1895, when she was a member of the Damrosch German opera company. She married in 1892 Mr. Hans Tauscher, who was then an army officer.

The orchestral pieces will be Goldmark's well known "Sakuntala" overture, Vincent d'Indy's "The Enchanted Forest" and Schumann's romantic symphony in D minor, which was a favorite with Mr. Nikisch. D'Indy's "Enchanted Forest," op. 8, will be performed in Boston for the first time, yet it is an early work of this talented and fastidious composer. It was written in 1878 and it was played for the first time at a "Concert Populaire," conducted by Pasdeloup at Paris March 24 of that year. The music, a legendary ballad for orchestra, is in illustration of Uhland's ballad, "Harald," which he wrote for a drama, "Tamlin and Jane." The drama, founded on an old Scotch ballad—it is in many collections, as in Scott's "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border"—was never completed; the poem was published in 1813. Harald and his knights ride through the forest. The knights are pelted with roses by elves; they are wooed and caressed, then dragged from their horses, and borne away to Fairyland. Harald's armor of steel protects him from the blandishments and wiles of the elves, but, lonely, he wanders and at last drinks of a spring and falls asleep. He is still sleeping, and around him, as he sits, gray-haired and gray-bearded, the elves by moonlight circle slowly

about him; but when the storm roars, he stirs uneasily and reaches for his sword.

D'Indy wrote this music when, a pupil of Cesar Franck, he was a warm admirer of the German romantic school. He made pilgrimages to Weimar, Bayreuth, and even to Vienna, where he hoped to see Brahms, and not finding him he tracked him to his lair at Tutzing, where Brahms was anything but amiable. The Ballade has been played in Chicago by Mr. Thomas' orchestra.

The chief events of next week are the first production here in English of Verdi's opera, "Othello," by Mr. Savage's company; the first piano recital of Mr. Harold Bauer; and the first appearance in Boston of Mr. Jacques Thibaud, the eminent, though young, French violinist, whose marked abilities are recognized throughout Europe. Mr. Thibaud will make his first appearance in this country today at New York and at Mr. Wetzler's orchestral concert. A his afternoon recital a week from Saturday at Jordan Hall—there will be no Symphony concerts next week—Mr. Thibaud will play with Mr. Andre Benoit Cesar Franck's sonata for violin and piano, and solo pieces by Bach, Chopin-Wilhemj. Saint-Saens, Vieuxtemps, Marsick, Guiraud and Wieniawski.

Mr. Bauer will play at his recital next Wednesday afternoon, at Stelmert Hall, Brahms' variations on a theme by Handel; Schumann's sonata in F sharp minor; Chopin's polonaise in E flat minor, etude in C sharp minor, nocturne in F sharp minor and Tarantelle; Schubert's impromptu in A flat, and Saint-Saens' etude in the form of a waltz.

The soloist at the Symphony concerts a fortnight from today and tomorrow will be Miss Adele aus der Ohe, who will play a piano concerto by H. H. Huss of New York. There are few distinguished virtuosos who are willing to play a wholly unfamiliar work, especially when it is by an American. Teresa Carreno has played MacDowell's second concerto in Europe as well as in this country, but the virtuoso as a rule prefers to do with a sure applause-winner. And after all, even a virtuoso may in certain respects be human.

Felix Mottl was safely landed in New York on Wednesday. He is to be general musical director and supervisor at the Metropolitan Opera House; but, when a reporter ventured to ask him how he felt about the production of "Parsifal" and whether he considered the music-drama greater than "The Ring" or "Tristan," Mr. Corried asked Mr. Mottl not to answer, lest, by injudicious remarks, he might injure the feelings of both Cosima Wagner and the manager and, incidentally, hurt the business. Mr. Mottl will prepare the production of "Parsifal" at rehearsals but he will hand over the stick to Mr. Hertz on the eventful day. This is nice conduct. Let us hope that Mr. Hertz has a retentive memory. Perhaps Cosima may yet be persuaded to come over to sit in a stockholder's box, so that she may confirm her suspicions. She would not be the least important feature of the show. We saw her at Bayreuth in 1882, the first year of "Parsifal." She and her husband and Liszt and the miscellaneous children and grandchildren were all together, and even in such company she seemed a dominating person, with a nose full of determination, a nose to threaten and command.





JOHANNA GADSKI AS "SIEGLINDE."

*Symphony Hall.*

SEASON 1903-04.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Mr. WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.

III. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

- |           |  |
|-----------|--|
| GOLDMARK, | OVERTURE, to "Sakuntala," in F major, op. 13.  |
| WEBER,    | ARIA from "Freischuetz,"   |
| D'INDY,   | "La Forêt Enchantée," LEGENDE-SYMPHONIE<br>(d'après une Ballade de Uhland,) op. 8.<br>(First time.)  |
| SCHUBERT, | a) "GRETCHEN AM SPINNRAD."<br>b) ERLKONIG.   |
| SCHUMANN, | SYMPHONY in D minor, No. 4, op. 120.<br>I. Ziemlich langsam. Lebhaft.<br>II. Romanze : ziemlich langsam.<br>III. Scherzo : lebhaft. Trio.<br>IV. Langsam. Lebhaft. |

Soloist:

Mme. JOHANNA GADSKI.

There will be no Public Rehearsal and Concert next week.



# TONE POEM GIVEN BY SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

D'Indy's Illustration of Uhland's Fairy Ballad Is Novelty Produced With Acceptance at Third Concert of Season, and Madame Galski Sings.

That odd little story of Edward Everett Hale's, "How Mr. Fry Would Have Preached It," would come to mind while Mr. Gericke's men were playing the novelty of last night's concert. How would Richard Strauss have treated that Upland ballad, "The Enchanted Wood," of which Vincent d'Indy's illustration was then on hearing? Yet there was no fault to find with this musical poem. D'Indy has surely as romantic a strain in him as Strauss, though he cannot be so strong or heroic, and he has a deeper founded of love for old fantasies and for the picturesque, the wild and the enchanting in nature. And one thought again, how might the two men possibly have collaborated, as the Flemish painters did when one put the figures into another's landscape or Rachel Ruysch surrounded with her matchless flowers a head limned by a great portraitist. How if D'Indy has made the music for the murmuring forest, the gurgling streams, the amorous fairy fascinations and that enchanted sleep whose peace was only broken by dreams of war, while Strauss had depicted the march of the bold knights, their songs of battle, and their contest with temptations?

Yet D'Indy's poem was delightful, beautiful and persuasive. Such a simple story! The forest rustles in the band's hushed, wood winds and shimmering violins, while the muted horns hint of the distant approach of the bold Harald and his men. "Louder and louder the war horns ring," the hoof beats hurry and rattle, and the troop is already drawing by, when lighter figures and instrumentation come alluringly with sweeter songs and the touch of

harp. The elven maidens surround the knights with beauty and blandishment; the martial thoughts and sounds melt away, and with a recurrence of the braver moods Harald rides on alone. His momentary outburst of new courage and determination dies down, and again the orchestra's softer voices suggest the tranquillizing influence of the fairy spring and his sinking into the endless slumber with the bands of elves ringing him about.

## Gracious to the Ear.

It was delicate music, crossed occasionally by larger strains, and while it asked no serious consideration or academic analysis, it was gracious to the ear, suggestive to the fancy and commendable for accomplishing just what it set out to do. From the very beginning it less implied vigor, self-assertion and resistance than languor, dalliance, charm and compliance. One had little need to read the ballad to feel that music was full of spells, present and to come.

The orchestra played the poem in the right spirit, as they also did the "Sakuntala" overture, in which the strings and the middle wood wind were notably rich and accordant. The symphony, Schumann's fourth, that in D minor, was also well handled according to Schumann's work for a connected rendering, only a momentary and half involuntary suspension at the end of the first movement making any check in its progress. The lovely romance gave a brief chance for observing in the entrance of its theme the full and satisfying tone of the new first cello.

## Mme. Galski.

It is not wise for artists who have to come hither over seas to make their appearance follow too closely upon their debarkation. Mme. Galski, who had wavered as to her choice of numbers, finally settled down upon Agatha's scene from "Der Freischütz" and two Schubert songs, "Margaret at Her Spinning" and "The Erl King." Her singing was, as always, correct and sincere, but it lacked in ease and elegance. Both Margaret and Agatha are but young women, "as yet unsifted in the perilous matters of life; their passions are poignant, but not narrow. But Mme. Galski's weight of emphasis made them appear elder and more experienced than they were, and the executive passages in the Weber scene had more honest effort than elasticity. The "Erl King" was something too hard and declamatory in its narrative stanzas, and the last two words were—as is too often the case—assertive, rather than thrilling; but the goblin's lines were beautifully true. Mme. Galski was most cordially received, but she won less than her usual and anticipated applause after her numbers.

This being the orchestra's absent week there will be no rehearsal and concert until Nov. 13 and 14, when Miss Ausder Ohe will play.

## MUSIC AND DRAMA

### Symphony Hall: Symphony Orchestra

The third symphony concert, like the second, was a somewhat depressing occasion, although the programme, on paper, with Mme. Galski as soloist, looked unusually attractive. This, by the way, was the musical feast offered:

Goldmark: Overture to "Sakuntala," F major, op. 13.

Weber: Recitative and Aria from "Der Freischütz."

D'Indy: "La Foret Enchantée," Legende-Symphonie (d'après une Ballade de Uhland), op. 8. (First time.)

Schubert:

a. "Gretchen am Spinnrade."

b. "Erlkönig."

Schumann: Symphony in D minor, No. 4, op. 120.

In the past few years we have been growing tolerably familiar with the genius of Vincent d'Indy—the genius of a man singularly endowed with musical and poetic gifts. The inheritor of an ample fortune, d'Indy was possessed by an enthusiasm for music that led him to employ his opportunities for work as diligently as though his very life depended on the outcome of his labors. After studying the organ for two years at the conservatory with César Franck, he became a private pupil of the master in composition, later going to Weimar for the benefit of Liszt's influence. Wishing to become thoroughly familiar with the inner workings of the orchestra, for some time he was second drummer under Colonne, in the Chatelet orchestra.

"La Foret Enchantée," Legende Symphonie, after a ballad by Uhland, is an early work of d'Indy's, being written in 1878, when the composer was twenty-six years old; it was brought out the same year at a "Concert Populaire," under Pasdeloup. The verses relate the experiences of one Harald, riding with his warriors, of a moon-lit night, through a wild, mysterious forest. Elves "come down from the clouds and start from the torrent's foam," enticing, by their harmonious tones and voluptuous kisses, all the followers away to Elfland. Harald, left alone, drinks from a spring—a magical spring—whose waters send him into a deep sleep from which he has never awakened. To this day he rests on a black rock close by the bubbling waters, where the elves, every moonlight night, flit silently about him.

The d'Indy of later years, inspired by this romantic subject, would surely have enriched the musical literature of the world by a tone poem of surpassing loveliness, in which listeners might feel the darkness of the night, relieved only by the pale light of the moon; the strange sense of mystery that always broods over a forest; the shimmer of leaves in the moonlight; the majestic motion of clouds from which elves float down to earth; the plashing of waters; the seductive charm of the elves, that so irresistibly overpowered the frail warriors; the stern strength of Harald;

the sense of deep repose as he sleeps on the rock, forever and ever. No composer of music, living or dead, can, more sympathetically and delicately, yet unmistakably, suggest the moods of nature, with her clouds and sky, wind, rain, than Vincent d'Indy; witness his wonderful symphony on a mountain air and his fantasia for oboe and piano. In this legend, however, there is little suggestion of nature or of the supernatural. The work, indeed, is so little imaginative and poetical that it seems as though d'Indy had paid but slight attention to his text, preferring to write "absolute" music. Considering the legend, then, as absolute music, it is not easy to find in it much that is lofty and great, or even strikingly melodious. Barring many fascinating flashes of color in the orchestration, the close of the poem alone leaves a vivid impression of beauty. As an early work by a composer of extraordinary talent, "La Foret Enchantée" was, none the less, highly interesting to hear. Its performance, too, was beautiful and sympathetic.

The exquisite Schumann symphony, unfortunately, went heavily and rigidly, all its poetry, from lack of well-felt rhythm, turning to prose. The playing of the "Sakuntala" overture was far better.

Mme. Galski disappointed many people by her change of programme, singing Agathe's aria, "Leise, leise," from "Der Freischütz," and two Schubert songs instead of an air from "Il RePastore" and "Pleuriez mes yeux," from "Le Cid." Mme. Galski's final selections were exceedingly ill-judged, for this aria "Leise, leise," is all but impossible to sing properly, requiring a soprano with a great dramatic voice that has been trained to bel canto. In the Schubert songs, which are quite out of place on a symphony concert programme, Mme. Galski was still less successful.

This week there will be no symphony concert. Miss aus der Ohe will play the week after, this being the programme: "Eine Feste Burg," overture, Raff; concerto for pianoforte, Huss; "Vysehrad" (No. 1 of the Cyclus, "My Country"), symphonic poem, Smetana; symphony No. 2, Beethoven. R. R. G.

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## THIRD SYMPHONY CONCERT.

### First Performance of D'Indy's "Enchanted Forest" Here.

**An Imaginative Work with Original Harmonic Thought and Exquisite Invention—Mme. Gadski Sings Aria from "Der Freischuetz."**

The programme of the third Symphony concert, given last evening in Symphony Hall, Mr. Gericke, conductor, was as follows:

Overture to "Sakuntala".....Goldmark  
Recitative and aria from "Der Freischuetz".....Weber  
"The Enchanted Forest," op. 8.....D'Indy  
Songs: "Gretchen at the Spinning Wheel" and "Erlking".....Schubert  
Symphony in D minor, No. 4.....Schumann

D'Indy's orchestral ballad, based on a poem, "Harald," by Uhland, was played here for the first time, yet it is one of the composer's earliest works and it was produced by Pasdeloup at Paris in 1878. Mr. Thomas acquainted Chicago with it in 1901.

Uhland's poem tells of Harald and his warriors riding through the forest. The elves woo his knights, pelt them with roses, and finally drag them from their horses and bear them away to fairyland. Harald's armor of steel is proof against the spells, but the hero, weary and alone, rests by a spring and drinks of its water. He falls asleep and there he sleeps forever; and in the moonlight the elves circle around him; but when the storm howls through the forest and thunder crashes and lightning glares, the hero stirs a little and reaches for his sword. Loewe set music to this ballad.

The American is inclined to consider the forest with a commercial rather than poetic eye. Even in the earlier and simpler years, there were no forest dwellers in New England save a stray witch or the awful shape of the Black Man with his directory. The Redskins had their forest legends and curious forest lore, but the Yankee child was not intimate with fairies of wood or meadow, hill or stream. Today a forest is so much lumber, and the first thought is the price for cutting and transportation. Picnickers have little respect for a beautiful or a wild stretch of woods; they make their chattering way, and during a halt provoke the wonder and scorn of the observing trees, and leave a trail of paper bags and tin cans. Man marks the earth with ruin. But to Germans and even Frenchmen the forest is still romantic, and the fairy lore they learned in childhood clings to them even when they are professional materialists. To such D'Indy's orchestral ballad would make necessarily a stronger appeal.

D'Indy wrote it at a time when he was influenced by German composers, by Schumann and Brahms, as well as by Wagner. He was otherwise handicapped—for he was rich and an aristocrat, and it is so easy for such to write music and to win parlor and snobbish

applause. Yet even in this early work there is the same avoidance of the commonplace that characterizes his more mature compositions, there is the same loftiness of thought. This music is something more than panoramic. There is no too deliberate attempt to portray a forest and its moonlit mystery. There is no attempt to label each episode so that the hearer who finds delight in identification can safely say: "Now the warriors succumb; now Harald is drinking the magic water; now he falls asleep." A composer who strains every effort to mimic sleep runs the risk of disposing of his audience as well as of his hero.

D'Indy composed music that is poetic, imaginative; music that confirms and enlarges the mood suggested by his programme-paraphrase of the ballad, and in this paraphrase there is no reference to Harald hearing as in a dream the storm. There is not, perhaps, the firm grasp noticeable in D'Indy's later works, the repression that is often more effective than expansion; but there is romantic feeling, there is individuality of expression, there are pages of true beauty. The most effective portion of the ballad is the close, which is highly original, both in harmonic thought, orchestral expression, and is, indeed, of exquisite invention. It is a pleasure to add that the ballad was finely played and warmly received.

Mme. Gadski is well known here as an indefatigable singer in opera. She has often been a great help in time of managerial trouble. She has constantly added to her repertory, and, while she seldom, if ever, rises to any great imaginative height in the interpretation, she is earnest, painstaking and generally satisfactory. Her emotional gamut is slight; her face is not mobile; her action is safely conventional; but she sings much better than the majority of her German sisters, and she acts with greater discretion than many of the favorites in German opera houses. Last night she was more effective in Agatha's scene and aria from "Der Freischuetz" than in the songs of Schubert with orchestral accompaniment.

Mr. Hermann Klein, in his self-appreciative memoirs published lately, is sure that as a boy he saw Jenny Lind in this scene kneel while she sang the prayer, although she was on a concert stage. Mme. Gadski is to be praised for not attempting to sing the scene as she would in opera. She avoided this pitfall for the dramatic singer. When she made effects it was by the legitimate use of her voice. Nor was it her fault that the allegro of the scene was not more effective, for the music is abominably written for the voice; it is almost as stiff and ungainly as the song that Tannhaeuser sings to Venus and afterwards repeats at a most inopportune moment before the Landgrave, his merry men, and the well conducted Elizabeth, who was not in the mood for such a ribald strain—at least in public.

Mme. Gadski did comparatively little with Gretchen's song. The crescendo of passion was not irresistible, and the recollection of Faust's kiss was not last night the climax of her woe. Nor do we care to hear any woman sing the "Erlking," which is a man's song, and was first sung by men. The more dramatic the woman, with her imitation of a gruff and then terrified father, of the piping child and of the seducing elf, the more does she remind us of the gifted

ventriloquist who sits gloriously between the bearded lady and the Circassian girl. Mme. Gadski was moderate in her mimicry; nevertheless, there was the suggestion.

The "Sakuntal" overture, with its swooning languor, its reminder of lush vegetation, sultry atmosphere, and the mysterious Orient—the India and its women described so sympathetically by Pierre Loti—is always welcome. Auber, wearied of Felicien David's orientalism in music, exclaimed: "If he would only get down from his camel"; but Goldmark's strength was renewed each time he touched the burnt and sacred soil. After he abandoned the East, his music grew less characteristic, nor did his excursion into Greece save him. Sakuntala was far kinder to him than Prometheus, and even Sappho, a little woman with raven black hair and a strange smile, did not woo from him the tribute he paid the superb Balkis, Queen of Sheba, who asked hard questions of Solomon, and, according to the Rabbins, loved him passionately.

So too the symphony of Schumann, with its restless and vague melancholy, is always welcome. There might have been more elasticity in the performance of the trio in the Schero—that trio of haunting rhythm and ineffable regret—but on the whole, the symphony was played with poetic appreciation.

There will be no concerts this week. The programme of the concerts No. 13 and 14 will include Rabb's overture, "Eine Feste Burg"; Huss' piano concerto (Miss Aus der Ohe, pianist); Smetana's symphonic poem "Vysehrad," and Beethoven's symphony, No. 2.

## MUSICAL MATTERS

### THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Overture, to "Sakuntala," in F major, op. 13.....Goldmark  
Aria from "Freischuetz".....Weber  
Mme. Gadski.  
"La Foret Enchantee," Legende-Symphonie (d'apres une Ballade de Uhland,) op. 8.....D'Indy  
(First time.)  
(a) "Gretchen am Spinnrade," (b) Erlking.....Schubert  
Mme. Gadski.  
Symphony in D minor, No. 4, op. 120.....Schumann

Matters began with a splendid performance of Goldmark's overture. We have never heard the orchestra do better work. It was as if Mr. Gericke desired to give a practical demonstration that changes in the ranks do not mean retrogression. There is, of course, nothing new to be said about the work itself; it is an exciting piece of sensuous beauty, ending with most ingenious counterpoint which, however, has not the slightest touch of austerity.

Madame Gadski is always a delight. She intones perfectly and does not often go to extremes. On this occasion even the B in alt was broadly sung and without much effort. But there was too much of dalliance with the tempo. To take the open-

ing recitative so slowly is to kill the effect of the Prayer which follows. For once the great singer exaggerated the effects, not only in the beginning but in other parts of the scene. Some of the text is most difficult to sing clearly. When a singer comes to a line like,—"Tauscht das Licht des Mond's mich nicht"—the conductor ought to be allowed an umbrella!

The two Schubert songs were given with much sincerity. We would have liked the first with a piano accompaniment. If the subject is to be orchestrally treated we prefer Berlioz to Schubert. The brooding Marguerite in the "Damnation de Faust" is a real orchestral picture, with the melancholy English horn against the dejected vocal strain, and the street tumult, the jostling rhythms of the Soldier's chorus and the Student's chorus, the hurly-burly of busy life, in vivid contrast against the forsaken girl in her solitude.

The "Erl-king" we prefer to hear as a tenor song, spite of the fact that Mme. Schroeder-Devrient was famous in the interpretation of the work. Mme. Gadski sang it well, but again rushed to extremes of tempo. The final speech of the monarch,—"So brauch ich Gewalt!"—was weak, but the last words of the song,—"Das Kind war todt!"—were melodramatically spoken.

We were glad that the song was given in the original language. We well recall a performance of this song in the old Music Hall, in English, where poor Schubert was butchered to make a translator's holiday. In the dialogue between the father and child, the composer has of course imitated the pitch of the voices.

Father. (deep voice) Mein Sohn, was birgst du so bang dein Gesicht?

Son. (higher notes) Stiehst, Vater du den Erl-koenig nicht?

Which was overset into English as follows,—

Son (In bass tones) Oh father, see yonder, see yonder,—he says.

Father. (in sweet treble.) My son, upon what dost thou fearfully gaze?

And afterwards there came a most sudden change of weather in a single verse, as follows:—

"Oh father, my father, and saw you not plain,

The Erlking's pale daughter glide fast through the rain?

Oh, no, my heart's treasure, I knew it full soon,

It was the grey willows that danced to the moon."

An alternation of rain and moonlight which could scarcely have taken place even in our New England climate. Those who wish can find this gem of literature in Augener's edition, edited by Pauer.

"Revenons a nos concerts!" Mme. Gadski was recalled many times, with much enthusiasm after her numbers.

Mr. Gericke gave us our weekly novelty in the shape of a slumbering warrior, a la Barbarossa, set by the dissonant D'Indy, who, in this early work reveals much of beauty and spontaneous poetry. Association of ideas can sometimes spoil the best work, and the strongly marked rhythm of "The Cork Leg" (as Barnabee used to



ing it prevented our entering into the spirit of the beginning. But the subsequent dreaminess, the elfin charm of the orchestration, soon made us a very willing captive. The evil-toned muted horns contrasted well with the subsequent ecstasies. There was a good deal of lightness of the Berlioz "Danse des Sylphes" order, and the performance was altogether excellent. It was an especial wood-wind night and in this work, in the Goldmark overture, and in the Romanza of the Symphony, the players (especially the oboists) were commendably excellent.

The Schumann symphony was a good test of the first violins, and they met the requirements bravely, both in the dash- ing figure of the opening of the allegro (omnipresent afterwards, even in the finale) and in the brilliant coda to the Scherzo. It was a noble work nobly played. We do not remember a better in- terpretation; it was a triumph for Mr. Gericke and for his men.

Where is there a better melodist than Schumann? Where a deeper poet? Liszt called him the best music-thinker after Beethoven! Only when he turns to studied counterpoint do we find him less than great. Thus, in his wonderful "Manfred," he ends with a very ugly and artificial double canon; and in this work the con- trapuntal touches near the end of the finale, only detract from its beauty. But a great symphony nevertheless.

Louis C. Elson.

#### Mr. Arbog and the Mendelssohn Concerto.

MANY critical listeners were greatly disappointed in the playing of Mr. Arbog, the new concertmaster of the Boston Orchestra, when he made his debut in Boston with Mendelssohn's Concerto, concerning which performance the reviewer of the Boston Herald says that in the first move- ment the playing "was inclined toward undue haste and the performance was somewhat nervous. This nervousness was natural and to be expected and it may well account for cer- tain features of this performance"; adding that "greater self control marked the other movements, and that the player often revealed himself as an accomplished violinist."

To me this nervousness proceeded to the extent that the rhythm suffered, the time was unsteady, the phrasing not well delivered, the intonation impure, and the execution, which must be acute in its piquancy, was not well defined, conditions that prevailed throughout the performance, the player thereby failing to impart distinction to the composi- tion and to hold the attention of the critical listener.

The playing, however, evoked from the Herald's reviewer the compliment to Mr. Arbog that "he displayed an agree- able tone, and that he played as a rule with taste and true feeling."

And then the reviewer, as if to mitigate a feeble perform- ance, refers to the composition as "not a work to call forth the stronger qualities of a great artist"; adding also that the concerto is "salon music raised to its highest degree."

Now, here is a composition that has ever held a distin-

sts of the afternoon. Mary Avery Camp- dience.

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Fanny Losey was ary of the meeting.

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Mr. To The Musical Courier AFTER reading you duction to Philip Symphony Concert in condition of the minist man for swearing for say just what you said to use the New Englat

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The familiar excerpts from "Der Freischutz" were given with the splen- did expression and opulence of voice which denotes the artist of grand opera, and her performance of Aga- the's scene was in every way satisfying. The Schubert selections also deserve praise for superb interpretation. In the "Erlkonig" Mme Gadski made the vocal contrasts somewhat more marked than is usual with singers by using the mezzo voice very effectively and sweetly. The popular artist was greeted with tumultuous plaudits and numerous re- calls.

The romantic legend, "The Enchanted Forest," is a charming musical pas- toral, imbued with bits of martial and mystic suggestiveness, some in chro- matic form and some in harmonies more pleasing to the general ear. The brasses and percussion instruments proclaimed in sonorous measures the heroic and storm episodes, the violins sang the daintier phrases of the dancing pixies in exquisite unison, and the woodwinds gave forth their mysterious and somber music with due precision and weirdness of effect. The composition is very in- teresting, and the orchestral work was fully up to the usual high standard, though there was no stumbling blocks, sufficiently formidable to bother Mr. Gericke or his men.

Goldmark's "Sakuntal" overture was splendidly played, each theme showing up in perfect form among the different instrumental contingents, the quaint melodies given to the horns and oboes being specially piquant. The cadenzas for wind instruments were admirably played, and the brilliant finale was all that the term implies. The well-known Schumann symphony, which closed the program, and was performed without a division into parts, was interpreted in an impressive and sympathetic manner.

There will be no rehearsal and con- cert this week. Adele Aus der Ohe will be the soloist next week, playing a piano concerto by Huss, the American composer. The other numbers on the program will be Raff's overture, "Eine Feste Burg," a symphonic poem by Smetand, and Beethoven's second sym- phony. *Stoke Nov. 1903*

is a Steinway.



sing it) prevented our entering into the spirit of the beginning. But the subsequent dreaminess, the elfin charm of the orchestration, soon made us a very willing captive. The evil-toned muted horns contrasted well with the subsequent ecstasies. There was a good deal of lightness of the Berlioz "Danse des Sylphes" order, and the performance was altogether excellent. It was an especial wood-wind night and in this work, in the Goldmark overture, and in the Romanza of the Symphony, the players (especially the oboists) were commendably excellent.

The Schumann symphony was a good test of the first violins, and they met the requirements bravely, both in the dashing figure of the opening of the allegro (omnipresent afterwards, even in the finale) and in the brilliant coda to the Scherzo. It was a noble work nobly played. We do not remember a better interpretation; it was a triumph for Mr. Gericke and for his men.

Where is there a better melodist than Schumann? Where a deeper poet? Liszt called him the best music-thinker after Beethoven! Only when he turns to studied counterpoint do we find him less than great. Thus, in his wonderful "Manfred," he ends with a very ugly and artificial double canon; and in this work the contrapuntal touches near the end of the finale, only detract from its beauty. But a great symphony nevertheless.

Louis C. Elson.

#### Mr. Arbos and the Mendelssohn Concerto.

MANY critical listeners were greatly disappointed in the playing of Mr. Arbos, the new concertmaster of the Boston Orchestra, when he made his debut in Boston with Mendelssohn's Concerto, concerning which performance the reviewer of the Boston Herald says that in the first movement the playing "was inclined toward undue haste and the performance was somewhat nervous. This nervousness was natural and to be expected and it may well account for certain features of this performance"; adding that "greater self control marked the other movements, and that the player often revealed himself as an accomplished violinist."

To me this nervousness proceeded to the extent that the rhythm suffered, the time was unsteady, the phrasing not well delivered, the intonation impure, and the execution, which must be acute in its piquancy, was not well defined, conditions that prevailed throughout the performance, the player thereby failing to impart distinction to the composition and to hold the attention of the critical listener.

The playing, however, evoked from the Herald's reviewer the compliment to Mr. Arbos that "he displayed an agreeable tone, and that he played as a rule with taste and true feeling."

And then the reviewer, as if to mitigate a feeble performance, refers to the composition as "not a work to call forth the stronger qualities of a great artist"; adding also that the concerto is "salon music raised to its highest degree."

Now, here is a composition that has ever held a distin-

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Now, here is a composition that has ever held a distin-

guished place in the repertory of all the great artists; a masterpiece of classic purity, melodious beauty and harmonic simplicity; a composition that presents the opportunity for legitimate playing in its highest and most refined forms.

It has commanded the approbation and attention of such great artists as Joachim, Wieniawski, Wilhelmj, Ysaye, Sarasate and all other players of renown and distinction.

It is today as fresh, as absorbing, as interesting, as commanding of the complete attention of the critical listener as the day its masterly proportions were first displayed before the world. Of course, it has no place as a piece of dazzling virtuosity; on the contrary, defying the ability of the superficial player to imbue its classic measures with the lofty sentiment that marks the opportunities offered when the hand of a great and spontaneous artist is laid upon it.

If great nobility and depth of feeling do not mark its inspired characteristics, its purity and melodious beauty are perennial, and it stands side by side in its intrinsic value with the concertos of Bach and Mozart, the noble Beethoven, the admirable Bruch and that of Saint-Saëns, &c.

Who has not sat entranced in the presence of Wieniawski, Wilhelmj or Ysaye when these Titans of violin art, these inspired and spontaneous interpreters of the highest forms of classical compositions, have revealed the beauties of Mendelssohn's genius as displayed in this concerto?

For the listener it is a misfortune that such a refined inspiration as is this work should fall to the task of being played by one without sufficient appreciation and technical ability to grasp and reveal it in its just proportions.

It is the duty of the competent critic, when such a misfortune overtakes the work of any composer of real value, to uphold the composer and not to let a feeble or an incompetent presentation of the music militate against it.

Everyone has a right to his opinion, even if a want of unbiased judgment is an accompanying item in the conclusions drawn.

In this case the array of great artists who have employed this concerto of Mendelssohn's as a medium for the presentation of their noblest and most inspired efforts furnish an endorsement of its intrinsic value that must serve in rendering the conclusions of the Herald's reviewer of less moment as a critical exposition than if this great obstacle to his judgment did not exist. Here is food for the contemplation of the student and the layman in the mysteries of the art of critical review.

WARREN DAVENPORT.

#### Mr. Gericke Again.

To The Musical Courier:

AFTER reading your altogether discriminating introduction to Philip Hale's account of the opening Symphony Concert in this town, many of us were in the condition of the minister of the gospel who thanked the man for swearing for him. Many of us have wanted to say just what you said in that introductory paragraph, but, to use the New England vernacular, "we dassant."

Everyone likes Mr. Gericke personally. It is generally conceded that he conducts with uncommon accuracy. Indeed, as a patron of the Symphony Concerts said to me lately: "He conducts with the precision and certainty of the Pianola." And there you have it. The personal distinction and the individual warmth to which the Pianola lays no claim, clearly these do not belong to Mr. Gericke. The loss is manifest. And some of the town people, who remember Nikisch and Paur, or who have happened to hear Wetzler in New York or Scheel in Philadelphia, are beginning to find fault—in a thoroughly gentlemanly and Boston way, to be sure, but nevertheless to find fault—and the fault-finding spoke loud in the sale of season tickets a fortnight since.

There are other criticisms of Gericke besides his academic style of conducting. His manifest opposition to modern compositions and more particularly his contempt for anything and everything American do not count as virtues, even in a slow and poky town like Boston. Then, we were not a bit pleased because he did not secure Richard Strauss for at least one concert, and because he did not, many of us did not take season tickets, but have saved our pennies to hear Scheel's Philadelphia players when they come to town and for a trip or two New Yorkward to hear Strauss and the other novelties to be there later in the season.

BACK BAY.

BOSTON, Mass., October 27, 1903.

THE Boston Symphony Orchestra was on its first circuit tour for this season last week, and therefore did not perform in Boston; hence we are unable to print an article from the pen of Philip Hale in this issue of the paper. It was asking too much of Mr. Hale to expect him to write on the same subject about the same time for two papers. In the Boston Herald his articles are unsigned, therefore in their reproduction in THE MUSICAL COURIER they become more valuable by being credited to him. The daily papers should always have the names of their critics signed to their criticisms, especially in New York, because here sometimes criticisms are written which might be credited to the baseball reporters, or to the golf reporters, or the yacht reporters. As it stands now, whenever THE MUSICAL COURIER reprints the Boston Herald criticisms it brings into prominence the fact that Philip Hale is the recognized music authority of that paper.

#### PHONY CONCERTS.

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SEASON 1903-04.

### BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Mr. WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.

#### IV. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, AT 8, P. M.

#### Programme.

RAFF,

OVERTURE, "Eine Feste Burg," op. 127.

HUSS,

CONCERTO for PIANOFORTE and ORCHESTRA, in  
in B major, op. 10.

- I. Allegro maestoso.
- II. Andante con sentimento.
- III. Allegro vivace.

SMETANA,

SYMPHONIC POEM, "Vysehrad," (No. 1 of the  
Cycle, "My Country.")

BEETHOVEN,

SYMPHONY in D major, No. 2, op. 36.

- I. Adagio : Allegro con brio.
- II. Larghetto.
- III. Scherzo : Allegro : Trio.
- IV. Allegro molto.

#### Soloist:

Miss ADELE AUS DER OHE.

The Pianoforte is a Steinway.





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## MUSICAL MATTERS

### THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

#### PROGRAMME.

Raff—Overture....."Eln Feste Burg," op. 127  
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Miss Adele Aus der Ohe, soloist.

Smetana—Symphonic Poem, "Vysehrad," (No. 1 of the Cycle, "My Country.")

Beethoven—Symphony in D major, No. 2, op. 35

Luther's hymn "Eln Feste Burg" was the war-cry of the Reformation. The great doctor may, or may not have written its melody, but the fact remains that it was the battle-hymn of all the early Protestants and was not only a most dignified piece of religious music but was admirably suited for counterpoint as well. Consequently it has been frequently employed in music, and in two opposite ways. Bach used it learnedly, in a cantata; Meyerbeer dramatically in the "Huguenots;" Wagner most powerfully in the "Kaiser Marsch;" Mendelssohn contrapuntally in his "Reformation Symphony;" and Raff follows the Bach and Mendelssohn lead and juggles with the theme, his suave treatment especially recalling Mendelssohn's flute tootlings of the great and massive chorale! It makes a very ingenious and a thoroughly uninspired overture. One feels that, if one wanted, Raff could have gone on for 20 pages more of the same sort of musical mathematics.

One was glad to welcome Adele Aus der Ohe back to Boston. It does not seem so very long ago since the sedate young lady appeared, with braided hair and a general air of juvenility, for the first time in our concerts. She has been growing in art ever since, and is today one of the most classical of female pianists, a strong contrast to the two other stars in petticoats, —the fiery Bloomfield-Zeisler and the tropical Carreno. On this occasion she aided the American muse and gave a composition which displayed both technique and feeling. Happy the composer who has such an interpreter! The concerto of H. H. Huss took on new vigor because of Miss Aus der Ohe's noble reading of it. The pianist was most cordially received and recalled after the work with an enthusiasm not entirely warranted by its contents.

We remember the work as given at its first performance many years ago. There were several handicaps then. Mr. Huss was his own pianist at that performance, and composers are not often their best interpreters. That time the concerto came after Tschaiowsky's Pathetic Symphony, and was followed by Berloiz's fiery "Benvenuto Cellini" overture, and was crushed out between the two. At this concert there was a much fairer audition, for the work had a splendid interpretation and it was "well placed."

Yet at its best this concerto is a heavily-watered stock in a bear market; it has its points of value (the original introduc-

tion and the dashing chief theme of the finale, for example) but these are over-capitalized and are not sufficient to fill three movements. The slow movement is the weakest portion. If the work were shortened into a single-movement "Fantasy," it might become an interesting addition to the standard repertoire. As it stands its beauties lack continuity and there is occasionally a "mauvais quart d'heure" which is made up of padding and inconsequentiality.

Brave old Smetana! How one loves a man who is in earnest! It was a noble homage that this genius, with deafness and nervous troubles torturing him, brought to his beloved Bohemia, in his symphonic poems of patriotism. Smetana is greater than his great pupil, Dvorak, and is much more intensely national. The renaissance of Bohemian music is almost wholly due to this suffering pioneer.

There are moments of grandeur and moments of sadness in "Vysehrad." One passage of tender melody reminds of a clarinette theme in the finale of Mendelssohn's "Scotch Symphony" which pictures loneliness in the Trossachs. But it comes with greater force in this work where it is in contrast with the grandeur of powerful themes.

Bohemia comes of right into her musical heritage, for music is often born of national sorrow, and no nation has suffered more than poor Bohemia. But the thirty years' war scourged her into absolute silence, and it is only since Smetana, Dvorak and Srb have begun their work that a national school is beginning to reassert itself. "Vysehrad" was finely performed but was scarcely appreciated at its full value by the audience, which remained if not apathetic, at least unexcited.

The second symphony of Beethoven was interesting, but not much more. It received a reading somewhat different from what we had anticipated, with rather exaggerated shading and not a single repeat omitted. The slow movement was as ever its best part. In this we may especially commend the horn-players, who gave their rather difficult and prominent phrases without a flaw. The bassoons have much work to do in the last two movements and they also deserve honorable mention.

As a whole the programme seemed less inspiring than usual. There was undeniable beauty of performance almost all through the evening, yet matters approached nearer to dullness than we like to see them in a symphony concert.

Louis C. Elson.

#### SYMPHONY TICKETS WANTED

A half interest in two tickets for alternate evenings. Address, giving price and location, R. A. WARE, 246 Devonshire street. (A):

#### SYMPHONY TICKETS

A few choice locations at reasonable prices. Apply at once, MR. HARDING, 95 Kilby street. MWT(A): o 28



# SYMPHONY PROGRAM

## AN OPPORTUNITY

### FOR MISS OHE

Re-entry Is in Pianoforte Concerto of Henry Holden Huss, Which Was Dedicated to Her—Overture Will Be Raff's "Eine Feste Burg"—Other Numbers.

The personal interest of this week's Symphony program centers in the re-entry of Miss Adele aus der Ohe, after a long absence. She has chosen the pianoforte concert of Henry Holden Huss, dedicated to her, but originally introduced by himself at a New York Philharmonic concert. It is a composition well suited to her style and temperament, of which sustained vigor and a certain splendor in display are prominent elements. It is the work of a young writer, eager to speak out what is on his mind, and not pausing long to argue or elaborate.

The nominal key is the bold, brilliant and exciting B major, and the casting is into the usual three movements. The themes are short and strongly set out, and the regulation cadenza is placed near the middle of the first movement, instead of being held back until time for the coda to be shaped.

The overture will be Raff's "Eine feste Burg," written to accompany a drama of the Thirty Years' War, and passing from a majestically martial presentation of the solemn theme to a high-strung and hurried allegro.

One of Smetana's cycles of patriotic tone poems will follow the concerto. This is the "Vyschrad," wherein the composer stands in fancy before Bohemia's historic fortress and reviews its life. First he portrays the dignity, glory and triumph of its proud early years; then come dissension, conflict, crash and downfall; and at last the ruined castle remains alone, sad, desolate and gloomy, a theme for mourning, despair and oblivion.

The wild genius of Smetana, which at last broke into the madness whereof he died, is to be felt in the high tides of emotion and eloquence which swell in the poem and its intense coloring. The symphony, put at the end, will be Beethoven's second.

#### SYMPHONY CONCERTS.

Miss Adele Aus Der Ohe was the soloist at the fourth symphony rehearsal and concert, playing the B major concerto for piano and orchestra, by Henry Holden Huss, the American composer. The work was given in its revised form. The other numbers of the program were Raff's overture, "Eine feste Burg," Smetana's symphonic poem, "Vyschrad," and Beethoven's D major symphony. The Huss concerto is one that appeals especially to the musician or the advanced student of music, for its constantly varying progressions, its abrupt changes of modulations in different keys and the almost restless and irregular forms of its instrumental combinations, makes the piece too complicated and abstruse for the enjoyment of the general public.

The instrumentation is elaborate and the solo instrument is very prominent in each movement. The first part is so full of fortissimo passages that the physical tax for the soloist is very great, and that Miss Aus Der Ohe was able to maintain the proper proportion in her piano work against the heavy orchestral background, shows the artist possessed of a strength of arms and fingers not usually found in a woman. Her chords, arpeggios and runs, singly and in doubles, were wonderfully vigorous and clear, and in all her fortissimo work she appeared to be easily able to cope with the orchestra. In the second movement she produced a beautiful cantabel tone where required, showing a fine intelligence in her reading and a consummate skill in execution. She gave the two themes of the third movement with splendid contrasting effects, closing the concerto with a brilliant and dashing performance of the crashing finale. The large audience appreciated her performance very highly, and she was recalled several times and received some huge floral tributes.

The orchestra as a rule did its work admirably, though the "conversations" in the third movement seemed to be a trifle uncertain at times. The Raff overture proved to be a pleasing composition of its kind, and the principal theme showed to advantage the efficiency of the different wind contingents. Smetana's symphonic poem was given in a stirring and sympathetic manner, the brasses sounding their phrases in excellent harmony and the contrasts of the festival music and the joyless, sad refrain of the finale being beautiful in their impressive and mournful cadences. The Beethoven symphony calls for naught but praise, the larghetto and the delightful scherzo each being received with the usual manifestations of pleasure by the auditors.

The program of the concerts this week will include Brahms' tragic overture, Liszt's symphonic poem, "The Ideal," and Dvorak's symphony in F. Mr. Krasselt, the new first cellist, will appear as a soloist for the first time in America, and he will play a concerto by Saint-Saens.

#### Symphony Hall: Symphony Orchestra.

Miss Adele aus der Ohe was the soloist at the fourth symphony concert, and this is the programme presented by Mr. Gericke:

Raff: Overture, "Eine feste Burg," Op. 127. (First time.)

Huss: Concerto in B major, for Pianoforte and Orchestra, Op. 10.

Smetana: Symphonic Poem, "Vyschrad," (No. 1 of the Cycle, "My Country").

Beethoven: Symphony in D major, No. 2, Op. 36.

Mr. Gericke, if an admirer of Raff, was unkind to the composer in producing his overture "Eine feste Burg." At best not a man of the highest genius, Raff nevertheless possessed a genuine gift of melody, a sense of orchestral color, a sound musicianship, and a certain vein of imaginativeness that enabled him, when his unfortunate money circumstances allowed him sufficient leisure, to produce a few works of undying beauty. With these compositions always ready to the conductor's hand, it was an odd conceit of Mr. Gericke's to prowl among dusty music shelves, and finally to drag to light a long forgotten work that even in its palmiest days could not have been regarded as a worthy example of the master's talents. Raff wrote this overture as a prelude to a tragedy, "Bernhard von Weimar," by one Karl Albert Wilhelm Genast, surely a relation-in-law, for Raff married an actress, by name Doris Genast. Although afterwards revised for concert performance, the overture must still be classed as an occasional piece, written to order or else to oblige a friend. In any case, it is a feeble, old-fashioned composition, which would give an inexperienced concert-goer a cruelly unjust conception of Raff's claim to fame.

Immediately after the overture came a pianoforte concerto by Mr. Henry Holden Huss, which was played here, for the first time anywhere, in 1894, with the composer at the piano. Since then it has been partially re-written. Although offering much in the way of beauty, Mr. Huss's concerto leaves an impression of vagueness, chiefly because the musical material seems to be thrown together without definite purpose. Many of the themes are strikingly beautiful, others are stirring; there are moments of lovely orchestration. No one episode, however, has any ostensible connection with any other, the entire concerto, therefore, suggesting a photographic plate on which several pictures have been taken by mistake; a strong study of a head may be half hidden by a pretty view of a country house, and perhaps both are jostled by a graceful row of quivering poplar trees. These bits, exquisite in themselves, do not make a picture. Miss aus der Ohe did what she could, and aroused great enthusiasm by her noble playing, distinguished alike by beautiful tone, warmth of feeling, fine rhythm, and a general sense of mastery. The artist was recalled four or five times.

Smetana must always command deep respect as a composer who worked long and

late, through the trials of deafness and other physical ills, chiefly for the musical glory of his native Bohemia. On first hearing, as well as on subsequent occasions, such of his symphonic poems contained in the cycle "My Country" as have been brought out here made an impression of great originality and poetic imaginativeness. But now, either because they have been heard too often, or because we have got too accustomed to the Czech idiom to be dazzled by the mere strangeness of the sounds, some of these poems, notably that played Saturday night, seem rather commonplace, showing in no way the sprakling freshness of "Die verkaufte Braut."

One constantly reads that in the eighteenth century enthusiasm was regarded as improper, not to say wrong. My Lord Shaftesbury, third of the name, and a person highly thought of in his day, described enthusiasm, according to Mr. Augustine Birrell, as "one of the dangers of the age, a terrible distemper, almost as bad as the smallpox . . . a modification of the spleen, having its centre in an ill-regulated religion." Hume did not hold with enthusiasm, and on this topic Gibbon was led to say of a certain pious author: "Had not Law's vigorous mind been clouded by enthusiasm he might be ranked with the most agreeable and ingenious writers of his time." Had Gibbon, Hume, the Earl of Shaftesbury and all the rest been at Symphony Hall Saturday night, sourly as they might have looked at the demonstration Miss aus der Ohe's playing brought forth, on the whole they would have been well content with the demeanor of this audience of the twentieth century, who went to the length of receiving the first two movements of the Beethoven symphony in almost total silence. Perhaps the playing of the scherzo and of the finale met with more favor.

At the next concert Mr. Krasselt will make his first appearance as a soloist. This will be the programme: Brahms, Tragic Overture; Saint-Saens, concerto for violoncello; Liszt, symphonic poem, "Ideale"; Dvorak, Symphony No. 3.

R. R. G.

#### SYMPHONY HALL

SATURDAY EVENING, OCT. 17, AT 8.

Boston Symphony Orchestra

MR. WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.  
Soloist, MR. HAROLD BAUER.

Programme: Overture, "Euryanthe," Weber; Concerto for Pianoforte No. 1, Tschalkowski—Entr'acte from "Messidor" (first time), Brueneau—Symphony No. 2, Brahms.

A limited number of tickets for both performances now on sale at box office.

#### SYMPHONY TICKETS

A few choice locations at reasonable prices. Apply at once, MR. HARDING, 95 Kilby St. [A]



**I**f you cannot have a good thing yourself, it is not other than natural to decry the good thing that another has and try to make him dissatisfied with it, so that either he may put it aside and come down to your level of deprivation, or else dispose of it in such a way that you may get hold of it and its advantages. The Italian proverb says, "Chi sprezza, vuol compare" (who disparages, wants to buy); and the provincial pettiness of some recent New York criticism about the Boston Symphony Orchestra and its early concerts of this season indicates rather jealous envy than fair-minded comment. At any time a new conductor and a new concert-master are not enviable men. For until they have quite conquered their public they are the objects of carping censure, of unreasonable comparison, of unjust requirements and downright disfavor. France, which is not inclined to be too gentle in judgment or its expression, and likes to sharpen severity with smartness, has yet the common courtesy and the common sense to allow an artist three debut performances of his own choice, if the verdict upon one or two seems to him partial or too narrowly founded.

But New York was fain to dismiss the new Boston leader contemptuously and conclusively, the harshest spirit, perhaps, being expressed by a writer known to be closely bound to his predecessor, and thus likely to impugn his own judgment and to injure Mr. Kneisel indirectly.

#### Comparisons Unavoidable.

The unavoidable comparisons—unheard but not unfelt or unknown—which a stranger realizes will permeate and influence the temper of his first audiences, are enough to shake his nerve and his security and depress his performance below the level he has shown himself capable of reaching. But this is no novel or isolated exhibition of haste and intemperance. The eager partizanship of the friends of Bernhard Listemann and Wulf Fries—not to cite other men less prominent than they—was very obviously manifested against their successors in the orchestra, and every other change of leadership was followed by protest and almost violent

strictures upon the new men as they came.

New York seemed determined that Mr. Nikisch should not be dismissed, although it showed no disposition to provide for him itself, and the early work of Mr. Paur was almost obviously censured there. This year the dyspeptic disposition shows itself in repeating the old objection that Mr. Gericke is too academic and level-headed—which is but the complaint of the vaudeville singer, that she didn't want her accompaniments correct, but she did want more "go" in them. But now a new complaint has arisen and has even found place in some editorial columns—being frankly set down in these words:

#### Hold Dominant Position.

"It seems as if the dominant position held by these musicians, over whom Mr. Wilhelm Gericke presides with so much dignity and authority, should carry with it the obligation of musical orthodoxy. But of late the orchestra has abandoned its conservatism and has manifested—mysteriously—a tendency to exploit the works of the newer, more radical and less known composers."

But Boston, which supports and admires its band, and therefore has the first right to opinion and preference, even if the new departure, which has been made with modest reserve and caution, does extend so far as to the writings of "this rhapsodist D'Indy and the racial enthusiast, Glazounoff."

But what has apparently much puzzled and yet more gratified the foreign critics is what they assume to be a falling off in the regard felt for the Symphony Orchestra, as evidenced in the smaller amount of money paid this year for seats. Such a mercenary explanation of the fact comes naturally enough from persons who would not be sorry to see the Boston organization come to grief as have failed even the attempts at organization made elsewhere.

But the explanation rests on premises for different from the assumed dissatisfaction with the band and its management. First of all, the American public is fickle and vain. Because it has been acquainted with a person or a thing for a while, it con-

cludes that it knows all there is know, and it clamors for a new id or a new amusement.

The author whose books sell by thousands this year will not muster more than dozens a score of months hence. Boston has undoubtedly felt that it had pretty well gauged Mr. Gericke and could not exceed a calm local content with him and his doings, so that as no promise was made that any other leader could be heard even in a mere sampling of his quality and manner, there was nothing in leadership to stir a new enthusiasm. Again, interest has always been checked by the customary reticence in regard to the features of the prospective seasons. New works were promised in a general memorandum and an alphabetical list of expected soloists was emitted.

#### Definite Promises Wanting.

But definite promises and engagements of people whom the public did not already know almost by heart, together with fixed programs for five or six concerts, were wanting, so that there was small inducement for eagerness and competition in buying tickets. But above all, the main cause of diminished receipts lay in the economic condition of the time.

Enforced reductions in the extras and even the necessities of life, compelled by the dubious state of money markets, the excessive and tyrannous exactions of work-people and the fear of what worse might be coming, constrained purchasers to limit their expenditures for concerts as they are still doing in regard to theaters. Contest for places still existed, but all the figures and the advances were less than usual. But the audiences assemble in the old multitude, with the old intelligence, taste and affection for the concerts, while the assembly of patient waiters for the rehearsal seats has never been prompter or larger than this year.

And there has come this individual benefit—that many of the very people whom the founder of the orchestra had in mind have been able to partake of its joys and advantages for the first time in years, because they have not seen the cost of seats overpass the limit of their savings and

their balanced expenditures, but could make their means equal their desires. There has been a dwindling of aggregate receipts; some things which the management had in mind to do may be necessarily passed over, and there will be, as in every season, some discontent over individual demands personal or musical; but there is no real defection from the broad-based and firmly founded support of the orchestra and its concerts.

NYONE looking over the richly attired audience at the Academy of Music Friday night of last week would hardly have believed that it represented a community too poor to build a music hall. A good man in his endeavor to excuse money and lack of public spirit in Brooklyn re-

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Euryanthe.....	Weber
Der Freischütz.....	Weber
ymphonique from Messidor.....	Bruneau
(First time at these concerts.)	

(from Siegfried).....	Wagner
Spinnrade.....	Schubert
.....	Schubert
No. 2, in D major, op. 73.....	Brahms

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## Symphony

## SEASON

## SYMPHONY

## WILHELM GERICKE

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the parsimony and lack of public spirit in Brooklyn recently said to the writer:

"This is a borough (meaning Brooklyn) of wage earners."

Well, if the great army of fashionably dressed women and prosperous appearing men that assembled to hear the first concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra are wage earners their salaries must amount to fortunes.

In Boston the concerts by the Boston Orchestra are serious artistic events. In Brooklyn—thanks to the Woman's Auxiliary—the concerts are regarded as the opera is in Manhattan—affairs of society or those who think they are it in the world of wealth and fashion. This feeling depresses the real music lover, and as for the musician, why he remains at home or goes to some less pretentious assembly when he wants to hear music.

The program for the concert in Brooklyn is usually made up of numbers heard at the two concerts in Manhattan. The music presented in Brooklyn was:

Overture to Euryanthe.....	Weber
Aria from Der Freischütz.....	Weber
Entr'acte Symphonique from Messidor.....	Bruneau
(First time at these concerts.)	
Waldweben (from Siegfried).....	Wagner
Gretchen am Spinnrade.....	Schubert
Erkönig .....	Schubert
Symphony No. 2, in D major, op. 73.....	Brahms

The performance throughout was on a dead level of academic routine. Not once did Mr. Gericke rise to the composer's ideas of interpretation. A criticism of the music will be found on another page of this issue.

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## FOURTH SYMPHONY CONCERT.

### A Novelty for the Series Is the Overture by Raff.

Miss Aus der Ohe's Performance of  
Huss' Piano Concerto—An Un-  
familiar Overture by Raff and  
Pieces by Smetana and Beeth-  
oven.

The programme for the Fourth Sym-  
phony concert, given last night in Sym-  
phony Hall, Mr. Gericke conductor, was  
as follows:

Overture, "Ein feste Burg".....Raff  
(First time at these concerts).

Concerto in B major for piano.....Huss  
Symphonic poem, "Vysehrad".....Smetana  
Symphony in D major, No. 2.....Beethoven

Raff's overture, "Ein feste Burg," was  
played in Boston at a concert of the  
Philharmonic Society in 1882. We believe  
there was a still earlier performance,  
possibly by Theodore Thomas, but we  
have not been able to verify this belief.  
The overture was composed originally  
as a prelude to Wilhelm Genast's trag-  
edy, "Bernhard von Weimar," and it  
was performed for the first time in 1855  
as a prelude to the play. Then Raff re-  
wrote it for concert use. The chief  
theme is the familiar tune that, long at-  
tributed to Martin Luther, is the mel-  
ody for his version of the 46th Psalm,  
but the form of this melody as it is now  
known was shaped by Bach.

The overture is not among the more  
distinguished works of Raff, who, al-  
though he was of a romantic nature  
and of poetic aspirations, was obliged  
through poverty to write innumerable  
pot-boilers. His extraordinary facility  
in counterpoint lightened this task, and  
was in the long run fatal to his abiding  
reputation; for some of his most strik-  
ing contrapuntal feats are buried in  
otherwise empty and futile music. It  
was not that he did not have the faculty  
of self-examination and consequent  
glorifying rejection; he did not have  
the time or money was always needed,  
and there were the publishers clamorous  
for salon music.

This overture is of a kind that was  
once popular. A well known theme  
suggested a musical composition, and  
the aim of the composer was to intro-  
duce this theme in as many singular  
ways as possible. The introduction was  
both expected and unexpected. There  
were passages that were written to lead  
up inevitably to the theme, so that the  
audience might say with delight, "now  
it's coming"; and again, when there  
was the least expectation, the theme  
suddenly appeared and the audience  
started, sat up, rubbed eyes and strained  
ears: "Why, here it is!" Think, for a  
moment, of Luther's first lines as Eng-  
lished by Thomas Carlyle:

"A safe stronghold our God is still,  
A trusty shield and weapon."

And how does Raff first introduce the  
melody? With full orchestra and with

thunderous brass and roll of drums? No; for in such a case what would he  
have for a climax? This tune, which is  
so intimately associated with aggres-  
sive Protestantism; this tune, which  
was a battle hymn in the war against  
all devils and principalities and powers,  
is introduced suavely by amiable wind  
instruments. Then, of course, follows  
treatment of the melody, and in the  
main body of the overture, the tune  
serves in various more or less ingenious  
ways. But ingenuity is not necessarily  
a saving grace in a musical composition;  
and in this instance the ingenuity is that  
of accomplished routine. The overture is  
a singularly uninspired composition.  
No momentary breath of imagination  
gives it the semblance of life. Put a  
looking-glass before the score, and the  
glass remains untarnished.

Mr. Huss was the pianist when his  
concerto was first played in Boston at a  
Symphony concert late in 1894. The  
concerto then seemed stuffed with so  
many thoughts and devices that hardly  
anything definite was left in the mind  
of the hearer. After this performance  
Mr. Huss shortened the work and re-  
vised it in other ways. He changed the  
development in the first movement,  
broadened the second theme of the  
finale and "touched up," as he himself  
says, the instrumentation. Last night  
the composer was fortunate in his  
pianist, who did all within her power to  
make the music an authoritative mes-  
sage. Mr. Huss played his own work, as  
we remember, after the manner of the  
average composer. He made no pre-  
tence of being a commanding virtuoso.  
Mr. Gericke last night read the work  
with the most painstaking care and  
with appreciation of the best character-  
istics of the score, so that the audience  
undoubtedly had full opportunity to  
form a judgment concerning the merits  
of the concerto itself.

This work does not seem to us one of  
high imagination or of marked distinc-  
tion. Mr. Huss is a musician who has  
studied deeply and earnestly; a musician  
to be respected for certain solid acquire-  
ments, for industry, and for commend-  
able ambition; he is to be respected just  
as he respects his profession; but this  
does not enable him with all his techni-  
cal resources to create a concerto of  
true beauty and strength, nor to display  
a pronounced individuality. He was an  
excellent student of harmony at Mu-  
nich; but in this concerto his harmonic  
knowledge does not tell. It is not that  
he is afraid of effects; on the contrary,  
he is adventurous; but the concerto is  
so crowded with matter that nothing  
stands out in simple and bold relief.

There are a great many notes, and  
Miss Aus der Ohe and the orchestra  
played them. There were agreeable mo-  
ments, but there were quarter-hours of  
monotony, when, to use a homely  
phrase, everything was going at once,  
and without any effect save that of ex-  
asperating the hearer. There were pleas-  
ant bits of orchestral color, but as a  
rule the orchestral painting was mono-  
chromatic. Force was more than once  
bombast, as in the first movement, and  
in the orchestral repetition of the chief  
theme of the finale. Miss Aus der Ohe,  
to whom the concerto is dedicated, dis-  
played the conscientiousness, the power,  
the brilliance, the intelligence, that have  
long characterized her, but not infre-  
quently the piano part seemed as long  
spun out and tiresome chatter. She was  
recalled several times.

## Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1903-04.

## BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Mr. WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.

### V. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, AT 8, P. M.

#### Programme.

MENDELSSOHN,	OVERTURE, "Mid-summer-night's Dream.
SAINT-SAËNS,	CONCERTO for VIOLONCELLO and ORCHESTRA in A minor, op. 33. Allegro non troppo:— Allegretto con moto:—come prima
LISZT,	SYMPHONIC POEM No. 12, "The Ideal."
DVOŘÁK,	SYMPHONY in D minor, No. 2, op. 76. I. Allegro ma non troppo. II. Andante con moto: Allegro. III. Scherzando; Trio, Tempo I. IV. Allegro molto.

#### Soloist:

Mr. RUDOLF KRASSELT.





[Photo by Notman.]

RUDOLPHE KRASSELT,

First Violincello of Boston Symphony Orchestra.

## FIFTH SYMPHONY CONCERT.

### Liszt's Symphonic Poem, "The Ideal," Rare in Boston.

Henke — P. Hale

Appearance of Mr. Krasselt, the New First Cellist—Overture from "Midsummer Night's Dream"—Mme. Patti's Second Concert in Symphony Hall.

The programme of the fifth Symphony concert, given in Symphony Hall last evening, Mr. Gericke conductor, was as follows:

Overture, "Midsummer Night's Dream"...

Mendelssohn  
Concerto in A minor, No. 1, for 'cello....

Saint-Saens  
Symphonic poem No. 12, "The Ideal".....Liszt

Symphony No. 2, in D minor.....Dvorak

Liszt's symphonic poem, "The Ideal."

Is not familiar to the concert-goers of Boston. Theodore Thomas produced it here in 1870, and it has been played once at a Symphony concert—in 1889. The music is in illustration of Schiller's poem, "The Ideal." The illusions of youth pass away; that which was dreamed of as beautiful and divine seldom appears in reality, and if it does it is a disappointment; fortune, fame, truth and love leave man to find his only consolation in friendship and activity. But Liszt would not accept as a refrain to the poem of human life: "This is the end of every man's desire."

It was necessary to have an apotheosis, so he changed Schiller's ending; he believed that the holding fast of the ideal and the continual realization were the highest aims in existence; and therefore he gained his climax by a jubilant recapitulation of the motives of the earlier and more hopeful sections of his work.

It might be interesting to examine into the reasonableness of such a radical change in a classical poem merely for the purpose of making a Lisztian holiday; but we should not take the "literary" side of music too seriously. Mr. Henley says in his latest volume of essays—alas, it must be the last collection prepared by him—that "the 'aesthetic movement' has made painting so excessively literary, that either it is literature in a new medium or it is nothing." This saying may be applied to much of the modern music; and Liszt is still modern, far more modern than some of his most painstaking imitators of today, who affect to dub him old-fashioned.

It is necessary for a composer first of all to make music. The first question here is not whether Liszt bettered Schiller for his purpose, it is not whether he succeeded in translating into tone passages, line by line, of the poem, but whether the music itself will stand without the mottoes from the poem. An argument as to whether Schiller or Schopenhauer were the more truly philosophic in the view of the

ages of man would be a distant digression.

The title, "The Ideal," is enough to any sensitive and sympathetic hearer who is able to make his own programme as it is suggested by the music. The aspirations, the hopes, the illusions, the disenchantment, and then the resolve to be heroic even in the face of cruel disappointment, and of the one supreme doubt, the firm belief in a divine average, in compensation somewhere and sometime in the vast universe to which this proud globe is as the ball rolled painfully by a beetle—these are surely in the music, nor is there any need of Schiller's lines or Lord Lytton's pompous and swollen translation. For the music of this poem is singularly clear, as well as imaginative, and for well-defined lines, for beauty of musical thought, for logical and poetic transformations of the leading idea, for nobility of expression, "The Ideal" must be ranked with the greatest works of Liszt. In this instance simplicity is not affected naivete, and strength is not merely bombast.

Although the poem is long, it is firmly knit together, and although there is a wealth of ingenious detail, there is no cessation in the flow of musical thought. There are passages of exquisite beauty; there is a broad sweep of vision; there is loftiness of imagination. A great, a nobly beautiful work that is not mocked by its title! The performance was a remarkable one, which reflected the highest credit on conductor and orchestra. Name all the qualities that characterize the ideal performance of such a masterpiece, and not one was missing in the performance of last night. And how familiar Wagner must have been with this score! How he helped himself freely with both hands for his own use and glory!

Mr. Krasselt made his first appearance as a soloist in this country. He is young, and youth, as Liszt said, is the time for virtuosity. Mr. Krasselt made a most favorable impression. His tone is pure and eminently agreeable, although it is not large and commanding. His mechanism is well developed; he plays with feeling and enthusiasm, as well as with the authority of an excellent musician. The concerto itself, with the exception of dry and formal padding toward the end, is delightful.

The overture and the symphony are well known and do not call for extended comment. The performance was of a high order. Seldom, if ever, has the overture—one of the few truly poetic compositions of Mendelssohn—been played with such beauty of tone and exquisite precision.

## MUSICAL TOPICS.

Krasselt, Cello Soloist, at  
Symphony Concert.

First Appearance of the Arbos  
Quartet—Thibaud's Last Recital.



## —Preludes and Echoes.

B. B. B. — Nov 22 1903

Mr Rudolf Krasselt, the new first cellist, was the soloist at the fifth rehearsal and concert by the Symphony orchestra, making his debut here with the Saint-Saens A minor concerto for cello and orchestra. The program opened with Mendelssohn's overture to "Midsummer Night's Dream," the remaining selections comprising Liszt's symphonic poem, "The Ideal," and Dvorak's D minor symphony. The Saint-Saens concerto is not unfamiliar to Symphony audiences, it being in Mr Schroeder's repertory, and the new member of Mr Gericke's forces may fairly be said to have challenged criticism with the older cellist by selecting this work for his debut here in solo work. Mr Krasselt played the concerto splendidly throughout. So far as the finger execution was concerned, it was very true and facile, and met all the demands dexterously. Possibly the pianissimo passages at times were too lightly outlined for the heavy orchestral background, but as a rule the proper proportions were maintained by the solo instrument, and the themes and their development were given with authority and contrasting effects which showed Mr Krasselt's great abilities in a most favorable light. His tones are very sweet, especially in the upper register; he plays with good expression, and his whole interpretation, while lacking somewhat in warmth and sonority, was characterized by a refinement and brilliancy of execution which won him hearty tributes of appreciation from the audience.

The "Midsummer Night's Dream" overture made a delightful introduction to a program which proved rather better suited to musical experts than to the general concert attendant. The beautiful Mendelssohn number was about as perfect in performance as one could wish, the shimmering fairy music showing the splendid team work of the violins at its best, and the mock pomposity of the Pyramus-Thisbe march being given with amusing vigor in its accented measures.

In the Liszt poem, the playing by the cello contingent calls for special approbation, the instruments giving out their themes with excellent precision and resonance. The figurations by the lighter string band went smoothly, the closing part of the piece was executed brilliantly and the various tonal episodes of the poem were presented in a poetic spirit harmonizing with the theme. Dvorak's symphony contains so many puzzling musical combinations that to the general ear much of the work is unsatisfactory. The beautiful harmonies of the second movement were adequately given, first by the pizzicato strings and wood-winds, and subsequently by the cellos, oboes and flutes, and the quaint scherzo was faultlessly presented, the staccato measures being notably crisp and harmonious.

Mr A. Birnbaum, one of the new violinists in the orchestra, will be this week's soloist, playing Max Bruch's Scotch fantasy for violin and orchestra. The other selections are Beethoven's "Fidelio" overture and Dohnanyi's D minor symphony, its first performance here.

## MUSICAL MATTERS

### THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Overture, "Midsummer-night's Dream"..... Mendelssohn  
Concerto for Violoncello and Orchestra in A minor, op. 33..... Saint-Saens  
Rudolf Krasselt, soloist.

Symphonic Poem No. 12, "The Ideal"..... Liszt  
Symphony in D minor, No. 2, op. 76..... Dvorak

The best came first. If there is any daintier bit of humor in the entire musical repertoire than Mendelssohn's "Midsummer-night's-dream Overture," we have not the honor of its acquaintance. The gentlemanliness of Mendelssohn's character, which militated against him in displays of deep emotion and of dramatic effect, helped him in the matter of his musical humor, which is delicate and piquant; he makes play with a rapier, not with a bludgeon as Beethoven sometimes did. What the boy of 18 achieved in this overture, the man of 34 could not equal when the Prussian king desired him to write more music upon this Shakespearian play.

It was splendidly performed. One needed no musical Baedeker to trace the fairy elves upon the violins, to identify the theme which portrayed Bottom and his band of amateur actors; the bassoon brayed with the translated weaver and the bass-tuba made shift to reproduce what Mendelssohn wrote for the ophicleide, i.e., the snoring of the drunken Bottom while the fairies danced around his sleeping form. If one will only compare such a work with the humorous (?) piece for Piano by Richard Strauss there may be a lesson in the proceeding.

Rudolf Krasselt, 24 years of age and as juvenile in appearance as Mr. Schuecker was when he first appeared here, is a master of his instrument. We scarcely think that it was judicious to choose for a debut, the number which had been played as his last solo in these concerts by Mr. Krasselt's predecessor. There was bound to be something less of reserve, something more of sentimentality, in the newcomer's interpretation. But this sin of youth was the only shortcoming. There was a surety of intonation and a brilliancy of performance that won a great triumph. There was sufficient breadth in the noble C string passages, the double-stopping was clear, there was mastery in every branch of Mr. Krasselt's work. He is surely a great addition to the orchestra and the audience at once recognized the fact, recalling him time after time with very spontaneous enthusiasm.

Liszt's "Ideal," is not an ideal work. He soars after the infinite, in this labored composition, and meets with the usual fate of flying-machines. In "Les Preludes" the master attains what he here only attempts. There is no "team play" in the work; it is every man for himself. The clarinette gives a monologue, then the

trombone unburdens itself of a series of troubles in a long soliloquy, and even the kettle-drum has its tale of woe to tell as a solo.

We did not attempt to follow the work as programme-music, and ignored the Schiller pegs upon which the spasmodic phrases were hung, for if instrumental music cannot stand without the support of a poetic explanation in words it will sink to the lowest rank among the Arts. Heard then as pure music this work seemed wearisome and incoherent, and it lacked the great climaxes which Liszt has launched forth like thunder-bolts in many of his other symphonic poems. It was most carefully performed, but the audience were mystified as well as Lisztified, and applauded but little.

Dvorak's second symphony, although in regular and accepted form, begins with a movement that is rather heterogeneous and abstruse, and this coming directly after Liszt's musical ejaculations was piling Ossa upon Pelion.

But the rest of the work seemed stronger than upon previous hearings. There is a pastoral character in the symphony that makes of it a species of symphonic "Waldweben," filled with carollings and tender woodland sounds. That it is sometimes reminiscent cannot be denied, even the four heavy accents which are found in Schubert's ninth symphony (and which he may have copied from Beethoven's violin concerto,) being present in the finale. Nevertheless these do not amount to plagiarism, they are simply new sermons upon old texts. There are, however, other symphonies in the repertoire which might have precedence over Dvorak's earlier works in this form. One might wish, for example, to hear Goetz's short symphony again, or either of Volkmann's two, or Paine's "Spring Symphony," which ought not to remain forever upon the shelf.

Louis C. Elison.

## KRASSELT'S DEBUT MOST AUSPICIOUS

Tomel

Fifth Symphony Is Overlong and Underbalanced.

The Fifth Symphony was overlong and underbalanced, its main weight, like the plums in the sea captain's pudding, being loaded into one end. It began delightfully with Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" overture, with which Mr. Gericke had wisely ameliorated his program, first planned to begin with the grandiose and ponderous "Tragic" of Brahms.

Then came Mr Krasselt, to make his debut as the new first cellist, choosing for his entrance the A-minor concerto of Saint-Saens, which is excellent for an introduction, as it gives the performer chance to display both instrument and art. Mr. Krasselt is boyish in face and manner, but he seems serious and settled when he gets fairly at his work. He plays with confidence and aplomb, but with due reserve and deflection.

His tone gratifies at once, being full, smooth, rich and equable, suggesting something of Giese's in a general way. His technique appears well-founded, broadly developed and as polished as need be, his delivery of scales and ornate passages being light, swift, clear and shapely, without hurry or petty showiness. He regarded justly the form of what he had to deliver, put gaiety into the allegros and a pleasant sentiment—nothing deeper is needed—into the allegretto.

### Excellent Impression.

He made an excellent impression, and those who remember Hekking, half-wondering that he had not been chosen, soon felt that this young man would show the solid qualities and graces in due time, without the academic hardness and dryness of the older master.

Liszt's tremendously and tediously transcendental rhapsody (which he calls a poem) meant to parallel Schiller's metaphysical ode, "The Ideal," followed. It has its great and high moments and its massive orchestral splendors, but it confounds, burdens and wearies through its long course, wherein the relief of contrast comes but fitfully. It has been well called an "elegy on departed youth," and a long, laborious elegy, without soft consolation, bright hope, or spiritual uplift, is not so easy to hear and bear.

### Rich and Comfortable.

Dvorak was to be the symphonist, and Mr. Gericke—who had at first thought of the work in F, which would have been new here—took up the No. 2, in D-minor, which has been known favorably here for about twenty years. This contains one rich and comfortable movement, the adagio, which has a religious character, its grave themes being heightened and cheered by the ornate development in which they are set. The rest of the symphony, while not treated by Slavonic passion or urged by Slavonic energy and insistence, makes yet strong demand for close and analytic attention, and is not well placed after an hour and a half of constant and often laborious listening. That all these things were well played needs not to be proclaimed; but the symphony might have been finer in places if the men had not been, as some were boldly willing to admit, fatigued in mind and hand and breath by their long previous exercise.

In Smetana's "Vysehrad" imaginative force is recognized at once. With apparently simple means the composer succeeds in musical scene painting; and there is something more than panoramic success; for the idea of former glory and departed grandeur is firmly established. The simplicity of Smetana is



honest, while the naivete of Dvorak suggests artful and deliberate childishness as an important part of musical stock in trade. The lamentation over the ruins of Libussa's castle is not sentimental; it is hardie and heroic; it suggests the period, and in the whole symphonic poem there is no incongruous or belittling thought or expression.

Beethoven's early symphony brought the end.

#### SYMPHONY CONCERTS.

Miss Adele Aus Der Ohe was the soloist at the fourth symphony rehearsal and concert, playing the B major concerto for piano and orchestra, by Henry Holden Huss, the American composer. The work was given in its revised form. The other numbers of the program were Raff's overture, "Ein feste Burg," Smetana's symphonic poem, "Vysehrad," and Beethoven's D major symphony. The Huss concerto is one that appeals especially to the musician or the advanced student of music, for its constantly varying progressions, its abrupt changes of modulations in different keys and the almost restless and irregular forms of its instrumental combinations, makes the piece too complicated and abstruse for the enjoyment of the general public.

The instrumentation is elaborate and the solo instrument is very prominent in each movement. The first part is so full of fortissimo passages that the physical tax for the soloist is very great, and that Miss Aus Der Ohe was able to maintain the proper proportion in her piano work against the heavy orchestral background, shows the artist possessed of a strength of arms and fingers not usually found in a woman. Her chords, arpeggios and runs, singly and in doubles, were wonderfully vigorous and clear, and in all her fortissimo work she appeared to be easily able to cope with the orchestra. In the second movement she produced a beautiful cantabel tone where required, showing a fine intelligence in her reading and a consummate skill in execution. She gave the two themes of the third movement with splendid contrasting effects, closing the concerto with a brilliant and dashing performance of the crashing finale. The large audience appreciated her performance very highly, and she was recalled several times and received some huge floral tributes.

The orchestra, as a rule did its work admirably, though the "conversations" in the third movement seemed to be a trifle uncertain at times. The Raff overture proved to be a pleasing composition of its kind, and the principal theme showed to advantage the efficiency of the different wind contingents. Smetana's symphonic poem was given in a stirring and sympathetic manner, the brasses sounding their phrases in excellent harmony and the contrasts of the festival music and the joyless, sad refrain of the finale being beautiful in their impressive and mournful cadences. The Beethoven symphony calls for naught but praise, the larghetto and the delightful scherzo each being received with the usual manifestations of pleasure by the auditors.

The program of the concerts this week will include Brahms' tragic overture, Liszt's symphonic poem, "The Ideal," and Dvorak's symphony in F. Mr Krasselt, the new first cellist, will appear as a soloist for the first time in America, and he will play a concerto by Saint-Saens. *Glabe Nov 11 1903*

### Popular Concerts at the Theatres

#### —Preludes and Echoes.

*Glabe*

*Nov. 22, 1903*

Mr Rudolf Krasselt, the new first cellist, was the soloist at the fifth rehearsal and concert by the Symphony orchestra, making his debut here with the Saint-Saens A minor concerto for cello and orchestra. The program opened with Mendelssohn's overture to "Midsummer Night's Dream," the remaining selections comprising Liszt's symphonic poem, "The Ideal," and Dvorak's D minor symphony. The Saint-Saens concerto is not unfamiliar to Symphony audiences, it being in Mr Schroeder's repertory, and the new member of Mr Gericke's forces may fairly be said to have challenged criticism with the older cellist by selecting this work for his debut here in solo work. Mr Krasselt played the concerto splendidly throughout. So far as the finger execution was concerned, it was very true and facile, and met all the demands dexterously. Possibly the pianissimo passages at times were too lightly outlined for the heavy orchestral background, but as a rule the proper proportions were maintained by the solo instrument, and the themes and their development were given with authority and contrasting effects which showed Mr Krasselt's great abilities in a most favorable light. His tones are very sweet, especially in the upper register; he plays with good expression, and his whole interpretation, while lacking somewhat in warmth and sonority, was characterized by a refinement and brilliancy of execution which won him hearty tributes of appreciation from the audience.

The "Midsummer Night's Dream" overture made a delightful introduction to a program which proved rather better suited to musical experts than to the general concert attendant. The beautiful Mendelssohn number was about as perfect in performance as one could wish, the shimmering fairy music showing the splendid team work of the violins at its best, and the mock pomp of the Pyramus-Thisbe march being given with amusing vigor in its accented measures.

In the Liszt poem, the playing by the cello contingent calls for special approbation, the instruments giving out their themes with excellent precision and resonance. The figurations by the lighter string band went smoothly, the closing part of the piece was executed brilliantly and the various tonal episodes of the poem were presented in a poetic spirit harmonizing with the theme. Dvorak's symphony contains so many puzzling musical combinations that to the general ear much of the work is unsatisfactory. The beautiful harmonies of the second movement were adequately given, first by the pizzicato strings and wood-winds, and subsequently by the cellos, oboes and flutes, and the quaint scherzo was faultlessly presented, the staccato measures being notably crisp and harmonious.

Mr A. Birnbaum, one of the new violinists in the orchestra, will be this week's soloist, playing Max Bruch's Scotch fantasy for violin and orchestra.

The other selections are Beethoven's "Fidelio" overture and Dohnanyi's D minor symphony, its first performance here.

The programme of the fourth public rehearsal of the Symphony orchestra this afternoon in Symphony Hall includes an overture, "Ein feste Burg," Smetana's symphonic poem, "Vysehrad," and Beethoven's symphony No. 2. Raff's overture, which is seldom played—it was performed here at a Philharmonic concert in 1882—was composed originally as a prelude to Wilhelm Genast's tragedy, "Bernhard von Weimar," and was first played at a performance of the tragedy at the Grand Ducal Theatre, Weimar, in 1855. Raff rewrote the overture in 1865 at Wiesbaden, and it was performed for the first time in its revised form at Karlsruhe in 1866. The familiar melody, set, as it was long believed by Luther, to the 46th Psalm, is freely used, as it was by Meyerbeer, Nicolai, Mendelssohn, Wagner and many others. The present form of the melody, however, was shaped by Bach and differs from the original.

Smetana's "Vysehrad" has been already played twice at these concerts. It is the first poem of his cycle "My Country." The Vysehrad is a fortified hill in the southern part of Prague. Centuries ago this hill was crowned with the castle of the semi-legendary Libussa, a remarkable woman, who by her marriage to Premysl, a ploughman, founded a powerful dynasty. The old castle and other buildings were destroyed in the Hussite wars. Smetana fancies Lumir, an ancient bard, looking at the ruins and recounting the past glories, the wondrous sights, and then the passing of the glory. The work is highly imaginative, a true orchestral rhapsody.

Miss Adele Aus der Ohe will play with the orchestra Henry H. Huss' piano concerto in B major. The work was performed for the first time at a Symphony concert in Boston some years ago when the composer was the pianist. Mr. Huss revised the concerto, which is dedicated to Miss Aus der Ohe, who, by the way, will play at these concerts in Boston for the eighth time. A pupil of Kullak and Liszt, she first visited the United States in the late fall of 1886. *Kullak*

### GERICKE SCORES TRIUMPH.

First Concert of the Season in New York by Boston Symphony Orchestra Grand Success.

[Special Dispatch to the Boston Herald.]

NEW YORK, Nov. 5, 1903. At Carnegie Hall tonight the Boston Symphony orchestra gave its first concert of the season before one of the largest gatherings of its patrons which has ever assembled there. It has become trite to accord this organization the position of greatest importance among the factors which make a New York musical season, but if Mr. Gericke had not already earned title to such consideration the performance of tonight would have done so.

Mr. Gericke's programme was well put together. Its atmosphere was vernal, buoyant, optimistic. Beginning with Weber's overture to "Euryanthe," it included the Mendelssohn violin concerto and the "Waldweben" from Siegfried and was concluded by Brahms' second symphony in D major. The soloist was the Spanish violinist Senor

Fernandez Arbos, the recently appointed concert master of the orchestra. There is no need at this time to tell how the Boston orchestra plays the second Brahms' symphony. Mr. Gericke's readings of it here have always constituted memorable musical moments, and that of tonight was fit to bear company with any of its predecessors.

Judged merely as a technical exposition of the score's contents, the performance was remarkable, but above and beyond this there was vitalization of phrase, eloquence of accent, a vocal quality in the singing of the melodies and a polite atmosphere suffused throughout the whole work. In this department of musical literature the band is at its best. Not so wholly satisfactory was the "Waldweben," although played at once with microscopic care for detail and with large sweep. It lacked the "point" which perhaps ruder treatment might have given it, when, toward the close, motion piles upon motion to make that one short, thrilling climax. The solo voices of this orchestra, it must be said, nevertheless, gave it a distinction and refinement that it may never find in the opera house.

As the Mendelssohn violin concerto disclosed him, Senor Fernandez Arbos would seem to be an able successor to the desk of Franz Kneisel, rather than a valuable addition to the ranks of concert violinists. His tone is good but slender, rather colorless and inelastic. His style is classic, precise, unemotional; his technic—particularly that of the left hand—is admirable.

### SYMPHONY REHEARSAL.

Mr. Rudolf Krasselt, the new first cellist of the Boston Symphony orchestra, will make his first appearance in America as a soloist this afternoon, when he will play Saint-Saens' concerto for cello No. 1. Mr. Krasselt was born on Jan. 1, 1879, at Baden-Baden. He studied chiefly with Klengel at Leipzig. His first appearance in public was at Baden-Baden when he was only 13 years old. He has been connected with the orchestra of the Rostock Theatre, the Philharmonic orchestra of Berlin, and the orchestra of the Vienna Court Opera. He was a member of the Krasselt quartet; the other members were his brother, Alfred, violin; his father, Gustav, viola, and his sister, Jenny, who died four years ago, was the pianist.

The orchestral numbers are the overture to "Midsummer Night's Dream," Dvorak's symphony in D minor No. 2, which was written for the Philharmonic Society of London and first performed at one of its concerts, and Liszt's symphonic poem, "The Ideal," which, introduced here by Theodore Thomas, has been played only once at a Symphony concert. The music is in illustration of Schiller's poem, "Die Ideale," but whereas Schiller names friendship and work as the sole consolations for the disillusion of life as man grows older, Liszt concludes with an "Apotheosis," in which the motive typical of "The Ideal" is glorified and made crashingly jubilant.

The programme of the sixth concert will include Beethoven's overture to "Fidelio," Bruch's fantasia on Scottish airs (played by Mr. Birnbaum, violinist, a new member of the orchestra), and Dohnanyi's symphony in D minor (first time in America).



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*Symphony Hall.*

SEASON 1903-04.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Mr. WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.

VI. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

BEETHOVEN,

OVERTURE to "Fidelio." op. 72.

BRUCH,

FANTASIA on Scottish Folk Melodies for VIOLIN,  
op. 46.

I. Introduction: Grave. Adagio cantabile.

II. Scherzo: Allegro,

III. Andante sostenuto.

IV. Finale: Allegro guerriero.

DOHNÁNYI,

SYMPHONY in D minor.

I. Allegro ma non troppo.

II. Molto Adagio.

III. Scherzo: Presto.

IV. Intermezzo. Andante poco moto.

V. Finale: Introduzione, molto sostenuto; Tema  
con variazione e Fuga.

(First time in America.)

Soloist:

Mr. ALEXANDER Z. BIRNBAUM.



# NEW SYMPHONY BY DOHNANYI

Its First Performance in  
America Will Be Given  
at the Public Rehearsal  
This Afternoon.

COMPOSER HAS  
PLAYED IN BOSTON.

Change in Programme for  
Next Week—News About  
Patti and Her Farewell—  
Opera in New York.

Dohnanyi's symphony in D minor will be performed at the public rehearsal of the Symphony orchestra this afternoon for the first time in America. The first performance was at Budapest, in January of this year. The symphony is very long, and it is elaborately worked out. The second movement is of a rhapsodical character, after the Hungarian fashion. There are five movements. The fourth is an intermezzo, with viola solo, and the finale includes a theme with variations and a concluding fugue. The symphony, which shows both the influence of Brahms and the hereditary Hungarian instincts of the composer, has been played in Vienna and in Berlin.

Dohnanyi, who now lives in Vienna as a pianist and composer, is well known in Boston. His first appearance in the United States as a pianist was at Cambridge, Mass., March 15, 1900, when he played Beethoven's concerto No. 4 with the Symphony orchestra. He played the same concerto in Boston, March 17, and gave recitals. He visited Boston again in 1900 and played his own concerto at a Symphony concert, Nov. 3. He also gave recitals. One of his chamber works has been played here by the Kneisels.

Dohnanyi is now in his 26th year. He was born at Pressburg and his father is professor of mathematics and physics at the Gymnasium of that city. The boy showed early musical inclinations, but he was not exploited as a prodigy; on the contrary, some of his family opposed his adoption of music as a career. He studied the piano with Forstner, Thoman and D'Albert and composition with Hans Koessler.

On account of the length of the symphony, there will be only one other orchestral piece, the overture to "Fidelio." Mr. Alexander Z. Birnbaum, one of the new violinists of the orchestra, will make his first appearance in this country as a soloist. He is a young man, born at Warsaw, and his teachers were Joachim and Ysaye. He has been connected with orchestras in Hamburg and Paris, and he has played as a soloist in Paris and Berlin. He will play this afternoon Bruch's Fantasia on Scottish folk tunes.

The programme for the concerts next week has been changed. It will include Brahms' "Academic" overture, Tschai-kowsky's orchestral ballad, "The Voyvode" (a posthumous work), and the "Childe Harold" symphony by Berlioz. Melba will sing an aria from Mozart's "La Clemenza di Tito" and Ophelia's mad scene from Thomas' "Hamlet."

## MUSICAL MATTERS

### THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

#### PROGRAMME.

Beethoven—Overture to "Fidelio."

Bruch—Scottish Fantasia for Violin and Orchestra. Mr. Alexander Z. Birnbaum, Soloist.

Dohnanyi—Symphony in D minor. (First time in America.)

The "Fidelio" overture, which is one of the weaker of the four overtures attached to Beethoven's single opera, received an excellent interpretation, clear and well-balanced from the first phrase to the last. Is there nothing newer in the way of overtures, waiting for an audition at these concerts?

The interest of the concert began with the debut of Mr. Birnbaum, one of the new members of our orchestra. Bruch's Scottish Fantasia is an interesting work; it grows stronger with repeated hearing. The German composers have always exhibited a fondness for Scottish melodies, as witness Schumann's settings of Burns' poems, Franz's use of the same material, Beethoven's arrangements and harmonizations of Scotch folk-songs, etc., etc. But only two Teutons have become in any degree Scottish under the spell of Gaelic music; Mendelssohn first and foremost,—and Bruch a long way after. Bruch once told the present writer that he was acquainted with fully 400 Scottish folk-songs and could play most of them by heart.

This fantasy is not Bruch's only excursion into this field. He has written a cantata,—"The Fiery Cross"—on a Walter Scott subject, and he gave some beautiful and very un-Gaelic treatment of the "Campbells Are Comin'" in his dramatic cantata, "Fair Ellen."

The material in this Fantasy is drawn from three Scots' melodies and they are given with many variations and with all possible violin virtuosity. They are not disguised beyond recognition and "Scots wha Hae" is worked up to masterly climax, but greater simplicity would have done more justice to the beauty of the most wonderful folk-music on earth. In the Scherzo Bruch caught something of the Scottish lilt, even if he could not build as perfect a Scottish theme as Mendelssohn achieved in the Scherzo of his A minor symphony; but no German can ever hope to equal that.

Mr. Birnbaum was nervous. At first this showed itself in a light, spasmodic tone and in aberrations of pitch. But he grew steadily better as the work went on, and he displayed such skill in double-stopping, in harmonics, and in runs and skips, that we are sure of his being a great addition to our orchestral ranks. He was recalled again and again, and his brilliant work deserved the tribute, in spite of the few shortcomings of the earlier parts of the performance.

Dohnanyi's new symphony equals Beethoven's ninth,—in length. It is however not its equal in sustained breadth. It is intensely modern and attempts every tone-

color known to man. It is complex in rhythms as well as in scoring. Its first movement has many groans of despair and its use of kettledrums and contrabass pizzicati, as well as its death-suggesting coda, reminds very strongly of the great Symphony Pathétique.

A young composer is always bound to sing of the charnel-house; it is only your gray-beard who sings glad strains nowadays.

The second movement gave great display of wind instruments, and the English horn was beautifully played, as also was the bass-clarinete. The French horn gave forth some muted tones that were the most dismal sounds imaginable,—which was what the composer intended them to be. In this movement almost everything was ejaculatory and spasmodic. It is another failing of the modern symphonist to mix up his tempi and thus illustrate in a double sense Shakespeare's line, "The times are out of joint!"

The outward procession of the audience began here. But the work grew stronger as it went on. The Scherzo (of course it was not playful) was a striking piece of tone-color and worked up to a noble climax. The intermezzo brought forth an expressive viola solo followed by one on the violin, both perfectly played. But we shall have an infinitely better viola obligata, next Saturday, when the "Childe Harold" symphony is to be given.

The finale was very striking, even upon the kettledrums. It reproduced thoughts from preceding movements, a proceeding sanctioned by Beethoven and perfected by Brahms in his C minor symphony. There was a remarkable fugue in the finale. Most composers content themselves with a fugato, a fugal exposition alone, but not so our young Hungarian; he works out his subject and countersubject ("ganz regelrecht") and seems loth to leave his contrapuntal development.

A young man who has such skill in orchestration, such contrapuntal knowledge, such general power, may yet grow very great. At present one must say that the numerous ideas presented are not well digested or assimilated; the material is there, but it is not yet brought into unity or homogeneity. Nevertheless this is not a symphony to fall asleep over. It presents too much of originality and too many strong ideas, not to speak of the numerous heavy explosions that interrupt tranquil slumber.

Louis C. Elson.

### SYMPHONY TICKETS

Seats in AA-Centre; very desirable and reasonable. Address O.B.J., Boston Transcript. 2t(A): n 11

### SYMPHONY TICKET

Single seat—evening—Left Upper Balcony, \$10.00. Address J.W.C., Boston Transcript. (A):

### SYMPHONY REHEARSALS

M 13, 14, 15, \$50 each. JJ 28, 29, 30, 31, \$25 each. MISS LOCKE, Box 140, Boston. 2t(A): o 14



# UNKNOWN SYMPHONY ON SIXTH PROGRAM

## Bruch's Scotch Fantasy Will Also Be Played.

Mr. Gericke's sixth program is short enough to look at it, but it is likely to be pretty protracted in the hearing. It will begin with a substantial overture, viz.: that one of the several prepared by Beethoven for his opera, "Fidelio," which bears that name.

Then Bruch's rather long, but often energetic and enlivening "Scotch" fantasia, which is not without its lighter, breezier and brighter phases, will be played, serving for the introduction of the plum-faced and bushy-haired new violinist, Mr. A. Birnbaum, who has been put into the vacancy made by the regretted withdrawal of Mr. Loeffler.

Finally a long hour (and possibly more) will be wanted for the first Boston performance of a symphony in D minor, extending to no less than five movements, composed by Mr. Dohnanyi, who made a favorable impression here as a pianist a few seasons ago. This symphony has been played in Germany, but no accounts about it have come that are calculated to make one quite palpitate with anticipatory interest.

**SYMPHONY CONCERTS.**  
The program for the sixth Symphony rehearsal and concert comprised Beethoven's overture to "Fidelio," Bruch's fantasia on Scottish airs, for violin and orchestra, and Dohnanyi's D minor symphony, the latter selection played for the first time in America. Mr. Alexander Z. Birnbaum, one of the new violinists of the orchestra, appeared as soloist. The familiar "Fidelio" overture was played in the usual vein, Mr. Gericke's sympathetic reading being splendidly illustrated by his men. The selection was received with due appreciation and probably gave as genuine pleasure to the auditors as one movement on the program.

The Bruch fantasia on Scottish folk-melodies introduced Mr. Birnbaum as a soloist for the first time in this country, and the debut should prove satisfactory to the young artist for he was most favorably received. The long composition does not abound in brilliant work for the solo instrument and so does not appeal very strongly to the "popular" taste, but the value of the work is highly appreciated by musicians and it is found in the repertoire of all prominent violinists. Mr. Birnbaum's interpretation was excellent throughout, the strongly marked rhythms of the opening and closing movements being given with broad and resonant effect, the cantabile

playing in the second part was generally of good quality, the variations in the second movement were executed with commendable facility and the alternating passages of the third movement went smoothly, although there were some faulty intonations in the rapid figurations. Mr. Birnbaum is evidently an earnest man and conscientious in his work. He has a good tone, possibly better in the lower than in the upper register, and his finger work and bowing shows him to be well equipped in his chosen profession.

The Dohnanyi symphony is very long, there are five movements, and in each one the intricate themes are so interwoven, developed and divided among the different orchestral contingents that to the general concert patron the work sounds abstruse and somewhat uninteresting. Dohnanyi has utilized the resources of the modern orchestra to the fullest extent, some of his combinations are really weird in effect, and to every group of instruments he has given work to do which tests the abilities of the players in no usual way, even in this age of writing melodic difficulties.

A single hearing is not sufficient in forming an opinion as to the importance of the symphony, and so a general commendation for the performance must suffice. The wind instruments were prominent in their harmonious work in groups, many of the themes being played in excellent tone, but there were some rough movements in the full orchestra measures, and the heavier instruments appear frequently to lag behind Mr. Gericke's beat. The third movement showed the violins to be in their usual form in the precision and beauty of tone, the next movement was admirably given by the heavier contingent, and the triumphant finale at the close was all that could be expected. In this part, too, the variations and contrasting themes were splendidly played by all. That the symphony is skilfully constructed there is no doubt, though in the main it appears not to be destined to give satisfaction to any but musical experts.

Mme. Melba will be this week's soloist. The program will include Brahms' "Academic" overture, Tchaikowsky's orchestral ballad, "The Voyvode" (a posthumous work) and the "Child Harold" symphony by Berlioz. Melba will sing an aria from Mozart's "La Clemenza di Tito" and Onhelia's mad scene from Thomas' "Hamlet."

**Symphony Hall: Symphony Orchestra**  
At the sixth Symphony concert Mr. Rudolf Krasselt made his first appearance here as a soloist. This was the programme: Mendelssohn: Overture, "Midsummer Night's Dream." Saint-Saëns: Concerto for Violoncello and Orchestra in A minor, op. 33. Liszt: Symphonic Poem No. 12, "The Ideal." Dvorak: Symphony in D minor, No. 2, op. 76.

While the programme was of considerable interest and its performance was unusually brilliant, curiosity was, none the less, aroused chiefly by the opportunity to hear Mr. Krasselt play for the first time. This very young artist won a well-deserved success, for, in so far as a non-celloist can judge, his playing was beautiful in the extreme. Mr. Krasselt produces a tone of delightful sweetness, he phrases with exceedingly fine taste, he overcomes technical difficulties with ease, making bravura passages sound not in the least disagreeable, a great feat for a 'cello player; he plays with authority and, although the Saint-Saëns concerto allows scope for little more than a display of virtuosity and of elegance, with warmth of feeling. Since in spite of his youth, Mr. Krasselt has already gained a varied orchestral experience, our orchestra is to be congratulated on securing the services of a musician of such notable talent. Saturday night his success was great.

The most important, if not the most agreeable, feature of this concert was the production of Liszt's symphonic poem, "Ideals," which, while not new here, is still very little known. The inspiration for this composition Liszt drew from Schiller's poem, "Ideale." And yet, it would seem, the musician could not have fallen very powerfully under the influence of the poet, since he chose to amend his version of the poem in distinct contradiction to the spirit and letter of the original. For Schiller, in beautiful verse, depicts the sensations of a poet from whom love and all the joy of living disappear, leaving as comforters only friendship and that supreme consoler, work. Liszt, on the other hand, not holding with the ruthless destruction of ideals, at the end of his orchestral poem gathers them all together in a glowing "Apotheosis." In considering this composition, therefore, Schiller may be disregarded, the question being, has Liszt himself produced something of worth and beauty?

He has, at all events, produced a work that, from its freedom of form, its beauty and expressiveness of orchestration, and its emotional content, might more easily have been written today than in 1856. Exquisitely beautiful, however, as many passages of this tone-poem are, it is so inordinately long and tries to express so much that at the end a listener is chiefly conscious of relief. Its performance Saturday was brilliant and sympathetic, but if Mr. Gericke had made far more sweeping cuts than he did they would all have been to the advantage of a work that then might have made

as great an impression as did the composer's "Festklänge" or the wonderful "Todtentanz." In these days, when the work of Richard Strauss and his kind is or ought to be most in evidence, we cannot hear too many of Liszt's orchestral pieces, if only to see how much of it has been done and how well fifty years before.

This evening of great playing began with a brilliant performance of Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" overture, which was being performed at the very same moment at the Hollis Street Theatre, and ended with an equally fine reading of Dvorak's charming D minor symphony—charming, at least, for three movements, when it suddenly turns sinister, baleful.

Another newcomer will be the soloist this week, Mr. A. Birnbaum. This will be the programme: Beethoven, overture to "Fidelio"; Max Bruch, Scotch Fantasy for violin and orchestra; Dohnanyi, Symphony in D minor (first time). R. R. G.

# NEW SYMPHONY BY DOHNANYI

It Proves Itself to Be Long, Independent and Very Agreeable.

## VIOLINIST MAKES DEBUT

Mr. Birnbaum Is a New Resident Performer of More Than Ordinary Ability.

The symphony in D minor, composed by Ernst von Dohnanyi, who appeared in Boston as a pianist, producing also a concerto, quintet and other things of his own during the season of 1900, was the novelty of the sixth Symphony program, at the end of which it was placed. This symphony was written not long ago, and its first performance was at Budapest in January last, followed in October by one at Berlin under Weingartner. Not much beyond these bare facts has been heard about it, and it was awaited with little anxious expectation—indeed, there seemed to be little curiosity in regard to it



anyway. It had a fair and fine exposition; it was listened to with complementarily close attention; it gratified at times, and left upon the whole a generally favorable impression, deepened to cordial liking at times.

#### Somewhat Confused.

Yet this impression was somewhat confused, and an early second hearing would be necessary to the formation of a judicial opinion. Dohnanyi, who is credited with an almost too early disposition toward composition, which was sensibly directed to such study and professional practise as should precede it, appears here to be independent, resourceful, gifted, generous and even lavish in the use of his talents and means, hurrying on at times in almost reckless fashion, as if leaving results to take care of themselves.

This symphony is long, requiring more than an hour in performance, and its five movements are arranged in an original way. It has at first an allegro non troppo in the nominal key, the strong initial theme of which has a gentler response in the major, followed by a long tranquil subject in B minor. Out of these the movement is chiefly created, with smaller matters in plenty to fill the development, which rises to a stormy climax or two before its gradual "dying fall" through a quaint and somber figure.

The second movement, which might be called either rhapsody or romance, opens with a long and deeply sentimental adagio for English horn, which reappears later, but always with warm emotional coloring, in various solo voicings, and finally ends where it began, in the English horn. There is full charm in the theme, and many brilliant coruscations flash through the development; yet the movement seems prolix.

The third movement is a scherzo, the upward rushing presto of whose announcement suggests the entrance at a rough canter of a horseman climbing an opposing acclivity. The trio in D flat, departing from the fundamental F of the movement, is dignified and churchly; yet the coda is smartened up for new gaiety by the glockenspiel, cymbals and the percussion in general. The contrast made by the trio of antipodal, yet it is so unexpected as to pique and please.

#### Fourth Movement.

The reasonably short fourth movement is an intermezzo in B major, built upon a lovely song by the viola, which was beautifully played. The finale, returning molto costenuto to D minor, begins sedately, heavily emphasized by the drums, and soon presents for free variation a serious theme, which is followed by another large one, which is wrought into an elaborate, bold and vehement fugue, the first chorale-like announcement, speedily turning to a thoroughly exciting climax, which reminds one of the "Racoczy" march in spirit and speed.

As may be guessed, here are subject matter and orchestral treatment for many moods and many minds. One may well question whether all these things were deliberately meant to be associated and why, or whether they were seized half at random from a full storehouse and cast together fitfully. It is plain that Dohnanyi has the melodic gift. His themes are almost multitude, and for the most part they are not put out in

fragmentary phrases, but in long, symmetrical themes, that give the work almost the character of a fantasia.

#### Decided Intention.

Their treatment shows a decided intention and a firm, resolute hand, which can also hold softly and kindly. The instrumentation is knowing and progressive, calling for ample provision (including two harps, of which only one was to be had,) and using it without reserve. Some mannerisms in color appear, such as a fondness for muted horns, for trumpet obligatos and a use of the brass and lower wood-wind in a grim and harsh way that suggests the moods of Siegfried's dragon.

There are also several queer, eerie and ghostly colorings, which seem irrelevantly laid on, that would properly tone a "danse macabre." Yet the tenderer themes are poetic and have power to charm, and the music may well be understood as coming from a Hungarian heart and head inspired by the impetuous and erratic national genius.

Besides the new music, there was to be heard a new musician, Alexander Z. Birnbaum, who joins the first violins this season. He chose Bruch's "Scotch" fantasia, which does not use its highland quotations as subjects for formal development, but rather as suggestions toward the direction and sentiment of the poetic moods he desires to invoke and to connect only indirectly with auld Scotia. He takes them for promptings, not for propositions.

#### New Violinist.

Although virtuosos have adopted it, it is not properly a show piece; for, although it needs a ready and complete technique, it is rather a reflective and sensitive music. Mr. Birnbaum, who had the usual stranger's reception, kindly but cool, played it sympathetically. His execution is light, clean and deft, his tone genial and warm, and his playing was thoughtful, delicate and refined, with an intimation of reserved strength against a time of need. He grew in favor as he went on, was promptly and heartily applauded after the first and third movements, and several times recalled at the end.

The only other number was Beethoven's "Fidello" overture, which began the evening.

The next concert will be a Melba night, for that artist will sing a scene from "Hamlet" and the air (probably) from Mozart's "Clemenza di Tito," which was looked for from Mme. Gadske.

### SIXTH SYMPHONY CONCERT.

#### A New Symphony in D Minor by Dohnanyi Is Played.

*Harold* — Nov. 29, 1903.  
Its First Performance in United States and It Was First Given in Budapest Last January — Has Length Rather Than Breadth — Mr. Birnbaum Soloist.

The programme of the sixth concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra in Symphony Hall last night, Mr. Gericke conductor, was as follows:

Overture to "Fidello".....Beethoven  
Fantasia on Scottish airs for violin.....Bruch  
Symphony in D minor.....Dohnanyi  
(First time in this country.)

Dohnanyi's Symphony in D minor was not his first. When he was 19 years old—he was born in 1877—he wrote a symphony in F which took a prize offered by the "King of Hungary" for the best work by Hungarian composers. This symphony was performed at Budapest, but we know of no other performance. The Symphony in D minor was performed for the first time at Budapest on Jan. 7, 1903, and since then it has been played at Vienna and Berlin.

The composer has been eminently serious from his youth up. His father, a professor of mathematics and physics at Pressburg, found amusement in playing the cello, an instrument favored by many physicians, possibly because, as Walt Whitman said: "It is the voice of the young man's complaint." The father was unwilling to exploit the boy, who, they say, "showed unmistakable musical instincts before he was 3 years old," but it is well to remember that there are legends as well as vampires in Hungary. The boy began to compose, at least to scrawl notes on music paper, when he was 7 years old, and a little later he wrote pieces for violin and piano, which were correct in harmony and form; so says the passionate biographer. When Ernst was 12 years old he wrote cello sonatas, string quartets and other chamber music, and when he was 13 he played a piano quartet by Brahms in public, which Messrs. Runciman and Blackburn would characterize as a depraved proceeding.

Ernst became an ardent admirer of Brahms and went to work to write a Brahmsian piano quartet and string sextet. And then his father thought the boy should enter the university and study philosophy—so that he might enter more fully into the spirit of Brahms. The boy, like Hercules, was wooed then by Virtue and Vice; he decided to be a musician; he left the University of Budapest to study the more zealously composition under one Hans Koessler, who is known in Boston as the composer of a singularly lugubrious, pedantic and dull set of "Symphonic Variations," in memory of Johannes Brahms (played here in 1902), variations which were intended to portray Brahms mentally, physically, and socially. And at last Brahms himself became interested in Dohnanyi.

Dohnanyi has visited Boston as a pianist and a composer, and he was then eminently serious, a pianist to be respected even when his playing was massive and concrete rather than sympathetic and emotional.

It will thus be seen that heredity, nationality, early surroundings and the influence of Brahms have all entered into the mind of this composer, and the symphony in D minor may perhaps be the more easily explained. The work is a curious mixture of severe thought and of vague wandering; of precise and carefully considered expression and of rhapsodic utterance; of the dryness of one delighting in squares, cubes, powers

and logarithms, and of the quasi-barbaric joy in striking rhythm, jingle and color.

Like an election torch-procession, the symphony is a good hour in passing a certain point. It is long and thick rather than broad and deep.

The themes for the most part are not distinguished, and the chief interest is in the contrapuntal treatment and in the grouping of tonal masses. It is only fair to add that the themes are not always favorably announced. Take the song theme, for instance, of the first movement; on its first appearance it is almost smothered by the drab orchestration; there is no contrast, there is no background; the whole is a blur. Yet this theme when it appears afterward has a certain suavity and grace, although it is neither individual nor striking.

The second movement is largely rhapsodic, yet here the composer is not wholly successful in establishing the appropriate mood. He at times appears as though he were a denationalized Hungarian trying to escape from the old traditions and yet irresistibly drawn back to them. There are frequent hints at melodic and rhythmic desire for the fatherland; there are the cadenzas that would fain remind the hearer of the Zimbalon, but the movement, in spite of occasionally free episodes, gives one the feeling of the composer's self-imposed restraint, of a substitution of that which has been inculcated and acquired for that which was natural and spontaneous.

But it is not necessary to speak of each movement—and there are five of them. It may be said that the scherzo in spite of its glitter and jingle is barren of ideas, and any young composer who for the finale of such a long work chooses the form of theme and variations and fugue surely can have no sense of humor. And so we come back to the original proposition: Mr. Dohnanyi is an eminently serious person. He has studied, he has mastered many things in his calling as a composer; he is unacquainted with the value of reserve, of reticence. He has so much to say, and yet so much is hardly worth saying, and so much of this is said perfunctorily. It would be vain to deny the charm of a little oasis here and there, just as it would be absurd to deny the mechanical talent of the composer. But there is no lofty flight of imagination, there is no continuous line of beauty, there are no great native moments. The emotional quality is slight, and the austerity is dry, not noble. The passion is that of the pedagogue who is excited in the solving of a problem. A crude and even coarse burst of genuine feeling would be welcome as a present delight and a promise for the future.

Mr. Alexander Z. Birnbaum, a new violinist of the orchestra, made his first appearance as a soloist in this country. Mr. Birnbaum was born in the fair land of Poland, which, as Thaddeus in Balfe's opera assures us, was once "ploughed by the hoof of the ruthless invader with might." The seed then sown produced a crop of violinists and pianists. But Mr. Birnbaum has not the qualities we associate with a Polish or a Russian virtuoso. He played Bruch's fantasia on Scottish airs, which is always interesting, for it affords an opportunity of guessing at the names of the tunes which Bruch has twisted for his purpose. Yet this same piece also gives op-



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 activity for a display of the virtuoso's art. The performance of Mr. Birnbaum cannot be highly praised; indeed it was generally mediocre and occasionally worse than that. His tone was thin, and, without any discussion of his mechanism, it may be said that his interpretation had little diversity of expression and was too often spineless. He was heartily applauded. The overture to "Fidelio" was finely played, and Mr. Gericke took infinite pains with the performance of the symphony.



Mme. MELBA

## Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1903-04.

# BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Mr. WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.

## VII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5, AT 8, P. M.

### Programme.

BRAHMS,	ACADEMIC OVERTURE, op. 80.
MOZART,	ARIA, "Parto, parto," from "La Clemenza di Tito." (Clarinet obbligato by Mr. VICTOR LEBAILLY.)
TSCHAIKOWSKY,	ORCHESTRAL BALLAD, "Le Voyvode," op. 78. (posthumous.) (First time at these Concerts.)
A. THOMAS,	OPHELIA'S MAD-SCENE from "Hamlet."
BERLIOZ,	SYMPHONY in four movements, with VIOLA SOLO, op. 16. "Harold in Italy." I. HAROLD IN THE MOUNTAINS: Scenes of Melancholy, Happiness and Joy, Adagio. Allegro. II. MARCH OF PILGRIMS SINGING THEIR EVENING HYMN. Allegretto. III. SERENADE OF A MOUNTAINEER OF THE ABRUZZI TO HIS MISTRESS. Allegro assai. Allegretto. IV. ORGY OF BRIGANDS: Recollections of preceding scenes. Allegro frenetico. (Viola Solo by Mr. A. FERIR.)

### Soloist:

MADAME MELBA.

There will be no Public Rehearsal and Concert next week.



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#### SYMPHONY CONCERTS.

The first disappointment of the Symphony season was caused by the inability of Mme Melba to sing, as had been announced, at the seventh rehearsal and concert. She was not seriously ill, but took the precaution of not increasing a slight cold. She will appear later in the season, postponing her departure for Europe so as to fulfil her engagements here. There were no numbers substituted for Melba's solos and the program comprised the Brahms "Academic" overture, Tschaiikowsky's orchestral ballad, "The Voyvode," and the Berlioz symphony, "Harold in Italy," the viola part being played by Mr A. Fevir, a new member of the orchestra.

The delightfully jolly "Academic" overture is always a welcome number, for Brahms has caught the "student" spirit so cleverly and expressed universality "life" so vividly that the potpourri may well be considered a classic in its special field. The orchestra played in a manner which quickly dispelled the feelings of disappointment aroused by the absence of Mme Melba and the comical bassoon and cello passages put every one in good humor almost immediately. The overture has been given here so many times that the performance needs only commendation in general terms and not in detail, for Mr Gerlicke's men entered into the spirit of the work most heartily and played the piece with a verve and sympathy which evoked the heartiest applause from the auditors.

Tschaiikowsky's gloomy ballad "The Voyvode," tells a tragic story in an effective way. Splendidly orchestrated, with characteristically harsh progressions, lightened for a brief interval by delicate love passages on the harp and violins and closing with a musical tumult, the work is very impressive. The interpretation was thoroughly good, the harp playing by Mr Schuecker being particularly enjoyable, and the fortissimo work by the whole force was as vigorous as one cares to hear. The ballad was played for the first time at these concerts.

The beautiful descriptive symphony by Berlioz went admirably. Mr Fevir played the viola part with skill, his intonation being very sweet throughout the varying arrangements of the Harold theme. In the "Pilgrims' March" the elusive changes in key and contrasting subjects of the movement showed the perfection of divided ensemble work by the orchestra. The quaint measures of the serenade of the mountaineer were deliciously sung by the woodwinds in the third part of the symphony, and the closing movement, with its groans, lamentations and other boisterous moments, received the necessary setting forth by the bass instruments. This last part was really diabolical in its suggestiveness of an orgy.

The next concerts will be given Dec 18 and 19, with Miss Maud MacCarthy as soloist, playing Brahms' violin concerto. The orchestra selections will be Haydn's ninth symphony, Prof J. K. Paine's ballet music from the opera, "Azara," and Wagner's "Tannhauser" overture. *Gluba*



The management regrets to announce that Madame Melba is unable to sing this week, owing to a slight cold.

To avoid disappointing the Symphony audiences, Madame Melba will postpone her departure for Europe, and will positively sing in later concerts.

## MME. MELBA WILL ADD TO SYMPHONY

She Is Down on Program for Two Numbers, One a Mozart, the Other in "Hamlet."

### BOTH OFFER OPPORTUNITIES

Prima Donna's Appearance Will Enhance Public Interest in Week's Concerts.

The Symphony program of this week will derive eclat and attractiveness from the participation in it of Mme. Melba, whose appearance on Wednesday evening was calculated to enhance the interest with which her present engagement has been anticipated. She will sing two important scenes, one from Mozart's "Clemenza di Tito," and the other the "mad" scene of Ophelia from the "Hamlet" of Ambroise Thomas, these offering opportunities for "bel canto," coloratura and dramatic expression.

There will be for the orchestra one work as yet unknown to Boston in Tschalkowsky's symphonic ballad, "Le Voyvode." This is intended to illustrate Pushkin's tragically romantic poem of that name, of which the story is easily recalled. A Russian prince, desperately jealous of his wife, has reason to believe that she is abroad in the castle grounds with the lover whom she has been forced to resign for her husband.

The voyvode plans with a vassal to discover and kill them both, each taking one victim, the serf shooting the lover, while himself follows with the death of the princess. But the serf is so touched by what he overhears of the sorrowful, compulsory life of the princess, that when the order to fire is given him, he slays his master and sets the lovers free.

The overture will be the "Academic" of Brahms, and the symphony—this being a Berlioz commemoration week—will be the "Harold in Italy" of that master.

## MELBA'S ABSENCE IS DISAPPOINTING

Slight Cold Keeps Her From Taking Part in the Symphony Program.

### NEW TSCHAIKOWSKY BALLAD

Its Rendition Was Tender and Expressive, and Author's Genius Shines Throughtout.

Journal Dec. 6, 1903

There was an element of humor blended with the general disappointment because "a slight cold" had impressed Mme. Melba that she could not do justice to herself, her music or her audiences by retaining her place in the seventh Symphony program yesterday at Symphony Hall. An opportunity that was largely availed of was offered to two regretful women for asking of their friends, "Was it not knowing you, dear, that gave Melba the chill which prevents her singing for us?"

However, while sparing herself now, Mme. Melba did her best to make up for any temporary loss by promising to postpone her departure for Europe long enough to take part in a later concert.

The withdrawal of the vocal numbers left the audience free to turn its chief attention to the tragically romantic Tschalkowsky ballad, "The Voyvode," presented for its first real hearing, Sousa's previous brass band performance counting only as a perverted transcription. The composition, suggested by the poetic legend of Mickiewicz, is illuminating, powerful and impressive. But it is illustrative of moods, and wastes no time or effort on attempted picturesqueness of detail.

It begins, to be sure, with the continuous flight of horses' feet, and there is a crash just at the close. But more potential is the gloomy mood which envelops this figure and stirs the imagination to think of a somber, bitter, determined, implacable man forcing his hurried course through a nocturnal environment as cold, black, resolute and harsh as his own spirit.



## Tender and Beautiful.

The episode of the lovers whose confidence is watched and seized is enriched with tender and beautiful passionateness, as delicate as it is deep, and as sadly as softly expressed. Just before the fatal shot is heard the original sense, temper and manner sweep down again, perhaps implying the fatal fixity of the voyvode's purpose, unswayed by the tale of hopeless and guiltless love that he has overheard or by the timid, trembling protests of his pitiful vassal. The story is one to arouse Tschalkowsky's sympathy for the pathetic and ill-fated, and his genius shines in it, although he is said to have undervalued and scorned his music. It may have seemed mean to him, as being less than the opera he desired to write upon the story; but its preservation was fortunate.

## Symphony Well Rendered.

The symphony was Berlioz's "Harold in Italy," which has often been played in Boston, and always heard with delight. It depends much, as the reader will remember, upon the viola obbligato that appears in the various movements and is apparently intended to represent not the set disposition of an individual holding aloof from what he witnesses, but rather the changeable attitude and mood of what Young Marlow calls "an observer upon life," who retains his individuality, but allows his feeling and expression to be molded as the episodes about him succeed each other.

The symphony was well read throughout and Mr. Ferir was much approved for his assumption of the solo viola part, which he played with sweet tone and sensitive phrasing, if with less volume and more reserve than was Mr. Kniesel's wont. But Harold was a dreamer, rather than a man of action, and there is no esthetic inconsistency if his representative withdraws toward the background sometimes and comments meditatively. A well colored, animated performance of Brahms' "Academic" overture was the first thing.

A fortnight hence the program is intended to contain the "Tannhauser" overture, a Haydn symphony, the ballet music from Paine's opera, "Azara," and the Brahms violin concerto, with Miss Maud MacCarthy for the soloist.

## SEVENTH SYMPHONY CONCERT

### A New Orchestral Ballad by Tschalkowsky the Novelty.

*Herald* — Dec. 6, 1903.  
**Mr. Gericke's Effort to Celebrate the Centenary of Berlioz Comes to Naught—Mme. Melba Has a Cold and Is Unable to Sing—Berlioz Symphony Is Played.**

The programme of the seventh Symphony concert in Symphony Hall, Mr. Gericke, conductor, was as follows:

Academic overture.....Brahms  
"The Voyvode," orchestral ballad.....Tschalkowsky  
(First time at these concerts.)

Wedding march from "Midsummer Night's Dream".....Mendelssohn  
"Harold in Italy," symphony.....Berlioz

Mr. Gericke had bad luck with the programme of this concert. The programme, as originally planned, was in commemoration of the centenary of Berlioz, which could not be celebrated on Dec. 11—the birthday of Berlioz (1803)—for this week the orchestra will be giving concerts out of town. The original programme included the Symphony performed last night, the overture to "King Lear" and orchestral excerpts from "The Damnation of Faust." For certain reasons beyond his control, Mr. Gericke was obliged to change the programme, and therefore the centenary of the birth of the great Frenchman, the creator of modern orchestration, the creator who has not been surpassed by any of his disciples or imitators, will not be celebrated at these concerts, in which his name has been honored since the beginning. It is interesting to note in connection with this the Berlioz anniversary programme prepared by Theodore Thomas for the concerts of the Chicago orchestra Dec. 11-12.

Overture, "Benvenuto Cellini"; recitative and aria from "Les Troyens" (Miss Marguerite Hall); symphonie fantastique; ball scene and love scene from "Romeo and Juliet"; invocation, minuet, "Dance of the Sylphs"; romance, "My Heart with Grief Is Heavy" (Miss Hall); Rakoczy march from "The Damnation of Faust."

And then Mme. Melba took cold and was unable to sing the airs from "La Clemenza di Tito" and "Hamlet" to the keen disappointment of all, and not merely those who go to Symphony concerts for the sake of the soloists, male and female after their kind. The justly celebrated climate of Boston delights in sport with golden-voiced sopranos. Mme. Melba, however, will delay her departure and sing later at a Symphony concert.

The concert, then, was purely orchestral: The symphony by Berlioz remained; there was the Academic overture of Brahms, in which the composer was less academic than was his wont; "The Voyvode," an orchestral ballad by Tschalkowsky, which was produced here in the form of a transcription for brass band at a Sousa concert, Dec. 9,

1902; and the Wedding March from "Midsummer Night's Dream," which was introduced unexpectedly in honor of the day, which was to Maj. Henry L. Higginson a wedding anniversary.

It is said that Tschalkowsky was so disgusted with his ballad "The Voyvode," when it was rehearsed or first performed under his direction at Moscow in 1891, that he pronounced it rubbish and tore up the score; and that Alexander Siloti, his pupil, saved the orchestral parts, and after the death of Tschalkowsky put together the score, which was published in 1897. What injury these fanatical admirers, these rummagers in waste baskets and pigeonholes, these editors of "hitherto unpublished" essays, letters, romances, music, do to established reputations! There is a long line of victims, sufferers from indiscriminate enthusiasm. Within a few years Charles Lamb, Hazlitt, Rossetti, Carlyle, De Maupassant have thus been injured cruelly.

Tschalkowsky was often dissatisfied with his public works, and what man of genius does not at times loathe the very sight of the children of his brain? They are so inferior to what he would have them; they limp, they bear a hump, they stammer, they squint; yet in the eyes of the world they are fair to look upon or they are heroic figures. When Tschalkowsky destroyed the ballad, it was not through caprice, nor did he secretly hope for a saviour. He knew that the ballad was on the whole unworthy of him. The best of this music is merely pictorial and the pictures are not of large dimensions, nor are they framed for all time. They are startling, as well as a few beautiful, orchestral effects, for it was hard for Tschalkowsky writing for an orchestra to be persistently commonplace; but the love music in the garden is sentimental rather than passionate, and the sentiment has no true distinction. The man that imagined the love music of "Romeo and Juliet," that composed certain songs as well as love themes in orchestral works, was right in refusing life to "The Voyvode." The poem of Mickiewicz even in a doubly strained translation is far more romantic and impressive than the music suggested, but not inspired.

Perhaps "Harold in Italy" was originally chosen for the Berlioz anniversary as a means of introducing Mr. Ferir, the new viola player. He displayed a rich and beautiful tone and he played with taste. The work itself is curiously characteristic of Berlioz, but it is inferior in imaginative force and intensity of musical grip to either the "Romeo and Juliet" symphony or the "Symphonie Fantastique." Yet, it is a marvellous composition when we remember the year that gave it birth. "Harold in Italy" is 69 years old. Wagner in 1834 was uniting his opera, "Das Liebesverbot," at Magdeburg; Verdi had not written his first opera; Schumann at the age of 24 was founding his music journal; Tschalkowsky was not born; Brahms was a year old. For its time, Berlioz's symphony was a marvel of orchestral imagination, and imagination, as Jacob Boehme says, is the first emanation of the divinity.

This is a gross and material age and it is hard for us to realize the sincerity of the old-fashioned romanticists. It is hard for us to understand the once enormous popularity of "Childe Harold." Who reads the poem today? Yet it entered into the thought of Europe; certain phrases, lines are a part of the English language wherever it is spoken;

and, without reference to the descriptive force shown by the poet, it may be said without fear of contradiction that "Childe Harold" contains the noblest apostrophe to liberty to be found in the whole range of English literature. It would be as impossible today to compose the symphony as it would be to write the poem.

Gone are those days of revolt against tyranny in thought as well as in government, the revolt that idolized the disorderly, turned pirates, cutthroats, as well as all defiers of conventionality into heroes, the revolt which might have been amusing had it not been so bitterly honest. Berlioz, delighted in the horrors of romanticism as he would have found supreme joy in the splendid extravagance and madness of Marlowe, Tourneur and other raging Elizabethans, in the tragic intensity of John Webster's Italian villains and lawless women had he been able to read the plays. And he thought romantically of romantic subjects. It is as though he wrote "Harold in Italy," in a long cloak and a bandit's hat, with a dagger dipped in red ink. The melancholy wanderer over the mountains, the muttering pilgrims, the mountaineer with his serenade, the orgy of brigands—these were all as real to him as the strollers and scenes on the boulevard. And this music should be played in this wild, fantastic spirit, otherwise it is impossible. This is no symphony for the lecturer and the analyst and the learned professor in front of the blackboard.

Regarded as a symphony with themes and development and sections and codas, it is impossible. When the music is bizarre or ugly the interpretation should bring out these qualities; they should not be softened for genteel ears. Let the composer fume and rave or wax sentimental and melancholy; let him be fantastical. Otherwise we are reminded of the fact that there once lived a man with wild ideas and a singular faculty for instrumentation; for we all are inclined to forget that the truly great, the men who have done mighty deeds, have been suspected of madness by the eminently respectable and by those at the time successful and envied.

## THE SYMPHONY PROGRAMME

Melba Will Sing Two Selections and the Orchestra Will Play Some Noteworthy Compositions This Week.

Mme. Melba will sing at the seventh public rehearsal of the Symphony orchestra this afternoon. Her selections are the aria, "Parto, parto," with clarinet obbligato, from Mozart's "La Clemenza di Tito," which was sung at a Symphony concert by Rosa Olitzka some years ago, and Ophelia's mad scene from "Hamlet," which has been sung here by several, among them Christine Nilsson, Clara Louise Kellogg, Sembrich, Calve and Melba herself, who have shone in the air while lesser lights have twinkled. Sembrich created the part of Ophelia in the opera itself, so far as Boston is concerned. The opera has never been popular in this country. Yet the last scene is entertaining, for Hamlet is crowned king; Laertes and Polonius, very much alive, cheer, and Gertrude talks of going to a nunnery.



The orchestral pieces will be Brahms' "Academic" overture, with its introduction of German student songs; Tchaikowsky's "The Voyvode," an orchestral ballad (first time) and Berlioz's symphony, "Harold in Italy," with viola solo by Mr. Ferir.

Sousa produced a transcription of "The Voyvode" at a concert in Tremont Temple last season. The piece is a posthumous work, and there is a story that when it was first played at Moscow, in 1891, the composer did not like it, swore at was rubbish, and tore up the score; but Siloti, the pianist, saved the parts and reconstructed the score after Tchaikowsky was dead and could not object. The ballad, which was played at New York and Chicago in 1897, has nothing to do with the plot of Tchaikowsky's first opera, "The Voyvode," which he also destroyed. The story, a grim one, is a poem by a Polish poet. "Voyvode" is a general, a commander, or the governor of a province. In this poem the Voyvode suspects his wife's fidelity and surprises her in a garden at night with a young man who, reproaching her, is about to leave her forever. The Voyvode orders his valet to shoot the woman while he will attend to the lover. The servant's hand trembles—is he in sympathy with the pair?—his aim is not sure, and the bullet pierces the forehead of the Voyvode.

There will be no concert next week. The programme of the eighth concert will include Haydn's symphony, No. 9, in C minor, Paine's ballet music to "Azara" and the overture to "Tannhaeuser." Miss Maud MacCarthy will play Brahms' violin concerto. She played it last season.

### Symphony Hall: Symphony Orchestra

The seventh Symphony concert, given in Symphony Hall last Saturday evening, was an occasion of surprises, little happening as had been planned. Mme. Melba being suddenly "indisposed," there was no soloist, and the programme finally stood thus:

Brahms: Academic Overture, Op. 80. Tchaikowsky: Orchestral Ballad, "Le Voyvode," Op. 78. (Posthumous.) (First time at these concerts.) Berlioz: Symphony in four movements, with Viola Solo, Op. 16. "Harold in Italy." (Viola solo by Mr. A. Ferir.)

The Brahms Academic Overture, which we now hear with perhaps undue frequency, went brilliantly, as did the posthumous ballad by Tchaikowsky, "Le Voyvode." With this work, the story runs, its composer was so ill-content that he forbade its performance, even going to the length of tearing the score in bits. His devotee Siloti, however, retained the orchestral parts of the ballad, thereby making possible public hearings of a composition its creator did not deem worthy of a single production; a striking instance of "save me from my friends." Tchaikowsky, after all, was the best judge of his own genius, and, if the man desired an inferior work of his to be destroyed, it seems irreverent not to respect his wishes. The ballad, of course, like everything Tchaikowsky wrote for orchestra, is interesting from its skilful instrumentation, but, in admiration of its intrinsic musical worth, little can be said. A performance of the ballad may well be left to Sousa and his band.

After the Russian piece, people began to bustle about for the intermission. It appearing directly, however, that there would be no pause, the listeners settled themselves once more, for the Berlioz Symphony, when, to their astonishment, Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" began. Then came the intermission, when it was murmured that the march was played in honor of Major and Mrs. Higginson's wedding anniversary.

The one hundredth anniversary of Berlioz's birth was celebrated by a performance of the great French composer's symphony "Harold in Italy," a work that likewise served the purpose of affording Mr. A. Ferir, the new viola-player, an opportunity to show his skill here. This the artist did successfully, displaying a very beautiful tone and fine musical taste. The symphony itself, written under the inspiration of Lord Byron's "Childe Harold," is, like Victor Hugo's dramas, of an order of genius that now seems to us extravagant and romantic to the pitch of absurdity. Works of this kind can be effectively performed only by the French, and, furthermore, by those Frenchmen only who have been brought up and trained in the traditions governing the interpretation of such works, till they are quite at home and at their ease in their old-time and peculiar garb and mode of speech. To twentieth century Americans, artistic products of this romantic period, musical, poetic, or dramatic, appear too unreal to prove moving. No listener, however, could fail to admire many pages of the symphony by Berlioz who, the writer of "The Art of Instrumentation," well knew how to put his theories into practice; Berlioz the poet was constantly in evidence.

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"Childe Harold" Symphony.....Berlioz

Thus far the programme; but there was a pleasant interpolation in the shape of Mendelssohn's "Wedding March," played as a tribute to the wedding anniversary of the founder of the orchestra,—a very pretty surprise.

Mr. Gericke was at his very best in the first part of the concert, and at his weakest in the finale. We have never heard the "Academic Overture" so well played. It is a work that wears well, and its ingenious development of "Was kommt dort von der Hoes?" with its delightful bassoon passages, is as attractive as when it was first heard. The audience recognized the superb performance with very spontaneous applause. What a repertoire of songs the German students have! If an American composer wanted to write a college overture he would only find "Upidee," and "The Lone Fish-ball," as universal and original material, for "Billy McGee" is taken from a French sailor "santy," and "Fair Harvard" is an Irish tune, and many other university melodies are taken from foreign sources.

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The second movement—the March of the Pilgrims—presents one of Berlioz's remarkable bits of tone-coloring. To produce the tone of the Cathedral bell he employs harp and horn in combination, as effective a touch as ever was made in instrumentation. The horn at first spoiled the effect by playing too loudly, but at the end made amends by perfect shading. Mr. Ferir played the passages for viola,—"sull' ponticello" (bridge tones),—charmingly.

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### Gericke Plays an American Composition.

To the Musical Courier:

MR. GERICKE has confined himself so exclusively to the compositions which he learned in the Fatherland, before taking up his residence in the New World that his production of the Concerto in B major for piano, by Huss, at the fourth Symphony concert last night is a procedure requiring some explanation. And I hasten to state that it was not in accordance with the wishes of Mr. Gericke that his sacred and classic programs should be defiled with an American composition, but rather because of the obstinacy of Miss Aus der Ohe, the assisting piano artist. Bad taste this Miss Aus der Ohe must have, from the Gericke viewpoint; for the Gericke viewpoint regards the work of serious composition the exclusive function of the Germans and one or two other Continental races, and it holds that American creative genius is fit only for gospel hymns and ragtime.

DISSENTER.

Boston, Mass., November 15, 1903.

## MUSICAL MATTERS

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## Given the Alternative of Leaving the Orchestra—To Pay No Attention to the Mandate.

[Special Dispatch to the Boston Herald.]

NEW YORK, Dec. 11, 1903. Turning from the Metropolitan Opera House orchestra, the Musical Union is now directing its attention to the Boston Symphony Society, with the idea of obtaining control of this body of 44 players. Twenty of the Boston men belong to the Musical Union and are members of the New York local. The other players never have affiliated themselves with that body. It is only comparatively recently that the Boston union has been active. It recently issued cards to the 20 Symphony players, notifying them that they must obtain transfers to the Boston union. The alternative was said to be that they must leave the orchestra.

The Boston orchestra tonight gave a concert in Brooklyn. William Gericke, on being questioned, said he had heard of no notice received by any of the players. From members of the orchestra, however, it was learned that 20 had received the cards. It was said no attention would be paid to the action of the Boston union. The 20 union members say they are not amenable to union rules, as they all receive more than the union scale of wages.

## NO GRIEVANCE OF PLAYERS.

**Boston Symphony Orchestra Is in No Real Danger.**

*Herald* — Dec. 13, 1903

**Maj. Higginson Expects No Trouble with the Union—He Says That His Musicians Are Well Paid and That They Understand Him and He Understands Them.**

Maj. Henry L. Higginson, who has made possible the Symphony orchestra in Boston, when told by a reporter for The Herald yesterday that the Musical Union had ordered 20 of the Boston Symphony players to join the Boston union or stop playing, said:

"I had heard nothing about it. It seems, however, that unionizing is being carried a bit far when musicians enter this business. I think the less said about this the better. Those musicians know already what I think about such matters, and what I will do. I have made severe contracts with my players, and they know what they can

and cannot do. I expect no trouble from them. They know my position. I know that this is a matter in which the Symphony players will have to combat other musicians.

"The whole trouble is this: The Symphony players receive much higher salaries than other players, and the other players, perhaps with envy, stir up complaints. The Symphony players can have no grievance. They are getting very much higher salaries now than ordinary players. I have given them good salaries, and have contracts with them for the performance of certain duties. They know what they have to do. I say, 'Boys, here is your service to perform; do it.'

"The whole trouble is this: The Symphony players are subsidized, and others that are not so favored find they do not get along so well.

"All there is about it," said Maj. Higginson, "is that if this takes 10 minutes extra from my time, the Symphony in Boston will stop. There is no use telling that to the musicians. They already know that. I pay them well, and am satisfied as long as they render their services in return. Just as soon as players tell me that they cannot do what I require, I will tell them the same thing that your employer would tell you if you said you would do as you please: 'There's the door.'

"There is no danger of this, however. The Symphony players are interested in their art. Their positions enable them to follow this art to the best of their ability. If there is trouble to be settled it will have to be between the Symphony players and the other musicians. I have nothing to do with it. I do not know what the Symphony players think of this matter. They are in New York on a tour."

DECEMBER 13, 1903

**SYMPHONY MEN  
WILL STAND BY  
MAJ. HIGGINSON**

**Players Say They Will  
Not Desert Him  
For Union.**

**STICK TO ORCHESTRA**

## Boston Branch of M. M. P. U. Wants Great Artists in Its Ranks.

Special to The Boston Journal.

New York, Dec. 12.—Members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra playing here said tonight that no matter what any union wanted they were determined to stand by Maj. Henry L. Higginson and refuse to desert his company.

Director Gericke was seen tonight and asked to make a statement as to his position resultant upon the labor war against his company.

He replied that the whole thing was yet an enigma to him, and until something more definite had shaped itself he would not care to discuss the matter.

Judging from what various members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra said, however, when asked about the rumored troubles with the Musical Mutual Protective Union, the members of the union who are in the orchestra will not forsake the latter in any event, even though their staying will mean their expulsion from the union. The ones who are with the orchestra are, of course, very efficient musicians and get large pay.

To give up a job in such an organization as the Boston Symphony Orchestra just to please a union would mean robbing themselves of much money, and the musicians are not prepared to do this.

### Bread and Butter.

"It's our bread and butter," said one of the Boston Symphony Orchestra last night, "and we will stick to it. I hope we will not have any great trouble with the union, for I am a member of it and believe in it as long as it stays within the province, but I don't intend to leave the Boston Symphony, no matter what happens."

Though one or two of the union men who are in the orchestra have admitted that they had been served with papers by the union, President Smith of the M. M. P. U., when seen today at the old homestead, denied any knowledge of the matter. He said that so far as he knew there had been and would be no trouble between his body and its members who are with the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The manager of the Boston organization when he was in the Metropolitan Opera House last night said he knew

nothing about the affairs of the men who belonged to the union. The fact that he had heard nothing from them makes it practically certain that even if they did get any notification from their union they will stay where they are. Mr. Higginson, who runs the orchestra, will give it up the minute any unions begin to interfere with him.

### Much Mistaken.

"The Musical Mutual Protective Union is very much mistaken if it thinks it can make trouble in the Boston Symphony Orchestra or separate the players from their allegiance to Maj. Henry L. Higginson, who has done so much for us," said C. Hampe, a prominent violinist of the orchestra, when asked today about the attitude that body would take on the threat of the union that all the Symphony members must join if the company is not to be broken up.

"Men like Otto Rothe," he added, "are not going to desert our patron for any union on the face of the earth."

"The union has notified that the matter must be settled by the first of January or there will be trouble. We are all with Mr. Higginson. We get our salary by the year. The men in the union will drop out if necessary. The union is not able to guarantee them half the salary given by the orchestra. We won't leave Mr. Higginson and he won't give us up. He pays out about \$220,000 a year for us and he is not going to ruin his band with any band players' organization."

## LABOR UNION SEEKS POWER OVER SYMPHONY

Members of the Boston Musicians' Union are making an attempt to bring the ninety and more members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra into their union. If they do not succeed they threaten trouble.

The trouble has only just begun, but there is promise of much trouble during the time the members of the small Boston musical union try to bring Beethoven, Listz, Mendelssohn, Wagner and other classical and grand opera music down to a union scale.

The members of the local musical union hopes to enlarge and make important its body by taking in the famous Symphony Orchestra members, because about twenty of the Symphony players are members of the New York union, known as the Musical Protective Association. These twenty musicians, sometimes a few more and sometimes



less, have summer engagements in New York. The plan of the Boston union, which is young and far from being strong, is to make a demand to have the Symphony members who belong to the New York union transferred to their local union here.

#### Make a Demand.

With that once done the next move would be to demand that all the members of the Symphony join the union or else they would, under the rules of the union, demand that the twenty odd members of the Symphony who are union men withdraw.

Maj. Henry L. Higginson, chief financial backer of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, said he had received no official notification of this move, while talking with a Boston Journal reporter yesterday, but he would not deny that he had heard of it.

At present members of the Boston union have done no more than to notify many of the union musicians to make the change. The musicians admit this, it is claimed. If that plan fails it is claimed the Boston union will demand a wholesale transfer from the New York union as its right under union regulations.

A member of the Symphony Orchestra who knows the inside history of the threatened trouble said yesterday that he did not believe the Boston union could make trouble, because he felt certain the members of the New York union would withdraw before they would be transferred, in view of the trouble that would later result.

#### Line Drawn Here.

The players feel that there must be a line drawn somewhere. The majority feel that there is a vast difference between the average orchestra and one of musicians of national, and in some instances international repute. While an orchestra of ordinary musicians who play at dances and anywhere that ordinary music is wanted might form a union in order to fix prices for playing at dances, regulating the prices to fit the hours played, practically all the members of the Symphony feel that they should not be placed quite in that class and that it would be just as practical to attempt to unionize sculptors and artists.

It is said that the majority of the Symphony players who belong to the New York union are men who, while avowedly connected with the Symphony, are not regular players, but are called upon to play when needed and are paid for such service instead of being strict members. At the same time the leaders are not looking forward to the threat-

ened trouble without some misgivings, for they fear the Boston union may cause some bother.

### WILL STAND BY ORCHESTRA

#### SYMPHONY PLAYERS NOT LIKELY TO OBEY UNIONS

Special to the Transcript:

New York, Dec. 12—The impression among the men is that if any pressure comes from the unions, the members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra would leave the union rather than the orchestra, but the Boston union is not expected to apply pressure unless the New York union puts on the screws, which also is not very likely. The men in the orchestra understand the attitude of Higginson, the management and Gerlicke toward any union interference and regard it more than they do the union, as they have no wish to lose life positions.

The orchestra may have trouble with the Boston Musicians' Union. The orchestra contains more than ninety musicians. Of this number about twenty, it is said, are members of the Musical Mutual Protective Association of this city, which has been at loggerheads with Mr. Conried of the Metropolitan Opera House for some time over the refusal of two members of the Metropolitan Orchestra to swear allegiance to the union. The Boston Musicians' Union, which was organized very recently, has made a demand on the members of the New York union in the Symphony Orchestra that they get transfer cards from the New York union to the Boston union. The Boston union, like the New York union, refuses to allow its members to play with non-union musicians.

It is the purpose of the Boston organization, it is said, to get the New York union men in the orchestra to make the change and then enforce the rule against their playing with musicians who are not affiliated with a union. As yet the Boston union has done nothing further than to notify many of the musicians to make the change. The New York union, it is said, has not taken any steps in the matter. There are a few members of the Boston union in the orchestra, but they are figures of minor importance and are engaged only as the occasion demands. One of the New York union men who joined the orchestra three years ago, said that he knew many of the union members had received notices from the Boston organization, but that nothing had been done by the New York union, and until something was done by the organization to which they belonged he doubted, he said, whether any of the members would heed the notice from Boston.





## SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA HOME

Members Seem to Think That the Trouble with the Musicians' Union Will Be Settled *Transcript Dec. 14, 1903.*

The question uppermost in the minds of many of the members of the Symphony Orchestra, when they arrived home yesterday from their New York tour, was as to what action will be taken on the first of January by the Musicians' Union in its attempt to unionize the Symphony Orchestra. The Musical Mutual Protective Union, of which about twenty Symphony players are members, has issued orders that after January first none of its members shall play with non-union men. The union has tried hard to secure members from the Symphony Orchestra, but has not had great success, and those men who have joined the union are hoping that the matter can be adjusted in some way without a serious break. If it did come to a case of choosing between the union and the orchestra it is thought that most of the men would stand by the orchestra.

Major Henry L. Higginson, when asked about the matter, said that the musicians understand very well the position of the management concerning unions. The management will have nothing to do with the matter. He said further that he thought it not improbable that the musicians themselves would be able to make some satisfactory arrangement with the union.

### TROUBLE MINIMIZED IN NEW YORK

Officers of Musicians' Union Not Inclined to Force the Issue in the Boston Organization

A special despatch to the Transcript from New York today reiterates what was stated on Saturday, that "there is next to no likelihood that the Musical Mutual Protective Union of that city will attempt to force an issue with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, either through the branch of the union that has lately been established in Boston, or when the orchestra is giving its monthly pair of concerts in New York. The officers of the union seem to know a great deal less of the whole matter than do the gossips of the press-room at the Metropolitan Opera House, where it was born. The president of the union, for example, said today that there had been no dispute between the union and the members or the managers of the Boston orchestra, and that there will be none. Other officers were equally disposed to minimize the whole incident. They admitted a little secretfully that a score of members of the New York union were playing in the Bos-

ton orchestra side by side with non-union musicians. To do so, indeed, violated the union rules, but, with a knowing nod, "There are some things that every union has to overlook."

"The truth is that the officers of the New York union know well that the union members of the orchestra in Boston will quit the union rather than the orchestra. Of the Boston union and its intentions they professed no knowledge. One even suggested, with the amiable feeling that the "brethren" of the unions often show toward one another, that it was seeking to gain prestige by "raising a row" with so noted an orchestra as that in Boston."

"It is safe to say that the episode has been unduly magnified in New York, and that those interested in musical affairs in Boston are likely to take a juster view of its proportions. The managers of large orchestras in New York, some of the members of them, conductors, the new régime at the opera, and various observers of things musical, are eager to have someone do battle with the union and break its power. There is no doubt of its mastery of the orchestral situation there. Long ago Mr. Damrosch tried to fight it and was beaten. The Philharmonic is too much under these very union influences to force a contest. Mr. Conried at the opera house and his representative in such things, Mr. Franko, talk—and prudently submit. "Colonel" Higginson, as some of the New York newspapers still call him when they are good enough to advise him, is in the New York view, the right man to make the fight, and the musical interests that now suffer at the hands of the union, would gladly see him making and winning it. For their own sake they are not averse to egging it on—with discretion."

"Besides, in certain quarters there is still a petty jealousy of the Boston orchestra, its superiority to any band in New York, and the prestige it enjoys there over all the local organizations. There are those that, with troubles of their own, somehow resent the fashion in which the Boston orchestra goes its independent, artistic and successful way. Mr. Walter Damrosch, for reasons best known to himself, chooses to become the spokesman of this point of view: "So long as the Musical Union is to be recognized at all," he is quoted as saying, "there is no reason at all why the members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra should not be compelled to join, just as all other musicians are. I never brought a musician to this country in my life that he was not compelled to join the union, and merely because Colonel (sic) Higginson happens to be a millionaire, there is no reason why an exception should be made to favor his orchestra." Of the pettiness, motives and the wisdom of this deliverance "Colonel" Higginson's fellow citizens can best judge for themselves."

## Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1903-04.

## BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Mr. WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.

### VIII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, AT 8, P. M.

#### Programme.

HAYDN,

SYMPHONY in C minor, (B. & H. No. 9.)

- I. Allegro.
- II. Andante cantabile.
- III. Menuetto: Trio.
- IV. Finale: Vivace.

BRAHMS,

CONCERTO for VIOLIN, in D major, op. 77.

- I. Allegro non troppo.
- II. Adagio.
- III. Allegro giocoso; ma non troppo vivace.

PAINE,

BALLET MUSIC from the Opera "Azara;" three Moorish Dances.

- I. Allegretto animato.
- II. Poco meno mosso.
- III. Introduction: Allegretto quasi andante. Allegretto con moto e grazioso.

WAGNER,

OVERTURE to "Tannhäuser."

Soloist:

Miss MAUD MacCARTHY.



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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, AT 8. P. M.

#### Programme.

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| BRAHMS, | CONCERTO for VIOLIN, in D major, op. 77.<br>I. Allegro non troppo.<br>II. Adagio.<br>III. Allegro giocoso; ma non troppo vivace.   |
| PAINE,  | BALLET MUSIC from the Opera "Azara;" three Moorish Dances.<br>I. Allegretto animato.<br>II. Poco meno mosso.<br>III. Introduction: Allegretto quasi andante. Allegretto con moto e grazioso. |
| WAGNER, | OVERTURE to "Tannhäuser."  |

Soloist:

Miss MAUD MacCARTHY.





MAUD MacCARTHY, Irish Violinist.

Photograph by Gessford, New York.

## MAUD M'CARTHY IN A SOLO NUMBER

Young Irish Violinist Will Play  
Brahms' Concerto as Part of  
Symphony Program.

### AZARA'S BALLET MUSIC

Three Characteristic Moorish Dances  
From Prof. Paine's Opera  
Will Also Be Given.

Professor Paine's "Azara" is like to obtain a hearing piecemeal, even if no one will give the opera a chance as a whole. Most of its vocal numbers have been presented by the Cecilia and by E. Cutter, Jr., at a special concert which he gave for the purpose, and now Mr. Gericke places on this week's Symphony program the ballet music, consisting of three characteristic Moorish dances, which enters into the festivities of the last act.

The program begins with Haydn's Symphony No. 9, in C minor, which adds to the master's gaiety and buoyancy a more sturdy and martial mood than he often manifests. This appears in the opening allegro, and is offset by the great gentleness and sweetness of the slow movement, which has much of the feeling of "In Verdure Clad."

The overture, put as the last number, will be the "Tannhauser," of which nothing need be said at this late day.

The program is to be completed by a solo number, which will reintroduce, after an absence of about a year, Mr. Arbos' pupil, Miss Maud MacCarthy, the young Irish violinist, who will return to the Brahms concerto, which has been played in Boston by others, including four performances by Mr. Kneisel, and which she used at the time of her debut. This concerto, which now seems firmly established, had a difficult way to make at first between distant extremes of criticism. On the one hand it was derided as unattractive, "distinctly dull," and not likely ever to be approved unless for its learning and its faithful adherence to standard forms, while on the other it was lauded as "fervent and sublime," and as "fervidly admired."

Its favor will be apt to depend always upon the interest which fine playing will obtain for it and upon admiration for its finely developed workmanship.

## CONTRACT HOLD

Symphony Players All  
Signed When Engaged.

Maj Higginson Says If They Don't  
Live Up to It They Must Go.

Globe Dec. 13, 1903.

Maj Henry L. Higginson, financial backer of the Boston symphony orchestra, said at his State-st office yesterday that he had heard nothing of the reported efforts of the New York musical mutual protective union to create trouble in the ranks of the Boston organization.

"I know nothing of the matter beyond what I have seen in this morning's papers," said he.

When asked if the statement attributed to him to the effect that on the first sign of trouble he would dissolve the whole orchestra, he answered:

"That was made nearly 20 years ago. I have contracts with every player in the orchestra, and when they refuse to live up to their contracts they will go out. If enough of them break their contracts to render it unwise to continue the organization, the latter will be disbanded."

"The orchestra is not run for a mere whim, for in the past few years there has been a deficit. I cannot stand for interference in the matter, and if contracts are broken, then those who break them will have to get out. That is all there is about it."

## EIGHTH SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Prof. Paine's Ballet Music from  
"Azara."

Melodious Themes and Sumptuous  
Orchestration—Miss Maud Mac-  
Carthy Plays Brahms' Concerto  
for Violin and Wins Many Re-  
calls.

The eighth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Gericke, conductor, was given in Symphony Hall last evening. The programme was as follows:

Symphony in C minor (B. & H. 9).....Haydn  
Concerto for violin.....Brahms  
Moorish dances from "Azara".....Paine  
Overture to "Tannhauser".....Wagner

Prof. Paine's ballet music from  
"Azara" was played at a Symphony con-  
cert for the second time. Prof. Mac-



of Columbia honors his university by writing Celtic sonatas and New England idyls for the piano; Prof. Parker of Yale is addicted to the oratorio habit; but Prof. Paine writes an opera with a ballet of Moorish dancers, and thus bears witness to the fact that Harvard University encourages the cultivation of the more humanizing arts. The dances gave much pleasure. All of the themes are melodious and some are characteristic; the orchestration is now piquant, now sumptuous. The music is decorative and picturesque, as well as for the steps of dancing girls. It suggests the opera house with its peculiar atmosphere, the set scene, the entrance and the evolutions of the ballet. The dances were heartily applauded, and Prof. Paine rose from his seat on the floor and bowed his acknowledgments to audience and conductor and orchestra.

Here is a grand, romantic opera of which the vocal and piano score has been published. It is the work of an American musician whose compositions have won the respect of men of authority in this country and in Europe. There are two operatic companies in the United States that could produce "Azara": Mr. Conried's and Mr. Savage's. The former manager has gone to the trouble and the expense of preparing an English version of an opera by Smetana, a Czech, and he purposes to revive certain operas that have had only a short-lived popularity in the United States. Mr. Savage does not hesitate to produce with his company "Othello" and "Tosca" and he will bring out an English version of Puccini's "Mme. Butterfly." Neither manager is considering the production of "Azara," so far as we are informed, and Prof. Paine is looking forward to a production in Germany, for which a German text is already provided. It seems a pity that a serious opera by an American composer of established reputation should not first see the footlights in the land of his birth. Mr. Walter Damrosch was luckier with his "Scarlet Letter;" he had his own opera company; but it is not every composer that can afford this luxury.

Miss Maud MacCarthy played Brahms' concerto for the violin. She played it when she appeared for the first time in this city (Nov. 15, 1902). Again she displayed a small, but pure and agreeable, tone, well grounded technique, an accent that would have won the applause of Polonius, and a maidenly discretion. To borrow Chaucer's phrase, she played "full fair," and she deserved the many recalls. But why Brahms' concerto again? Do we find in the Musician's Almanac for November and December: "About this time expect the violin concerto by Brahms"? An orator once made a brilliant speech, and he is now remembered as "Single-Speech Hamilton." Even a young player cannot afford to be characterized as a single-concerto violinist. No doubt Miss MacCarthy's repertoire is not so limited; and again we ask in a spirit of love, when a young woman plays as well as Miss MacCarthy does, why Brahms? Toujours Brahms as well as perdrix!

It is said of the late Joseph Gabriel Rheinberger, who thought in counterpoint and conversed in fugue that the music of Liszt gave him inward uneasiness, and wherever a piece by the Hungarian Abbe was on a programme, the

eminent teacher of the Royal Music School at Munich withdrew from the hall during the performance to show publicly his disapproval and detestation. His conduct was thus somewhat ostentatious, and it disturbed the audience unless he happened to be in an end seat near a friendly door. It is said of Mr. H. T. Finck, the music critic of the New York Evening Post, that he tries to forget Brahms and all his works by reading some book by Hegel or Schopenhauer during the performance of music by his heart's abhorrence.

Mr. Finck's course is by far the more philosophical; he disturbs no one, and however abstruse the page, there is nothing in the music to divert his attention. To place red lights near certain doors of Symphony Hall with a legend on the wall: "This way out in case of Brahms," might offend some in the audience. It is much better to allow the discontented the liberty of self-improvement by reading. Not a newspaper that may flap or crackle; not a magazine the pages of which must be cut; but some discreetly-sized book that may be drawn from the pocket and easily held. "Molinos the Quietist," or the famous treatise "De Consolatione," or "The Gentle Life" would admirably suit the purpose; or a pocket chessboard with card chessmen might wile away the hour. Still better would be the importation of the drug described in "Real-mah," which enabled the swallower to enjoy deep sleep with open eyes and a facial expression of intelligence.

The performance of the orchestra was of a high order of merit. The symphony and the overture themselves do not call for comment. It is not necessary to characterize the composer of the symphony as "Father Haydn," and allusions to "the well known geniality and sunny disposition of the father of the symphony" may well be spared.

## MISS M'CARTHY VIOLIN SOLOIST

Makes Her Re-Entree at Symphony  
Concert and Gives Selections  
From Brahms.

PAINE'S "AZARA" BALLET

A Haydn Symphony and "Tannhauser" Overture Fill Out  
the Program.

It is an honorable distinction for a girl no older in life and art than Miss

Maud MacCarthy to be taken for the second time in the course of a year as the violin soloist at a Symphony concert, when abroad in the world and at home in this country, too, there are so many violinists of established eminence who have never yet been heard there, and when secondary orchestras and minor cities can enlist the co-operation of Thibaud, who is at least a man of the hour, whatever his absolute value in art may be. But as her reappearance was clearly welcome and her performance gratified, all question as to the cause of her choice may be waived. What is peculiar and open to criticism is that she should have been put forward in the same work which served for her debut—the concerto of Brahms.

### Versatility Is Needed.

We are warned to beware of the man with one book; should we distrust the musician with one concerto? It is true that Mr. Kneisel has played this concerto several times; but his catholicity is known, and there has always appeared a special reason in the work itself or in the occasion for his repetitions. A young artist, with the way to power and celebrity yet to conquer, should demonstrate versatility, unless he means to restrict himself to virtuosity or to a single composer.

Under certain conditions the repetition of a work might supply a gauge for the growth and progress of a player; but not if such repetition were deferred over a twelvemonth. Only the most studious, analytic and specific criticism could fairly compass two performances of a year apart, although some general impressions might be derived from a confronting of memory and the moment.

Miss MacCarthy, then, appears to have strengthened and ripened; but whether this be the result of study, purpose and effort, or only the normal growth of the accreted year, some more expert and minute critic of the violinist's art may undertake to decide and to illustrate by citation.

### Deft Technique.

She newly presents the same pleasant, sweet, sufficient tone, the same graceful and deft technique, still implying some effort in arduous passages, the same definite mentality and the same sympathetic feeling. It should be said for her, however, that Brahms has here given small chance for sentiment to deepen toward passion, while he has required great skill for many devices of technique, but has asked it for legitimate purpose and not for show.

Miss MacCarthy, apparently depending somewhat upon the tacit encouragement of her master, Mr. Arbos, played in confident concentration upon her task, meeting her difficulties without obvious struggle and taking her success modestly. She put hearty spirit into the long, formal cadenzas of the first movement, rendered purity and tenderness to the romantic second, and had firm command over the trials and obstacles of the last. She certainly pleased and was approved, being several times recalled.

### The Other Numbers.

The ballet music from Professor

Paine's "Azara," which was heard with pleasure and some provocation to restlessness, intimates the dramatic fancy that moved him to write the poem and the music, and continue the action of the opera itself. It is not merely melodious, variably colored and characteristic in rhythms and instrumentation, but is so suggestive that an expert choreographer should have no difficulty in adapting to it not only the pas and "variations" of chief dancers, but also the work of coryphees and figurantes.

It was gaily played and people who only know Professor Paine's Greek tragic choruses and symphonies made the usual remark that they should not have thought he had it in him.

When it is added that the band played quite as they should, the C minor symphony (No. 9) of Haydn and the "Tannhauser" overture, there is no more to say except that the program was overlong.

Next time Mme. Melba will make good her promise and sing Handel's "Sweet Bird," with its flute-bird contest and Ophelia's mad scene from Thomas' "Hamlet." The orchestra will play a new set of variations upon an original theme by Elgar, Beethoven's 8th symphony and Bargiel's "Medea" overture.

### EIGHTH SYMPHONY CONCERT.

There were no novelties among the selections played at the eighth of the season's Symphony concerts, but the program was enjoyable and the appearance of Miss Maud MacCarthy as soloist was very welcome. The young violinist was given an exceedingly cordial reception and her performance was applauded with greater warmth than commonly marks bestowal of approval by symphony audiences.

Miss MacCarthy made her first public appearance in Boston with this orchestra a year ago and played Brahms' D major concerto for violin. She played the same composition last evening and her interpretation of the exacting work showed that she has made material advance in her art during the past 12 months.

Brahms' concerto does not offer exceptional opportunities for display of virtuosity but it requires for satisfactory interpretation scholarly musical attainments, depth of feeling and power of expression rarely possessed by a young artist. Miss MacCarthy is wonderfully gifted, and considering that she is less than 20 years of age, the most sanguine expectations regarding her future seem justified. Her tone is of rarely beautiful quality, her command of technique is equal to every demand and her playing is marked by intelligence of expression, refinement of sentiment and sincerity of purpose that can but command admiration. There was much greater power evident yesterday in her delivery of the broad and forceful passages of the first movement of the concerto than was shown when she played it here a year ago, and there was even more brilliancy in her performance of the cadenza and greater facility in her execution of the difficult and florid ornamentations of the finale.

Perhaps no one in the hall yesterday was more pleased with her success than the concert master of the orchestra, Mr. E. Fernandez-Arbos. He was her teacher in London, and the ingenuous deference she paid him before and after her performance was noted with pleasure by the audience.

The other numbers composing Mr



Gericke's program were Haydn's ninth symphony, ballet music from Prof Paine's opera, "Azara," and the "Tannhauser" overture. This was the fourth time that Haydn's beautiful symphony had been given by this orchestra and it has surely never received a more gratifying performance. The fortissimo phrases of the first movement were given with smoothness and vigor and the intermediate themes and slower passages were played with a tenderness and delicacy of expression thoroughly in harmony with the requirements of the score. The cello solo in the trio was gracefully and agreeably played by Mr Krasselt.

The three Moorish dances from Prof Paine's opera were heard again with great pleasure and were played with the same skill, correctness of tempo and grace of rhythm that marked the performance of this music when first played under Mr Gericke's direction two years since. The "Tannhauser" overture was given a magnificent performance and compelled from the audience an enthusiastic demonstration of appreciation.

Because of the Christmas holiday the public rehearsal of the Symphony orchestra this week will be given Thursday afternoon instead of Friday. Mme Melba will be the soloist, and the program will be as follows: Overture, "Medea," Bargiel; "Sweet Bird," Handel; variations on an original theme, Edward Elgar; mad scene from "Hamlet," A. Thomas; symphony 8, in F major, Beethoven. *Gloucester, Dec. 20, 1903*

#### Symphony Hall: Symphony Orchestra

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Wilhelm Gericke, conductor, gave its eighth concert of the season Saturday night, Miss Maud MacCarthy, violinist, assisting. This was the programme in full:

Haydn: Symphony in C minor (B. & H. No. 9).  
Brahms: Concerto for Violin, in D major, op. 77.  
Paine: Ballet Music from the opera "Azara"; three Moorish Dances.  
Wagner: Overture to "Tannhäuser."

While the rather forbidding programme set down for Saturday night made little promise of an interesting musical occasion, the concert proved, surprisingly enough, one of the liveliest and most brilliant of the present season. Superb playing did it, both Mr. Gericke and the orchestra, in their very best form, doing the work before them with a vigor and animation not always clearly in evidence. Even the Haydn symphony, the announcement of which is usually sufficient to make people come late or else to settle down to a comfortable perusal of the interesting programme books, held the attention of the audience, yea, even through the slow movement and the finale. This symphony in C-minor, by the way, less naive and "playful" than most symphonies by Haydn, sets forth much that is beautiful and, in its own way, big; particularly charming is the trio of the minuet, a delightful solo for 'cello. The orchestra played the work seriously, thereby doing justice to what Haydn had of greatness, and they were also successful in playing lightly and gracefully without becoming unduly skittish in their interpretation. The symphony was received, not with the usual polite apathy, but with warm applause. Then Miss Maud MacCarthy made her

second appearance here with the orchestra in a year's time, again playing the Brahms concerto, that work of noble worth and beauty—if only the solo part could be omitted. According to the programme book, Miss MacCarthy is now just nineteen years of age. A young girl of attractive presence and of pleasing address, of well-developed technique and of unquestioned musical talent, she is still too young and inexperienced to appear as soloist at a symphony concert, where she takes her place in line with the accomplished violinists of the orchestra, with Mr. Loeffler, Mr. Kneisel, and with such visiting violinists as Camilla Urso, Gregorowitsch, Hallr, César Thomson and Ysaye. An invitation to perform at a great orchestral concert should be regarded as a compliment to be paid only artists of high repute, and, with all her promise for the future, as yet Miss MacCarthy can hardly be called that. In showing such despatch in bringing her thus prominently before the public, her friends do her no kindness. And, furthermore, if Miss MacCarthy were to play at all at a symphony concert, she was ill advised to choose the Brahms concerto, for this composition is so technically difficult and so technically ungrateful that only a violinist of long experience and of great musical breadth can make it effective in concert. While often turning a phrase with surprising beauty, Miss MacCarthy on the whole shows in her playing her youthful immaturity, and her tone, unfortunately, as small and tight. In justice must it be said, however, that her performance was greeted with tremendous applause.

After the concerto came some ballet music from Mr. Paine's opera, "Azara"; three charming Moorish dances, very modern, fascinatingly melodious, with a wide variety of piquant rhythms, the whole clothed in orchestral dress now delicate, now resplendent with color. The dances are not Moorish in name only; they seem steeped in the very atmosphere of Andalusia. It is inexplicable that two operatic managers like Mr. Conried and Mr. Savage, both inclined to vary their repertoires considerably from those of their predecessors, should neglect an opera by Mr. Paine, who, till someone writes better music than he has written for his "Oedipus," is still the foremost American composer. The ballet music was enthusiastically received, and when the musician acknowledged the applause from his seat, he was given an ovation.

This admirable concert was brought to its close by a remarkably brilliant performance of the "Tannhäuser" overture, which went with a warmth of passion that roused the house to a high pitch of enthusiasm. At the next concert Mme. Melba is to sing, and this will be the programme: Bargiel, overture to "Medea"; Handel, scena, "Sweet bird that shun'st the noise of folly"; Edward Elgar, variations on an original theme (first time); A. Thomas, Ophelia's mad scene from "Hamlet"; Beethoven, symphony No. 3, in F major. R. R. G.

## THREAT BY MAJOR HIGGINSON.

*Sun*  
**IF BOTHERED BY THE UNION,  
SYMPHONY WILL STOP.**  
*1903*

**He Will Disband Orchestra if Any Dictation  
Is Attempted—Union Action Justified,  
Says Walter Damrosch—The Musicians  
Are Standing by Major Higginson.**

BOSTON, Mass., Dec. 12.—Major Henry L. Higginson was greatly disturbed to-day when he learned that twenty members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, who are members of the Musical Mutual Protective Association of New York, had been ordered to get transfer cards to the Boston Musicians' Union by Jan. 1 and that there was a possibility of there being some trouble. It is said that the twenty men have refused to obey the order, and if any effort at dictation is made Major Higginson says that he will disband the orchestra.

When asked about the matter, Major Higginson said:

"It seems that unionizing is being carried a bit too far when musicians enter this business. Those musicians know already what I think about such matters and what I will do. I have made severe contracts with my players and they know what they can and cannot do. They know my position. I know that this is a matter in which the Symphony players will have to combat other musicians.

"The whole trouble is this: The Symphony players receive much higher salaries than other players and the other players, perhaps with envy, stir complaints. The Symphony players can have no grievances. They are getting very much higher salaries now than ordinary players.

"I have given them good salaries and have contracts with them for the performance of certain duties. They know what they have to do. I say, 'Boys, here is your service to perform; do it.'

"The Symphony players are subsidized and others that are not so favored find they do not get along so well.

"All there is about it is that if this takes ten minutes extra from my time the Symphony in Boston will stop. There is no use telling that to the musicians. They already know that. I pay them well and am satisfied as long as they render their services in return. Just as soon as players tell me that they cannot do what I require, I will tell them the same thing that your employer would tell you if you said you

would do as you please: 'There's the door.' "There is no danger of this, however. The Symphony players are interested in their art. Their positions enable them to follow this art to the best of their ability. If there is trouble to be settled it will have to be between the Symphony players and the other musicians. I have nothing to do with it."

Walter Damrosch said yesterday to a SUN reporter that the action of the union in regard to the musicians of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was entirely justified. "So long as the Musical Union is to be recognized at all," he said, "there is no reason at all why the members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra should not be compelled to join just as all other musicians are. I never brought a musician to this country in my life that he was not compelled to join the union, and merely because Col. Higginson happens to be a millionaire that is no reason why an exception should be made to favor his orchestra.

"The tyranny of the union to-day in some circles is due to the activity of a certain member who rivals Sam Parks in his method of dealing with the musicians and with the men whom he has to employ."

What was said by the union men in the orchestra after the news of the Boston organization's demand become known was entirely favorable to the management of the orchestra. Several union men made no bones of saying that if the matter came to an issue where they would either have to leave the union or the orchestra, they would quit the union.

Officers of the Musical Mutual Protective Union had a good deal to say about the action of the Boston union. Their organization, they asserted, had not been officially notified as yet of the Boston union's demands, and they were inclined to regard the affair as the act of some person without authority who is seeking to promote unduly the interests of the Boston union. The only reason they could assign for the Boston union's desire to enroll the twenty New York union men on its membership list was that the presence of the Symphony orchestra musicians in the union would at once give it a standing.

Officers of the local union did not hesitate to say that the union members of the Symphony organization were violating the rules of the union in playing with non-union men. But they hardly thought the New York union would do anything toward enforcing its rule while the Symphony Orchestra is in the city.

C. Hampe, a violinist in the orchestra and a non-union man, when asked about the probability of the orchestra becoming unionized, said expressively: "We are not brickbats." Then he added:

"Men like Otto Rothe are not going to desert our patron for any union on the face of the earth. We are all with Mr. Higginson."

Other members of the orchestra, some of them union men, expressed the same opinion.



THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

PROGRAMME.

Haydn.....Symphony No. 9 in C minor  
Brahms.....Concerto for Violin  
Miss Maud MacCarthy, Soloist.  
Paine.....Ballet Music from "Azara"  
Wagner.....Overture, "Tannhauser"

It may have been personal mood or it may have been the intrinsic style of the music, but Haydn's Symphony seemed puerile and tiresome. The violoncello solo in the Trio of the Minuet (finely played) afforded a little languid interest, but as a whole the work seemed stale, flat and unprofitable. Some of Haydn's symphonies wear better than the most of Mozart's—always excepting the G minor and the "Jupiter"—but the symphonic works of both masters belong to the age of the "Clarissa Harlowe" novel, and can interest here and there, but not as a whole. "Autre temps, autres mœurs!"

From the extreme of simplicity the programme swept to the extreme of subtlety. We trust that Miss MacCarthy is not going to make Brahms' violin concerto an annual proceeding at our symphony concerts. She has proved that she can play the long work marvellously—for a young lady—and last Saturday she proved it again, which ought to be enough. There are not very many great violin concertos, but there are enough to avoid being restricted to a permanent Brahms diet.

It may be added, however, that the work gains on acquaintance. It may be a case of "first endure, then pity, then embrace," but we doubt if we shall ever embrace that prolix Adagio.

Miss MacCarthy played with astonishing surety, and in the cadenza and in the final movement exhibited much breadth in difficult double-stopped passages. She was recalled over and over again with great enthusiasm. Brahms' orchestration suffers by comparison with the modern colorists. Great as this master was, his greatness did not lie in the domain of brilliant scoring.

But the next works made ample amends for the neutral tints of the concerto. Paine's Moorish Dances glow with an Orientalism that is comparable with Rubinstein's "Feramors." Seductive, languishing and melodic, the three excerpts from "Azara" won sufficient applause to force the composer to bow his thanks to the audience. The interpretation was excellent and especial praise must be given to the English horn obbligato which was most eloquently performed.

The "Tannhaeuser" overture won the greatest success of the evening. It was wonderfully shaded—perhaps a little too carefully, for some of the "abandon" was lost. But the conflict of the two chief themes was finely brought out. The whole overture is a struggle (to alter Swinburne) between

"The trombones and viols of Virtue,  
And the woodwind and cymbals of Vice."  
And the violins and trombones get much the best of it in the last round. That is about as great as anything in the

...it is a repetition, and when Wagner put it out to make room for a very dull transition into the first scene of the opera (the "Paris version"), he made a sacrifice to his theories that was nearly as great as the one that Abraham intended. But an angel stopped Abraham. We wish that some angel had stopped Wagner.  
Louis C. Elson.



Mme. Melba in "Lucia."

Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1903-04.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Mr. WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.

IX. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

BARGIEL,	OVERTURE to "Medea." op. 22.
HANDEL,	SCENA, "Sweet Bird that shun'st the noise of folly." from "L'Allegro il penseroso ed il moderato." (Flute obbligato, Mr. ANDRE MAQUARRE.)
EDWARD ELGAR,	VARIATIONS on an original Theme. op. 36. (First time.)
A. THOMAS,	OPHELIA'S MAD-SCENE from "Hamlet." (Act IV., Scene 2.)
BEETHOVEN,	SYMPHONY No. 8, in F major, op. 93. I. Allegro vivace e con brio. II. Allegretto scherzando, III. Tempo di menuetto. IV. Allegro vivace.

Soloist:

MADAME MELBA.



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# NINTH SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Elgar's Variations the New Feature of Programme.

First Performance Here of This Interesting and Brilliant Work—  
 Mme. Melba Sings Arias by Handel and Ambrose Thomas—Bargiel's "Medea."

The programme of the ninth Symphony concert, given last night in Symphony Hall, Mr. Gericke conductor, was as follows:

- Overture, "Medea".....Bargiel
- Scene, "Sweet Bird".....Handel
- Variations on an original theme.....Elgar  
 (First time here.)
- Ophelia's mad scene from "Hamlet".....A. Thomas
- Symphony No. 8.....Beethoven

Woldemar Bargiel was a sorely disappointed man long before he died. He was disappointed in the conduct of his colleagues toward him; he was disappointed in the judgment passed by the great musical public on his works. A step-brother of Clara Schumann, he was trained in the straight and narrow path of conservatory righteousness, but he had instincts and tendencies toward romanticism. In the early sixties of the 19th century he was characterized as a composer of ability and dangerous ideas. This overture, "Medea," was considered too modern at Leipzig, and when it was played afterward at Vienna, the critic Hanslick deplored the fact that the younger composers affected such grisly subjects; he wondered why they were not cheerful and gay in music.

There was a time when Bargiel was reckoned with as one of the possibly great. In 1865 he was called to Rotterdam to take charge of an institution, and his years of honorable service in Holland were the happiest of his life. He was invited in 1874 to be a teacher at the high school for music in Berlin, and then his real and fancied troubles began. There is no doubt but that he was treated unfairly and shoved aside to make room for intriguers and inferior musicians. His serious compositions were heard less and less frequently. He grew suspicious, sour, bitter of speech—we are writing from personal knowledge—but in the company of those whom he trusted he was genial, witty, wise. As a teacher he was patient and helpful, as well as naturally gifted in the art of instruction.

The years go by and Bargiel's music is now seldom heard. A pianist taught by some one of the old school may play an excerpt from a suite; a cellist may play an adagio; but the larger works are practically unknown to the younger generation of music hearers. Nor is the reason of this neglect one for conjecture. The reason is in the music itself. The hostility of colleagues and the neglect of conductors and the coolness of contemporary audiences never kill a great work. The music that soon dies after

a struggle had the seeds of the fatal disease when it was born.

Take this "Medea." There is no programme. The name "Medea" should be enough. The subject is tragic; but the music is not forcibly tragic either in the ancient or in the modern spirit. There are dissonances that irritated the Gewandhaus audience when they were first heard; but dissonances do not necessarily establish a tragic mood. Gluck by simplest means was nobly antique in musical tragedy. Perhaps it is not too much to say that no composer ever reproduced the irresistible simplicity, the effective repression, the direct pathos, the mysterious atmosphere of inexorable Fate that are among the characteristics of the highest Greek tragedy as did the Chevallier Gluck in his overture to "Iphigenia in Aulis."

A modern radical, Vincent d'Indy, has succeeded by force of imagination in portraying in tones the story of Medea; but his music is French music for a French "Medea." Cherubini, whose "Anacreon" is indisputably Grecian, did comparatively little with his "Medea." Bargiel's overture is more interesting than Cherubini's of the same title; but it is wanting in high imagination. The themes are not potently typical; the treatment of them does not firmly establish moods that are the suggestion or the expression of the passion and tragedy of the wild legend. It is sound, respectable music, with here and there an inclination toward imaginative flight. The romanticism of Bargiel was held as in a vise by his classical heredity and training. The preservation of the traditions, expression in forms that were approved models—these were first in his thoughts; nor was Medea, with all her sorcery, able to drive them from his brain.

Mr. Elgar's Variations, played here for the first time, have been highly praised. If one was amazed at the reputation of this composer after hearing the "Cockaigne" overture or the much-lauded sea songs, or after a reading of the "Dream of Gerontius," he was told by the Elgarian: "But you should hear Elgar's Variations."

This work is, indeed, a work of unusual merit for an Englishman. It is, on the whole, an interesting work for a composer of any nationality. Mr. Elgar has told us all his purpose: "I have sketched for their amusement and mine the idiosyncrasies of 14 of my friends, not necessarily musicians; but this is a personal matter, and need not have been mentioned publicly. The variations should stand simply as a 'piece' of music."

And so they must stand, for unless the hearer should know intimately these friends of Mr. Elgar, he could not tell whether the portraiture were successful; and even if he knew them, his view might be a different one from the composer's.

The connection between the theme "Enigma" and these variations is often of the slightest, and the composer hints at a "principal theme that never appears," unlike the theme of Istar, in d'Indy's fine set of variations, which is first proclaimed in full only when the heroine, stripped little by little of her dress and jewels, stands forth proud and triumphant in her splendid nakedness.

Whether these portraits of Uncle Hank, Sister Sue, Thomas and Jeremiah, and the other friends are faithful reproduction of idiosyncrasies is a question that does not concern us, although the first variations might lead





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generation of music hearers. Nor is the  
reason of this neglect one for conjecture.  
The reason is in the music itself. The  
hostility of colleagues and the neglect  
of conductors and the coolness of con-  
temporary audiences never kill a great  
work. The music that soon dies after

a struggle had the seeds of the fatal  
disease when it was born.

Take this "Medea." There is no pro-  
gramme. The name "Medea" should  
be enough. The subject is tragic; but  
the music is not forcibly tragic either in  
the ancient or in the modern spirit.  
There are dissonances that irritated the  
Gewandhaus audience when they were  
first heard; but dissonances do not  
necessarily establish a tragic mood.  
Gluck by simplest means was nobly an-  
tique in musical tragedy. Perhaps it is  
not too much to say that no composer  
ever reproduced the irresistible sim-  
plicity, the effective repression, the di-  
rect pathos, the mysterious atmosphere  
of inexorable Fate that are among the  
characteristics of the highest Greek  
tragedy as did the Chevallier Gluck in  
his overture to "Iphigenia in Aulis."

A modern radical, Vincent d'Indy, has  
succeeded by force of imagination in  
portraying in tones the story of Medea;  
but his music is French music for a  
French "Medee." Cherubini, whose  
"Anacreon" is indisputably Grecian, did  
comparatively little with his "Medea."  
Bargiel's overture is more interesting  
than Cherubini's of the same title; but  
it is wanting in high imagination. The  
themes are not potently typical; the  
treatment of them does not firmly es-  
tablish moods that are the suggestion or  
the expression of the passion and trag-  
edy of the wild legend. It is sound, re-  
spectable music, with here and there an  
inclination toward imaginative flight.  
The romanticism of Bargiel was held  
as in a vise by his classical heredity and  
training. The preservation of the tradi-  
tions, expression in forms that were  
approved models—these were first in his  
thoughts; nor was Medea, with all her  
sorcery, able to drive them from his  
brain.

Mr. Elgar's Variations, played here  
for the first time, have been highly  
praised. If one was amazed at the  
reputation of this composer after hear-  
ing the "Cockaigne" overture or the  
much-lauded sea songs, or after a read-  
ing of the "Dream of Gerontius," he  
was told by the Elgarian: "But you  
should hear Elgar's Variations."

This work is, indeed, a work of un-  
usual merit for an Englishman. It is,  
on the whole, an interesting work for a  
composer of any nationality. Mr. Elgar  
has told us all his purpose: "I have  
sketched for their amusement and mine  
the idiosyncrasies of 14 of my friends,  
not necessarily musicians; but this is a  
personal matter, and need not have  
been mentioned publicly. The varia-  
tions should stand simply as a 'piece'  
of music."

And so they must stand, for unless  
the hearer should know intimately these  
friends of Mr. Elgar, he could not tell  
whether the portraiture were success-  
ful; and even if he knew them, his  
view might be a different one from the  
composer's.

The connection between the theme  
"Enigma" and these variations is often  
of the slightest, and the composer hints  
at a "principal theme that never ap-  
pears," unlike the theme of Istar, in  
d'Indy's fine set of variations, which is  
first proclaimed in full only when the  
heroine, stripped little by little of her  
dress and jewels, stands forth proud  
and triumphant in her splendid naked-  
ness.

Whether these portraits of Uncle  
Hank, Sister Sue, Thomas and Jere-  
miah, and the other friends are faith-  
ful reproduction of idiosyncrasies is a  
question that does not concern us, al-  
though the first variations might lead



s to infer that some of the friends were dull persons, or idle chatterers, or mere dealers in saws and maxims; for composers as well as others may have queer tastes in the matter of friendship. But the music grows more and more delightful. "Dorabella" is the one friend we should like to know; the others of the later variations are pleasant companions, and they might improve still more on acquaintance, but "Dorabella," with her coquetry, her grace, her rippling laugh and sly smile, her pouting lips and suggestion of subtle fragrantcy lead us to her, Mr. Elgar! Never mind about "C. A. E." and the others tagged with letters of the alphabet.

There is often in this work a display of genuine fancy in thought and expression, and there is an occasional flash of imagination. The brilliance and the beauty of certain variations make one suspect that Mr. Elgar at the start was deliberately dull, either to work out a crescendo of interest or from the belief that certain pages in a set of variations must be dull in obedience to long established custom. The finale is, on the whole, effective, although it contains formulas of commonplace and routine. The work made an unusually favorable impression on the audience, and the applause was honest as well as hearty.

Mme. Melba sang Handel's "Sweet Bird" for the third time at these concerts. The flute obligato was played by Mr. Andre Maquarre. The air itself belongs to a class that is made tolerable only by the consummate art of a great virtuoso in perfect condition. The bravura passages must, like the cataract in Ternyson's song, leap in glory. Mme. Melba's upper tones in this air were not so clear and of such exquisite quality as on former occasions, nor was her coloratura so spontaneous. No doubt her late indisposition had something to do with this. The fact remains that the middle and lower registers of her voice were last night the most effective.

In the old story used by the poets Ford and Crashaw, it was the bird with warbling throat that failed to imitate the lute and at last dropped and "broke her heart." No such fate befell Mme. Melba, although Mr. Maquarre set her a brave example for vocal emulation, but the voice in this air was not the incomparable organ that moved and thrilled by power of golden beauty in the late performance of "The Damnation of Faust," when Mme. Melba's performance was memorable, unforgettable. In the familiar scene of Ophelia's madness she sang with greater brilliance and with more confident bravura. Here there was no thought of technical difficulties and anxious labor. The applause and the recalls were richly merited.

Elgar's variations and the overture by Bargiel were played with a care that was not too evident, with a finish that was never finical, with all the qualities demanded by the music and in sympathy with the composer's intentions. Beethoven's 8th symphony, agreeable as it is, seemed here unnecessary. The concert was long enough without it.

## MELBA'S SINGING ADDS MUCH LIGHT

Journal ———— Ticket  
Elgar's "Enigma" in Theme and Variations Novelty of the Symphony.

SOME UNNAMED FRIEND

Somber "Medea" Overture and Beethoven's Lightsome Eighth Symphony Played.

In her large share of the ninth Symphony program, Mme. Melba newly showed—as she has often shown before, and will doubtless show again in her part of the pension fund program, this evening—that she is a superlatively exquisite and almost peerless vocalist.

Yet as even the great and unrivalled have their imperfections, and as her position is too firmly established to be even shaken by criticism, one may note, even at this late day, that error of her scale, derived from non-equalization of vowels, which causes her E and her A to be often narrow, thin and incisive, too much early attention having been given to individualizing them as letters, instead of molding them slightly into tonal symmetry with the broader vowels.

But against this, one sets the elastic facility of her scales, her coruscant floritura, and the incomparable justice equality, decision and splendor of her trill. Still, she does not pass beyond vocalism into artistic song. Her range is narrow, her repertory is limited to extracted operatic scenes, bravura waltzes, and such like things wherein neither mentality nor sympathy has need to penetrate beneath the surface.

### Antique Gems.

For this Symphony audience she chose two of these antique gems, viz.: Handel's "Sweet Bird," wherein (as also in her familiar "mad" scene from "Lucia") there is such close rivalry and such elegant association between the voice and the flute, played by Mr. Maquarre, and Ophelia's death scene from the "Hamlet" of Ambrose Thomas, who therein demonstrates the incomprehensibility by the Gothic mind of Shakespeare's tragedy and its personages.

Possibly, if Mme. Melba could enter

imaginatively into Ophelia's agony and distraction, she might impart to those "wild and whirling words" and measures a gravity of despair that would make them poignant and terrible.

But their emotion is beyond her ken, and she can only vocalize and wander on through the empty scene.

### One Novelty.

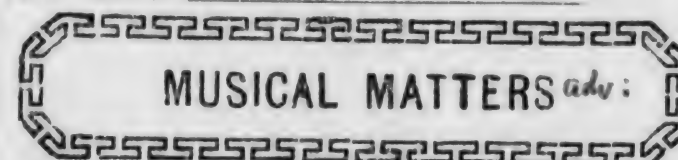
Elgar's "Enigma" theme and variations constituted the novelty of the occasion, came almost unchallenged, and passed undisturbed. Inasmuch as the composer has frankly said that their mutual relation was tenuous and illogical, even in a technical sense, only the expert would attempt to make anything of them, especially as it is said that their connection is rather in another theme which is far from obvious, although it is declared to overhang them all.

The theme itself, so far as it can be held and examined, is of an unsatisfied, longing, interrogative character, as if seeking it knows not what. The variations are said to be suggestive each of some unnamed friend; and hence that the notion springs up that each variation in turn asks what is the mystery in that human notion which it typifies, or what is the problem which it seeks to solve. But as no clue, however faint, is supplied, the listener must be content with the dexterity, speed and resourcefulness with which all are shaped and the vitality that is infused into them. The nominal theme—for one may fancy the really inspiring subject to be spiritual rather than artistic—is in the minor mode, and the fourteen variations are fairly divided between that and the major.

### Romantic Melody.

There are to be found in them soft, lingering, plaintive, romantic melody, and also a spirit of bustle, pomp, heroism and martial motion. The work gives enough fresh pleasure to be accepted for that alone, without bothering to guess what it means and why it was made.

The Bargiel "Medea" overture began the program sadly and somberly, for the moral keynote is set more to woe than awe and rises to passionateness in the finale. At the end of the rather too protracted program was given in a finely shaded and bright-hearted reading Beethoven's Eighth Symphony.



## MUSICAL MATTERS

### THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

#### PROGRAMME.

Bargiel—Overture to "Medea," op. 22.  
Handel—Scene, "Sweet Bird that shun'st the noise of folly," from "L'Allegro il penseroso ed il moderato." (Flute obligato, Mr. Andre Maquarre.)..... Madame Melba  
Edward Elgar—Variations on an original Theme, op. 36. (First time.)  
A. Thomas—Ophelia's Mad-Scene from "Hamlet." (Act IV., Scene 2)..... Madame Melba  
Beethoven—Symphony No. 8, in F major, op. 93.

Bargiel is not quite as successful as Cherubini in his overture to "Medea," for while the latter keeps definitely to the old, conservative school, the former is neither quite classical nor quite modern. From the

music of both we gather that Me. rather an unpleasant lady; not the that one would enjoy taking in to dinner, one would be almost sure to find Amanitas among the mushrooms and ptomaines in the lobster salad. One was astonished to find Wagner's motif of Cunning (which is so prominent in the Trilogy) playing a prominent part in this overture. The work was well interpreted and is more effective, in its contrasts and its full harmonies, than many a modern composition that is more frequently heard in our concerts.

Handel is stronger than Bach in his vocal solos, but for all that we could not thrill greatly at the "Sweet Bird"; possibly we have had a surfeit of poultry at this season. The old, formal Da Capo Aria is always more or less trying, with its enforced repetition of the first part. Nor was Melba at her very best. There was effort in the highest register and untrue intonation in the trill. The floriture in the middle register was, however, very fluent. Mr. Maquarre played the flute obligato very finely and was accorded an ovation with Mme. Melba at the end. But the singer did much better in her second number. Her "bel canto" in the Swedish folk-song, which forms the cavatina of the scene, was beautiful, and, with the exception of insecure intonation at the very end, the number was one of the most effective vocal performances recently heard in Boston. Mme. Melba was recalled times without number, and in the Mad Scene she surely deserved her great triumph.

But, from the artistic standpoint, how absurd these vocal mad-scenes are! Some scientist ought to write a monograph upon "Vocalism and Insanity." There is an epidemic of craziness among operatic heroines. Dinorah, Lucia, Linda di Chamounix, and a host of others go crazy. Some tenors also go mad, as for example, Lionel in "Martha" and the hero of Wagner's "Fairies." The crazier they become the better they sing! This points to some occult connection between the brain and the vocal chords. The first symptoms of this operatic mental alienation is a tendency to trill, to give brilliant scale passages, and to sing high staccato phrases.

We confess to great enthusiasm regarding Elgar's orchestral variations, heard here for the first time. This and Cowen's "Scandinavian Symphony" seem to us the two best orchestral works ever sent out from England, and the former is far more original than the latter. It may be a question as to whether the boundaries of instrumental music are not being extended too far. Beethoven started the orchestra to portraying definite events and surroundings in his "Pastoral Symphony"; Richard Strauss set it to giving lectures on metaphysics; Weingartner and Huber caused it to represent a picture gallery; and now Elgar gives a set of photographs of some of his friends by a set of orchestral variations.

It may be pleaded that Schumann did something like this in some piano works, but that composer was less definite in the matter, and besides it is quite fair to imitate the style of a well-known composer, as Schumann did that of Paganini, Chopin, Mendelssohn, etc.; in Elgar's case the parties indicated by initials not all of them



mer musicians or celebrities. It is said that Elgar was recently met by a journalist, who said: "I never met any people like that!" "Certainly not," replied the composer, "they are ladies and gentlemen!"

One shudders to think of what might happen if some Boston composer (we have composers in Boston!) should begin such musical sketching. He would give "B. J. L." with a touch of "Parsifal" modified by Handel; "C. M. L." would be depicted by 150 dissonances and a viol d' amour solo; "Wm. G." would be a symphonic movement in the strictest classical style; "J. K. P." might be represented by "Fair Harvard" turned into a Moorish Dance; the possibilities are endless.

But one need not judge of these sketches by their individual meaning. Indeed they need not be spoken of as variations, for they are of the freest character. Taken purely as music (and thus the composer wishes them to be judged), they form one of the best contributions to the modern repertoire. They are unforced and do not strain after fierce dissonance or thorny and novel progressions, but they give beauty as well as originality, and present most effective contrasts. Good, intelligible music is here, and a climax that is full of power. Elgar has the good fortune to live in a nation of prosaic contrapuntists and his work shines forth the more brilliantly by contrast with the hard-boiled cantatas and wooden fugues of his contemporaries.

Beethoven's sprightly little 8th symphony closed the concert merrily. It is the most humorous of all the set of symphonies. What comic play is made with the clown of the orchestra—the bassoon! The duet of bassoon and kettle-drums is the acme of quaintness. The pretty figure of 3 notes, suddenly bitten off by the gruff contrabasses, is a bit of practical joking, and so is the abrupt and wofully conventional end of the Allegretto. The dialogue between violins and deep strings (cellos and contrabasses) in the second movement is as fresh as the day it was written, and as attractive. Beethoven loved to play with the bassoon, and this might almost be called a bassoon symphony; that instrument was excellently performed on this occasion and the contrabasses and the horn also deserve a word of praise for especial unity and steadiness.

## Symphony Hall: Symphony Orchestra

The assistance of Mme. Melba on Saturday night lent distinction to the ninth symphony concert. This was the programme:

Overture, "Medea".....Bargiel  
Scena, "Sweet Bird".....Handel  
Variations on an original theme.....Elgar  
(First time here.)  
Ophelia's Mad Scene, from "Hamlet".....A. Thomas  
Symphony No. 8.....Beethoven

The occasion being eminently Mme. Melba's, it will be proper to speak of the singer first. For her solo numbers she chose Handel's "Sweet Bird," and the mad scene from Ambroise Thomas's "Hamlet," both of which selections she has sung before at symphony concerts; to the "Sweet Bird," indeed, she seems as devoted as Mr. Ben Davies is to "Waft Her, Angels." Of Mme. Melba's art there is little new to say. The singer has a voice of exquisite purity, and one quality she has in common with Mme. Sembrich; both ladies sing so freely and easily that, while listening to them, one constantly wonders how lesser vocalists contrive to make singing seem so difficult and laborious. Of warm or tender feeling, of elegance of phrasing or diction, of intelligent musicianliness, Mme. Melba gave few indications Saturday night. Merely to listen to her tones, however, is a satisfaction. After each song she was recalled four or five times with frantic enthusiasm. A beautiful feature of "Sweet Bird," by the way, was Mr. Maquarre's exquisite playing of the flute obligato.

There is also little to be said concerning the orchestral part of the concert. Although carefully and brilliantly played, the Beethoven symphony was heard too late at night to make the effect that belongs to it, and the Bargiel overture, likewise admirably performed, was heard too late in its life to arouse interest. Even in the days when its dissonances and other departures from the conventional disturbed listeners at Leipzig, the work could have been but an inadequate commentary on the life and fate of the barbaric but unhappy Medea, who was abandoned for Creusa of Corinth.

The single novelty of the evening was one worth hearing: a Theme and Variations by Elgar. If only from curiosity, one must welcome any work of this composer, who has been hailed in England with an acclaim that is hard to understand when one knows only his "Sea Songs" and the "Cockaigne" overture. Of the variations, Mr. Elgar has said: "It is true that I have sketched, for their amusement and mine, the idiosyncrasies of fourteen of my friends, not necessarily musicians; but this is a personal matter, and need not have been mentioned publicly. The Variations should stand simply as a piece of music. The Enigma I will not explain.... its dark saying must be left unguessed, and I warn you that the apparent connection between the Variations and the Theme is often of the slightest texture; further, through and over the whole set another and larger theme goes but is not played.... So the principal theme never ap-

pears, even as in some late dramas—e. g., Maeterlinck's 'L'Intruse' and 'Les Sept Princesses'; the chief character is never on the stage."

From these rather mystical remarks one point stands out clearly: the composition in question is to be treated musically and not psychologically. Considered as a "piece" of music, then, the theme and some seven or eight of the variations are exceedingly dull music indeed, unimaginative, prosaic, harsh-sounding, unmelodious. If they are musical sketches of Mr. Elgar's friends, his circle must form a colorless company. The latter portion of the work, however, is more interesting. One variation in particular, probably the ninth, is vigorous and attention-compelling, and it is followed by a charmingly graceful movement which a study of the programme-book would lead one to think must be entitled "Dorabella." The remainder of the composition holds the interest straight through the animated and really exciting finale, offering on its way many moments agreeable in the style of Mendelssohn, or, more accurately, of Sir Arthur Sullivan in a serious vein. Although the most noteworthy example of his talent we have yet heard here, the theme and variations still fail to make manifest why Mr. Elgar should be regarded quite so highly as he is in England. However, there is still the "Dream of Gerontius" to get acquainted with.

At Saturday's concert Mr. Gilbert is to sing two arias. The orchestral programme contains d'Albert's overture "Improvisatore," for the first time Mr. Loeffler's "La Mort de Tintagiles," and, by request, Glazounow's fourth symphony. R. R. G.

*Trans. Globe, Dec. 28, 1903.*

## NINTH SYMPHONY PROGRAM.

Mme Melba was the feature of the ninth Symphony program last week, the celebrated soprano contributing the aria, "Sweet Bird," from Handel's "L'Allegro," and Ophelia's mad scene from Ambroise Thomas' opera, "Hamlet." The orchestral numbers comprised the overture from Bargiel's "Medea," variations on an original theme, Elgar and Beethoven's eighth symphony. Mr Maquarre played the flute obligato in the Handel aria. The qualities of Mme Melba's voice have been described so often that it is difficult to say anything new about it. The great singer's vocalizing is as beautiful and her art as perfect as ever, the mechanism is seemingly faultless and the voice is as opulent, pure and as wonderfully flexible as of yore. She sang the Handel aria gloriously, the phrasing was exquisite and the bravura passages duplicated in sweetness of tone and facility in execution the musical embroideries of the accompanying flute. It was a brilliant performance, which set the audience wild with delight, and Mr Maquarre came in for his share of the honors, for his part of the aria was skilfully played.

In the more dramatic Ophelia music Melba was equally satisfactory, although the scena lacks the brilliancy of the Handel excerpt and does not permit those dazzling pyrotechnical feats which are the startling features of the prima donna's art. It was very artistic singing, though, and the audience showed by tumultuous applause its appreciation of the performance. Mme Melba

returned to the stage innumerable times after each number in response to the somewhat unusual demonstrations from a symphony audience.

The orchestra acquitted itself admirably in these two selections. The Elgar variations, 14 in number, were played here for the first time, and they proved to be very interesting, partly by reason of the variety in the scoring, but chiefly because of their merits as compositions. The pieces are portraits of friends of Mr Elgar, and judging by some of the bits, the characteristics of those indicated, must have been quite marked. The second "picture" was an odd piece of staccato work. No. 3 evidently was a gruff individual, and the heavier instruments told the story capitally. In No. 6 there is a chumannesque touch, like unto his "Carnival," which is admirably scored, and which the orchestra set forth brilliantly.

The 10th, "Dorabella," is a charming intermezzo with muted strings giving forth a fetching waltz rhythm and which was the gem of the lot. The cellos are worthy of special praise for their harmonious work in the 11th number, which were beautiful legato passages for that instrument. The last portrait is a brilliant martial figure, with fortissimo trimmings for the organ and the whole orchestra, and evidently was a personage of importance. The whole suite was interpreted in a way to win much applause.

The proper pomposity of treatment and fortissimo in modulations were shown in the "Medea" overture. Clever writing, no doubt, but rather harsh to the ear. The Beethoven symphony received a sympathetic interpretation, as usual.

This week's soloist will be Mr Charles Gilbert, the French baritone. The orchestral selections will be the overture, "Improvisatore," d'Albert; Loeffler's symphonic poem, "La Mort de Tintagiles," and Glazounow's fourth symphony. *Globe Dec. 27, 1903*

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SYMPHONY HALL

Sunday Evening, December 27

AT EIGHT

Boston Symphony Orchestra

MR. WILHELM GERICKE, CONDUCTOR

THIRD CONCERT

IN AID OF ITS

PENSION FUND

SOLOISTS

**Mme. MELBA**

**Signorina ADA SASSOLI**

(Who have kindly volunteered for this concert)

..PROGRAM..

OVERTURE. "Mignon" . . . . . *A. Thomas*

ARIA from "Traviata" . . . . . *Verdi*

Mme. MELBA.

NOCTURNE and SCHERZO from "Midsummer Night's Dream" . . . . . *Mendelssohn*

CHORALE and VARIATIONS . . . . . *Widor*

(For Harp.)

Signorina SASSOLI.

SUITE No. 1. "Peer Gynt" . . . . . *Grieg*

WALTZ. "Romeo and Juliet" . . . . . *Gounod*

Mme. MELBA.

VARIATIONS, Suite 3 . . . . . *Tschaikowsky*

LARGO, for Violins, Five Harps, and Organ . . . . . *Handel*

HARPISTS

Signorina ADA SASSOLI. Miss FLORENCE NICKERSON.

Miss RAYMAH DOWSE. Miss FANNY HAMILTON.

Mr. HEINRICH SCHUECKER.

Mr. WALLACE GOODRICH, Organist.



# THIRD PENSION FUND CONCERT

Given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Symphony Hall—A Large Audience Present.

*Bill Herald P Hall Dec 28/1903*

The third concert in aid of its pension fund was given by the Boston Symphony orchestra last night in Symphony Hall. Mr. Gericke conducted. Mme. Melba and Miss Sassoli most generously gave their services. Appreciation of the orchestra, which is one of the chief ornaments of this city, and the fame of Mme. Melba crowded the house. The programme was as follows:

Overture, "Mignon".....A. Thomas  
Aria from "Traviata".....Verdi  
Mme. Melba.  
Nocturne and Scherzo from "Midsummer Night's Dream".....Mendelssohn  
Chorale and variations.....Widor  
(For harp.)  
Miss Sassoli.

Suite No. 1, "Peer Gynt".....Grieg  
Waltz, "Romeo and Juliet".....Gounod  
Mme. Melba.

Variations, suite 3.....Tschalkowsky  
Largo, for violins, five harps and organ.....Handel  
Harpists—Miss Ada Sassoli, Miss Florence Nickerson, Miss Raymah Dowse, Miss Fanny Hamilton, Mr. Heinrich Schuecker, Mr. Wallace Goodrich, organist.

The programme was changed from that originally announced; Grieg's characteristic and picturesque "Peer Gynt" suite took the place of the variations from Delibes' ballet "Coppelia." Mr. Gericke no doubt thought that variations by Widor and Tschalkowsky were enough. The programme was of a popular nature, popular in the best sense, although the purist might object to the official sanction given to the so-called "Largo," a swollen arrangement and a singular perversion of a simple air in Handel's opera "Xerxes."

The melodious and brilliant overture and the selections from the works of Mendelssohn, Grieg and Tschalkowsky were all well adapted to the purpose of the concert—to draw an audience from all classes of music lovers and to give them pleasure. The hearty and spontaneous applause showed that this pleasure was real.

Mme. Melba was in better voice than at the Symphony concert the night before. She sang the second portion of Verdi's air with great dash and spirit, and the beauty of her voice was displayed fully in the familiar "Serenata" which she sang after the waltz song from "Romeo and Juliet." In this simple song with the harp accompaniment of Miss Sassoli, her golden notes were without alloy, nor did the added embellishments toward the end seem incongruous, for there was no arrogance of bravura. The singer was applauded en-

thuslastically and recalled again and again after each aria, and flowers and a wreath were given to her.

Miss Sassoli's art and attractive personal simplicity were shown in the chorale by Widor, which was introduced here by Mr. Schuecker at a Symphony concert. She, too, was warmly applauded.

## Symphony Hall: Pension Fund Concert

Last night in Symphony Hall the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Gericke, conductor, gave its third concert in aid of its pension fund. The players had the valuable assistance of Mme. Melba and of Miss Ada Sassoli, the harp player who made so great a success here a few weeks ago, both ladies kindly volunteering their services. This was the programme: Dec. 28, 1903

Overture, "Mignon".....A. Thomas  
Aria from "Traviata," "Ah, fors' è lui"....Verdi  
Mme. Melba.

Nocturne and Scherzo from "Midsummer Night's Dream".....Mendelssohn  
Chorale and Variations.....Widor  
(For harp)  
Signorina Sassoli.

Suite No. 1, "Peer Gynt".....Grieg  
Waltz, "Romeo and Juliet".....Gounod  
Mme. Melba.

Variations, Suite 3.....Tchaikovsky  
Largo, for Violins, Five Harps and Organ.....Handel  
Harpists—Signorina Ada Sassoli, Miss Florence Nickerson, Miss Raymah Dowse, Miss Fanny Hamilton, Mr. Heinrich Schuecker.  
Organist—Mr. Wallace Goodrich.

Of all the concerts given in Boston this winter, none afforded more pleasure than that of last night. The programme was chosen with rare judgment, every number being bright and attractive, with just the proper amount of seriousness, as in the wonderful "Aasentod" of Grieg, to furnish the necessary contrast. The playing, too, was spirited and brilliant to an exciting degree. It was a great night for soloists. Mme. Melba was received after both arias with tumultuous applause, so long-protracted after the waltz that she sang as an encore Tosti's "Serenata," to an accompaniment by Miss Sassoli on the harp. Miss Sassoli, too, is to be congratulated on finding a composition for harp and orchestra that did not bore people. Widor's Chorale and Variations are written so skilfully for harp, requiring the instrument to do only what it can do well, that the piece, brilliantly performed by Miss Sassoli, gave keen delight to everybody. As soloists the Messrs. Maquarre may also be mentioned, for their fine playing at the end of the Mendelssohn scherzo assumed the character of solo work, and was recognized as such by Mr. Gericke and by the audience. All told, the concert was an occasion of great playing of a fascinating programme. It was enjoyed by an audience that packed the hall, every seat and most of the standing room being occupied. R. R. G.

## THE PENSION FUND CONCERT.

The concert of last night, given in aid of the Symphony Pension Fund, although it gave a long and important programme, does not call for detailed criticism, since all the playeds from Mme. Melba, Signorina Sassoli and Mr. Gericke, down to the drummer, gave their services in aid of a noble cause. The programme took on a more popular cast than one finds on Saturday nights, and was enjoyed from first to last. A tremendous audience, of high degree, was present.

Mme. Melba was on her native heath with two operatic arias—"Ah, fors' è lui," from "Traviata," and the waltz from "Romeo and Juliet,"—and, as the prohibitive rule relative to encore did not apply here as it does in the symphony concerts, the "horny-handed" had their opportunity and used it, forcing an encore, which was Mattei's "Serenata," with a cadenza written expressly for Mme. Melba. She sang this beautifully and was charmingly accompanied, on the harp, by Signorina Sassoli. Madame Melba was at her best in this concert.

A harp solo is rather at a disadvantage in Symphony Hall, yet Signorina Sassoli made an excellent impression with Widor's variations on a chorale theme. The final number of the programme, Handel's "Largo," introduced 5 harpers—Signorina Sassoli, Misses Raymah Dowse, Florence Nickerson and Fanny Hamilton and Mr. Schuecker. The stage looked as if a Welsh Elstedfodd were taking place.

The orchestra gave chiefly popular music, or rather the lightest works of some of the famous composers. Thomas's "Mignon" overture, Mendelssohn's "Nocturne and Scherzo" from the "Midsummer Night's Dream" music, Tschalkowsky variations, and best of all the "Peer Gynt" Suite (No. 1) by Grieg. That all this was greatly enjoyed goes without saying. But back of it all was the excellent object of the concert. There are orchestras at present in almost every city of America, but among all of these there are but 6 that can by any stretch of the imagination be called permanent. The Boston Symphony Orchestra, the Philadelphia, the Pittsburg, the Cincinnati, the Chicago and the New

York Philharmonic. The "permanency" of at least 3 of these may be doubted. It means very much therefore to build an extra buttress, such as this pension fund, around our own band.

Speaking of the Philadelphia Orchestra (which, by the way, is coming to Boston in February) leads us to make mention of a commendable new departure inaugurated in connection with symphonic work by Mrs. E. I. Keffer and a number of other Philadelphia ladies. Symphony concerts are given in that city to the general public, the masses, at 10 cents admission! With such a beneficence in Philadelphia, and Arens' Cooper Institute Symphony concerts for the wage-earners in New York, is it not time to do something more than the Friday 25-cent gallery rush for the music-lovers with lean purses, in Boston? Louis C. Elson.

Hall.

BO1-02

Y ORCHESTRA.

KE, Conductor.

ERT

19, AT 8, P. M.

me.

VERTURE, op. So.

VIOLONCELLO, in D minor.

- Allegro maestoso.

antino con moto. — Allegro presto.  
dante. — Allegro vivace.

POEM, No. 7, "Fest Klänge."

No. 7, in A major, op. 92.

- Vivace.

meno assai.

t:

ERARDY.

minutes before the Symphony.



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*Symphony Hall.*

SEASON 1903-04.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Mr. WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.

**X. CONCERT.**

SATURDAY. JANUARY 2. AT 8, P. M.

**Programme.**

D'ALBERT.

OVERTURE to the Opera "The Improvisatore."  
(First time.)

AIRS.

a) AMBROISE THOMAS, ARIOSO from "Hamlet."

b) BIZET,

"QUAND LA FLAMME DE L'AMOUR," from "The  
Fair Maid of Perth."

LOEFFLER,

SYMPHONIC POEM, "The Death of Maurice Tin-  
tagiles," after the Drama of Maeterlinck.  
(The viole d'amour is played by the Composer.)

SONGS with PIANOFORTE.

a) MASSENET,

"TWILIGHT."

b) PERILHON,

"THE VIRGIN AT THE MANGER."

c) POISE,

SONG OF GILLES.

GLAZOUNOW,

SYMPHONY No. 4, in E flat, op. 48.

I. Andante: Allegro moderato.

II. Scherzo: Allegro vivace.

III. Andante: Allegro.

(By request.)

**Soloist:**

**Mr. CHARLES GILIBERT.**

The Pianoforte is a Steinway.

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# MUSICAL MATTERS

## THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Programme.  
Overture. "Improvvisatore".....D'Albert  
Ralph's Air, from "The Fair Maid of  
Perth".....Bizet  
"The Death of Tintagiles".....Loeffler  
Songs with piano accompaniment.  
Symphony No. 4, E flat, op. 48.....Glazounoff  
Soloist, M. Charles Gilibert.

D'Albert's overture began with a couple of startling explosions and then settled down into a deliberate attempt to be insouciant and rollicking. Humor of this sort is not contagious, and one could listen unmoved to the manufactured hilarity of the overture. We fancy that the operatic works of D'Albert and of Rubenstein will not greatly trouble the next generation.

As if in line with this jollity that was not jolly, there came a doleful bacchanalian song by Bizet, finely given by M. Gilibert. But this song—"Quand la Flamme de l'Amour"—was a work of genius, since its contradiction of emotions was intentional and intensely pathetic. It is the picture of a man, hopelessly in love, disdained by her whom he idolizes, seeking merriment in drink.

It was one of the most powerful temperance sermons ever heard in Symphony Hall. The strange "tra-la-las," half dejected, half ferocious, were perfectly interpreted by M. Gilibert, although the song seemed to lie a trifle too low for the best vocal effect. The recalls were many and well deserved.

The songs with piano accompaniment were also finely given. It is remarkable to find so heavy a voice as that of M. Gilibert, so excellently used in pianissimo passages and in light runs; the man is an artist to the finger tips.

Massenet's "Twilight" did not seem to say very much, nor did we find Perihon's "Virgin at the Manger" anything remarkable. Both seemed to be of that affected variety of Chanson that Grossmith used to parody so effectively. But the joyous song of Gilles, from Poise's opera, "Joli Gilles," was like a breath of pure country air.

"Here is the morning, the thrush is singing,"  
A beautiful summer day 'tis bringing,  
Here is the morning, the thrush is singing."

Simple words and simple mirth and joy of living! And these emotions M. Gilibert brought out so finely that the audience spent the ten minutes of intermission in trying to force an encore. But the laws of the symphonic Medes and Persians are immutable, and after half a dozen reappearances, M. Gilibert came out three times more, with many

explanatory gestures. Finally the orchestra came back and the concert went on.

It was a delight to see Mr. Loeffler once more in his seat in the orchestra. He came to play the viol d'amour part in his symphonic poem, "The Death of Tintagiles." In this work the orchestral master has individualized the viol d'amour as Berlioz has made a personality out of the viola, in his "Childe Harold" symphony. If we once grant the school of morbidity and of extreme radicalism in progressions we must grant that M. Loeffler is a master.

Not Berlioz, not Richard Strauss, have done more with the orchestra in the matter of tone-colors, than this resident composer. And the representation of the two contending forces of Evil and Innocence, which is so prominent in this work, becomes more and more dignified with repeated hearing. Certain it is that Mr. Loeffler's compositions do not lose by familiarity.

The composer, who is known and appreciated by all Boston music-lovers, was called upon to bow his acknowledgements from the platform, at the end of the piece.

A touch of Russian symphony came at the end of the programme. We gladly concede to Russia many triumphs in the musical field. She may yet wrest the sceptre of tonal supremacy from Germany. May her victories of the future be confined to this field, where they help human progress. The work has been so recently played (last October) that we need only record the fact that a second hearing emphasizes the impressions of the first. It is a Muscovite Pastorale. Its second movement is a gem. It is a melodic work and proves that one need not leave tune in order to write advanced music.

Louis C. Elson

## TENTH SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Seldom So Many Vacant Seats  
as Seen Last Night.

B Herald — Jan 3 1904  
The Overture to D'Albert's Opera,  
"The Improvisatore," a Sym-  
phony by Glazounoff and a Sym-  
phonic Poem by Loeffler, "The  
Death of Tintagiles," Are Given.

The programme of the 10th Symphony concert, Mr. Gericke conductor, given last night in Symphony Hall, was as follows:

Overture to the opera, "The Improvisatore" (first time).....D'Albert  
Air, "Quand la Flamme," from "The Fair Maid of Perth".....Bizet



poem, "The Death of Tintagiles".....Loeffler  
 "Twilight".....Massenet  
 "The Virgin at the Manger".....Perilhou  
 Song of Gilles from "Joli Gilles".....Poise  
 Symphony No. 4 in E flat (by request).....Glazounoff

The fury of the storm kept many at home. Seldom have there been so many vacant seats at a Symphony concert.

The overture to D'Albert's opera, "The Improvisatore," was played here for the first time. It has been performed at Symphony concerts in Chicago and Cincinnati. The music is purposely carnivalesque. It is ostensibly light and gay, but these qualities are superficial. The music is not shot through with merriment and recklessness. The themes of a sparkling overture should have distinction; otherwise the overture will not sparkle. Nor is there in this music the imperious reminder of popular chatter and turmoil. A would-be profound composer here would fain scintillate.

The first theme is effectively announced, but the second theme is comic opera, and not of the first class. The best part of the work is its orchestral dress, and the variegated costume covers a naturally phlegmatic body. Auber did this sort of thing much better. Some years ago D'Albert gave a memorable performance of Beethoven's G major concerto at a Symphony concert—it was his second visit to Boston. The wonder is that a man who had such an uncommon gift of interpretation should itch like any young Frenchman for stage reputation. He has written seven operas within 10 years. These operas have seen the footlights; they have been reviewed solemnly and at length, and they live in music lexicons.

Glazounoff's symphony played last October gave many so much pleasure that they asked for a repetition. The music is melodious, fluent, brilliant, and not without elegance. There are symphonies which are said to be great and do not give pleasure. It is a good thing to have occasionally a symphony that has not this singular attribute of greatness. Mr. Loeffler's symphony poem was played for the fourth time; the second performance of the revised version.

The characteristics of this highly imaginative work have been discussed here more than once, and at length, and it is not necessary to catalogue again the many beauties. It is a unique composition, not on account of its subject, for Leon Dubois has written music for the same little tragedy for marionettes; not because of the viol d'armour, which was played in a masterly manner by the composer; but by reason of the invention and the treatment. The day has gone by when Maeterlinck can be dismissed contemptuously as a "decadent," especially by those who have never read his plays; and with that day has gone the idea that a composer who finds suggestion in the dramas must necessarily be "morbid." "The Death of Tintagiles" is no more morbid than death itself; and "decadent," in the true meaning of the word, may be applied to Marlowe, Shakespeare, Sir Thomas Browne, DeQuincey, Keats, Pater, Yeats—a highly respectable list, one that might be recommended by the most prudent professor of composition and rhetoric in a young ladies' seminary.

Mr. Loeffler has caught the spirit of various Maeterlinckian moods, and expressed them in peculiarly original

music. He does not try to retell the tragedy in music; he puts into music his impressions of the story of the boy Tintagiles, his sisters, and their fearful and vain struggle against the old queen in the tower of the dark castle. His symbolism, as that of Maeterlinck, is human. Nor is it necessary to know the tragedy in order to be moved by the music. Such imaginative music is rare. While the composer is alive, it is characterized as odd, strange, and by some it is called "wonderful, no doubt, but unintelligible"; the composer at last dies; the next generation decides that he was a genius; it ridicules the dull ears that did not appreciate the power and beauty of his music, and it also neglects, or does not recognize, the imaginative of its own period.

Mr. Gilbert sang with rare skill. A comedian of the first order, he distinguished between the concert and the operatic stage, and did not overstep the boundary line. By his flawless diction, by vocal proficiency, by his knowledge of the value of tonal color, by personal authority and magnetism, he turned trifles into consummate works of art. The audience called and recalled him, but the traditions were respected, and Mr. Gilbert could only bow repeatedly his thanks. *P Hale*

*B Globe Jan 3 1904*

The popular French baritone, Charles Gilbert, was the soloist at last week's symphony concerts, his contributions comprising an aria from Bizet's opera, "The Fair Maid of Perth," and songs by Massenet, Perilhou and Poise. The orchestral numbers were d'Albert's overture to "The Improvisatore," Loeffler's symphonic poem, "The Death of Tintagiles" and Glazounoff's fourth symphony. Mr Loeffler played the viol d'amour in his own work, and Mr Zach was the piano accompanist for Mr Gilbert's group of songs. D'Albert's overture, which was played for the first time at these concerts, proved to be a delightful novelty, brilliantly and elaborately orchestrated and full of the carnival spirit. It has a swing and dash and tonal coloring which is a splendid reflex of holiday jollity, the percussion episodes are very cleverly introduced, the themes are catchy bits of melody and the work is scored in a masterly way and without undue stress given to dissonant and inharmonious modulations. It is a right down merry composition, pleasing to the ear, and it was played in the happiest mood by the orchestra.

Mr Gilbert's vocal work deserves high praise, although doubtless a song or two more in the lighter vein would not have been taken amiss by the audience. Few baritones there are whose tones are as sweet or whose phrasing and coloring are more artistic, and in each of his songs the sentiments were expressed with a skill in contrasts which were marked examples of vocal art of a high quality. The abandon in the Bizet aria, with its devil-may-care "tra la la"; the beautiful and restful "Twilight" of Massenet, the sweet sanctity of the Perilhou hymnal and the rollicking "Joli Gilles" of Poise were voiced in delight-

ful cadences, and after each aria the singer was greeted with hearty applause.

Mr Loeffler was received with great favor after the close of the performance of his work. His symphonic poem is a composition which from its elaborate nature and complexity of scoring appeals largely to the advanced student or professional musician, and its great merits find proper recognition mainly in the ranks of those who might be called musical experts. The orchestra performed the piece in a thoroughly sympathetic manner. In the first part of the Glazounoff overture the thematic bits were juggled deftly by the different contingents; the second movement showed harmonious ensemble work by the strings, and the closing part, the most difficult of the three, was given with proper fortissimo effect.

Mr E. Busoni will be this week's soloist, playing Henselt's F minor concerto for piano. The other selections will be the overture "Les Barbares," Saint-Saens; Cesar Franck's symphonic poem, "Le Chasseur Maudit," and Mendelssohn's "Scotch" symphony.

## GILBERT SINGS IN GOOD VOICE

Symphony Novelty Was "Improvisatore" Light Overture by D'Albert.

### GLAZOUNOFF SECOND TIME

Loeffler's Tragic "Tintagiles" Poem Repeated and Played by the Author.

The "Improvisatore" music of D'Albert, which began last evening's Symphony program, would not be accepted as an overture in the usual operatic sense, but rather as a preparatory introduction, not drawing hints and themes from forthcoming scenes, but rather outlining the environment and suggesting the atmosphere in which they would pass—making the mind ready for these conditions, so to speak, so that the action might come as a surprise.

The story is romantic, passionate and touches tragedy, but its chief events transpire during the lively, noisy, cheery carnival time, when disguise, in-

trigue and counterplot are so common and so expected that they may hide treachery and danger as easily as they mask love and chivalry.

This short introduction is therefore all gay, tripping, light of emphasis, careless of mood and preludes the general merrymaking through which are to glide the personages whose fates, inclusive of happy possibilities, shall yet come close to the verge of deathly peril. For encouraging a disposition of easy yet eager attention, in unison with the most buoyant epoch of the year, these pages are capitally contrived and they were turned off smartly by the orchestra.

### Deeply Influenced.

Mr. Loeffler's orchestral poem, "The Death of Tintagiles," again carried an attent and deeply influenced the assembly through the dreadful episodes of Maeterlinck's tragedy, the horrors and cruelties of which seem so needless to relate, since they point to no possible parallel that might be averted by a knowledge of them.

They wring the heart to no purpose, unless it be to contrast against them the tender beauty of such love as that of Ygraine for her delicate little brother. As heretofore, Mr. Loeffler's ideality and his power of symbolizing it in the form of melody and the colors of instrumentation were potent from the beginning of the poem to the end—in the early threats of violent power in the rumorous drums and trumpets, in the dull darkness and the bitter storm that rises to fury in its rage; in the soft, gentle conference of the girl and the child, and the wail and woe of their dark and savage separation; in the crash of the fatal doorway, and in the peace, relief and benediction that follows after the catastrophe.

These are spiritually and morally, rather than intellectually and specifically, expressed in the score, and the intensity with which the progress of the tragedy is enforced was heightened by Mr. Loeffler's presence in the orchestra to play the viola d'amour part, which expresses the timid, plaintive, pathetic child, victim of a power he cannot comprehend in a fate that is all mystery.

### Composition of Fancies.

The Glazounoff symphony (in E flat, No. 4) was again much enjoyed on this second hearing and showed itself more clearly for what it is—a composition more of fancies and psychical states than of thought, reflection and calculation. The three parts appear to express in a general scope, languorous, amatory, tranquillizing happiness; busy, animated, active, restless mirthfulness; and high-spirited, positive, vigorous, wilful vitality, emphatic in assertion, ready and fertile in motion, ardent, full and high-pulsed in temper.

In the first movement long-drawn, pensive, sentimental melody prevails, which in the second becomes fluent, swift and sparkling, while in the third the obvious theme which opens it mildly soon gives way to large, varied and rich-colored development, full of technical skill and strength. Thoughtful feeling, lively resolution and energetic execution seem to make the sequence.

Mr. Gilbert's contributions brought great pleasure and elicited from one



forced itself upon his neighbors, was largely of his foreign experiences and advantages, this lofty commendation: "Do you know, now, that fellow's really a very creditable singer?"

### Took Wide Range.

Mr. Gilbert's four selections took a wide range. He began with the cynical, forced, hollow merriment and the actual, bitter despair of Ralph's hopeless soliloquy in Bizet's "Fair Maid of Perth," and ended with the bubbling bucolic delight of Gilles' "Vofel le Matin, la Grive a Chante," including between these Massenet's "Twilight" and Perillou's "Virgin by the Manger," sung in fine mezza-voice, with perfect and tranquil sostenuto and quiet delicacy, the comedian spirit and the big voice yielding primacy to the sensitive, reserved artist. Mr. Zach accompanied the three chansons altogether well.

At the next concert Mr. Busoni will make his reëntree in the Henselt F minor piano concerto. Saint Saens' "Barbarians" overture will have its first hearing; and Mendelssohn's "Scotch" symphony and Franck's "Chasseur Maudit" poem will also be played.

### Symphony Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra 1903-04

Owing to the severity of the storm, there was an unfortunately small audience at the last Symphony concert—unfortunately, because it was one of the most agreeable of the season. This was the programme, Mr. Charles Gilbert being the soloist:

D'Albert: Overture to the opera, "The Improvisatore."

(First time.)

Bizet: "Quand la Flamme de L'Amour," from "The Fair Maid of Perth."

Loeffler: Symphonic Poem, "The Death of Maurice Tintagiles," after the drama of Maeterlinck.

(The viole d'amour is played by the composer.)

Songs with Pianoforte—

Massenet: "Twilight."

Perillou: "The Virgin at the Manger."

Poise: Song of Gilles.

Glazounow: Symphony No. 4, in E flat, op. 48.

(By request.)

The new work produced was D'Albert's overture to his opera, "The Improvisatore," first brought out in Berlin in February, 1902. With little melody of distinction or of charm, this composition is yet so delightfully rhythmical, so skilfully orchestrated, and so lively in spirit that its hearing was truly a pleasure. Its performance, indeed, pleased the audience so well that it would seem to be a wise plan to bring forward other overtures of the opéra comique order: some by Auber, two or three by Rossini. The overture to "Semiramide" would be interesting to hear from a fine orchestra, and that to Nicolai's "Merry Wives" has not been heard here in a long while.

Another excellent move of Mr. Gericke's is to repeat in the same season works that, on their first production, were enthusiastically received. At this concert, for instance, he played again Glazounow's fourth symphony, which was first brought out here only last October, and it is safe to say that at the second hearing the work sounded even more brilliant and charming, if not of intrinsically greater worth, than it did at

its first. It is much to be wished that Mr. Gericke would adopt this plan oftener, particularly in connection with works that are at first difficult of comprehension, like the "Heldenleben," "Barbarossa," etc.

Of most consequence Saturday was the second performance here in its final arrangement of Mr. Loeffler's symphonic poem, "The Death of Tintagiles," after the drama by Maeterlinck, a composition that aroused tremendous enthusiasm in 1901. To appreciate the many beauties of this score of Mr. Loeffler's, its richness of picturesque suggestion, its flashes and gleams of lovely color, its tenderness, its passion and its climax of horribleness, no fervid admiration of Maeterlinck is needful; and yet it seems as though Mr. Loeffler's musical illustration of the drama must fully satisfy the most rabid devotees of the Belgian poet. Now that Maeterlinck himself, however is turning from the unreal to the real, abandoning "Dramas for Marionettes," for plays of flesh and blood, like "Monna Vanna," would it not be well for Mr. Loeffler to follow his illustrious example? Despite its musical beauties, now more clearly in evidence than ever before, "The Death of Tintagiles" made a much less profound impression last week than it did three years ago. At present a healthy interest in the doings of live human beings is pushing into outer darkness the curiosity men felt a few years ago concerning the movements and repeated ejaculations of the pale puppets of mystic symbolism. The orchestra played this composition grandly, as, indeed, it played the entire programme.

Mr. Gilbert, as always, entranced everybody by the exquisite quality of his art. Again it can only be said of him that now, since Victor Maurel has retired from the stage, there is no man singer before the public with so perfect a legato, so absolute a control of breath, such fine feeling in phrasing, so keen a feeling for tonal color, such admiral diction, and so remarkable power of projecting his meaning on the minds (and hearts) of his hearers, as Mr. Gilbert. On Saturday he was received with applause that threatened to turn the symphony concert into a song recital. France may be proud of him.

At this week's concert Mr. Ferruccio Busoni is to reappear in Boston, his former home. The programme will be as follows: Overture to "Les Barbares" (first time), Saint-Saëns; Concerto for pianoforte, in F minor, Henselt; Poème Symphonique, "Le Chasseur Maudit," César Franck; Symphony No. 3, in A minor (Scotch), Mendelssohn.

R. R. G.

## Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1903-04.

## BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Mr. WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.

### V. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, AT 8, P. M.

### Programme.

BRAHMS,

TRAGIC OVERTURE.

SAINT-SAËNS,

CONCERTO for VIOLONCELLO.

LISZT,

SYMPHONIC POEM, "Ideale."

DVOŘÁK,

SYMPHONY No. 3.

### Soloist:

Mr. RUDOLF KRASSELT.



gentleman whose conversation, as it forced itself upon his neighbors, was largely of his foreign experiences and advantages, this lofty commendation: "Do you know, now, that fellow's really a very creditable singer?"

#### Took Wide Range.

Mr. Gilbert's four selections took a wide range. He began with the cynical, forced, hollow merriment and the actual, bitter despair of Ralph's hopeless soliloquy in Bizet's "Fair Maid of Perth," and ended with the bubbling bucolic delight of Gilles' "Viel le Matin, la Grive a Chante," including between these Massenet's "Twilight" and Perillou's "Virgin by the Manger," sung in fine mezza-voce, with perfect and tranquil sostenuto and quiet delicacy, the comedian spirit and the big voice yielding primacy to the sensitive, reserved artist.

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its first. It is much to be wished that Mr. Gericke would adopt this plan oftener, particularly in connection with works that are at first difficult of comprehension, like the "Heldenleben," "Barbarossa," etc.

Of most consequence Saturday was the second performance here in its final arrangement of Mr. Loeffler's symphonic poem, "The Death of Tintagiles," after the drama by Maeterlinck, a composition that aroused tremendous enthusiasm in 1901. To appreciate the many beauties of this score of Mr. Loeffler's, its richness of picturesque suggestion, its flashes and gleams of lovely color, its tenderness, its passion and its climax of horribleness, no fervid admiration of Maeterlinck is needful; and yet it seems as though Mr. Loeffler's musical illustration of the drama must fully satisfy the most rabid devotees of the Belgian poet. Now that Maeterlinck himself, however is turning from the unreal to the real, abandoning "Dramas for Marionettes," for plays of flesh and blood, like "Monna Vanna," would it not be well for Mr. Loeffler to follow his illustrious example? Despite its musical beauties, now more clearly in evidence than ever before, "The Death of Tintagiles" made a much less profound impression last week than it did three years ago. At present a healthy interest in the doings of live human beings is pushing into outer darkness the curiosity men felt a few years ago concerning the movements and repeated ejaculations of the pale puppets of mystic symbolism. The orchestra played this composition grandly, as, indeed, it played the entire programme.

Mr. Gilbert, as always, entranced everybody by the exquisite quality of his art. Again it can only be said of him that now, since Victor Maurel has retired from the stage, there is no man singer before the public with so perfect a legato, so absolute a control of breath, such fine feeling in phrasing, so keen a feeling for tonal color, such admiral diction, and so remarkable power of projecting his meaning on the minds (and hearts) of his hearers, as Mr. Gilbert. On Saturday he was received with applause that threatened to turn the symphony concert into a song recital. France may be proud of him.

At this week's concert Mr. Ferruccio Busoni is to reappear in Boston, his former home. The programme will be as follows: Overture to "Les Barbares" (first time), Saint-Saëns; Concerto for pianoforte, in F minor, Henselt; Poème Symphonique, "Le Chasseur Maudit," César Franck; Symphony No. 3, in A minor (Scotch), Mendelssohn.

R. R. G.

## Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1903-04.

## BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Mr. WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.

### V. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, AT 8, P. M.

#### Programme.

BRAHMS,

TRAGIC OVERTURE.

SAINT-SAËNS,

CONCERTO for VIOLONCELLO.

LISZT,

SYMPHONIC POEM, "Ideale."

DVOŘÁK,

SYMPHONY No. 3.

#### Soloist:

Mr. RUDOLF KRASSETT.





Miss Lillian Blauvelt.

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## *Symphony Hall.*

SEASON 1903-04.

### BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Mr. WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.

### XI. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, AT 8, P. M.

#### Programme.

SAINT-SAËNS,

OVERTURE to the Opera "The Barbarians."  
(First time.)

ROSSINI,

ARIA, "Una Voce," from "The Barber of Seville."

CÆSAR FRANCK,

SYMPHONIC POEM, "The Wild Huntsman."

a) CAMPRA,  
b) DELIBES,  
c) VERDI,

SONGS with PIANOFORTE.

"CHARMANT PAPILLON."

"POURQUOI."

"SICILIAN VESPERES."

MENDELSSOHN,

SYMPHONY No. 3, in A minor. (Scotch.) op. 56.

I. Andante con moto: Allegro un poco agitato,

II. Vivace non troppo.

III. Adagio.

IV. Allegro vivacissimo, Allegro maestoso assai.

#### Soloist:

Mme. LILLIAN BLAUVELT.

The Pianoforte is a Steinway.

There will be no Public Rehearsal and Concert next week.





Miss Lillian Blauvelt.

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## *Symphony Hall.*

SEASON 1903-04.

## BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

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The Pianoforte is a Steinway.

There will be no Public Rehearsal and Concert next week.



# Traveler Jan. 11 1904 THE SYMPHONY

Overture to the Opera "The Barbarians".... Saint-Saëns  
(First time.)  
Aria, "Una Voce," from "The Barber of Seville"..... Rossini  
Mme. Lillian Blauvelt.  
Symphonic Poem, "The Wild Huntsman"..... Cesar Franck  
Songs with Pianoforte—  
"Charmant Papillon"..... Campra  
"Pourquoi"..... Delibes  
"Sicilian Vespers"..... Verdi  
Mme. Lillian Blauvelt.  
Symphony No. 3, in A minor. (Scotch.) op. 56..... Mendelssohn

Surely there was variety enough and to spare so far as the names of the composers who figured in the latest Symphony concert were concerned. On paper it looked like the promise of an evening of many moods and tenses; yet curiously enough there was a vein of sameness through all the works set forth. The beads were parti-colored, but the string was pretty nearly of one texture.

Take, for instance, Saint-Saëns' overture to "The Barbarians," his very recent opera. That it is the work of cool old age is patent enough; add to this Saint-Saëns' ever-besetting lack of real power and emotional stress, and we have a musical picture of barbarians who would have welcomed silk hats and boutonnières. The music is neat, melodious, beautifully scored and pleasing in every way. Had it been called "The Salonites" it would be accepted as, in a way, a work of genius.

Again, consider Cesar Franck's tone poem anent the blasphemous huntsman who was accursed most effectively for disturbing the Sunday morning devotions of the faithful. Beautiful as a portion of the work is, noble as is the religious sentiment it reveals, it falls short of greatness in that it fails to rise to the terror and weirdness of the ride of the condemned man. We are used to tremendous equine effects in music; Wagner, Bizet and Raff have given their respective horses such fiery gallops that the ambling of Franck's palfrey seems a bit lacking in interest. The work is broad and beautiful, at any rate, and it was played in an absolutely perfect way.

Mendelssohn's "Scotch" symphony is familiar—too familiar. We lose sight of its many beauties by an almost yearly repetition of its somewhat cloying melodiousness. And yet, who ever depicted Gaelic music as well? The exquisitely dainty scherzo, the tender love song andante, the paean of joy at the finale—all are examples of music at its most refined and charming point. Played once in ten years this symphony would have its hearers spell-bound.

Mme. Blauvelt sang with her accustomed purity and taste; yet the "Barber" aria made little real effect. We are spoiled along these lines by one consummately great Rosina. In the songs with piano she was much more successful, giving each with a clean-cut brilliancy of style that was good to hear.

# ITALIAN PIANIST WILL REAPPEAR AT SYMPHONY

Journal Jan. 8. 1904  
Overture From "Barbarians" Will  
Be Given.

The Symphony concert and rehearsal of this week will have the advantage of the Boston rentree of Ferruccio Busoni, the Italian pianist, who is not only a master of resplendent, powerful and almost limitless technique, but is a man of inventive genius and independent judgment in regard to the literature he elects to present upon his instrument.

Born only a few miles from Florence, in 1866, he has become almost Germanized by marriage and association and has attained eminence by his devotion to Bach. He visited Boston about ten years ago, played with the Symphony Orchestra, which produced a curious and striking study of his in tone-colorings, held a chair of pianism at the New England Conservatory for a couple of years and then abruptly returned to Europe, where he has since played and taught, receiving particular honors from the court at Berlin.

He has chosen for this occasion the F-minor concerto of Henselt, which is not intrinsically too difficult for good players of the second rank to manage, but which still gives opportunity for one of original spirit and genius to do great things with its changeful spirituality. It has been played here by Joseffy, Mills, Fanny Bloomfield and Sauer and other distinguished artists, as also by some local pianists.

The overture will be Saint Saëns' recent "The Barbarians," introduced last season by Theodore Thomas, but entirely new here. The symphony will be Mendelssohn's ever delightful "Scotch," and for the central number will be repeated Cesar Franck's musical version of the "Wild Huntsman" legend—a work attributable rather to his religious sentiment than to any distinctly dramatic feeling, for his heart was clearly rather with the Sabbath services and their desecration by the courtly hunter than with the latter's curse and headlong, ceaseless haste to perdition.

# Symphony Hall: Symphony Orchestra

Mr. Ferruccio Busoni being delayed by the weather, Mme. Lillian Blauvelt, at short notice, assumed the role of soloist at the eleventh symphony concert, held in Symphony Hall last Saturday evening. This was the programme: Jan. 15. 04  
Saint-Saëns: Overture to the opera "The Barbarians."

(First time.)  
Rossini: Aria, "Una Voce," from "The Barber of Seville."  
Cesar Franck: Symphonic Poem, "The Wild Huntsman."  
Songs with Pianoforte—  
Campra: "Charmant Papillon."  
Delibes: "Pourquoi."  
Verdi: "Sicilian Vespers."  
Mendelssohn: Symphony No. 3, in A minor. (Scotch.) Op. 56.

The concert opened with a new work by Saint-Saëns, the overture to his opera "Les Barbares," produced at the Opéra of Paris in October, 1901. The libretto, rehearsing the story of a horde of Teutonic barbarians who, in the first century of this era, invaded the Gallic town of Orange, setting forth their adventures of love and revenge, is vividly illustrated by the overture, which might well be called a symphonic poem. To judge from the music Saint-Saëns has imagined for this bloody tale, the inhabitants of Orange must have been a languorous and luxurious class of people, like unto those who lived in fair Capua or in Sybaris. And the "barbares!" They were, according to Saint-Saëns, barbarous in very truth, of the kind who would march against an enemy blowing on conch shells and bursting into warwhoops, trusting to subdue their foe by din rather than by prowess of fighting. The overture, in short, like all else Saint-Saëns has produced, is well written, with flowing and pleasant strains to suggest the invaded, with harsh and uncouth measures to typify the invaders. To find in it, however, a musical idea that has genuine value, would not be easy. The work was admirably played.

Of more moment than the overture, although it has been played here before, is Cesar Franck's symphonic poem "Le Chasseur Maudit," in which the composer of "Les Béatitudes" attempts a musical picture of the Wild Huntsman, who, for love of the chase, neglected to care for his soul, even winding his horn of a Sunday morning, in defiance of the church bells; his horse refused to carry him, his horn to sound; till, at last, deserted by all his followers, the hunter became the hunted, and that by a pack of demons from hell; and they hunt him to this day, through darkness and through light.

Despite its many passages of singular beauty, in particular, its peaceful, religious beginning, "Le Chasseur Maudit" is not one of this great master's strongest works. Cesar Franck, the mystic, who imagined music for a string quartet that uplifts and purifies the soul like a solemn high mass at the Cathedral of Amiens; who, in "The Beatitudes," found phrases worthy of the words of Christ; who, in the same work, depicted the sufferings of the Mater Dol-

rosa with accents of acutest woe; Cesar Franck was not the man to portray the devil or any of his works. They were too foreign to his nature. Nor has he shown, in any composition performed here, the sympathy with the natural world, as Vincent d'Indy has done, that would enable him successfully to deal with a legend like the "Wild Huntsman." More interesting by far would it have been to revive his symphony, a work impossible to hear too often. The poem was beautifully played, far better than the Mendelssohn symphony, which received but a torpid performance. And yet this music of Mendelssohn's is hardly to be sniffed at; after what had come before, it seemed positively refreshing.

Mme. Blauvelt was unfortunate. With great lack of judgment, she chose to sing "Una Voce," a song effective only on the stage, with dramatic action and, furthermore, a song written for mezzo-soprano. A soprano attempting it must either dwell over much on tones unfavorable to her quality of voice, or else twist the melody out of all shape. Its accompaniment, too, was but languidly played. Still more unfortunate was Mme. Blauvelt with Verdi's brilliant bolero, which absolutely demands an orchestral accompaniment. She was, however, more successful in this piece, singing it glibly and smoothly, with an agreeable quality of voice.

This week there will be no symphony concert. The next programme, at which a soloist still unannounced will sing, is as follows: Overture to "Frithof" (first time), Dubois; Suite, "In Carnival Time" (first time), Schumann; Symphony in A minor, Rubinstein.  
R. R. G.

# ELEVENTH SYMPHONY CONCERT

Owing to the prevailing epidemic of belatedness among railroad trains, Mr. Busoni, who was announced as the soloist for the 11th concert in the Boston symphony's present season, was unable to appear, and Mme Lillian Blauvelt, who was opportunely in the vicinity, was the soloist in his place.

This was the Brooklyn singer's first Boston appearance since her recent successful concert tour in Great Britain, and must have left her without any doubt about her being in the house of her friends. In a very fetching fur-trimmed costume, with cocked hat to match, she made a pleasing picture against the background of somber-coated symphony players, and sang in a most dramatic manner the cavatina, "A Little Voice I Heard," from Rossini's "Barber of Seville."

Her vocal method seems to gain something with each hearing; and this time it is perhaps as much in the direction of coloratura as in any other one characteristic. While her delivery of the amusing lines of the wilful Rossini heroine was possibly better than the role has been sung in some grand opera seasons, it was in the fanciful "Why?" by Delibes and the more vivacious Verdi "Bolero," from the "Sicilian Vespers," that the most captivating phase of her undeniable art was reached.

Rarely has any American singer succeeded in so completely blending the sentiment and the melody.



The piano accompaniment to the "Butterfly" song by Campa, played by Mr Zach, proved to be too loud, and its judicious modulation in the two succeeding numbers made a great improvement.

The Mendelssohn "Scotch" symphony was played delightfully, as it always is by this admirably trained organization. There were in it no traces of either blurring or slurring. From the andante introduction, born, as the composer himself has written, during his visit to Holyrood palace in 1829, to the allegro "Gathering of the Clans" with its wild skirling of Highland airs at its close, it is full of majestic power. The pastoral quietness of the vales of "sweet Afton," and the fierce war marching of Ettrick and Teviotdale clansmen is in its vivid picturing, and the orchestral interpretation was richly deserving of the repeated "bravas" it received.

The only "first time" number of the program was the opening one—the overture to the Saint-Saens opera of "The Barbarians," which was originally produced at a Paris concert in 1901. The themes are taken from the opera, and there is no attempt in it to follow the classic form of the overture.

The opera dealing with the time of the invasion of Gaul by Cimbrians and Teutons, 113 B C, the orchestration follows the ancient forms to a marked degree, yet in a singularly melodious manner. It was an ideal initial number for a symphony program, and the great audience appreciated its beauty in no uncertain way.

The Cesar Franck "symphonic poem," called "The Wild Huntsman," has been given but twice before in Boston, in 1898, and again in 1901, and its weirdness in this repetition was a savage contrast to the more harmonious charms of the other parts of the program.

The composition opens with the Sabbath chimes predominant, but this is soon disturbed by the sound of the wild hunter's sacrilegious horn. As far as it is possible the orchestration represents the conflict between the good and evil influences which seize the mad count, urging him to one or the other extreme, and ends in the suggestions of eternal punishment which such a scoffer is supposed to have visited upon him for his misdoing.

As in the other features of the program the players perfectly interpreted the conductor's reading, and the hearing was an instructive one, if not quite so popularly enjoyable as other parts prove to be.

There will be no public rehearsal or concert this week. The special features of the program for the 12th concert Saturday evening, Jan 23, will be a "first time" performance of Dubois' overture from "Frithof," a "first time" suite, "In Carnival Time," by Georg Schumann; Rubenstein's A minor symphony, and two arias, the soloist to be announced later.

## THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Saint-Saens Overture Given  
Here for First Time.

B. Handel. P. Hall Jan 10 1904  
Music of "The Barbarians" Heard  
by Boston Music Lovers—Roman-

## the Pieces by Franck and Mendelssohn Also on the Programme —Mme. Blauvelt the Soloist.

The programme of the 11th Symphony concert, Mr. Gericke's conductor, given last night in Symphony Hall, was as follows:

Overture to "The Barbarians".....Saint-Saens  
(First time.)  
Rosina's cavatina from "The Barber of Seville".....Rossini  
Symphonic poem, "The Wild Huntsman".....Franck  
Songs, "Charming Butterfly".....Campa  
"Why".....Delibes  
Bolero from "The Sicilian Vespers".....Verdi  
Symphony in A minor, "Scotch".....Mendelssohn

The overture to "The Barbarians" was played for the first time in Boston. It served originally as the prologue to the opera produced in Paris in 1901. After introductory music the stage curtains were drawn apart and the amphitheatre at Orange was disclosed. A Reciter, Delmas, the baritone, appeared and told how Germans invading Gaul before Christ's birth drove all before them; but Floria, the beautiful Vestal, found a way to stop them; and then the Goddess avenged in the blood of the conqueror the sacrilegious sacrifice of Floria's body. There was music in this scene. The curtains closed again, and there was orchestral music to the beginning of the first act. This prologue was arranged by the composer as a concert overture and played at a Colonne concert in Paris, Dec. 1, 1901. Theodore Thomas produced it in Chicago in 1902.

When he was nearly 60 years old Saint-Saens went back to Grecian and Roman legends for sources of musical inspiration. Cynical, or rather ironical, in his treatment of "Phryne," that glory of a very old and once highly esteemed profession, he was appropriately tragic in the music to "Delanira." Then came "The Barbarians," and the next year the music to "Parysatis," and now his "Helen of Troy" is ready for Monte Carlo. May he be as fortunate with the story of the face "that launched a thousand ships" as was Offenbach. But Saint-Saens is now in his 69th year, and his music was never distinguished for sensuous quality or passionate intensity. Perhaps it would be well for him to treat Helen, as Phryne, with courteous irony.

The first opera librettists chose tales and legends of Greece and Rome as well as stories from these mythologies; and for years their example was piously followed. The French musicians, as well as painters, have clung to the classics, and the influence of Latin and Greek literature is observed today even among the symbolists and their disciples, as well as among such neo-pagans as Marcel Schwob and Pierre Louys. Saint-Saens has tried the historical, the romantic lyric drama, and now he is frankly classical. He has always displayed classic qualities in his operas as well as in his symphonies, symphonic poems, chamber music: simplicity of line, effects of outlines, an avoidance of encumbering detail, discretion in expression. He has now reached the age, alas, if we may judge by the latest works that have been played here, when his facility of expression is far more marked than his invention. "And desire shall fail," said the Preacher King in Jerusalem. Saint-Saens, we fear, has reached the evil days when ideas fail.

His qualities of expression are again revealed in this overture, but the ideas

are few and unimportant. Where is the potent suggestion of tragedy? Where is the picture of wild invaders and despairing folk? This music is as cold as an ancient, half-effaced fresco. Compare with this music of an invading barbaric host, the overture to Chabonier's "Gwendoline," an opera with a like subject, for in each an invading hero is captivated by the beauty of a woman. In Saint-Saens' music there is no rush, no fury. The passion is that of a chess player who believes in his own system of moves. Nor is this music superbly decorative. Let us hope that the thought of Helen of Troy has warmed his blood or at least inspired him to a song of amorous regret.

Cesar Franck's symphonic poem in illustration of Buerger's ballad "The Wild Huntsman" was played here for the third time. It grows in effect with each hearing, yet the opening episode of the Sunday scene and that of the chase still seem the more imaginative. The curse and the wild hunt are not so poignantly portrayed. Franck was first of all a mystic; his best and most characteristic music is that of contemplation, not of action, and least of all demoniac action. He knew how to express admirably the voices complaining of the count's mad chase that brought the curse; for his compassion and love embraced the universe; but what had that pure soul to do with the Wild Huntsman and his hellish attendants? His imagination had to stoop to such a scene. He could no more have written the music for the Wolf's Glen in "Der Freischuetz" or the Evocation of the Nuns in "Robert the Devil," than he

could have imagined the song of Charpentier's Louise to her lover, that song both of shy confession and womanly exultation, or the cafe scene in "La Boheme." For of Franck it might have been said: "He hath an angel," not "He hath a devil."

Mendelssohn's "Scotch" Symphony, like his overture, "Fingal's Cave," always gives a certain pleasure. Here we have revealed the talent of Mendelssohn, the talent of the landscapist in music. It is true that, although the composer visited Scotland, he still saw the land as from the top of Sinai. There is still the Jewish feeling that is so appropriate in the music to Racine's tragedy; and, if Mendelssohn had played a bagpipe, no doubt it would have sounded like a shofar. But there is, at all events, a landscape with atmosphere in this symphony; and there is the suggestion of ballads of the border, the thought of "old, unhappy, far-off things, and battles long ago." The scherzo is today the freshest of the movements, and that is the one most characteristically Scottish.

Mme. Blauvelt, who took at short notice the place of the tempest tossed and delayed Eusebi, has a voice of fine quality, which is, however, without pronounced individuality, and makes no personal appeal. She sang fluently and with a certain degree of brilliance the familiar cavatina from "The Barber." Her production of low tones might be criticised, for the contrast in quality was strongly marked, and one thought of Wordsworth's line, "Two voices are there." This defect was naturally not so noticeable in the group of songs. The song by Campa she sang simply as a well trained singer. She did not suggest the melancholy of it all—the flight of years, the vanity of all things, the inevitable gray days and nights that

follow a life of coquetry.

This song has a Watteau character; it has the same melancholy elegance, the same polished recognition of the inherent emptiness of desire. There was more of a personal note, more of emotional revelation in Delibes' song, but the bolero was again merely a study in bravura—and this bolero without orchestral accompaniment is like unto cold veal.

The euphony of the orchestra was as distinguished as ever, and the different compositions were read with the minute attention to detail and with the care for relative proportions that characterize Mr. Gericke as a conductor. Yet there was breadth, there was sympathy, and in "The Wild Huntsman" there was the fitting romantic expression.

## MME. BLAUVELT SYMPHONY STAR

Saint-Saens' "Les Barbares" Overture Proves to Be Program's Novelty.

There are in the story of "Les Barbares," upon which Saint-Saens built his opera of that name, and the overture to which received its first Boston placing in the eleventh Symphony program, some points that recall the disgusting and debasing play, "The Conquerors," tolerated at the Hollis Street Theater a few seasons ago.

Nearly 2000 years separate the epochs of the actions, but in each an invading horde of Teutons has overwhelmed the defensive French and the Romans who in the early actions would aid them. In each a victorious commander is seized with base desire for a pure and beautiful woman of the country, and offers to stay his devastating hand if she will yield herself to him. In the modern play he is shown as brutal enough to attempt such possession by violence; but in Sardou's old-time story the vestal virgin, patriotic and also fascinated, consents to the sacrifice, the people condoning her sin with difficulty.

### Festivities in City.

Festivities and solemn processions are seen in the city, the chief of the latter being one in which the international lovers are glorified, and one in which is borne the corpse of the French consul, who had been killed in action. The widow shrewdly makes the doubly-conquering commander admit his deed,



ys him with his own sword, she had torn from her husband's body. The overture is based upon themes and is presented in the opera, which has several distinct episodes. First, of lugubrious woe, a minor strain, lamenting over the roll of muffled drums; then an agitated and excited one; then one quite plaintive and passive; then a rush and sweep into gaiety, and finally a grave and gloomy period, with heavy, counterpointing basses, and then the hurry, crash and decisiveness of the coda and finale. In the original production, which was at the Paris Opera in October, 1901, these episodes were connected by comments narrated by the tragedian, Delmas, but are now united by short trumpet recitatives.

Besides this overture, which might have been delivered more melodramatically, the orchestra played Franck's musical version of the old "Wild Huntsman" legend, recalling the impious Sabbath hunting of the wicked count and his profanation of the holy rites; his desertion by his comrades and the refusal of his horse to follow and of his horn to be wound; the curse visited upon him, and his aimless, endless flight across the dreading and hating world.

#### In A Minor.

The Symphony was Mendelssohn in A minor, usually called the "Scotch," because during that visit to Scotland which influenced him so much he felt the impressions and found the fancies which made so many of his pages beautiful and touching. In it one feels the sadness associated with the tragedy of Mary of Scotland's life and its fatal power over the careless and luckless Rizzio; one breathes the quietude of hill, lake and heathery stretch, and notes his quickening pulse and thrilling nerve in the rhythm of song and the spring of dance.

Mr. Busoni, whose approach was somewhere delayed, caused a change of soloist for the second time this season, and Mme. Blauvelt was happily on hand to fill out the program.

#### Sang "Una Voce."

The song "Una Voce loco Fa," the "Butterfly" air from Campra's century-old "Fetes Venitiennes," Delibes' "Pourquoi," and the bolero from Verdi's "Vepres Siciliennes." Mme. Blauvelt was gladly received and flatteringly heard, for she is ever a favorite. Her singing was, as usual, competent, self-possessed, showy and "stylish." Yet it is singing which just falls short of perfect elegance and savors rather of study and determination to excel than of predisposition and spontaneity. Her execution has all the right to be called "agilita," but it lacks the elastic lightness of absolute "floritura." Her closest approach to the true union of song and singer was in the bolero, although she gave the Cambra air sweetly, equably and with reserve.

### THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Adv- Programme. Jan 11 1904  
Overture to the Opera "The Barbarians".... Saint-Saens  
(First time.)  
Aria, "Una Voce," from "The Barber of Seville"..... Rossini  
Mme. Lillian Blauvelt.  
Symphonic Poem, "The Wild Huntsman".... Caesar Franck  
Songs with Pianoforte—  
(a) "Charmant Papillon"..... Campra  
(b) "Pourquoi"..... Delibes  
(c) "Sicilian Vespers"..... Verdi  
Mme. Lillian Blauvelt.  
Symphony No. 3, in A minor. (Scotch.) op. 56..... Mendelssohn

St. Saens is the best master of orchestration that the French have recently produced; but he is not a master of passion or emotional power. There is a lack of force in his very ingenious scores.

Better fifty bars of Bizet  
Than a Cycle of St. Saens.

These barbarians seemed more gentle than the historian, Gibbons, has depicted them. They seemed addicted to hunting, and a few gentle fanfares spoke of this. The tender love-episodes were more frequently in the foreground. It was a musical representation of a species of Ingomar and Parthenia,—

Two flutes with but a single toot,  
Two horns that blowed as one.

Mme. Blauvelt came as soloist, in answer to an emergency call. Busoni, who was to have played a Henselt concerto, is probably still engaged in sending contributions to the Atlantic, for his ship has not yet arrived.

It may not be fair to judge absolutely of the vocalist by a performance in response to such a sudden call. We found her work in "Una Voce" correct but uninspired—like an excellently acquired lesson.

Intonation was perfect, the runs and floriture were clear, and while criticism was mute, so was enthusiasm.

Far better was the impression made in the subsequent songs with piano accompaniment (the latter admirably done by Mr. Zach), for in these there was a degree of abandon and brilliancy that won instantaneous recognition.

Mme. Blauvelt's work in the last 3 numbers, the quaint delicacy of old Campra, the tenderness of Delibes and the dash and brilliancy of the final Bolero, was superlatively good. Neither Sembrich, nor any other of the world-famous prime donne, could have excelled the interpretation given.

The enthusiasm following them was naturally more spontaneous than the set recalls after "Una Voce."

Cesar Franck's "Wild Huntsman" gains by repeated hearing. Yet it does not achieve the "diablerie" with which a Berlioz would have invested the subject. Among the wild rides in music, Wagner's Walkure steeple chase, Raff's "Lenore" handicap, and Frau Holle sweepstakes, St. Saens' Phaeton (in harness) and Berlioz's broncho ride to Hades, Franck's is the

least exciting.

Of course the dissonances and the muted horn calls are there to picture evil in the conventional way, but the beauty of the work is in the calmer passages, particularly in those that suggest the Sabbath calm which the sacrilegious huntsman roughly broke.

The moral of the work is—don't go hunting on Sunday during church hours. The wicked count who did this was subsequently hunted by an entire brass band, assisted by kettle-drums, and had no end of fortissimo trouble.

We do not think the work one of Franck's strongest, although it is as famous as any of the good master's compositions. The performance was excellent.

Mr. Gericke and his men won another triumph in the Scotch Symphony, which closed the concert. It was one of the finest performances of the work which we have ever heard. And it is a work worth doing well, for, in spite of some commonplaces and conventionalities, it contains beauties that our greatest moderns could not equal with all their extra instruments and liberties.

The weak parts are the "storm" coda of the first movement, the saccharine adagio (suited to the susceptibilities of a boarding-school miss), and the hymn of thanksgiving at the end.

The noble parts are the development of the first movement and the beautiful use of clarinettes in deep register in the introduction of this movement; the splendid contrasts of the finale, and particularly that passage of clarinette, taken from the second theme, which pictures a loneliness which those who have walked through the Trossachs in the gloaming will readily understand.

The Scherzo is imperishable. Its chief theme, given by the clarinette, is the only instance of a German composer having achieved something really Gaelic. And its lit and rollicking style is developed in a masterly manner, so that musician and non-musician may meet here upon common ground and both find much to admire.

All through the work Mendelssohn betrays partiality for the clarinettes, and these instruments were often in the foreground in this symphony and were played remarkably well.

There ought to be more great music built upon Scottish foundation. Russia and Scotland have mines of musical gold to be worked by the classical artificer. The former country is beginning to possess a race of composers who are using this valuable material, but Scotland has not yet had its musical Columbus.

The German composers have sensed the value of the Gaelic folk-repertoire, and Beethoven, Franz, Schumann, Bruch, Volkmann, and others have endeavored to build upon the foreign foundation. But only Mendelssohn has succeeded in any degree, and he chiefly because he lived in Scotland for a period,—however brief.

The true classical evolution of Scottish music must come from one to the manner born, from a native Scot. May Scotland yet find a musical son who having

thorough equipment shall be imbued with Robble Burns's aspiration,—

"That I, for puir auld Scotland's sake,  
Some usefu' plan or buke might make,  
Or sing a sang at least."

Louis C. Elson.

### NEW STATUE IN SYMPHONY HALL

One Just Placed in Position Completes Group of Heroic Figures

To complete the group of heroic statues in Symphony Hall, the last of these, numbering sixteen in all, has been installed in the niche set apart for it. For the past two years Pietro P. Caproni, who did the sculptural work, has been corresponding with the directors of the Naples Museum where the original statue is, and finally a model taken from the original statue was imported by Mr. Caproni. It is the first to be had in this country, and stands six feet high. It represents Faun carrying the infant Bacchus. The original statue is one of the great treasures of the Naples Museum, and it is thought probable that it was made as late as the time of

### MME. BLAUVELT SOLOIST.

Programme for Public Rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra

*Herald* This Afternoon, Jan. 8, 1904

The programme of the public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra this afternoon includes the overture to Saint-Saens' opera, "The Barbarians"; Cesar Franck's symphonic poem, "The Wild Huntsman," and Mendelssohn's "Scotch" symphony. The overture will be played here for the first time. When the opera is performed in Paris, the overture serves as a prologue and a reciter appears to tell how an invading host of Teutons swept the natives and the Roman legions before them, until at Orange, their chief fell in love with a vestal virgin, and he declares that Vesta punished the sacrilege. The action of the opera passes in the old amphitheatre of Orange, for which the first performance was planned, but Saint-Saens made reasonable objections and the production was at the Opera, Paris. Franck's symphonic poem is in illustration of the ballad by Buerger, which is familiar to English speaking persons through Sir Walter Scott's version. The composition was first played here by Theodore Thomas' orchestra, and it has been played here at a Symphony concert.

Mr. Busoni has been delayed, and Mme. Blauvelt will be the soloist. She will sing with the orchestra Rosina's cavatina from "The Barber of Seville" and with piano accompaniment the songs: Campra's "Charming Butterfly," Delibes' "Why?" and the bolero from "The Sicilian Vespers."

It is a pleasure to state that Mr. Gilbert, the eminent baritone, and Miss Sassoli, the harpist, will give a second concert in Jordan Hall on Saturday afternoon, Jan. 16. There will be a complete change of programme.





*J. S. Svendsen*

## *Symphony Hall.*

SEASON 1903-04.

### BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Mr. WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.

### XII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 23, AT 8, P. M.

#### Programme.

SVENDSEN,

SYMPHONY No. 2, in B flat major, op. 15.

- I. Allegro.
- II. Andante sostenuto.
- III. Intermezzo. Allegro giusto.
- IV. Andante. — Allegro con fuoco.

VOLKMANN,

SERENADE No. 3, in D minor, op. 69.  
(Mr. RUDOLF KRASSELT, Solo Violoncello.)

SCHUMANN,

SUITE for full ORCHESTRA, "In Carnival Time."  
op. 22.  
I. Allegro con fuoco. (In Waltz time.)  
II. Andantino marcato.  
III. Presto, (Humoreske.)  
(First time.)

WEBER,

OVERTURE to the Opera "Der Freischuetz."



## MUSICAL MATTERS

### THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Symphony No. 2, in B flat major, op. 15.....Svendsen  
Serenade No. 3, in D minor, op. 69.....Volkman  
(Mr. Rudolph Krasselt, Solo Violoncello)  
Suite for full Orchestra, "In Carnival Time," op. 22.....Schumann  
(First time)

Overture to the Opera "Der Freischuetz".....Weber

An entirely orchestral concert. We generally like these purely instrumental concerts best and feel that our great orchestra should be able to charm without the aid of an operatic prima donna or a marvellous virtuoso; but on this occasion none of the ideas presented seemed to reach high-water mark. The Svendsen symphony proved to be a well-constructed work, but by no means as individual as much of the music of this northern composer.

The present writer recalls a visit to Svendsen, in Copenhagen, when that composer seemed more enthusiastic about his "Zorahayde" than any other of his compositions. He spoke at that time of a visit that he had made to America, and hoped some day to turn his impressions of Niagara into music, but this he has never accomplished.

At one of these meetings Svendsen showed the reviewer a baton that was one of the earliest ever waved. One may remember that conducting with a baton is a very modern proceeding. The conductorial stick was not used prior to 1801. Weber was one of the very earliest of the great conductors to employ it, and he used a baton in Dresden in 1817.

This baton, with Weber's autograph upon it, is in the possession of Svendsen. It is a long stick, inlaid with ivory, and with a handle like a policeman's billy.

We return unwillingly to the Svendsen symphony. It is not a great work. It shows the skill of the trained composer, and each climax is worked up with consummate care, but it is not inspired or inspiring. The Scherzo—or rather "Intermezzo"—is the most popular part of it.

This movement reminds somewhat of Mendelssohn in his Scotch Symphony, but it is less spontaneous than that masterpiece. The finale alternates between joviality and despair. The two last movements are the best part of the work. The horn-playing and the oboe work in the second movement were worthy of record. Altogether a good and shapely, but not a phenomenal symphony.

Although there was no soloist, strictly speaking, upon the programme, the Volkman Serenade had a violoncello obbligato that gave abundant opportunities to Mr. Krasselt to show what a fine artist he is. The Serenade is largely the soliloquy of a very unhappy 'cello, with some brighter episodes in which the rest of the orchestra endeavor to cheer up the despondent instrument.

Mr. Krasselt played superbly and won a very emphatic ovation at the close of the piece. Our orchestra has evidently gained a strong artist in this young man. Some of the praise must also be extended

to the orchestral violoncellos, for they gave some unison passages with wonderful fervor and ensemble.

Georg Schumann in his carnival scenes has not approached the treatment of the same subject by the greater Schumann, nor has he equalled the dance effects of Berlioz, or Weber, or Tchaikowsky.

One found in the work neither the grace and delicacy of a fashionable ball-room, on the one hand, nor the frank license of the Bal Bullier or a Montmartre festivity, upon the other. Parts of the work seemed close to the line of prosaic vulgarity.

The picture should have been better or worse than that to make an artistic success. The brigands in the finale of Berlioz's "Childe Harold" symphony are much more effective than a crowd of "bourgeoisie" dissipating could ever be.

The Gavotte (second movement) was very dainty, however, at the first, and in the true spirit of this dance, which is far removed from its peasant origin, but it was finally thundered out on the trombones as if the band were playing for a set of deaf dancers. In the finale there was a theme which would do finely for a topical song in "King Dodo," but was a little removed from the atmosphere of a symphony concert. One could sing some sentiment like

"You never miss the lager till the barrel has run dry"

to its inspiring notes, suggesting the Howard Athenaeum rather than Symphony Hall. There were plenty of bold, modern orchestral effects; rapid passages on muted horn, furious phrases on the kettledrums, etc., all well executed.

"The Freischuetz" overture ended the concert with more dignity. It was in the main well played, although that little parody of the last two notes of Agathe's melody, first given upon the flutes and then scoffed at by the brass, might have been emphasized much more to advantage. But the general interpretation of the works of this programme was better than their artistic contents, always excepting the final number.

Louis C. Elson.

### TWELFTH SYMPHONY PROGRAM.

Last week's Symphony program contained one novelty, George Schumann's "In Carnival Time," a suite for orchestra, given for the first time here. Mr. Rudolf Krasselt played the principal cello part in Volkman's serenade in D minor, the opening concert selection was the Svendsen B flat major symphony, which has not been heard here in a score of years, and the Weber overture to "Der Freischuetz" closed the program. Mr. Svendsen's work sounds rather old-fashioned as a whole and only in part is it specially interesting. The second movement, which opens in a mournful mode, has some pleasing thematic movements and series of measures in staccato for the first violins, which are admirably scored, and in this instance gave this contingent a chance to show beautiful unanimity in its performance. In the third part the varying figures are of a simple, spirited nature, melodic and skillfully introduced for the different instruments, and the final movement is built up of rather vigorous themes which



form a good contrast to the preceding part of the work. The prevailing tone of the composition is sober, and this idea was effectively suggested by the orchestra.

Mr. Krasselt played the solo part for cello in the Volkmann serenade with a tenderness and sweetness of tone which made his work one of the features of the program. In fact, the frequent strong combinations in this piece were given with beautiful accord and harmony and were about as close to perfection as one can expect to hear.

The Schumann "Carnival," which was performed here for the first time, is a thoroughly typical and enjoyable illustration of its title, jolly, full of waltz rhythms and quaint musical dialogues, and contains melodic material enough to supply a score for a light opera. It was interpreted in a delightful vein. The numerous episodes divided among the instruments brought out some queer combinations, and in the revel, in which all did good work, special praise is uncalled for. In the second part, an old-time gavotte, the clarinet, cello and bassoon parts were specially amusing to hear by this orchestra, for one or two of the themes were of the so-called "catchy" style of writing and sounded quite familiar. A very taking close in the second movement was the unison of the harp and triangle. In the last movement one could not help smiling at the musical revelry, which was charmingly set forth by Mr. Gericke's men.

The "Der Freischütz" overture, with its weird suggestion of the power of an evil spirit, made a good contrast to the humors of the "Carnival," and the interpretation was in the proper spirit and satisfactory withal.

Mr. George Proctor will be the soloist this week, playing the Liszt piano concerto in E flat. The remaining numbers of the program will be Rubinstein's A minor symphony, Kaun's symphonic poem, "Minnehaha," and Smetana's overture, "The Bartered Bride."

Globe

Jan 24 1904

## TWELFTH SYMPHONY NIGHT.

### Georg Schumann's New Work Is on the Programme.

B Herald

Jan 24 1904

It is "In Carnival Time," but it is Not Very Festive or Rollicking—An Unfamiliar Symphony by Svendsen—Some Novelties of the Symphony Season.

The programme of the 12th Symphony concert, Mr. Gericke conductor, in Symphony Hall last night, was as follows: Symphony No. 2, B-flat major, op. 15. Svendsen Serenade No. 3 in D minor, op. 69. Volkmann "In Carnival Time," suite op. 22. . . . .

Georg Schumann

(First time.)

Overture to "Der Freischütz" . . . . . Weber  
The symphony, by Svendsen is little known here; it was produced by Mr. Henschel in 1884. The suite by Schumann was played for the first time.

Mr. Gericke has brought out this season an entr'acte from Bruneau's "Mésidor," a symphony by Glazounoff, D'Indy's "La Forêt Enchantée," Dohnanyi's symphony in D minor, Tchaikowsky's "The Voyvode," Elgar's

variations on an original theme, the overtures to d'Albert's "Improvisatore" and Saint-Saens' "Barbarians." Raff's overture, "Ein Feste Burg," was played here for the first time at these concerts—and why? It was well worth while to produce the symphony by Glazounoff and the pieces by Bruneau and D'Indy. The symphony gave so many pleasure that it was repeated, an unusual occurrence in the history of these concerts.

To some, perhaps to many, the posthumous symphonic poem by Tchaikowsky, and the overtures seemed inferior works, and some have asked "Why are such pieces played?" The answer is a simple one: It is a good thing to hear at least once the poorer works of leading composers; it is a part of one's musical education to be acquainted with the weakness as well as the strength of a composer; it is not only a good thing, it is necessary to know what contemporary musicians, as Saint-Saens, Elgar, D'Albert, Georg Schumann, Dohnanyi, are doing.

The overture to "The Improvisatore" had been played in Chicago and in Cincinnati before we heard it. The overture to "The Barbarians" had been played in Chicago before we found out for ourselves that it was barren of ideas. Our novelties come late. "The Dream of Gerontius" has already been performed in Germany and in Australia, at New York and at Chicago. Elgar's "Variations" were over four years old, and they had been performed in many European cities before we all learned from personal acquaintance that they are a curious mixture of originality and commonplace, nobility and rank, sentimentalism, abysmal dulness and extreme brilliance.

Masterpieces are not written every week and delivered promptly in a neatly tied parcel on Saturday night. It is too much to expect or to demand that each new composition should be an imperishable thing of beauty. What miracles of dulness may be found in the complete works of Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann!

Nor should true masterpieces be given so often that they become too familiar and run the risk of sharing the fate of Aristides. Suppose all the better symphonies of Beethoven were given each season, or that Cesar Franck's symphony, or Schubert's "Unfinished," or the second by Brahms, or the fifth by Tchaikowsky, was performed once a month during a season, would they not lose through such familiarity?

When 24 concerts are given in a season, there must inevitably be performances of works of the second rank. There are times when a novel by Mortimer Collins will give more pleasure than a novel by Balzac. An audience is not always prepared to associate with masterpieces. The symphony by Glazounoff produced this season is not a great work, but it is full of color, it has life, it is brilliant. The overture by d'Albert as a picture of the carnival is not to be named in the same breath with Berlioz's overture; but d'Albert is alive, he is a musician of parts, and the public of Boston should know what he has been doing of late. When 20 new pieces are brought out it is doubtful whether one hearer out of ten would care to hear a dozen of these pieces a second time; but has he not a right to ask for reasonable ground for his opinion? He cannot justly condemn or avoid the thing unheard.

Last night the symphony was new to nine-tenths of the audience, and prob-

ably no one was acquainted with the suite by Schumann. When the symphony was heard for the first time in Leipzig, there was much talk about its "national" character.

Music that is first of all "national" seldom, if ever, lives a long life outside its parish. The nationality of an individual enters into the expression of his thought, and into his thought itself, but his emotions must be of universal interest; he may be a Swede or a Bulgarian, an American or a Russian, but he must be, first of all, intensely human. The nationality must not be worn as a plausible garment. George Moore said in a bilious moment—and he is often bilious—that the reader of Thomas Hardy's novels is invited "to assist at a sheep-shearing scene, or at a harvest supper, because these scenes are not to be found in the works of George Eliot, because the reader is supposed to be interested in such things, because Mr. Hardy is anxious to show how jolly country he is." The reproach, unjust as applied to Hardy, might be brought against certain composers.

Svendsen's symphony is not unduly national. The good and substantial things in it may be enjoyed by the music lover of any country. The weak pages are not weak because they are "national"; they must seem weak to any Scandinavian composer or experienced listener. The first movement is still fresh and individual. Its frankness is engaging. In this pessimistic period the charge of "gloom" that was brought against the symphony as a whole when it first appeared seems preposterous. The second movement is often sentimental, and the simplicity of the song becomes affectation; the artlessness is suspicious. It is the weakest portion of the symphony. The intermezzo will always win the applause of the audience at large. A Scandinavian masquerades as Mendelssohn and pipes a scherzo near a mist-enshrouded burial mound. The finale has more of what we are accustomed to call Norwegian color; this color is here raw; there are none of the delicate nuances of Grieg. And when the symphony has been played, and after listening to other music, the hearer leaves the hall, the one impression made by the symphony is that made by the first movement.

Schumann's "In Carnival Time" was produced by Mr. Nikisch at a Philharmonic concert in Berlin, Feb. 20, 1899. The work is in three movements and it is scored for full orchestra. The composer furnished his own programme for the Berlin concert, but the argument is not printed in the score. The first movement portrays ballroom scenes. The prevailing tempo is that of a waltz, but there are several relieving episodes, in which various characters are introduced. The music of the general gayety suggests that many of the dancers wear rubber boots. There is little lightness; there is no esprit. There is no sharply drawn characterization of couples. Here and there an episode is not without a graceful orchestral touch; but how far we are from the dash and brilliance of French pieces of like nature. The second movement is in gavotte form. The gavotte here is not the original peasants' dance; it has the pomp and ceremony of the court. This movement is by far the most characteristic of the three. The repetition of the chief motive by the brass, however, is out of character, and suggests a late ball of an outer boulevard. The third movement bears for a sub-title the word

"Humoreske"; and here there might be a discussion of humor as it is understood by the Germans, with digressions concerning Tile Eulenspiegel's pranks, Jean Paul Richter, and the Munich comic papers. The humor of this particular movement is not unlike that of a railroad accident. The music has little or no distinction, and there is not even delirious can-can jollity.

The revival of Volkmann's episodic serenade gave Mr. Krasselt the opportunity to display a fine tone and much taste. The work itself seems singularly old-fashioned. Hungarian strains are mingled with echoes from a synagogue. Yet every now and then there is a passage that makes one regret the bitterly melancholy life of the composer, who more than once seemed to be on the point of catching and holding Fame.

Trans

Jan 29 1904

### Symphony Hall: Symphony Orchestra

This was the programme of the twelfth symphony concert, which Mr. Gericke gave last Saturday evening in Symphony Hall:

Svendsen: Symphony No. 2, in B-flat major, op. 15.  
Volkmann: Serenade No. 3, in D minor, op. 69.  
Mr. Rudolf Krasselt, Solo Violoncello.  
Schumann: Suite for full Orchestra, "In Carnival Time," op. 22.

(First time.)

Weber: Overture to the Opera "Der Freischütz."

It is to be deplored that the weather on Saturday was sufficiently untoward to keep many people at home, for the twelfth symphony concert was of a remarkably attractive nature. In addition to the constantly brilliant playing of the orchestra and the pleasant character of the music presented, Mr. Gericke's innovation of placing the symphony first on the programme is one that will tend toward the greater contentment of very many persons,

if not, indeed, of the entire audience. In these days, when people are so distinctly in favor of short concerts that a brief enough programme is rarely found, it is comfortable to discover the final number of a programme to be a work so well known that one may leave the hall before it, if he chooses, without feeling that the best part of the evening may be lost. Overtures like those to "Der Freischütz" and "The Bartered Bride" are surely admirable compositions to end a concert with. Many listeners, furthermore, are in far better receptive mood for a great work of consequence, like a symphony, at eight o'clock in the evening than at nine or a quarter after.

The Svendsen symphony having been heard here only once before, and then in 1884, on Saturday it came to the audience practically as a new work. That this composition should have been so pointedly neglected these nineteen years seems odd, for it is a musical production full of charm; spontaneous, always natural, melodious, and with a wide variety of delightful rhythms. Strongest in the first movement, the sentiment (bred in the bone of Scandinavians and North Germans) of the andante is speedily relieved by the piquant gayety of the intermezzo, while the whole



ends with an exhilarating exuberance of high spirits. It all sounds well, too; the orchestration is always that of a master.

Far less interesting was the suite "In Carnival Time," by Georg Schumann, now conductor of the Berlin Singacademie, although Mr. Arthur Nikisch approved of the composition sufficiently to play it at a Berlin Philharmonic Concert in 1899. Through this suite the composer attempts to suggest a carnival ball, which begins gently, as balls do, waxes gay, is interrupted by the performance of a stately gavotte, and then once more resumes its hilarious course to the pitch of becoming an orgy. From a disinclination, however, to a frank use of dance rhythms, which are absolutely necessary when one is trying to sketch a ball scene, Mr. Schumann has failed to make his festivity in the least festal. He has, on the contrary, made such liberal use of the "full" orchestra at his command that the composition suggests far less a carnival rout than the sacking of Rome by the Goths and Vandals; in the din one positively can fancy the shrieks of the dead and wounded. Even the none too graceful gavotte is thundered forth by the entire orchestra, including trombones and tuba. There are, of course, in the length and breadth of the piece hints and intimations of a merry disposition, some episodes, indeed, being charming. On the whole, however, the work shows little that is musically valuable and small feeling for the subject in hand. It is curious, too, that with the great orchestra called for there should be so little orchestral color. As is the case with many works which must be produced if we are to know what is going on in the world of music, one performance of "In Carnival Time" will probably answer every purpose.

Between the symphony and the suite came Volkmann's third serenade, a composition of stern, austere beauty that might more fittingly be called anything else than a serenade, as we commonly conceive the term. Mr. Krasselt played the solo part very beautifully. With strong, sweet tone he interpreted feelingly the doleful measures that fell to the violoncello, and withal refrained from making his instrument whine. The entire concert, as has already been said, was characterized by splendid playing.

Mr. George Proctor is to appear at Saturday's concert. This will be the programme: Symphony in A minor, Rubinstein; concerto for pianoforte in E-flat, Liszt; symphonic poem, "Minnehaha," Kaun (first time); overture to "The Bartered Bride," Smetana. R. R. G.

## SYMPHONY PROGRAMME.

Orchestra Will Play Svendsen's Symphony No. 2 at Today's Public Rehearsal.

The programme of the 12th public rehearsal of the Symphony orchestra at Symphony Hall this afternoon is not the one announced a fortnight ago. The concerto this week will begin with Svendsen's symphony in B flat major, No. 2, which has not been played here for many years. It was published in 1877, the year the more familiar "Carnival at Paris" was published, and it was performed for the first time at a Gewandhaus concert at Leipzig that year. The Leipzig critics insisted that it was too Scandinavian; extreme "nationality" in music was not then fashionable.

Volkmann's Serenade No. 3 in D minor will be the second piece, and Mr. Krasselt will play the solo violoncello part, first played here by Louis Lubeck with Theodore Thomas' orchestra. The piece, with its contrasted moods of gloom and gaiety and its antiphonal passages for cello and strings, is familiar here. Messrs. Glese, Hekking and Schroeder have in their turn been the solo cellists at Symphony concerts. "In Carnival Time," a suite by Georg Schumann of Berlin, will be played here for the first time. It was produced by Mr. Nikisch at Berlin, Feb. 20, 1899. The suite is in three movements. The first, in waltz tempo, portrays a ball room scene, and, from a short programme furnished by the composer, it seems there is an attempt to characterize sundry couples. The second movement is in the form of an old-fashioned gavotte, danced for the amusement of the crowd. The finale bears the sub-title, "Humoreske," and pictures the confusion at its height. The final piece is the overture to "Der Freischuetz."

## THE SYMPHONY

Traveler. Jan 25, 1904

Symphony No. 2, in B flat major, op. 15. Svendsen  
Serenade No. 3, in D minor, op. 69. Volkmann  
(Mr. Rudolph Krasselt, Solo Violoncello.)  
Suite for full orchestra, "In Carnival Time," op. 22. Schumann  
(First time.)  
Overture to the opera "Der Freischuetz," Weber

Of a truth, our revered and world-famous Symphony concerts seem to be losing something of that "big wow" element that has so distinguished them from the first. At least, one might be pardoned for thinking and saying so from a consideration of the most recent programmes. That of the concert of two weeks ago was decidedly what the scoffer might have called "light-waisted," while this one under present discussion has again the same general tone of—let us not say triviality, but elementary gladness. Now, elementary gladness has its charms, but it must be doubted if a too-long continued feast of it is desirable. The Symphony concert should almost always include some powerful, stirring, emotional piece

of music that appeals to the finer parts of men's natures.

However, such as it was, the music was beautifully played throughout, and undoubtedly gave sincere pleasure. The Svendsen symphony, albeit not so Scandinavian as it was intended to be, is a neat piece of orchestral mosaic work, and sings itself into the heart by its charming simplicity. It narrowly escapes being of lasting value.

The Volkmann serenade was the one apparent exception to the elementary gladness spoken of, and yet its melancholy is of the tender sort that is often a pleasure rather than a pain. It served very well as a means of again showing the exquisite tone and true artistry of our new cellist, Mr. Krasselt.

Mr. Georg Schumann has attempted to be delicately gay in his carnival bit, but, like so many other composers who have been overcome by the idea of showing the world how debonaire they can be in music, he has wavered between vulgar noise and silly sentimentality. A well-made little thing, if you please, but without inspiration, without beauty, without any permanent worth.

The dear old "Freischuetz," how charming and full of dainty fancy it seemed, after the mediocrities that had gone before. If we are apt to complain sometimes that Weber's old war-horse is dragged from his stable a bit too often, let us now ask pardon of all concerned. When it comes like a benediction, its place is well-deserved.

## TWELFTH CONCERT IS WELL GIVEN

So Evenly Balanced Is It That Absence of Soloist is Not Seriously Felt.

The twelfth Symphony program, analyzed in these columns yesterday morning, was perfectly performed at the afternoon's rehearsal, and will be repeated at the concert this evening. So well balanced and entertaining was it that the absence of any soloist was not disadvantageously felt.

The symphony, placed by way of exception at the head of the bill, was Svendsen's agreeably brief and compact second, in B flat, opus 15, first played in Boston almost exactly twenty years ago, under Mr. Henschel's direction. Its nervous, sturdy first movement; its sweetly sought second, and its buoyant, merry third, lead to the fitful finale, in which serious moods, contrasting with the gayer ones, are sometimes broken in upon almost violently by sudden dramatic chords, but which, as a whole,

leaves an impression of wholesome decision and hearty action.

Various critics have fancied they found resemblances here between Svendsen and other composers, but without adducing much in support of their notions. As this symphony belongs to the period when its composer was greatly admiring, studying and cultivating Wagner, it would be natural to find in it more impress of his manner than of any other writer's. But while an occasional turn of expression may faintly suggest Wagner's phraseology, the thought, the spirit and the instrumental color are surely Svendsen's own, independent, vigorous, romantic and exhilarating.

### A Lover's Serenade.

The third serenade of Volkmann made a delightful interlude, especially as Mr. Krasselt played the cello solos so beautifully and richly. The four phases of this work call up fancies of quite a little drama. The pensive, melancholy and half lugubrious initial recital seems to speak for a despondent, but still pettiary lover who pursues his fair one with sad beseechings; the second brims over with coquettish laughter and sport, as if she were tantalizing him from her latticed window, while he murmurs little sighing comments in an unobserved aside, but the third, which is in a more "coming on" spirit, hints at kind compliance and a happy tripping over the dewy morning grass. In the finale, however, something of the original gloom returns, but is backed by a firmer spirit, as if the youth had begun to feel surer in his hopes, in spite of the tantalizing tortures he had to suffer. It is a composition thoroughly in the serenade vein and it is as sparkingly played.

### One New Thing.

After this was put the novelty—Georg Schumann's "Carnival Time" suite, which proved to be a fanciful, brilliant and picturesque affair. The first movement, cast into waltz rhythms and figures, brings to mind the festal evening at Leonato's palace in "Much Ado About Nothing," when one group after another separates itself from the throng of revelers for its own little merry episode. For here are hinted the gay, the moody, the social, the solitary, the strolling amorous pairs and the light-footed dancers, and the hall is full of commingling company. The second part is a gavotte, in which they of state dignity and courtly consequence parade themselves with pompous formality and lofty elegance before the clustering on-lookers, and the last part is a "Nimmerke," depicting the freaks, the impertinences, the rallies, the mock dignity and the occasional rough brusqueness of the popular conclusion of the general festivity. As music and as performance this piece was greatly enjoyed and much applauded.

The dramatically romantic and musically wise overture to "Der Freischuetz"—admirably played except for the almost invariably blurred attack in the horn quatnor—ended the program finely.





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*Symphony Hall.*

SEASON 1903-04.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Mr. WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.

XIII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

RUBINSTEIN,

SYMPHONY No. 6, in A minor, op. 111.

I. Moderato con moto.

II. Moderato assai.

III. Allegro vivace.

IV. Moderato assai.—Presto.

LISZT,

CONCERTO No. 1, in E flat major, for PIANOFORTE  
and ORCHESTRA.

HUGO KAUN,

SYMPHONIC POEM, "Minnehaha." op. 43, No. 1.  
(First time.)

SMETANA,

OVERTURE to the Opera "The Sold Bride."

Soloist:

Mr. GEORGE PROCTOR.

The Pianoforte is a Steinway.





GEORGE PROCTOR.

*Symphony Hall.*

SEASON 1903-04.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Mr. WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.

**XIII. CONCERT.**

SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, AT 8, P. M.

**Programme.**

RUBINSTEIN,

SYMPHONY No. 6, in A minor, op. III.

I. Moderato con moto.

II. Moderato assai.

III. Allegro vivace.

IV. Moderato assai.—Presto.

LISZT,

CONCERTO No. 1, in E flat major, for PIANOFORTE  
and ORCHESTRA.

HUGO KAUN,

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# 13TH SYMPHONY CONCERT

Post. Jan. 31, 1904  
Orchestral Numbers by Rubinstein,  
Kaun and Smetana; Also Liszt's  
Pianoforte Concerto in E Flat  
Presented Last Evening at  
Symphony Hall

The programme of the 13th Symphony concert last evening included the following numbers:

Symphony No. 6, Op. 111.....Rubinstein  
Concerto for pianoforte in E flat.....Liszt  
Symphonie Poem, "Minnehaha".....Kaun  
Overture to "The Bartered Bride".....Smetana  
George Proctor was the soloist.

This programme was somewhat a reversal of the usual order of things, for the symphony came first instead of last, the overture ending the concert.

The Rubinstein symphony was the composer's sixth and last, in A minor, Op. 111, written in 1896 for one of the Gewandhaus concerts at Leipzig. Previous to last evening the symphony has had only one performance in this city, being at a concert under Mr. Gericke's direction Nov. 12, 1887. So the work was absolutely new to a large portion of the audience.

It is in the customary four movements and fairly strict in form. The themes are many and interesting, but the development is commonplace; there is little that rises above routine composition, and the symphony shows both the strength and weakness of Rubinstein as a composer. He was possessed of amazing fertility in thematic material, but he constructed his works in a slipshod manner as if he wanted to begin a new composition before a previous one was finished. The third movement was the most pleasing portion of the symphony heard last evening, and the general performance was excellent.

Hugo Kaun's symphony poem, "Minnehaha," Op. 43, No. 1, was heard in this city for the first time. The composer, although born in Berlin and living there at the present time, was a resident of Milwaukee, Wis., from 1887 to 1901, and it was during this time that he became interested in the "Hiawatha" poem.

Two symphony poems were the result of his reading of Longfellow's familiar story, and they are entitled "Minnehaha" and "Hiawatha." Theodore Thomas was the first to perform them, which he did at a Chicago symphony concert early in 1903.

"Minnehaha" is suggested by Canto 20, which describes the famine. The music is supposed to portray the dreary winter, the mad rush of Hiawatha through the forest to obtain food and the finding on his return that Minnehaha has died, as described by the poet. Whether or not Mr. Kaun has adequately pictured the text in music must be determined by the individual listener, according to his mood. The music suggests the imaginative faculty to a great degree and the instrumental coloring is exceedingly in-

teresting and ingenious. It may not be a work of colossal genius, but on a first hearing the impressions were exceedingly favorable. It is as good, certainly, as any of the various "Hiawatha" musical creations heard here thus far, if not better, and that the audience was pleased was shown by the loud applause that the work received. This is the first of Mr. Kaun's works in larger forms to be heard here and it is hoped that an opportunity will be given in the near future of hearing others.

Between the symphony and the "Minnehaha" music the Liszt concerto in E flat was played by Mr. George Proctor.

## TODAY'S SYMPHONY.

Hugo Kaun's Symphonic Poem, "Minnehaha," the Novelty of the

Programme. Jan. 29, 1904

The programme of the 13th public rehearsal of the Symphony Orchestra this afternoon in Symphony Hall will include one novelty: Hugo Kaun's symphonic poem, "Minnehaha." Kaun was born in Berlin, where he studied the piano with Oskar Raip and composition with Kiel. He composed, and he conducted a choral society founded by him; but he grew restless and went to Milwaukee, where he lived until a few years ago. His home is now in Berlin. This symphonic poem has a companion, "Hiawatha." The two were produced in Berlin in 1901 at a concert of Kaun's works, and they were performed by the Chicago Orchestra last year. "Minnehaha" portrays in music the winter, the famine, Hiawatha's despair at the sickness of Minnehaha, his return from the forest, and her death.

The other pieces are Rubinstein's Symphony in A minor, No. 6, which is first on the programme; Liszt's brilliant concerto in E flat for piano (Mr. Proctor, pianist), and the delightful overture to Smetana's "Sold Bride." The symphony was composed by Rubinstein for the Gewandhaus concerts, Leipzig, and it was performed there for the first time when the composer conducted. It has been played only once in this city, at a Symphony concert. The last movement is built on Russian folk-songs, it is said.

The programme of the concert Feb. 5 and 6 will be as follows: Dubois' overture, "Fritzhiel" (first time); Beethoven's concerto for violin (Miss Olive Mead); Brahms' Symphony in E minor, No. 4.

## MUSICAL MATTERS

### THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

adv: PROGRAMME. Jan. 1, 04

Rubinstein—Symphony No. 6, in A minor, op. III. Liszt Concerto No. 1, in E flat major, for piano-forte and orchestra.

Mr. George Proctor, Soloist.

Hugo Kaun—Symphonic Poem, "Minnehaha," op. 43, No. 1. (First time.)

Smetana—Overture to the opera "The Sold Bride."

For once the concert began with the symphony, as if Mr. Gericke wanted to have this task over as soon as possible. It was interesting to hear this Rubinstein work, if only on account of the diverse opinions expressed regarding it. It is bold from the outset, beginning with an augmented fifth chord that does not suggest any particular tonality. But the demon of development seizes upon the composer early in the work and stays by him until the end. It is spasmodic and vehement at times. Rubinstein is a most unequal composer in almost all of his orchestral compositions. The old rhyme can be modified for him,—

When he is good he is very, very good,  
And when he is bad he is—conventional.

Of course there is skill in his weaving and intertwining of figures, but of the inspiration of the first movement of the "Ocean" symphony there is not a trace. It is manufactured music. The faults are most pronounced in the second and third movements; opening movement and the finale being much more striking in treatment and in contents. The finale, in fact, has moments of great beauty, possibly because the composer has built upon the sure foundation of the Russian folk-song. But what is beautiful is not Rubinstein's, and even these points are marred by prolixity, by long-continued sequences, by extreme development. What the future may do with Rubinstein's works is problematical, but that he will be outstripped by Tschaiowsky seems certain; the latter was far more self-critical.

The symphony was to the advantage of Mr. George Proctor, who followed with Liszt's rhapsodical concerto. Even a respectable presentation of Liszt's fiery thoughts would have sounded well after the artificialities of the symphony, and the pianist gave more than this.

Mr. Proctor is certainly improving as a concert-pianist. There was a time, not so long ago, when it was impossible for him to interpret so free and dashing a work satisfactorily; yet on this occasion he made a success.

Not that he gave the abandon that Liszt demands, or brought out the wild Magyar element of the concerto; there was some water in the Tokay, that weakened the flavor; but the surety and clearness, the brilliant octave and choral playing (wrist and forearm action) and the careful attention to ensemble, were sufficient to win him a number of hearty recalls at the conclusion of the work.

We found Kaun's "Minnehaha" very beau-

tiful, a presentation of the best type of modern music. The composer gives the pathetic picture of the Famine and the death of the heroine without pulling the harmonic structure down about his ears, and yet he portrays passion and deep emotion quite as graphically as those who think that Scrow can only be painted by 25 consecutive fifths.

The catastrophe was full of power and the wailing (it may have been accidental coincidence) seemed to call out the name—"Minnehaha! Minnehaha!"

The final funeral march, too, was full of dignity and pathos, the pizzicato figure on the deep strings,—almost amounting to a "basso ostinato,"—being very impressive. The performance was exquisite, and Mr. Gericke was recalled to bow his acknowledgments at its close.

Smetana was a genius and we are always glad to listen to his works. What a fugue (or rather fugato) the overture of "The Sold Bride" begins with! Musical amateurs imagine that the fugue is always a dry-as-dust composition, all skill and no emotion. To such we can say that Mendelssohn in the overture to "Elijah" pictures an agitated, famished multitude by this form, that Mozart gave the most chattering and light-hearted sketch by a fugate in his "Magic Flute" overture, and that here Smetana gives a most exciting touch by the same means.

The folk-song character of this overture makes us long for the entire opera. We understand that it is impossible for the New York opera company to give us "Parsifal" in Boston this spring, but they might at least let us have a representation of Smetana's master-work.

Louis C. Elson.

## THIRTEENTH SYMPHONY NIGHT

A Symphonic Poem Written by  
Kaun Is the Novelty.

It Is Not "Hiawatha," but "Minnehaha"—A Symphony in A Minor by Rubinstein Is Disinterested—Mr. Proctor and Liszt's Concerto No. 1—Overture of Smetana.

The programme of the 13th Symphony concert, Mr. Gericke conductor, given last night at Symphony Hall, was as follows:

Symphony in A minor, No. 6.....Rubinstein  
Concerto in E flat major, No. 1.....Liszt  
Symphonic poem, "Minnehaha".....Kaun  
(First time.)  
Overture to "The Sold Bride".....Smetana

Mr. Gericke produced Rubinstein's symphony here in A minor in 1887, and since then it has been allowed to rest peacefully on the shelf. No doubt the composer took some pains with the work, for it was composed for that august tribunal, the Gewandhaus Society of Leipzig, and it was first played in Leipzig under the direction of the



composer in 1880.

The editor of the programme book of these Symphony concerts compiled a list of works by Rubinstein that have been performed here since 1870 at concerts of the leading local societies and at concerts given here by Theodore Thomas. It is a formidable list, and it shows again how quickly the modernity of a composer passes, unless his foothold is mortised in granite, to use a phrase of Walt Whitman. There was a time when the talk was about Rubenstein; his larger works were in fashion; his chamber music was played continually; his songs were in the mouth of every singer. Today he is known in concert halls chiefly by his piano concerto in D minor; once in a while the "Ocean" symphony (first version) is performed and every one speaks approvingly of the first movement. His songs are seldom sung—the more the pity—and his "Thou Art Like Unto a Flower" is known to church congregations by association with the incongruous words "Jerusalem the golden."

This symphony is like many other works of Rubinstein; there is a promising start, there are ideas, and then the music is as though the composer had sketched hurriedly a movement or two, and, waxing impatient, with fresh thoughts for another composition, had completed the work in hand perfunctorily and with an Olympian indifference. His orchestration is almost always dry and scratchy; at times it suggests sandpaper, and it grates on the nerves. The symphony in A minor is no exception; one misses the vivifying breath of imagination. The themes themselves are of slight interest, and after the first movement the composer himself seems to have lost all affection for his task. No performance, however careful and admirable, as was that of last night, could breathe into this dead body the breath of life.

When Mr. Proctor appeared for the first time at a Symphony concert he was fresh from study at Vienna. He chose a brazen-faced, musk-scented thing, a concerto by Eduard Schuett. The pianist then had the hard, brittle, unemotional touch that distinguishes so many fresh from a certain school in the Austrian city, and his style was flamboyant and bumptious. In recitals soon after he played as though he had not taken the time for preparation. But of late years he has pondered, apparently, the value of tone and rhythm, especially tone. Last season he played pieces of inconsiderable importance in a truly artistic manner. He sang and did not pound the melody; he was emotional and imaginative, so far as the character of the pieces permitted. Last night he played one of the great concertos in the literature of the piano, a superb, defiant piece that is still fresh and heroic, with sentiment that still seems genuine, a piece that any pianist may well be proud to play. In his performance he showed many admirable qualities. First of all, even in the most virile passages, he did not force tone; and those who heard Liszt in his puissant years all agree that the great pianist's tone, even in the frenzy of bravura, was always beautiful. Mr. Proctor played with a fine rhythmic feeling, with a keen appreciation of the value of the phrase. Perhaps there were moments when the hearer would have liked an exhibition of more demonstrative spirit, a revelation of the virtuoso exulting in his strength; but, on the whole, the performance was interesting, musical and highly creditable

to the player.

Hugo Kaun, whose name appeared for the first time on these programmes, is a Berliner who sojourned for a time at Milwaukee, and is now busied again in the city of Weiss beer. The argument printed in the score of "Minnehaha" tells us that he was inspired by Longfellow's poem and by "the glorious oil painting by the American artist, Dodge, depicting the death of Minnehaha." We have never seen this painting, but something in our heart tells us that the modern school would not be enthusiastic over it; that it would be dismissed with the pictorial representations by an Englishman of a railway station and the Derby day, and with the statue of the dreaming Iolanthe in butter that awakened the wonder and the approval of thousands at the Philadelphia exposition in 1876. Still we may be wrong, we may be wrong. "Oil painting": It reminds us of Artemus Ward's definition of sardeens: "Little fishes billed in ile." M. Kaun's symbolic poem—it has a companion piece "Hiawatha"—is pleasant music without any particular originality of thought or treatment. The instrumentation is sonorous, but there is not one poignant phrase, not one dramatic stroke. The poem is the work of a cultivated musician of routine.

Smetana's delightful overture brought the close. It is to be hoped that the opera will yet be included in the repertory of the Metropolitan Opera House; a translation into English has been made by Mr. Meltzer, but the opera is not yet in rehearsal, although there was promise earlier in the season of a production.

Globe

The 13th Symphony program introduced Mr. George Proctor as soloist in Liszt's E-flat major concerto for piano and orchestra. Hugo Kaun's symphonic poem, "Minnehaha," was played for the first time here, and Rubinstein's sixth symphony and the overture to Smetana's opera, "The Bartered Bride," completed the selections. Mr. Proctor's interpretation of the concerto was admirable as a whole, although he was lacking in physical power in several fortissimo passages to cope with the orchestra, a fault not confined to this young artist by any means. His finger work in the lighter portions of the concerto was characterized by a smoothness of execution which displayed his technique in a favorable light, and although his pace in the third and fourth movements was rather moderate when compared with some of the more experienced pianists who have played the Liszt work at these concerts, yet his speed was not halting, and the rapid passages were given with generally brilliant effect.

The beautiful and unique scherzo, with its odd triangle accompaniment, was splendidly interpreted, the marked daintiness of touch and clarity of tone indicating that in compositions of a sentimental and bilious nature Mr. Proctor should find his greatest successes. The finale, which calls for almost lightning speed and phenomenal finger power, was less pleasing, an indistinctness in playing showing in the dashing, crashing double octave runs and chords. Possibly caution in performance caused

some lack of contrasting color in his work, but his playing throughout was commendable and his auditors were quite liberal in applause at the close of his interpretation.

Kaun's "Minnehaha" music, based upon "The Famine" in Longfellow's poem of "Hiawatha," is in four parts and tells the musical story with considerable skill. There is nothing very harsh in the combinations of instruments, and the so-called "mournful atmosphere" of the original is preserved continuously by clever treatment of the different themes, all of which are sad in character. The wood winds, which are very prominent, performed their parts in beautiful and suggestive harmony, the dramatic crescendo in the third part was given in perfect unison, and the closing passages, by all the contingents, were sung with exquisite effect. The piece is a delightful descriptive moreau and the performance was in the best vein of the orchestra.

In the Rubinstein symphony, which opened the program, the orchestral work seemed flawless, for the men were fresh and evidently in a sympathetic mood. The jolly, grotesque third movement went with a vim and brilliancy of execution that were fairly inspiring, all the breaks being attacked with clock-like precision. In the last part the various suggestions of the folk-songs of Russia were effectively introduced, the themes being well balanced by the ever-changing background of the accompanying instruments. The Smetana overture calls for nothing more than general commendation, there being little in it which presents more than ephemeral difficulties for Mr. Gericke's men.

Miss Olive Mead will be the soloist this week, playing Beethoven's violin concerto. The other numbers comprise the overture "Fringhof," Dubois and Brahms' fourth symphony.

## PROGRAM OPENS WITH RUBINSTEIN

Liszt's Famous E Flat Concerto by  
Proctor Follows at Fourteenth Symphony.

"MINNEHAHA" IS RENDERED

Revives in the Hearer's Fancy the  
Indian Scenes as Depicted  
by Longfellow.

B Journal — Jan 30 1904

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Rubinstein's sixth symphony. In A minor, occupied bravely the first forty minutes of the fourteenth Symphony program. It is remembered how the cool, empty chords into which the "Midsummer Night's Dream" overture begins so disconcerted many early players that they laid it aside, waiting correction.

So one can see why this symphony was prejudiced by its beginning and was put away by more conductors than one, who thought that no good could come from such a musical Nazareth as was threatened by the harsh, abnormal dissonances hurled out in the opening chords. Yet from them emerges gently the true tonality, and the several movements have variety, and much value. Its tranquil moments are bland and pacifying, its energy is tempered and its humor is grotesque rather than extravagant and its rude force is not without dignity and state.

Oddly as Mr. Grossmith shows how the trivial tune of "Dolly Grey" can be found in scores of serious things, so the persistent reiteration of the scherzo here will chatter out every time the rhythm of "Twinkle, twinkle, little star." The symphony of episodes, alternations, changes and digressions; and the one insufficiency of the generally admirable performance was that in many cases their contiguous edges touched but did not fuse.

Liszt's famous E flat concerto, another innovation in its day, now called a masterpiece, followed, with Mr. Proctor at the pianoforte, where he sits too low for firm and full control and indulges in too many frivolous mannerisms of hand and arm. This concerto needs more than a virtuoso. It ought to have an artist for its expositor.

It contains much material—some of it great—for the display of technical and personal resources; but to make the best use of this material, to compel it to take on by turns splendor, dignity, illumination, boldness and real, even if exaggerated, emotive coloring, is the task of the developed and authoritative artist. Such Mr. George Proctor at present is not.

To say this is not to disparage him or to depreciate what he has accomplished when his abilities were level to his duties; still less is it to discourage him from desiring and striving toward the best.

The concerto has been played in Boston by Mmes. Topp, Aus der Ohe, Margulies, Schiller and Rive-King; also by D'Albert, Mills, Rosenthal, Paderewski and Hambourg. With such pianists Mr. Proctor cannot be ranked, and he should not be urged into a position that he cannot fill. Like a young actor assuming a master's part, the interpretation of its depth, fulness, passion and might are beyond him, for all his clear delivery of the text. It will perhaps then be best to commend Mr. Proctor's executive ability and accuracy, and say no more.

Kaun's "Minnehaha" has imaginative poetry in it and revives in the hearer's fancy the long, cold, cruel, killing winters, Hiawatha's plaints, struggles and failures, his love's death, with the ghost glaring upon her, his despair and the approaching feet of the fates who have



ready prepared his future. Though a German, Kaun was imbued with the American spirit when he wrote these really beautiful pages. Smetana's comedy overture to "The Bartered Bride" brought cheer and smiles in a gay rendering to the final piece.

### Symphony Hall: Symphony Orchestra

For the thirteenth symphony concert (Saturday, Jan. 30) Mr. Gericke arranged the following programme, Mr. George Proctor appearing as soloist:

Rubinstein: Symphony No. 6, in A minor, Op. 111. Liszt: Concerto No. 1, in E-flat major, for Piano-forte and Orchestra.

Hugo Kaun: Symphonic Poem, "Minnehaha," Op. 43, No. 1. (First time.) Smetana: Overture to the Opera "The Sold Bride."

According to information set down in the programme-book, Rubinstein wrote the symphony in A minor for the Society of the Gewandhaus concerts in Leipzig, which august body produced the work in 1886, the composer conducting. Despite the lustre of this occasion, however, and the favor it found at Hamburg and Paris, as well as at Leipzig, the conductors, Theodore Thomas, Seidl and Damrosch in this country, all declared the symphony not worth playing. Mr. Van der Stucken, therefore, on producing the composition at a New York concert, in 1887, was highly commended for his daring. Even his own orchestra he had to contend against, for many of the players were opposed to a performance of the symphony, "one impudent fellow actually" having "to be expelled from the orchestra."

Our Boston musicians are evidently less recalcitrant than those of New York. On Saturday, at all events, the full complement of players seemed to be present, and no spirit of discord was noticeable. Were they not so well-behaved, though, perhaps they would have liked to deport themselves after the New York manner, for they played the symphony perfunctorily, with little zeal. This attitude is not astonishing. Surely a more uninteresting work than the A minor symphony has never been brought out at a symphony concert, with the tumultuous uproar of its beginning, its poverty of ideas, its harsh, strident orchestration, and its total lack of grace, charm, or strength. It has not been heard in Boston since its single performance in 1887; heaven grant it be not heard again for another sixteen years. The wonder of it is that the composer of some exquisite pianoforte pieces and of at least half a dozen perfect songs could bring himself to allow the public performance of such rubbish as this symphony.

The novelty of Saturday evening was a symphonic poem, "Minnehaha," by Hugo Kaun, a Berlin composer and conductor who once left his home for a sojourn of several years in Milwaukee. There, and in the forests of northern Wisconsin, he wrote this symphonic poem, inspired, as he says by Longfellow's "The Song of Hiawatha," and by "the glorious oil painting by the American artist, Dodge, depicting the death

of Minnehaha (Laughing Water)." In the orchestral result there is no very vivid suggestion of the terrible desolation of winter in Northern wilds, with its frozen lakes, its forests of gaunt, naked trees, the awful crushing silence of its death-like solitude. Nor all the dull despair of Minnehaha and Hiawatha's frantic grief dramatically portrayed. The visit to the forests, evidently,

and strong feeling moved Mr. Kaun less powerfully than did Longfellow's poem and the artist's oil painting. He has, none the less, written a piece of music that is melodious, well made and sonorously orchestrated; in short, very pleasant to hear.

To turn to the solo part of the concert, Mr. Proctor did himself a grave injustice in choosing to play the Liszt concerto, which work was written by as cunning a hand at arranging concert effects as Sardou is at devising striking scenes for the stage. Frankly romantic, put together in a masterly way, based on musical ideas valuable in themselves, by turns delightful and dramatic, the E-flat concerto of Liszt is yet planned for effect, and to be effective in performance it must be swept along by a pianist of passionate temperament and of an overwhelming technique—a pianist who can make his tone glisten and sparkle, and who also can make it thunder and rage. For such a work Mr. Proctor has not sufficient physical strength. He cannot make his chords crash and his passages rip out above the orchestra. And it is greatly to his artistic credit that he did not try to increase his strength by pounding; his tone remained always beautiful. In compositions of a more lyrical character, as in the "Moonlight" sonata and the C minor concerto of Beethoven, Mr. Proctor has shown himself an artist of parts, a master of strong, beautiful tone, who makes his melodies sing, who phrases with elegant taste, and who has the rare gift of imagination. The Liszt concerto he played as though it belonged to his own especial genre, attempting no feats of virtuosity, but presenting Liszt's ideas with genuine appreciation of their innate worth. The result was a performance excellent in itself, and different from any other ever heard here, but as unlike the real thing as Mme. Sembrich's performance of Isolde would be if she were so ill-advised as to essay the role. But Mme. Sembrich would never be so injudicious.

Mr. Proctor was warmly applauded, being recalled three times. At the end of the concert came the most brilliant orchestral playing of the evening, that of the charming overture to Smetana's "Sold Bride."

At the next concert, of which this is to be the programme, Miss Olive Mead will appear: Overture to "Fritzhof," Dubois (first time); concerto for violin, Beethoven; Symphony No. 4, in E minor, Brahms.

R. R. G.

## GEORGE PROCTOR IS TO BE THE SOLOIST

Mr. Gericke Has Arranged Splendid  
Symphony Program.

*Journal* Jan. 29, 1904

Mr. Gericke has placed upon this week's program two works which, when they were first heard, a score or so of years ago, caused much discussion and aroused much opposition, but which have long been accepted by the world as matters of course and considered tranquilly, with less regard for themselves than for the manner of their performance.

These are Rubinstein's sixth symphony and Liszt's first pianoforte concerto. Each is now looked upon as characteristic of its composer, as he has come to be known, and has its place in regular repertoires. The symphony is very long, for, although Rubinstein can be terse in a song or a study, he is prolix, unsettled and impatient of a conclusion in his greater works. It is full of sudden contrasts, unexpected turns, changes of movement, form and color, which only the contradictory Russian temperament and the insistent, moody personality of the man can account for. Many of the charges of harsh abruptness and rude assertion were fairly founded, yet, with all its eccentricity and obstinacy, it is interesting, often beautiful and remunerative.

When the concerto appeared, although some authoritative critics approved, there were not lacking those who cried, especially in England, "If this be music, deliver us from it!" But pianists have liked it, because it gives them an opportunity for displaying a virtuoso's technique and a dramatic player's strength and emotion, if they have all these, and has vigor and sweep enough to carry them on its own current if they are lacking. It has many phases, but the principal ones, constantly modified interiorly, are the original allegro maestoso, an andante that is almost an allegro, an allegretto vivace, a response to the second movement, and the striking finale. The first to play it in Boston, was Miss Alide Topp, and the present player will be Mr. George Proctor.

The overture will be the well-known, pleasant one to Smetana's "Bartered Bride," and the other number of the program will be a novelty, Hugo Kaun's symphonic poem, "Minnehaha," introduced by Theodore Thomas to Chicago in February, 1903. Kaun is a Berliner, born in 1863, and he was directed in his choice of subjects (for

there is a pendant to this poem in his "Hiawatha") by Longfellow's poem and Dodge's painting of Minnehaha's death. He has followed the sequence of "The Famine" and depicts Hiawatha's lamentation and distress, his fruitless quest through the forest, his memories of the days of love, his return, and his horror and anguish at finding Minnehaha dead, with the old Nokomis bending and wailing over her. Mr. Thomas played both, bracketed together, as was becoming; but Mr. Gericke will only give this one.

### THE SYMPHONY

Rubinstein—Symphony No. 6, in A minor, op. 111.

Liszt Concerto No. 1, in E flat major, for pianoforte and orchestra.

Mr. George Proctor, Soloist.

Hugo Kaun—Symphonic Poem, "Minnehaha," op. 43, No. 1. (First time.)

Smetana—Overture to the opera, "The Sold Bride."

Poor Rubinstein! Imperishable fame is his as a pianist, but the thing he longed for—a certain and sure place in posterity as a composer—is becoming less and less well established as the

years go by. Nothing that he wrote in the larger forms will probably outlive this century. This particular symphony has the merits and defects of its companions: audacity in tonal color and rhythm, some touching and beautiful melody, but also uncertain and bald orchestration, commonplaces fading into drivel and a general lack of the sure touch of the great musician.

Mr. George Proctor has appeared before Boston audiences on certain other occasions, and, save to the few biased by a certain "society" cord that pulled them Proctor-ward, his work has generally been little removed from the positively bad. Even now he shows no valid reason why he should be honored by a seat before the Symphony Orchestra, and yet he has grown in his art, there is no doubt of that. His playing was marked by care and accuracy, which he formerly seemed to despise, and his tone was very much more musical and lyric. He missed about all of the true Lisztian flavor and abandon of the work, but he was sane, and for that deserves some praise.

Kaun's "Minnehaha" music sounded very beautifully human and pathetic, although not so impressive in any way as the work of Coleridge-Taylor on the same subject. But the funeral march was a masterly thing in its particular form, and the splendid playing of the orchestra added to its mournful charm.

The "Sold Bride" overture was as full of life and fine fervor as ever, and it made a fit ending to a concert of more than the ordinary qualities of pleasure-giving.





Olive Mead - 1893

## *Symphony Hall.*

SEASON 1903-04.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Mr. WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.

### XIV. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, AT 8, P.M.

#### Programme.

DUBOIS,

OVERTURE, "Frithjof."  
(First time.)

BEETHOVEN,

CONCERTO for VIOLIN, in D major, op. 61.  
I. Allegro ma non troppo.  
II. Larghetto.  
III. Rondo.

BRAHMS,

SYMPHONY No. 4, in E minor, op. 98.  
I. Allegro non troppo.  
II. Andante moderato.  
III. Allegro giocoso.  
IV. Allegro energico e passionato.

Soloist:

Miss OLIVE MEAD.



## MUSICAL MATTERS

### THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

Dubois—Overture, "Frithjof" (first time).  
Beethoven—Concerto for violin, in D major, op. 61.

Soloist, Miss Olive Mead.  
Brahms—Symphony No. 4, in E minor, op. 98.

We doubt whether any French composer can give a good musical portrayal of a Viking; that subject belongs to the German composer by inheritance. Frithjof, the Viking, as he appeared in Dubois' overture, was a Norseman in kid-gloves (No. 11s), a suave, polite, melodic sea-rover who occasionally grew loud-voiced upon the trombones. The work however ended in chromatics and excitement, as if Frithjof had become quite angry. Compare this work with Bruch's masterpiece on the same topic and its weakness becomes apparent. It is good music "per se," but does not picture its subject.

One might have thought that the Beethoven concerto for violin would have made amends, but it failed to do so. If anyone will recall the way in which Ysaye used to play this concerto they will have some idea of the irresistible might of the first movement and the genial abandon of the finale.

We do not demand that a talented young lady should achieve such an interpretation, but we do not care to hear this masterpiece in the guise of a carefully prepared lesson. It is not wise to allow young misses to interpret tremendous masterworks in our symphony concerts. The Beethoven Concerto was genteely and elegantly played. There was no flaw of execution; the intonation was beyond censure; the cadenzas were fine displays of technique.

Miss Mead was recalled three times after the finale. She would have been much greater in a lesser work. Then came the fourth symphony of Brahms. The symphonies of this master lose nothing by repeated hearing. Familiarity reveals ever new beauties, and the four works in this form promise to be a strong bulwark against the formlessness which many modern composers hold to be a necessity.

There is a surety of touch in the work that ought to compel recognition even from the "extreme left" of musical radicalism. The development of the two-noted figure,—an iambic,—through the first movement, is the acme of ingenuity. But it is the second movement, with its beautiful horn figure, its strange effects of harmonization, that is the most attractive to the reviewer.

The scale in which the beginning is written is an unusual one, the scale of G with the F natural and the E flatted; an odd combination of major and minor effects. The horns played well here, but less so in the finale. There have been a few lapses in this department lately.

The third movement with its audacious skips from the garret to the cellar, was interpreted with much dash and fire. In

the finale Brahms has taken a leaf from the Beethoven book and uses variations which are nothing less than finely constructed developments,—"Durchfuehrungs-saetze."

A word of praise must be spoken for the excellent flute playing in this. The interpretation was a fine one, for which Mr. Gerlicke deserves unstinted commendation. For once it may be recorded that there was no exodus during the last two movements. It is possible that the Boston public is beginning to realize that Brahms is not so black as he has been painted.

Louis C. Elson.

## MISS MEAD PROVES A CLEVER ARTISTE

Plays Nobly in the Symphony  
Program, Which Includes  
Frithjof's "Saga."

3 Journal 7 m T Feb 6 1904

The soloist for the fourteenth Symphony program was Miss Olive Mead, a young artist of whom Boston should be proud. Yet the program booklet had not one line to give her, although it could lavish pages upon extracted dictionary definitions of what kind of a dance the claconne was.

Miss Mead brings to her work the impress of the influence of her chief masters—of Mr. Eichberg in temperamental earnestness and fulness, of Mr. Kneisel in purity and refinement of school and style, both now rounding and warming with her maturing womanliness. She had chosen the Beethoven concerto, which lost at her hands no beauty of form or truth of spirit.

### As Kneisel Treated It.

Stronger assertion here and there would not have hurt it, but reserve is better than vehemence always, and in giving the folk character of the rondo gaily rather than emphatically she was following the example of Mr. Kneisel, who has treated it so and avoided the roughness which it can be made to bear. The cadenzas were sure, swift and luminous, and her rendering of the concerto as a whole, in proportion, contrasted color and fine polish, might properly be set down as the noblest solo violin work of the season.

The Dubois overture, just come in its twenty-fifth year to Boston, was dramatically interesting, especially if considered imaginatively and not methodically. Poor Frithjof, although by name and nature a peacemaker, had rather a hard life of it. His father and the father



his beloved Ingeborg wanted to betroth them, but her brother, King Helga, would not hear to it, and when Frithjof affronted him excited him. Ingeborg lamented and her lover mourned, and a chance of peace at home was sought by marrying her to old King Ring.

#### Following the Legends.

And here, as in other Scandinavian legends, notably that of Olaf and Sigrid, an annulet is involved. Frithjof had inherited an armlet from his father which he gave as a pledge to Ingeborg, from whom her brother tore it to bestow it upon the statue of the god Balder. Frithjof demanded it in the temple, the statue fell into the altar flames, the temple was consumed and Balder's dominion was over. The overture, which is not pictorial, suggests the moody melancholy of the banished youth, the gentle loveliness of Ingeborg, conflicts of arms and passions and the crashing climax of the conflagration. It has by turns sentiment and strength, dreamy romance and busy vigor. It is dramatic in a way, and suggests forcibly and distinctly the conditions and qualities of the central incidents of the legend.

A definite, well-seasoned and steadily sustained performance of Brahms' fourth symphony ended the program.

#### "FRITHJOF" THE NOVELTY.

Overture to Be Played at Public Rehearsal of the Boston Symphony

Orchestra. Feb. 5, 1904

The novelty of the programme of the 14th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra, this afternoon, in Symphony Hall, will be an overture, "Frithjof," by Theodore Dubois, who is director of the Paris Conservatory. This overture is not a recent work, but it was published some years after the first performance. The argument is based on the well known poetical version by Bishop Tegner of the Icelandic saga of the Norwegian hero. The music portrays the love of Frithjof and Ingeborg, the rage of the hero at the refusal of the maiden's family to allow him to wed her, the lament of Ingeborg at Frithjof's exile, his return to find her married, and his setting fire to Balder's temple by attempting to snatch the armband which he had given his sweetheart from the statue of the god. The overture, however, is in classic, rather than ultra-romantic form.

Miss Olive Mead of this city will play Beethoven's violin concerto, and the symphony will be Brahms' in E minor, No. 4, the one with the passacaglia finale.

The programme of the concerts of Feb. 12 and 13 will include Cherubini's overture to "Anacreon"; Richard Strauss' fantastical "Don Quixote" (first time), and Beethoven's seventh symphony. There will be no concerts the week following.

## DUBOIS OVERTURE HEARD IN BOSTON

"Frithjof" Given by Symphony Orchestra—First Time Here—Miss Olive Mead Plays Beethoven's Violin Concerto.

### A BRAHMS SYMPHONY FOR CLOSING NUMBER

Harold Bauer Gives His Closing Piano Recital for This Season with a Programme of Selections from Schumann.

The 14th concert of the Symphony orchestra, Mr. Gericke conductor, was given last night in Symphony Hall. The programme was as follows:

Overture, "Frithjof".....Dubois (First time.)

Concerto for violin.....Beethoven

Symphony in E minor, No. 4.....Brahms

Dubois' overture, which was produced at Paris in 1880, would not bring a blush to the cheek of any high officer of a conservatory. There is nothing in it that is radical or revolutionary; there is not the slightest suspicion of treason toward the traditions; there is no dallying with corrupt chords, there is no companionship with dissipated progressiveness. No susceptible pupil will be led astray by hearing a performance of it or by reading furtively the score.

This is as it should be. It would be a pity if Theodore Dubois, director of the Paris conservatory, should be taunted in his highly respectable old age with a musical sin of his middle years. Dubois can look his professors and pupils in the eye and say with the calmness of conscious rectitude: "Gentlemen, I have never been musically bold or individual or imaginative."

The answer to any sceptic concerning the inherent worth of the overture would probably be this: "It is well made; it is clear and logical and sane." The overture is condemned by the answer.

For Dubois chose a romantic subject and wrote an argument as well as music. He chose episodes from the "Frithjof" Saga. Frithjof and Ingeborg

love each other, but the maiden's brother will not hear of the marriage. Frithjof is sent away, and Ingeborg laments and is forced to marry old King Ring. Frithjof returns, goes to the temple of Balder, and there, seeing the bracelet he gave Ingeborg on the arm of the god's statue, he tries to wrench it away, and by so doing fires the temple. The subsequent proceedings of Frithjof and Ingeborg interested the composer no more.

The overture is "well made." What is meant by this? The admirers of such overtures would say: "This music has form; it follows safely the approved traditions. There is an introduction with typical motives. The themes in the main body of the overture are clearly exposed and they are skilfully developed. There is no attempt to be pictorial. The coda may well be taken to portray the burning of the temple, but here, as everywhere, expression is moderate and regulated." And so on and so on.

This is all true. But consider a moment the saga itself, which smells of forest and sea. The lovers and their enemies are under a wild northern sky. There are elemental emotions. There is barbaric rage which defies the gods as well as men. Is there any of the spirit of the saga in this music? The music of Dubois is sleek. The love passages might be at Meudon on a Sunday afternoon. Is the first theme expressive of "Frithjof in exile" or expressive of any strong emotion? Nowhere is there a fiery burst; and the bass drum and cymbals used after the finale formula of old-fashioned Italian opera do not console us.

It is a good thing to hear occasionally such music, for it reminds us of the great advance made in France during the last 20 years by the men of the younger school. France produced Berlioz, who was of the romantic movement that swept Europe. After his great orchestral works were produced the musicians of talent looked for years only toward the stage for glory. It is to Dubois' credit that he tried for fame in the concert hall; it is not his fault if he is without imagination.

Miss Olive Mead played last night for the fourth time at these concerts. Her first appearance was in January, 1898. Each appearance has marked her progress in technical proficiency. Her performance of Beethoven's concerto may be considered, perhaps, as a mark of graduation which should be rewarded with a diploma; and it is a pleasure to add that in this concerto she showed a fuller tone and a broader and warmer style than in preceding years.

Her performance was creditable to her in many ways. It would be untrue and injurious to her to say that her interpretation was the full expression of the contents of the work. Her limitations in this respect are temperamental and spiritual rather than mechanical. Many play this concerto; the interpreters of it may be counted on the fingers. Miss Mead was heartily applauded.

The symphony by Brahms, the least striking of the four, brought the close. At the concert this week Richard Strauss' "Don Quixote," a set of variations on a fantastic knightly theme, with introduction and finale, will be performed for the first time in this city.

#### SYMPHONY CONCERTS.

The program for the 14th Symphony recital and concert had for a novelty the overture, "Frithjof," by Theodore Dubois. Miss Olive Mead was the soloist in Beethoven's D major concerto for the violin and Brahms' fourth symphony completed the selections. In the "Frithjof" overture Dubois uses motifs, in the Wagnerian manner, to express emotions, the more tender one, called "Ingeborg," being given to the clarinet, the others to combinations of instruments, with the chief dramatic episodes vigorously illustrated by the drums, double basses and the heavier instrument, each one being allotted themes as well as ensemble work.

The overture tells the story of Frithjof's love for Ingeborg, an Icelandic saga, his disappointment, anger and exile; the maiden's lamentations, her lover's return, his rage at finding her married and his setting Balder's temple on fire. It will be seen that in illustrating these incidents the score should necessarily be chiefly in a vigorous vein, and it is. Dubois has treated his subject with considerable skill and without a superabundant use of dissonant phrases and modulations. The thematic melodies are not disjointed affairs, but developed harmonies, as a rule, and some of the motifs are beautifully expressive of the daintier sentiments. There is a skilful contrast between the gentle "Frithjof" theme in the first part and the same motif in fortissimo at the close, and throughout the morceau each musical type of expression is handled with excellent effect.

The orchestra performed the work splendidly. The cellos sang the opening phrases very sweetly, the clarinet gave its theme equally well, the "wrath" motif was as vigorous and as fortissimo as could be desired, and the woodwinds repeated the phrases of the lighter string contingents smoothly and in perfect unison. The complicated climax was a musical storm, indeed, yet not in a hurly-burly sense, for Mr Gericke's control of his men prevented a chaotic finale.

The young American violinist, Olive Mead, has already proved herself an artist of great ability, and her performance of the Beethoven concerto showed her marked improvement in interpreting works of the larger style. Her bowing was excellent, although lacking in breadth by reason of a lack of physical strength, her fingering was nearly flawless, and the difficult runs, double stoppings, chord and arpeggios were executed with an ease and celerity which indicated a technical mastery of the instrument. All the figurations were played with pleasing daintiness and grace, her cadenza work calling for special commendation, and her audience gave undoubted marks of appreciation by recalling the young artist several times at the close of her performance.

The support by the orchestra was of the usual high standard. The Brahms symphony received admirable treatment, of course, the third movement, possibly, calling for special mention.

This week's program will comprise the overture to Cherubini's opera, "Anacreon"; Richard Strauss' symphonic poem, "Don Quixote," first time here, and Beethoven's seventh symphony.



## Phony Hall: Symphony Orchestra

At the fourteenth Symphony Concert, which took place Saturday evening in Symphony Hall, Mr. Gericke had the assistance of Miss Olive Mead, violinist. This was the programme:

Dubois: Overture, "Frithjof." (First time.)  
Beethoven: Concerto for Violin, in D major, Op. 61.  
Brahms: Symphony No. 4, in E minor, Op. 98.

The fourteenth Symphony Concert is an occasion of which little can be said, for of the novelty of the evening the less that is said the better, and of the other works there is nothing to say that has not already been said by some ten or twenty times. Since the overture by Dubois, however, cannot be passed by in silence, one may suggest that it is but a feeble illustration of the famous old saga that tells, in stirring way, the loves and woes of the heroic Frithjof and the queen Ingeborg. It begins charmingly, even poetically. It ends magniloquently. Between the beginning and the end it is dull.

From quite different reasons, there is also nothing to say about the Brahms symphony, the wonderful beauties of which have been descanted on time and time again. Its performance, though, is another matter. Mr. Gericke, of course, has long been famous for his sympathy with and understanding of Brahms, yet it seems a long while since the massive strength and the idyllic grace of this Brahms symphony have been presented in so masterly a way as they were on Saturday. The entire performance was a triumph of noble conducting and of splendid orchestral playing.

The symphony was not happily placed on the programme, for it followed the Beethoven violin concerto, a symphony, and a beautiful one, in itself. Indeed, so vast a work as this concerto might well be allowed to pass for a symphony, and be accompanied by pieces of a smaller scale, like overtures and suites. Miss Mead played the solo part with beautiful tone, notably pure intonation and general musical intelligence. She has not, of course, the breadth of style or the warmth of temperament that are necessary for an exhaustive performance of a work of this calibre. Miss Mead was heartily applauded, being recalled quite four times.

Next Saturday there will be no soloist. This will be the programme: Overture to "Anacreon," Cherubini; symphonic poem, "Don Quixote," Richard Strauss (first time); symphony No. 7, in A major, Beethoven.

Transcript Feb 8 1904 R. R. G.

## SYMPHONY CONCERTS. Feb 7

The program for the 14th Symphony recital and concert had for a novelty the overture, "Frithjof," by Theodore Dubois. Miss Olive Mead was the soloist in Beethoven's D major concerto for the violin and Brahms' fourth symphony completed the selections. In the "Frithjof" overture Dubois uses motifs, in the Wagnerian manner, to express emotions, the more tender one, called "Ingeborg," being given to the clarinet, the others to combinations of instruments, with the chief dramatic episodes vigorously illustrated by the drums, double basses and the heavier instrument, each one being allotted themes as well as ensemble work.

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theme equally well, the "wrath" motif was as vigorous and as fortissimo as should be desired, and the woodwinds repeated the phrases of the lighter string contingents smoothly and in perfect union. The complicated climax was a musical storm, indeed, yet not in a hurly-burly sense, for Mr Gericke's control of his men prevented a chaotic finale.

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This week's program will comprise the overture to Cherubini's opera, "Anacreon"; Richard Strauss' symphonic poem, "Don Quixote," first time here, and Beethoven's seventh symphony.

## THE SYMPHONY

Traveler Feb. 8, 1904

Overture, "Frithjof".....Dubois  
(First time.)

Concerto for violin.....Beethoven  
Symphony in E minor, No. 4....Brahms

This 14th concert, like so many of its predecessors, was in the eminently respectable vein, with nothing to startle, nothing even to suggest the prickling of one hair with emotion. Next week, thanks to the musical fates, we are to be roused, doubtless by one of Richard Strauss' wild and strenuous works, but that is still in futuro. We have had so little to wake us up this year that even the anticipation is exciting.

The Dubois overture was in the true Dubois vein, neatly made, prettily orchestrated, mellifluous and fair, but devoid of inspiration. What a more inspired man might have done with the saga story, it were useless to conjecture. Enough to say that the eminent French organist and professor has escaped in a remarkable way any of the flavor of forest or ocean. Even the finale, dramatic enough in the legend, was merely a lightning flash striking a hive of honey. Away with Dubois—or, at least, let us hear only his pieces for the organ. Are we not rather surfeited with him when the Handel and Haydn gives his "Paradise Lost" twice within the year?

Miss Olive Mead played the familiar Beethoven concerto for violin with skill and beauty. She has not, and perhaps may never have, all that might be wished in strength and breadth and that something that calls the inherent soul from the G string, and yet she gave much pleasure by the refinement of her style and the artistic appreciation of her task.

Brahms E minor symphony, most academic and abstruse of his four, was admirably read and as admirably played. Here is the music in which Mr. Gericke doubtless revels, and in which his methods are most effective. He can give Brahms beauty if any man can, and his clear and sane vision sees all that the master of Vienna intended. It was a purely lovely performance throughout and amply rewarded those who heard it.

No. 3.

ist:

KRASSELT.





Courtesy Funk & Wagnalls

RICHARD STRAUSS

Henry Block, sc.

*Symphony Hall.*

SEASON 1903-04.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Mr. WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.

XV. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13, AT 8, P. M

Programme.

CHERUBINI,

OVERTURE to the Opera "Anacreon."

RICHARD STRAUSS,

"DON QUIXOTE." (Introduction, Theme with Variations, and Finale.) Fantastic variations on a theme of Knightly character, op. 35.  
(Violoncello Solo by Mr. RUDOLF KRASSELT.)  
(First time.)

BEETHOVEN,

SYMPHONY No. 7, in A major, op. 92.  
I. Poco sostenuto ed Allegro vivace.  
II. Allegretto.  
III. Scherzo e Trio.  
IV. Finale. Allegro con brio.

There will be no Public Rehearsal and Concert next week.





Courtesy Funk & Wagnalls

RICHARD STRAUSS

Henry Block, sc.

## *Symphony Hall.*

SEASON 1903-04.

### BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

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### XV. CONCERT.

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III. Scherzo e Trio.  
IV. Finale. Allegro con brio.

There will be no Public Rehearsal and Concert next week.



# THE SYMPHONY

Traveler Feb. 15, 1904

Overture to "Anacreon".....Cherubini  
"Don Quixote," fantastical variations on  
a theme of knightly character, Op. 35  
(first time).....R. Strauss  
Symphony in A major No. 7.....Beethoven

There is no denying that this concert was cunningly put together by Mr. Gericke, who does not always show such skill in devising programmes of clever contrasts. Hats off to the achievement at last!

For, of course, everything was arranged to show off Richard Strauss' enormously discussed "Don Quixote." Now, whether Mr. Gericke really loves Strauss and wished to give him an advantage, or is of the contrary mind and tried to make his bizarre-ness more ugly, is not to the point. It is sufficient that he placed Cherubini's "Anacreon" before it and Beethoven's Seventh Symphony after it.

The Cherubini overture, which, by the way, was played in cold but flawless style, is of that "faily regular" family in which pure classicism of form and expression are all that are desired. It has its own chaste beauties, never sensuous, never even mildly exciting. The feminine form in marble is its prototype in art; in that line of endeavor Cherubini was and will remain a master.

In coming to the discussion of the "Don Quixote" work, we must remember first of all that the piece is purely of the "programme-music" order; indeed, it is excessively so, since absolute dependence on the printed formula of the various movements is necessary for any comprehending of the score, save that there is in it real and impressive humor. Writers there are who declare that music cannot in itself be funny; any such should hear this colossal joke of Strauss' and be confounded. But further than that "Don Quixote" does not go without the aid of the programme.

But with that, what a world of marvels is there! It is freak music of the most exalted and brilliant sort, mingled with themes of beauty, nobility and loveliness that give dignity and charm even just as the ears have been tormented by the cacaphony and weird progressions of the scenic and mental pictures.

Whether the Don, with his distorted but manly chivalry, is to be depicted by a cello, or Sancho by a viola—much better have left him as a bass-clarinete that he was at first—needs no argument. The "motifs" of each are peculiarly interesting and appropriate, and the whole introduction, showing knight-errantry and the growing madness of Don Quixote, could have been written by no other living man. Strong, impressive, musicianly, the thing lives and breathes and conquers. Of a piece, too, is the broad yet beautifully tranquil music of the Don's death.

The freak triumphs are several. The tilt with the windmill, the joust at the sheep, with the most wonderful simulation of ba-a-ing imaginable to music, the whistling wind of the ride on the wooden horse and the combat with the

monks are all evidences of the great, original genius of the composer. To be sure, there are dull passages here and there—the dialogues between the Don and Sancho, the journey in the enchanted bark, the knight's vigil—but on the whole the fantasia is a stupendous achievement, a tour de force of ingenuity. The piece was played in virtuoso style, both by the orchestra as a whole and by Messrs. Krasselt and Zach, who gave the cello and viola passages respectively.

The great humanity, the lofty charm, the angelic beauty of Beethoven seemed very marked after Strauss' ultra-modernity. Mr. Gericke read the Seventh Symphony with rare skill and ended triumphantly a concert of rare attractiveness.

# MUSICAL MATTERS

## THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

adv. Programme, Feb 15, 1904  
Overture to the Opera "Anacreon"....Cherubini  
"Don Quixote." (Introduction, Theme with variations, and finale.) Fantastical variations on a theme of knightly character, op. 35.....Richard Strauss  
Violoncello solo (First time)....Rudolph Krasselt  
Symphony No. 7, in A major, op. 92....Beethoven

It was the first performance in Boston of a great work about which there is much discussion. It is well known that our great orchestral conductor is not in deep sympathy with the extreme modern school; all the more credit to him, therefore, that he takes such great care that it shall be perfectly presented. We doubt whether Richard Strauss' "Don Quixote" has ever been so well performed (technically) anywhere, or whether this harmonic jungle will ever be traversed with more surety. The amount of work entailed by the performance may be faintly judged of when one is told that there were almost a dozen extra rehearsals on this single composition.

Was it as a sly presentation of his own views in the matter that Mr. Gericke gave Cherubini's lofty "Anacreon" overture before, and Beethoven's 7th symphony after this radical work? It reminded the auditor that one school does not abolish another, that even Strauss has not dimmed the glory of the classics. And old Cherubini sounded as majestic as ever, forming a stately introduction to the "melee" that followed.

"Don Quixote" is one of the recent innovations in the variation form. D'Indy made an experiment in this field by giving a set of variations in reversed order, the theme coming last; Huber made a set on a series of paintings by Boecklin; Elgar served up a number of his friends and acquaintances in variation sauce; and here comes a greater composer than any of them and gives us Don Quixote and Sancho Panza in a set of variation-adventures. Decidedly the modern composer is endeavoring to treat the variation-form by new processes.

In these variations Strauss has followed the thought of Berlioz, who caused the viola to become a definite character (Childe Harold), and has caused two instruments to become dramatis personae,—the violoncello being the fantastic Don and the viola his humble esquire. One can at once pay tribute to Mr. Krasselt and to Mr. Zach, who played the obligati with splendid effect and were applauded to the echo at the end of the work.

As to the composition itself one may well pause and become timid in rendering a verdict. Here is the chief master of the modern orchestra, a man who is the greatest tone-colorist that the world has ever possessed, giving a mixture of hideous and beautiful, of quassia and champagne, in a manner that must be called intensely graphic but not at all enjoyable. Is art to be enjoyed? That seems to be the question of the present.

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Strauss answers in the negative. With such a complex work it must be demanded of every auditor that he sit up nights and study the score minutely before he ventures to attend the first performance. Let no man accuse the modern music of lack of intellectuality; it is as complexly intellectual as Grell's Mass in 16 real parts, but it requires a wholly different species of mental exertion on the part of the auditor from that demanded by Bach or Palestrina.

The matter becomes the more perplexing when one remembers that Strauss is not forced to this extreme ugliness by lack of ideas, as Bruckner may have been, for he has composed serenely beautiful works in the most classical forms, before he swept into this modern chaos.

Once upon a time there was a school of composition which indulged in every complexity of progression, which experimented with all possible abstrusities, which did not care how ugly its music sounded so that it was terrifically ingenious. The Flemish school has passed away, yet its composers may be regarded as the plowmen who made the harvest of Bach and the later giants possible. Perhaps the present school of mighty experimenters in tonal ugliness will also leave a good legacy. Some day an orchestral composer will come who will weld the melodic beauty of a bizet upon the wonderful tone-coloring and graphically of Strauss, and a new school of instrumental music will arise. Strauss himself might head this school if he would. Music is not a fixed and unchanging Art.

The pure contrapuntal school became monody with the beginning of opera; Bach altered the entire face of musical modulation; Beethoven led into a completely new domain; Wagner evolved a style utterly at variance with all that had preceded; we are probably upon the verge of another marked change and these volcanic throes, but herald the birth of the orchestral school of the 20th century.

There might have been more humor in the interpretation of the work. The bleating of the sheep was a startling touch of realism, but Dr. Strauss will emphasize it more when he gives the work here next month. The journey through the air is one of the phenomena of the composition. The introduction of the wind-machine is amazingly exciting. It sounds like a piccolo that has suddenly gone crazy. Yet it remained in tune with the music. Berlioz and Wagner introduced bells into the orchestra; Tschalkowsky added cannon ("1812"); Strauss adds this revolving wheel with its fierce glissando effects; the composer of the future has only Whitfield torpedoes to add to his list of instruments.

Touchees of much beauty and grace appeared occasionally, like plums in a pudding. Among these the counterpoint of the bassoons, in the 9th variation, and the twisted modulations of the first theme, typifying Don Quixote's false reasoning, and the clear presentation of ideas at the close, portraying the return of sanity, may be mentioned. At the end of the thorny journey, Mr. Gericke was called to the stand to bow to the applause of the audience; he pointed to his orchestra; let both conductor and men share in the gratitude



a public for the most technically perfect performance of this most trying work. When came Beethoven's 7th symphony. The first movement was spoiled for us by the wild orgie we had passed through, but by the time that the Allegretto came we were normal again, and the solemn iteration of dactyl and spondee, and that tenderly consoling Trio, brought us back to sanity. Mr. Gericke's reading of this second movement was altogether great. He avoided the mawkishness that Beethoven feared here, and gave a most effective interpretation of this gem of slow movements. The symphony is replete with powerful organ-points; there is one in the first movement, another in the Trio of the Scherzo, and the most powerful of all in the coda of the finale. All three were properly emphasized and the entire work left the best possible impression. Spite of all the added effects of concussion, spite of all the phantasmagoria of latter-day music, we need not take Beethoven off his pedestal just yet.

Louis C. Elson.

#### SYMPHONY CONCERTS.

The program for the 15th symphony rehearsal and concert contained an interesting feature in Richard Strauss' fantastic "variations on a theme of knightly character," entitled "Don Quixote." The other selections were the overture to Cherubini's opera, "Anacreon," and the great A major symphony by Beethoven. "Don Quixote" was finished about seven years ago and since then it has been the subject for wordy warfare, not only abroad, but in this country, where the piece was performed about five years ago in Chicago under the direction of Theodore Thomas. Dr Strauss has attracted so much attention by his masterly skill as a composer that the announced performance here of the much-discussed work aroused new curiosity in his musical "problem"; and doubtless since this curiosity has been satisfied, opinions pro and con, will now be in order. Earlier in the week, in Chickering hall, Mr Lang gave a puzzling composition by Debussy, repeating the work on the same evening to better enable the auditors to grasp the musical significance of three "Nocturnes"; but it will take more than one repetition of the Strauss poem for the majority of people to decide whether it is real music or mainly a conglomeration of sounds—a kind of musical satire or joke.

The work is strictly unconventional, effects are produced in the strangest musical fashion, many of them are seemingly without precedent in their odd instrumentation, and yet, with the subject, Don Quixote, in mind, this fantastic treatment undoubtedly illustrates the theme in a vivid manner. Cervantes certainly keeps one guessing what new and visionary emotion will awaken in the lean knight, and Dr Strauss' composition produces a similar effect.

There are about a dozen variations on the knightly theme, beginning with the mad don dreaming of adventures in the field of chivalry and closing with his peaceful death. Don Quixote is typified by the solo cello; the love theme is suggested by the violin, the viola representing the Sancho Panza theme. In the mass of orchestral chaos there is interspersed writing graceful, original and noble in invention, beautiful examples of musical art in coherent form,

and harmonies which are enchanting, but, unfortunately, brief.

Mr Krasselt played the chief cello part, the Don Quixote theme, with splendid expression, and Mr Zack and Mr Arbos gave the viola and violin solos in a sympathetic manner. The orchestra evidently was faithful in illustrating Mr Gericke's ideas regarding the interpretation of the immensely difficult work; but further than that it would be difficult to judge after a single hearing of one of the most perplexing descriptive pieces ever performed here. The finale, the don's death, is wonderfully expressed and here the almost unrivaled ensemble playing of the orchestra was shown in perfection. The work afforded plenty of amusement for the players as well as auditors, the former when not busy, scanning the spectators with half-puzzled expressions as if to ask "what do you think of it?"

The Anacreon overture was performed admirably and the Beethoven symphony, especially the charming second movement, was given in the usual faultless style. *George—Feb 14 1904*

The orchestra will be away from Boston this week. The program announced for Feb 26 and 27 includes Mozart's symphony in E flat, Akimenko's "Lyric Poem" (first time), Chabrier's overture to "Gwendoline." Mme Schumann-Heink will sing Andromache's scene from Bruch's "Achilles" and two songs by Brahms with viola and piano accompaniment.

#### THE FIRST TIME IN BOSTON.

Richard Strauss' "Don Quixote" Will Be Produced at Rehearsal of Symphony Orchestra Today.

The 15th public rehearsal of the Symphony orchestra, this afternoon, Mr. Gericke conductor, is one of extraordinary interest, for Richard Strauss' "Don Quixote" will be produced for the first time in Boston. This remarkable composition has been played in Chicago, but we know of no other performance in this country.

"Don Quixote" is a series of fantastical variations on "a theme of a knightly character." A solo violoncello is typical of Don Quixote throughout the piece and Sancho Panza is typified by a solo viola.

The introduction portrays Don Quixote reading books of chivalry, dreaming of the ideal maiden to be rescued and of all manner of adventures. He goes mad. Then follows the announcement of Don Quixote's and Sancho Panza's themes.

#### Nearly a Dozen Variations

In the Theme of "Don Quixote."

The variations are as follows: (1) The two set out on their adventures, and Don Quixote fights the windmills; (2) He charges the sheep and thus gains a mighty victory over the army of Alifanfaron—a remarkable example of instrumentation, with a chorus of "Ba-a-a-a!" in the muted brass, while the strings portray the dust cloud, and there is a pastoral melody in the wood wind; (3) Dialogue and dispute of the knight and his squire concerning the comparative worth of the ideal and the real; (4) The adventure with the Penitents, who attacked by Don Quixote as robbers, beat him soundly; (5) The knight

keeps vigil and meditates on the charms of Dulcinea; (6) Sancho tries to persuade his master that a country wench is his adorable Dulcinea; (7) Knight and squire, blindfolded, sit on a wooden horse and believe they are flying through the air in a furious gale. Here the wind machine is used; (8) The journey in the enchanted bark; the upsetting, and the prayer of thanksgiving when the two, dripping, reach the bank; (9) The fight with two monks, who to the knight are evil magicians; (10) Don Quixote, defeated by his friend disguised as the Knight of the Silver Moon, goes home determined to be a shepherd. The finale portrays the death of Don Quixote. The cello speaks his last words: he sees clearly his illusions and is willing to die.

#### Great Pains Have Been Taken In Preparation of This Work.

Great pains have been taken in the preparation of this work, which has excited hot discussion, and the performance has been anticipated eagerly. The other pieces, at this concert will be Cherubini's overture to "Anacreon" and Beethoven's symphony No. 7.

There will be no Symphony concerts next week. The programme of the concerts for Feb. 26-27 will include Mozart's symphony in E flat; Akimenko's "Lyric Poem" (first time); Chabrier's overture to "Gwendoline." Mrs. Schumann-Heink will sing Andromache's scene from Bruch's "Achilles," and two songs by Brahms with viola and piano accompaniment.

## RICHARD STRAUSS' TONE STORY "DON QUIXOTE"

Number, New to Boston, Feature of Symphony Program.

*B. Journal—Feb 15 1904*

Richard Strauss' tone story, "Don Quixote," new to Boston, stood midway on this week's Symphony program. It is a wonderful piece of work, to be heard more than once for full comprehension and appreciation, and not to be hastily reviewed in a season of clamorous and crowding war news. It illustrates its composer's ability to deal both with the heroic and the grotesque, and tells the different talents that characterize "Hero Life" and "Owlglass Pranks." Its introduction hints at the atmosphere of legendary reading, rhapsody and dream, in which the don dwelt in his earlier days. Short, disconnected, irrelevant notions compose it, one merging or breaking into another, none tending to any definite end or reaching any precise conclusion. Yet there are hints of nobility, beauty and deeds of high emprise, and a kind of martial determination is reached at last.

The thematic ideas are simple—a pensive, plain, but attractive subject, assigned to the solo cello, indicates the don, who was a true gentleman of Spain

in spite of his follies and vagaries, while a rough, jolly, blunt air (given first by the bass clarinet and then transferred to the viola) stands for the burly, garrulous, plebeian Sancho Panza. Ten variations follow, each suggesting in Strauss' bold, ingenious and graphic fashion some episode in the knight's course of travels, most of them having the seriousness which his adventures were for him, although some acknowledge the extravagance that others saw in them. Every orchestral device, including even the whistling, howling wind machine of the theaters, is used, so that the sound effects are myriad and convincing, while the musicianly skill in preserving the individuality of knight and squire in the ever remodeled orchestral development is not less masterly.

The finale, illustrating the don's peaceful, resigned and religious death, is pathetic, one symbolic phrase after another fading away from the restored and enlightened mind, until lofty tranquillity closes all.

The cello part was played genially and truthfully by Mr. Krasselt, who was much applauded therefor, and Mr. Ferir was excellent in the Sancho music. Cherubini's "Anacreon" overture began and Beethoven's seventh symphony ended the program, both being old acquaintances and well presented.

## "DON QUIXOTE" AT SYMPHONY

R. Strauss' Fantastic Variations on a Theme of Knightly Character Are Very Fantastic and Make the Hero a Fool.

## INJUSTICE TO FAMOUS GENTLEMAN OF FICTION

Composer Essays to Make Him Into a Laughing Stock, When in Reality He Was a Pathetic and Noble Character.

*B. Journal—Feb 15 1904*

The 15th concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Gericke conductor, was given last night in Symphony Hall. The programme was as follows: Overture to "Anacreon"..... Cherubini "Don Quixote," fantastical variations on



theme of knightly character, Op. 35 (first time). . . . . R. Strauss  
Symphony in A major No. 7. . . . . Beethoven  
Richard Strauss' "Don Quixote," composed in 1897, was played last night for the first time in Boston. So far as we can learn, the performance was the second in the United States. The first was at Chicago in 1899. The performance last night had been prepared with infinite care. It was read with sympathy and imaginative intelligence, as well as with the utmost technical authority, and it was played brilliantly. Mr. Krasselt was the solo cellist and Mr. Zach played the solo viola. There was hearty applause, and conductor and soloists were obliged to bow in acknowledgment.

#### Formidable Task of Putting "Don Quixote" to Music.

This music is exceedingly, enormously ingenious. Ingenuity is the distinguishing feature of the composition; but ingenuity is not the chief characteristic of the purest and the noblest art. The task undertaken by Strauss was formidable if not impossible: to typify Don Quixote and Sancho Panza by solo instruments and to portray them as plunged into all manner of orchestral adventures. The most striking sections of the work are those in which Strauss portrays moods, as the introduction in which there is a psycho-musical representation of the giving way of intellect; the passage in the third variation where Don Quixote speaks nobly of the ideal; the finale in which Don Quixote realizes the utter vanity of his illusions and gives up the ghost. In these instances music is employed legitimately and reasonably; and in these Strauss rises to his greatest height, in this particular work, as an imaginative composer.

His musical representation of conversation between Knight and Squire is for the most part tedious. And it may here be said that any exhibition of mere ingenuity, mere cleverness if it be prolonged for too long a time, is necessarily boring, and the hearer or the spectator yearns for something simple, something truly beautiful or impressive.

The variations attempt to portray in music certain adventures told in Cervantes' romance. There is no mistaking the Knight's attack on the sheep. The imitation of the baa-ing flock is surprisingly realistic; but the heaven is tempted to cry out with Agesilaus who, when asked to praise a fellow who imitated a nightingale, answered: "I have heard the nightingale itself." So, too, there is no doubt in the seventh variation that there is a mighty wind abroad; yet who without a programme explanation would associate this variation with the Knight and Squire, blindfolded, on the wooden horse?

Much of this music is for a panorama, and it is a pity that it does not accompany a panorama as it moves, or comment on entertaining views thrown on a screen. How is the Knight of the White Moon to be identified? Would any one without jogging of his elbow see windmills in the first variation? These are not captious objections. The composer made his variations; he supplied motives for them in the transcription for the piano; he accepted without protest

the elaborately explanatory programme books for the Strauss festival in London, at which he was present. He wrote panorama music. Unfortunately, he neglected to provide the panorama itself, with the wind machine and other extra instruments for his swollen orchestra.

#### Mistake of Quixote as Fool Instead of as a Gentleman.

If the work is to be taken seriously—and fantastical persons are often the most serious of human beings—witness "Don Quixote"—there are aesthetic objections to Strauss' scheme. The variations for the most part are concerned with the ridiculous adventures of the Knight, with the grotesque pages that appeal to young readers, who see in "Don Quixote" merely an amusing book, just as children read "Gulliver's Travels" for the sake of surprise and consequent laughter, and miss the terrible irony. Don Quixote is the noblest gentleman in all fiction. Yet he is portrayed by Strauss to excite laughter.

Laughter is the lowest, cheapest expression of the superiority of him that laughs over the one laughed at. A man is guilty of awkwardness; he is foolish in speech, he cuts a silly figure at an ill-timed moment; he falls at the risk of bodily injury. There is laughter. He that laughs exults in his mental superiority or in his own inability to be ridiculous. Laughter is not necessarily the same thing as joy; there is a laugh that is kindly, just as the most common form of laughter is satanic.

No music in which the laugh of implied superiority is the leading motive can be beautiful or noble. It is merely ingenious, clever, diabolically clever; yet induces yawning; it does not brook frequent repetition.

It is fairer perhaps to consider "Don Quixote" as a colossal joke. The music no more lessens the grandeur and taints the sweetness of Don Quixote's character than did the impersonation of the Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance by Mr. Barnabee, when DeKoven's operetta was produced here 15 years ago. If Don Quixote could hear this music, he would regard it as another one of his illusions.

We are warm admirers of the uncommon talent of Richard Strauss. His "Don Juan," "Death and Apotheosis," "Thus Spake Zarathustra" and "A Hero's Life" are great and unusual works, which may pass him to posterity as a genius. We regret, therefore, the more that he wrote "Don Quixote," especially as it is the only one of his more important works that is for the most part ineffective and dull.

The overture to "Anacreon" never sounded so superbly classic and so modern; the allegretto of Beethoven never seemed so human and so spiritual in its sublime melancholy.

## MUSIC AND DRAMA

### Symphony Hall: Symphony Orchestra

This was the programme of last Saturday's symphony concert, the fifteenth of the season:

Cherubini: Overture to the Opera "Anacreon."  
Richard Strauss: "Don Quixote." (Introduction, Theme with Variations, and Finale.) Fantastic variations on a theme of knightly character, Op. 35. (First time.)

Violoncello solo by Mr. Rudolf Krasselt.  
Beethoven: Symphony No. 7, in A major, Op. 92.

The matter of most moment connected with this concert was, of course, the first performance in Boston of Richard Strauss' composition, "Don Quixote." Although played here the other night for the first time, the work is not new, having been produced as early as 1898 at Cologne, and less than a year later at Chicago. It precedes, therefore, "Ein Heldenleben," which we already know here, so far as acquaintance is consonant with a solitary hearing.

Admirers of the tremendous conception of the "Heldenleben" and of the dramatic power displayed in "Tod und Verklärung" must needs be disappointed in "Don Quixote." The subject is lofty, according to the opinion of the world for three hundred years or so, and therefore, worthy of the same elevated treatment that Strauss has applied to his other orchestral poems, both earlier and later. In the case of "Don Quixote," however, Strauss has apparently seen only the man's crazed, grotesque side. Quite forgetful that Cervantes' creation was always, despite his eccentricities, "a very parafait gentle knigite," Strauss has made of him a ridiculous, pitiful buffoon. He first depicts a scene of violent madness, more suggestive of Bedlam than of the Spaniard's disordered condition, then proceeds to set everybody a-laughing at a series of farcical happenings more like the adventures of Carrie Nation at Harvard and at Yale than those of the chivalrous Don. That the madhouse episode sounds genuinely, horribly maniacal, that the tilt with the sheep is portrayed with an amazing orchestral ventriloquism of bleats and baas, that the high wind seems authentically gusty, goes without saying. In this composition, as in all his others, Strauss has contrived strange effects that will be curiously analyzed by all students of clever and brilliant instrumentation. The ingenuity of the musician, too, demands admiration. Not the minutest detail has escaped him that possibly could serve to make more vivid the picture of Don Quixote's experiences. All these details, however, are somewhat in vain unless each listener is furnished with a carefully prepared table of the variations, for, with all his skill and cunning, Strauss has not been able so plainly to indicate, to give an example, a windmill in motion, that it could be recognized unless the auditor's elbow were jogged. The themes representing Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, furthermore, are not strongly individualized. The one is not essentially noble and knightly, the other is not sharply

in contrast. Strauss, in short, has misconceived the character of the Spanish hero, seeing a clown where there was a nobleman. He has also obstructed the march of his genius by overwhelming impedimenta of petty detail. Only one passage, in the middle of the work, reaches the plane of grandeur on which Strauss, more constantly than any living composer of music, abides. Now that we have heard the "Don Quixote," for which opportunity all thanks, why may we not have again "Tod und

Verklärung," "Ein Heldenleben," or "Zarathustra," that we may not forget the quality of the real Richard Strauss?

In comparison with this musical burlesque, the "Anacreon" overture, played with a dazzling brilliancy, sounded more intrinsically noble than ever before. And never have the rhythms of the first Beethoven movement seemed more enchanting, the very poetry of motion. Nor did Beethoven's exquisite sense of tonal color suffer in juxtaposition with the flaunting daubs and splashes from Strauss' orchestral palette. The concert was admirably arranged; each composition displayed its own actual worth.

There will be no symphony concert this week. On Feb. 27 Mrs. Schumann-Heink will sing, and this is to be the programme:

Mozart: Symphony in E-flat major (B. & H., No. 3).  
Max Bruch: Andromache's Aria, from "Achilles."  
Th. Aklmenko: Lyric Poem. (First time.)  
Brahms: Two Songs with Viola and Piano accompaniment.

Emil Chabrier: Overture to "Gwendoline."

R. R. G.



MME SCHUMANN-HEINK, WHO WILL CELEBRATE HER TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY NEXT WEEK.





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## *Symphony Hall.*

SEASON 1903-04.

### BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Mr. WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.

### XVI. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27, AT 8, P.M.

#### Programme.

MOZART,

SYMPHONY in E flat major (K, 543.)

I. Adagio. Allegro.

II. Andante.

III. Menuetto.

IV. Finale: Allegro.

MAX BRUCH,

ANDROMACHE'S LAMENT, from "Achilles."  
(Part II, No. 8), op. 50. "The dawn still lingers."

TH. AKIMENKO,

LYRIC POEM, for ORCHESTRA, op. 20.  
(First time.)

BRAHMS,

TWO SONGS with Viola and Piano accompaniment  
op. 91.

a) "LONGING AT REST."

b) "CRADLE SONG OF THE VIRGIN."

EMIL CHABRIER,

OVERTURE to the Opera "Gwendoline."

Soloist:

Mme. SCHUMANN-HEINK.





MME. ERNESTINE SCHUMANN-HEINK.

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OVERTURE to the Opera "Gwendoline."

#### Soloist:

Mme. SCHUMANN-HEINK.



## Symphony Hall: Symphony Orchestra

At the sixteenth symphony concert (Saturday, Feb. 27, in Symphony Hall), Mme. Schumann-Heink was the soloist and this was the programme played:

Mozart: Symphony in E-flat major (K. 543).  
Max Bruch: Andromache's Lament, from "Achilles," (Part 2, No. 8), Op. 50. "The dawn still lingers."

Th. Akimenko: Lyric Poem, for Orchestra, Op. 20. (First time.)

Brahms: Two Songs with Viola and Piano accompaniment, Op. 91—

"Longing at Rest."

"Cradle Song of the Virgin."

Emil Chabrier: Overture to "Gwendoline."

This, the sixteenth concert, was unusually attractive, both in programme and in performance. The lovely symphony of Mozart, after the modern works we have long been praying for and have lately received in overwhelming force, held its own beyond all cavil, even in the large hall to which it is not adapted. For perfection of form, indeed, distinction of melody, exquisite orchestral color, and a free spontaneity that refreshes, the first movement, with its beautiful pages of slow introduction, towers far, far above most of the new works we have been so interested to hear the past month or so. Even the finale, old-fashioned as it is, vividly and forcibly expresses a joyous gayety not easily discovered in some modern works that have the benefit of plain-spoken titles for the better guidance of listeners: Debussy's nocturne, called "Fetes," and Mr. David Smith's "Overture Joyeuse." Is cheerfulness the one emotion a modern composer cannot suggest? The beauties of the Mozart symphony were admirably brought out by Mr. Gericke, who conducted the first movement entirely in the grand style, with becoming breadth and dignity; in the finale allowing free play to high spirits. For so appreciative and painstaking a performance of Mozart at this day, be all thanks.

The orchestra took equal care with a short lyric poem by a Russian composer, one Akimenko. While the work cannot possibly be regarded as of the slightest consequence, it is yet pleasant to hear, for it is melodious, a stormy episode is worked cleverly in, for the relief of the lyric portions, and the instrumentation is agreeable, if never distinguished. Probably some twenty of our lesser American composers could put their hands in their portfolios and draw out compositions that would put this poem from Russia to confusion.

Far more impressive was the overture to "Gwendoline," the unhappy Chabrier's opera. Here, after several attempts which we have recently heard, Dubois's with "Fritjof," Saint-Saëns's with his "Barbares," comes a musical sketch of barbarous times that actually succeeds in suggesting the wild uncouthness of barbarians, with all their rude strength, and with all the romance we, perhaps ignorantly enough, impute to savage peoples. The picture, too, is always beautiful—melodious when melody is fitting, glowing, burning with orchestral color, passionate to the pitch of violence, noisy with the din of battle, but

never needlessly harsh or ugly. This splendid overture, on Saturday splendidly played, makes one long for a presentation of the entire opera.

Mme. Schumann-Heink, in grand voice, sang the lament from Bruch's "Achilles" vastly better than anything she has sung here in several years. She produced her tones carefully, phrased with fine art, was dramatically sincere, refraining from exaggeration, so that, at last, one could understand how she gained the reputation in Germany of being a really great singer. Mme. Schumann-Heink also sang beautifully Brahms's "Cradle Song of the Virgin," to which Mr. Ferir played a viola obbligato notable for lovely tone. The singer was roundly applauded.

At Saturday's concert, Mr. Busoni will appear with the orchestra. This will be the programme: Schumann, Symphony No. 1, in B-flat major; Saint-Saëns, Concerto for Pianoforte, No. 5; Vincent d'Indy, Entr'acte from the Opera "L'Etranger" (first time); Liszt, "Todtentanz"; Wagner, prelude to "Die Meistersinger."

R. R. G.

FOR SALE

### HALF SYMPHONY CONCERT SEAT

In U, alternate Saturday evenings. Address J. L. A., Boston Transcript. (A):

### FOR SALE—SYMPHONY TICKET

For Friday rehearsal, first balcony; E centre. Address E.O.B., Boston Transcript. (A):

### SYMPHONY REHEARSAL.

*Herald Feb. 26, 1904*  
A Lyric Poem by Pupil of Rimsky-Korsakoff to Be a Feature of Today's Programme.

The programme of the 16th public rehearsal of the Symphony orchestra this afternoon will include an unfamiliar piece, a Lyric Poem, by Akimenko, one of the younger Russian school, a pupil of Rimsky-Korsakoff. The piece is a development of a theme of purely lyric character. Akimenko has written pieces for various instruments and piano, songs and a "Schurzo Phantasie" for orchestra. The Lyric Poem was composed in 1898 and published in 1903.

The other orchestral pieces are Mozart's symphony in E flat, with which the concert begins, and the overture to Chabrier's opera, "Gwendoline." The overture portrays the Danish hero Harold and might be called a symphonic poem.

Mrs. Schumann-Heink will sing Andromache's Lament from Bruch's "Achilles" and two songs by Brahms with viola and piano accompaniment. The second of these songs, "Cradle Song of the Virgin," was sent by Brahms as a christening gift to the first born son of the Joachims, who was named Johannes after the composer.

The programme of the concert March 4-5, will include Schumann's B flat major symphony; the entr'acte from Vincent d'Indy's new opera, "The Stranger" (first time), and the overture to "Die Meistersinger." Mr. Busoni will play Saint-Saëns' piano concerto No. 5, and Liszt's "Danse Macabre."



# MOZART'S E FLAT MAJOR IS PLAYED

Joy and Peace Imparted by the Master at Friday Afternoon's Symphony Concert.

## RUSSIAN LYRIC A SUCCESS

Schumann-Heink Added to the Laurels Already Won—She was in Good Voice.

Journal H M T Feb 7 1904

A fine performance of Mozart's E flat major symphony, such as introduced the sixteenth Symphony program, always stirs wonderment that the composer, poor, harassed and scorned, could have found for it, and the other two which he wrote at about the same time, so much loveliness, gentle longing, healthy strength and simple-hearted cheer. Truly, he might have taken as his motto, "My mind to me a kingdom is," and added that he nowhere else held the smallest fief. In this score are delicate distant beauties, hearty companionships and large firmness, which not even Beethoven could exceed in wholesome and intimate humanity. It gives joy, peace and encouragement, and it can never be let die so long as men "feel as they were wont to feel."

At the extreme of the program stood the vehemently demonstrative overture to Chabrier's "Gwendoline," and the orchestra rendered vigorous treatment to the several episodes that symbolize the conquering assault of the Danes upon Britain, the fancies of Harold about the delights and honors of love, followed by the glories of Walhalla, which overbear even the direful tragedies to which the invasion leads. This supplied an exciting conclusion.

### Truly a Russian Victory.

Midway was set the "Lyric Poem" of the young Russian, Th. Akimenko, who has cast it, nicely orchestrated, into two chief phases. It is at first warmly sentimental in a melody sympathetically stated by the violas, and then comes an urgent, stormy passee, which broadens, rises and hurries to quite a climax, but then thinks better of its opposition, subsides and gives place to the original theme and manner. It might be a song

of a broad river cause, temporarily disturbed by rapids and torrents, or a calm June day crossed by a not too violent storm. It was well read and pleased.

Mme. Schumann-Heink was gladly received, much applauded and more than once recalled after her two numbers, each of which she had chosen judiciously and to advantage. Her dramatic disposition filled deeply the large lament of Andromache over Hector's corpse in the third part of Max Bruch's "Achilles." When this cantata (to call it so) was produced in 1885 at the Lower Rhine Festival, the part of the fond and wretched wife was sung by Mme. Joachim, who, great as she was, could hardly have been more true and strong in the pathos, the bitter outcry and the sharp shriek of pain than was Mme. Schumann-Heink, who tempered the great woe for which the dull beat of the funeral music prepares the mind with sensible reserve and dignity.

### Where Woman Loves.

Later she showed the quiet, womanly tenderness of homely moods in two songs by Brahms, the "Gestille Sehnsucht," longing and pathetic, and the "Geistliches Wiegenlied," reverent and pious, yet naturally maternal. These songs were accompanied at the piano-forte by Mr. Zach, with carefully subordinated viola obligato by Mr. Ferit.

At the next concert an entr'acte from Vincent d'Indy's opera, "L'Etranger," will be offered as the novelty, and Mr. Busoni is announced to play, his choice at present resting on Saint-Saens' fifth piano concerto. Schumann, Liszt and Wagner will be the other composers.

## THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

Post Feb 28 1904

Mme. Schumann-Heink, the Soloist, is Heard in a Group of Brahms's Songs—A Lyric Poem by Akimenko Heard for the First Time Here

The Symphony Orchestra returned from its tour and gave the customary rehearsal and concert with Mme. Schumann-Heink as the soloist. The programme was made up of Mozart's symphony in E flat, the Lament from Bruch's "Achilles," a lyric poem by Akimenko, heard for the first time here; the overture to Chabrier's "Gwendoline," and a group of songs by Brahms.

Mme. Schumann-Heink was in superb voice and was heard to better advantage than when appearing in opera. In the first piece the soloist was accompanied by the viola and the pianoforte, but in the "Cradle Song of the Virgin" the viola played the melody. Seldom has the lady created a more favorable impression.

The next rehearsal and concert will be given on Friday afternoon and evening of this week and the soloist will be F. Busoni, pianist.

## MUSICAL MATTERS

### THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Programme.  
Symphony in E flat major (K. 543).....Mozart  
Andromache's Lament, from "Achilles."  
(Part II., No. 8), op. 50. "The dawn still lingers".....Max Bruch  
Mme. Schumann-Heink.  
Lyric Poem, for Orchestra, op. 20 (First time).....Th. Akimenko  
Two Songs with Viola and Piano accompaniment, op. 91.....Brahms  
(a) "Longing at Rest."  
(b) "Cradle Song of the Virgin."  
Mme. Schumann-Heink.  
Overture to the Opera "Gwendoline".....Emil Chabrier

The symphony which began the programme was the first in which the clarinette was introduced and has therefore been called the "Clarinet Symphony." It was one of a group of 3, and its companions, the "Jupiter" and the ever-glorious G minor symphony, were both greater than this work in E flat. But it still charms, and the fact that Mr. Gericke was recalled to the platform after its conclusion proves that Mozart is not quite obsolete, even in these days of vivid tonal coloring.

The work was read with much vigor, particularly its finale, and Mr. Gericke evidently enjoyed bringing out its dainty points. Nevertheless, the symphonies of Mozart, outside of the 3 mentioned, are becoming obsolete and do not wear as well as Haydn's pleasant musical prattle.

Mme. Schumann-Heink was in noble voice and sang the unpleasant aria of Andromache, as evolved by the warlike Bruch, with incredible fervor. The frenzied grief that permeates this number requires the footlight flavor, which was so out of place in Mme. Schumann-Heink's recent recital of German "Lieder." The vocalist was great in her declamatory effects and gave the subsequent monotony of grief and despair with impressive majesty. The work is, however, not one of Bruch's best. The plaint of Ingeborg, in his masterpiece, "Frithjof," is infinitely more pathetic.

In Mme. Schumann-Heink's subsequent numbers, by Brahms, a success was won by the instrumentalists as well as the vocalist. But Brahms is not a passionate composer, and the first of these two songs, which dealt with longings, might as well have dealt with mathematics, for all that its emotional power was concerned. We can understand why the intense Tchaikowsky considered Brahms a mediocrity posing as a genius. Composers are seldom the best judges of other composers.

But there was genius in the serene and lofty "cradle song of the virgin," and Mme. Schumann-Heink sang it most effectively. Her rich voice blended beautifully with the dark, mournful tones of the viola, and Mr. Ferit played the latter instrument with most sympathetic quality of tone. Recall followed recall at the end of this song, vocally the gem of the

concert.

We may here announce in very large head-lines,—"Another Russian Defeat"!—for Akimenko's lyric poem for orchestra was at the best a Pyrrhic victory, a "success d'estime." But in the field of music the Russians seldom suffer defeat. Their melodic charm is a constant rebuke to the Germans, for they manage to retain tune, while making as bold flights in orchestration as any Teuton of them all!

Almost every true Russian work has a melodic foundation. Akimenko, too, has not left the melodic path, but there seems to be less of inspiration in his climaxes and less of coherency in his treatment than we find in the works of his Muscovite brethren.

Chabrier's "Gwendoline" overture was given with much power. It has some very broad climaxes and some effective contrasts, but we do not find the sure hand, the delicate touches of a Bizet, in its measures. We have not as much faith in the modern French school as in the Russian. There is not the firm folk-song foundation, for one thing, and there is too much of straining for effect, for another. Chabrier is not so extreme as D'Indy or Debussy, nor so clear and shapely as Widor.

What a leap the French have made in the past century! Not so long ago they had perfect grace and daintiness, as shown in the works of a Boieldieu; Ambroise Thomas was the last of that tribe; now they try to out-Wagner Wagner. The "Gwendoline" overture deserves praise that it does not indulge in the fierce Gallic extremes of the present.

Louis C. Elson.

## RUSSIAN MUSIC NEW TO BOSTON

Akimenko's "Lyric Poem" at the Symphony is a Great Disappointment—Mozart's Old-Fashioned E Flat Symphony Given.

## CHOPIN AND LISZT PLAYED BY BUSONI

Remarkable Pianist is a Little More Human Than Before, but He is Full of Technic and a Little Shy



on Soul.

B. Herald Feb 28 1904

The 16th Symphony concert, Mr. Gericke conductor, was given last night in Symphony Hall. The programme was as follows:

Symphony in E flat.....Mozart  
Andromache's Lament from "Achilles".....Bruch  
Lyric Poem, op. 20.....Akimenko

(First time.)  
Two songs with viola and pianoforte accompaniment, op. 91.....Brahms  
(a) Longing at Rest.  
(b) Cradle Song of the Virgin.

Overture to the opera "Gwendoline".....Chabrier

Of the three famous symphonies composed by Mozart in 1788, the one in E flat is the most old-fashioned, and readers of the fantastical and blood-curdling Hoffman, who was the first critic in Germany to appreciate fully the romantic genius of Beethoven, may well wonder at his rhapsody over this symphony. It is true that symphonies by Haydn and Mozart should be played by a small orchestra and in a small hall, where the bite of the strings is keenly felt, where the musical fluid quickly enwraps the hearer. Wood-wind instruments may be doubled in the modern full orchestra, and yet there is an absence of the proportion, which is everything in Mozart's music. The symphony in G minor has been so highly praised that it has met the fate of Aristides the Just; but how superior it is to this symphony, which in the first and second movements is square-toed in its formulas! The performance was precise and euphonious.

Akimenko's "Lyric Poem," composed in 1898, and published last year, was played here for the first time. The composer is a pupil of Rimsky-Korsakoff, but no matter how great a teacher may be he cannot put broad or beautiful musical ideas into a pupil's head. Akimenko has written little for orchestra; his works are chiefly piano pieces, small chamber pieces, and songs. This "poem" is built on a sentimental and commonplace theme, and the development of it is interesting only in a few passages of orchestral color. The manner in which material from the contrasting episode is afterward employed is amateurish and at times ugly.

Mrs. Schumann-Heink sang Andromache's lament over the body of Hector from Bruch's "Achilles." The music itself recalled the old story of the Frenchman whose wife died. Complimented on his grief at the funeral ceremonies at the house, the bereaved one asked anxiously: "Did you go to the grave?" "No," answered his friend, "but every one thought you would go crazy at the house." "Ah," said the widower, "you should have seen me at the grave." Bruch's music has neither the noble antique spirit nor true modern intensity. Mrs. Schumann-Heink was in much better voice than at her late recital, and she sang with a far greater display of vocal artistry. Her mannerisms and failings were not in evidence, and on the whole her performance was the finest she has given here, either in opera or in concert. The two songs by Brahms were made endurable by the exquisite tone and sympathy of Mr. Ferir, who played the viola. The "Cradle Song" has a pretty refrain, but "Gestillte Sehnsucht" is

without melody or mood. The singer was recalled again and again.

The orchestral feature of the evening was Chabrier's magnificent overture, which was played with appropriate fire and brilliance. The untimely death of this highly original composer was as great a loss to France as that of Bizet. He had superb ideas; he knew how to express them. His language was varied and supple in its eloquence; in his passion there was beauty as well as strength. For daring and successful rhythmical effects, he has never been surpassed, if equalled, and his orchestral palette blazed with gorgeousness. Would that we could hear more music like this overture! Would there were more music like it!

### Symphony Orchestra in Providence

After seventeen years of indifferent success, the Boston Symphony Orchestra has at last found a cordial welcome in Providence. Last season its concerts in the Rhode Island capital were abandoned because of lack of support. This year thirty ladies and gentlemen guaranteed the expenses for two concerts—the last of which was held last night—and at both every seat was sold and many stood up. This was the more notable last night because Campanari, who was to be the soloist, became ill at the eleventh hour and the management was forced to provide a substitute. Charles Gillbert was procured and repeated his Boston success.

President Faunce of Brown University was the initiator of the movement to guarantee two concerts, and the success warrants the expectation that there will be at least four concerts next year. Through a working committee, of which Frederick Roy Martin of the Providence Journal has been chairman and Albert Steinert secretary, the guarantors have not only packed the hall and paid the orchestra, but have also laid aside the nucleus of a guarantee for next year's concert. The guarantors have been: Mrs. George H. Corliss, Hans Schneider, John W. Danielson, J. DeF. Danielson, Richard S. Howland, Frederick Roy Martin, William L. Hodgman, Albert Steinert, John Shepard, Jr., Moses B. I. Goddard, Charles Morris Smith, Jr., Robert I. Gammell, Herbert F. Hinckley, Arthur H. Watson, Howard O. Sturges, William Gammell, George W. Parks, Mrs. Gustav Radeke, President W. H. P. Faunce, Mrs. Daniel Beckwith, Miss Mary B. Child, Miss Isabelle Nichols, Miss Alice Dorrance, Mrs. Henry G. Russell, Miss Ella R. Matteson, Mrs. Stephen O. Metcalf, Mrs. John Nicholas Brown, I. Gifford Ladd, Mrs. Frank A. Sayles and the Misses Sharpe.

There has been a direct and urgent appeal to the music-lovers of Providence to support these concerts, partly as a matter of pride; the hour of beginning has been set ahead to 8.15 in order to prevent interference with the dinner hour, which is invariably later in Providence than in Boston; the prices of seats have been materially lowered and the guarantors have asked to have something to say about the soloists and the programme.

Trans.

Feb. 3. 1904.

## MUSICAL.

globe Feb. 28. 1904  
Mme Schuman-Heinks,  
Symphony Soloist.

Handel and Haydn Building  
Fund—Strauss Concerts.

Recitals of the Week and  
Personal Gossip.

Mme Schumann-Heink was the soloist at the 16th Symphony rehearsal and concert, singing Andromache's lament from the Bruch opera, "Achilles," and two songs by Brahms. Messrs. Fevir and Zach playing the viola and piano accompaniments of the two arias. Mozart's beautiful E-flat minor symphony opened the program, and the other selections being a lyric poem by Akimenko, first time here, and the overture to Chabrier's opera, "Gwendoline." The gifted German contralto sang with her usual breadth and fullness of tonal power and with every appearance of being delighted with her surroundings, for her wholesome good nature was not even clouded by the serious type of her selections. The "Lament of Andromache" was given with splendid effect, though doubtless something of lighter musical caliber would have better suited a majority of her auditors, but the art of the great contralto was not to be denied, for her organlike tones were as rich, vibrant and sonorous as could be desired, and her phrasing and expression seemed nearly flawless.

In the two songs by Brahms her sympathetic interpretations were even more pleasing than in the Bruch number, and she had fitting associates in Messrs. Fevir and Zach, whose accompaniments on viola and piano were very fine. The applause, which was complimentary, after the first number was spontaneous and very hearty after the Brahms group, the popular artist being summoned back many times.

The lyric poem by Akimenko, which was not specially interesting, has some clever ideas of a desultory nature expressed in a musicianly way, without any marked suggestion of originality in matter or method. The orchestra played the piece smoothly and interpreted it according to Mr. Gericke's reading.

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The performance of Mozart's noble symphony may be praised unreservedly. It was musical poetry interpreted in the best vein of the orchestra, sympathetic and perfect in ensemble. The "Gwendoline" overture was given with due regard to its wild, tumultuous nature, the vigor of the performance according properly with the motif of the barbaric story.

Mr. F. Busoni will be the soloist at this week's concerts, playing Saint-Saens' fifth concerto. The orchestral selections include Schumann's first symphony, the entracte from "L'Étranger," by Vincent d'Indy; Liszt's "Todtentanz" and an excerpt from "Die Meistersinger."

RICKE, Conductor.

VCERT.

BER 19, AT 8, P. M.

mme.

No. 9, in C minor.

for VIOLIN.

SIC from "Azara."

"Tannhäuser."

ist:

MacCARTHY.





**BUSONI RECITALS**

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*Symphony Hall.*

SEASON 1903-04.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Mr. WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.

**XVII. CONCERT.**

SATURDAY, MARCH 5, AT 8, P. M.

**Programme.**

SCHUMANN,

SYMPHONY No. 1, in B flat, op. 38.

I. Andante un poco maestoso: Allegretto molto vivace.

II. Larghetto.

III. Scherzo: Molto vivace. Trio I.: Molto piu vivace.  
Trio II.

IV. Allegro animato e grazioso.

SAINT-SAËNS,

CONCERTO No. 5, for PIANOFORTE and ORCHESTRA  
in F major, op. 103.

I. Allegro animato.

II. Andante.

III. Molto allegro  
(First time in Boston with Orchestra.)

VINCENT D'INDY.

ENTR'ACTE from the Opera "The Stranger."  
(First time.)

Liszt  
WAGNER,

"Dance of Death" for Pianoforte & Orchestra  
PRELUDE to the Opera "Die Meistersinger."

**Soloist:**

**Mr. FERRUCCIO BUSONI.**

The Pianoforte is a Steinway.





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*Symphony Hall.*

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## MUSICAL MATTERS

### THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Symphony No. 1, in B flat.....Schumann  
Piano Concerto, No. 5, in F major.....Saint-Saens  
Entr'acte from the opera, "The Stranger".....  
(First time) D'Indy  
"Dance of Death," a paraphrase of the "Dies  
Irae," for pianoforte and orchestra.....Liszt  
Prelude to the opera, "The Mastersing-  
ers".....Wagner  
Soloist: Mr. Ferruccio Busoni.

The triumph of the evening was won, not by any of the moderns, but by Schumann's symphony of more than 60 years ago; by a work that has been heard dozens of times by almost every symphony auditor. It received a noble performance, and its beautiful themes never seemed more attractive. Mr. Gericke was recalled several times at its close. A word of special praise must be spoken for the horn-playing and for the flute-work of the finale.

Busoni has evidently conquered Boston, as we predicted he would do eventually. He is a strange compound! An Italian, yet entirely devoted to the instrumental school; a most modern pianist, yet intellectual almost to the point of austerity, and by no means inclined towards sentimentality. Here is what Hanslick, today the leading musical critic of the world, wrote about Busoni (then 9 years old) in 1876:—

"His piano-playing gives evidence of true musical sensibility and an unusual intellectuality. The piano compositions of the little one are in the short forms, as befits a young and half-fledged Talent, short and good, some again not so good, so that we may suspect the help of the master. To an encouraging recognition he has fully earned his right, he can go on courageously with his work."

Since that time the boy has become a man and a master in his field. His performance on Saturday was great enough to win recall upon recall, with a couple of laurel wreaths thrown in. It was a wonderful display of technique, but not of the Rosenthal variety merely, not of every trick of fingering, every device of rapidity and force; it was an intellectualized technique, a perfect mastery of the piano, with a keen and authoritative mentality back of the interpretation.

St. Saens' Concerto in F is not an inspiring work; it is pleasant to find a great modern composer with form and coherency, but with the maximum of facility the composer seems to have the minimum of enthusiasm. Even the orientalism of the andante is not half as effective as the eastern music which the public may hear in the same composer's "Suite Algerienne" at the Chickering concert next Wednesday. The finale had a wild, half-Dervish character that was more spontaneous than any other part of the concerto.

Later in the programme Busoni excited the audience with one of those bone-yard fantasies that the modern composers love to produce. Sickness and Death, Invalids and Skeletons, are important adjuncts to

the modern musical repertoire, from Liszt to Loeffler. We imagine that we shall eventually have a "Hospital Symphony" with the following movements:—

1. Allegro. Dyspepsia.
2. Andante. Hypochondria.
3. Scherzo. St. Vitus Dance.
4. Molto. Allegro. Delirium Tremens.

But Liszt is not as ghoulish in this "Dance of Death" as one might have feared. Berlioz is far more gruesome when it comes to portraying the supernatural. The variations on the "Dies Irae" are, however, most skilful, and the glissando piano effects, the solemn march, the hiccoughy fugal work, are all exciting, even if they do smell of the footlights and of the circus saw-dust, and Busoni displayed the glittering Liszt wares to the best possible advantage.

D'Indy's Entr'acte from "The Stranger" was solemn enough and to a degree impressive, but it was still one of the modern "puzzle-pieces." We might suggest changing the title from the comparative to the superlative, by altering it from "The Stranger" into "The Strangest"! But we suspect that it is a work that may grow upon acquaintance, as some other compositions of D'Indy have done.

The Prelude to "Die Meistersinger" was not so perfect as we have had it at these concerts. The brass was too repressed, the strings over-balancing. But we do not doubt if any auditor were asked to pick out the 2 best works of this long concert he would promptly choose the first and the last.

Louis C. Elson.

### SYMPHONY REHEARSAL.

The programme of the 17th public rehearsal of the Symphony orchestra in Symphony Hall this afternoon includes Schumann's familiar symphony in B flat major and the equally familiar prelude to "Die Meistersinger." The orchestral novelty is the prelude to the second act of Vincent d'Indy's latest opera, "The Stranger," which was produced at the Monnaie, Brussels, early in 1903, and has since been performed at the Opera, Paris. The Stranger is a wanderer with mysterious power, who goes about doing good. Against his will he falls in love with Vita, who is betrothed to a coastguard in a fishing village. She loves him, but he tells her that he must leave her. This prelude or entr'acte is supposed to portray his conflicting emotions. In the attempt to save men from a shipwreck, the Stranger and Vita, the only one that dares to accompany him in the boat, are lost.

Mr. Busoni will play Saint-Saens' piano concerto No. 5, which was composed for the 50th anniversary of Saint-Saens' debut as a pianist. The second movement, written in Egypt, is of an extremely oriental character. Mr. Busoni will also play, with the orchestra, Liszt's "Dance of Death," a paraphrase of the "Dies Irae," which was first played here by Mr. Bauer at a Symphony concert.

The programme for the concerts of March 11-12 will include Strube's Fantastic overture (first time); Lalo's Spanish symphony for violin (Mr. T. Adamowski, violinist), Beethoven's "Coriolanus" overture, and Sibelius' symphony No. 2 (first time).



# A MUSICAL TREAT IN SYMPHONY HALL

Concert of the Symphony Orchestra  
Wins Hearty and Continued  
Applause from the Large and  
Delighted Audience.

The programme of the 17th Symphony concert in Symphony Hall last night, Mr. Gericke conductor, was as follows:  
Symphony in B flat, No. 1.....Schumann  
Piano concerto in F, No. 5.....Saint-Saens  
Entr'acte to "The Stranger".....D'Indy  
(First time.)

"The Dance of Death".....Liszt  
Prelude to "Die Meistersinger".....Wagner  
This concert was one of unusual interest. The symphony has the freshness and the enthusiasm of youth. Whether the work were inspired by the passion of spring felt by all, or by the thought of Clara Wieck, is immaterial. The music makes its irresistible way, whatever may be said about its instrumentation. In these days, when so many score their works in an amazingly brilliant fashion and so few have ideas that are worth the gorgeous orchestral dress, it is a good thing to be reminded that ideas themselves have abiding value.

Saint-Saens' concerto was first played by him at the concert given to celebrate the 50th anniversary of his first appearance in public as a pianist. It was played here without orchestra Feb. 26 by Miss Hawkins, with Mr. Lang as the player of the second piano; but such a performance, however excellent it may be, is not a production.

A modern concerto, without an orchestral accompaniment, is as cold as a dead man. The second movement, composed in Egypt, and of an extremely Oriental character, exerts an exotic fascination, and the instrumentation is piquant. The finale is brilliant and the most melodious of the movements, according to western ears. The first movement is skilfully put together, but it has little spontaneity or true musical charm.

Mr. Busoni played the concerto in a delightful manner, for its brilliance, its glitter and its cool sentiment, with its demands on a supreme technique for suitable interpretation, appealed to his peculiar musical individuality. His performance was one long tour de force. He was recalled again and again, and two wreaths were given to him.

Liszt's "Dance of Death" was played here by Mr. Bauer at a Symphony concert in 1902. The piece is a wildly fantastical paraphrase of the "Dies Irae," inspired, it is said, by the fresco, "The Triumph of Death," in the Campo Santo of Pisa. And yet is there one genuine shudder in the music? We do not ask whether there is a new shudder, but whether there is one already known.

The music is pretentiously spectacular, but it is not truly macabre. There is neither the stroke nor the rush of

horror. It is not a question of sincerity. You see Saint-Saens smiling as he listens to his own Danse Macabre, but you hear with him Death fiddling and the skeletons in glee knocking their bones against the tombstones. Or think of Berlioz in his Fantastic symphony, with those bassoons chattering as ghosts in the March to the Scaffold, with the wild rout worshipping Satan in the obscene finale. Again Mr. Busoni worked miracles of technique, but 'twas all in vain. The music itself is curiously boring.

The entr'acte from "The Stranger" no doubt loses in effect when it is taken from its place in the opera. As absolute music, without reference to what has been enacted on the stage and without expectation of what is to happen, it seems unemotional, austere.

The performance of the orchestra throughout was worthy of its highest reputation, and Mr. Gericke was obliged to respond more than once to the hearty and long continued applause after the symphony.

## AT THE SYMPHONY

Busoni Plays Saint-Saens's Fifth Concerto and Liszt's "Dance of Death"

—Orchestral Numbers by Schumann, D'Indy and Wagner

The programme of the 17th Symphony concert last evening included the following numbers:

Symphony No. 1.....Schumann  
Concerto for piano No. 5, in F.....Saint-Saens  
Entr'acte from "The Stranger".....D'Indy  
"Dance of Death," piano and orchestra.....Liszt  
Prelude to "The Mastersingers".....Wagner

Two of these numbers were first time at these concerts. One was Saint-Saens's fifth concerto in F, played by Mr. Busoni. The work was played for the first time in Boston very recently, by Laura Hawkins, but without orchestral accompaniment. Heard under proper conditions last evening, impressions are not very favorable. It possesses a certain amount of technical interest for the pianist, but there is little, if any, thematic material of value, and to be brief the concerto is a clever, tricky exposition of a musical desert. It is about the least thing of value that has been heard recently from this "Beau Brummel" among French composers. Mr. Busoni played it with consummate ease, but even technically considered it offered him but little opportunity compared with the "Dance of Death." Liszt's pianistic monstrosity, which he played later on in the concert. In this latter number which Bauer introduced to Symphony patrons two seasons ago, there is abundant opportunity for virtuosic display which Mr. Busoni improved to the limit. It was a superb piece of work, for which he was heartily applauded and several times recalled.

The rest of the programme does not call for extended comment. D'Indy's entr'acte to his new opera, "The Stranger," shows some clever instrumentation, and heard in connection with the opera itself it might prove of in-

terest. As it was its first performance in this city last evening it made but a perfunctory impression.

Schumann's great symphony received a finished performance that was without especial vigor, and an excellent performance of Wagner's prelude to the Mastersingers brought the end of the concert.

## MUSIC AND DRAMA

Symphony Hall: Symphony Orchestra

The seventeenth symphony concert, Mr. Gericke, conductor, Mr. Ferruccio Busoni, soloist, was given last Saturday evening in Symphony Hall, the programme being as follows:

Schumann: Symphony No. 1, in B flat, Op. 38.  
Saint-Saens: Concerto No. 5, for Pianoforte and Orchestra, in F major, Op. 103.  
(First time in Boston with Orchestra.)  
Vincent d'Indy: Entr'acte from the Opera, "The Stranger."  
(First time.)

Liszt: "Dance of Death," for Pianoforte and Orchestra.  
Wagner: Prelude to the Opera, "Die Meistersinger."

Since symphony concerts have been held in Symphony Hall, no season has been so prodigal of brilliant orchestral playing as the present, and no one concert has given more universal pleasure than that of last Saturday, when the remarkable performance of a singularly attractive programme aroused a high enthusiasm seen by no means every day in the concert year.

Of most moment, doubtless, if not of most general interest, was the first performance here of an entr'acte from Vincent d'Indy's opera, "L'Etranger." The book of the opera appears to be a somewhat involved study of temperament, quite as psychological as a novel by Paul Bourget, and very symbolical. In finding music fitting for such a text, d'Indy comes before us in a capacity totally different from that by which we best know him here—that of the poet who tells, with compelling sympathy, of woods and hills, of winds, and of waters under the earth. In this entr'acte he has written music that might well serve as the prelude to a tragedy, for its tenor is sad, and the inherent gloom of the musical thought is deepened by the masterly way in which d'Indy has arranged his orchestration; the sombre tones of violas he calls upon unusually. This is noble music, but it is scarcely human, for the love, which is one motive of the entr'acte, is here too ascetic to be moving, and renunciation, the contrasting motive, here fails to contrast; with d'Indy, love and sacrifice are treated musically much alike, that is, severely, neither one with a ray of warmth. One listens more willingly to d'Indy the man of outdoors.

Another new work, strikingly different in quality, was the fifth pianoforte concerto by Saint-Saens, which Miss Laura Hawkins had played in Potter Hall only a week or so ago, but without orchestra. In the case of this concerto, the orchestra without the pianoforte would have been more to the purpose, for with Saint-Saens, particularly

in his later days, the clothes often make the man. While making no stronger an impression, musically, in Symphony Hall than it had in Potter Hall, the concerto was vastly more effective, for its orchestration is certainly very piquant and brilliant. And Mr. Busoni's performance was even more brilliant than the work itself. It is, indeed, many a day since such astonishingly lustrous, sparkling playing has been heard in Boston. Mr. Busoni, at last at his best, offered a display of electrifying scales, of magnificent tone, and of perfect rhythm that swept the audience straight off their feet. It was all dazzling, blinding, as with flashes from myriads of diamonds. The same qualities Mr. Busoni also brought to bear on the solo part of Liszt's extraordinary "Todtentanz," a work which to be thoroughly appreciated for the majesty and horror of its conception, and the skill and ingenuity with which it is carried out, should have been written by a latter-day Frenchman or Russian instead of by Liszt, who transcribed so much trash for the pianoforte. Whatever the worth of the composition, when played by Mr. Harold Bauer with the Symphony Orchestra, it aroused many a genuine thrill of grisly horror. On Saturday there was less effect from the performance, for Mr. Busoni regarded the work from the viewpoint of a virtuoso more than did Mr. Bauer. Mr. Busoni, however, without fully appreciating the fearfulness of Liszt's picturesque, grotesque, horrible sketch, none the less treated the work seriously, and displayed a warmth of temperament that added greatly to the effect of the work. For brilliancy of tone and rhythm, his performance of the Liszt fresco-like composition rivalled that of the charming arrangement of lines and colors by Saint-Saens. It is gratifying that at last, before leaving Boston, Mr. Busoni should play once in the splendid way of a few years ago.

This wonderful concert began with a sympathetic performance of Schumann's ever-delightful B-flat symphony, and ended with grand playing of the "Meistersinger" prelude, which seemed worth all that had gone before it.

Mr. Adamowski is to play this week. Here is the programme of the concert: Strube, Fantastic Overture (first performance); Lalo, Symphony Espagnole for violin and orchestra; Beethoven, Overture to "Coriolanus"; Sibelius, Symphony No. 2 (first time).  
R. R. G.

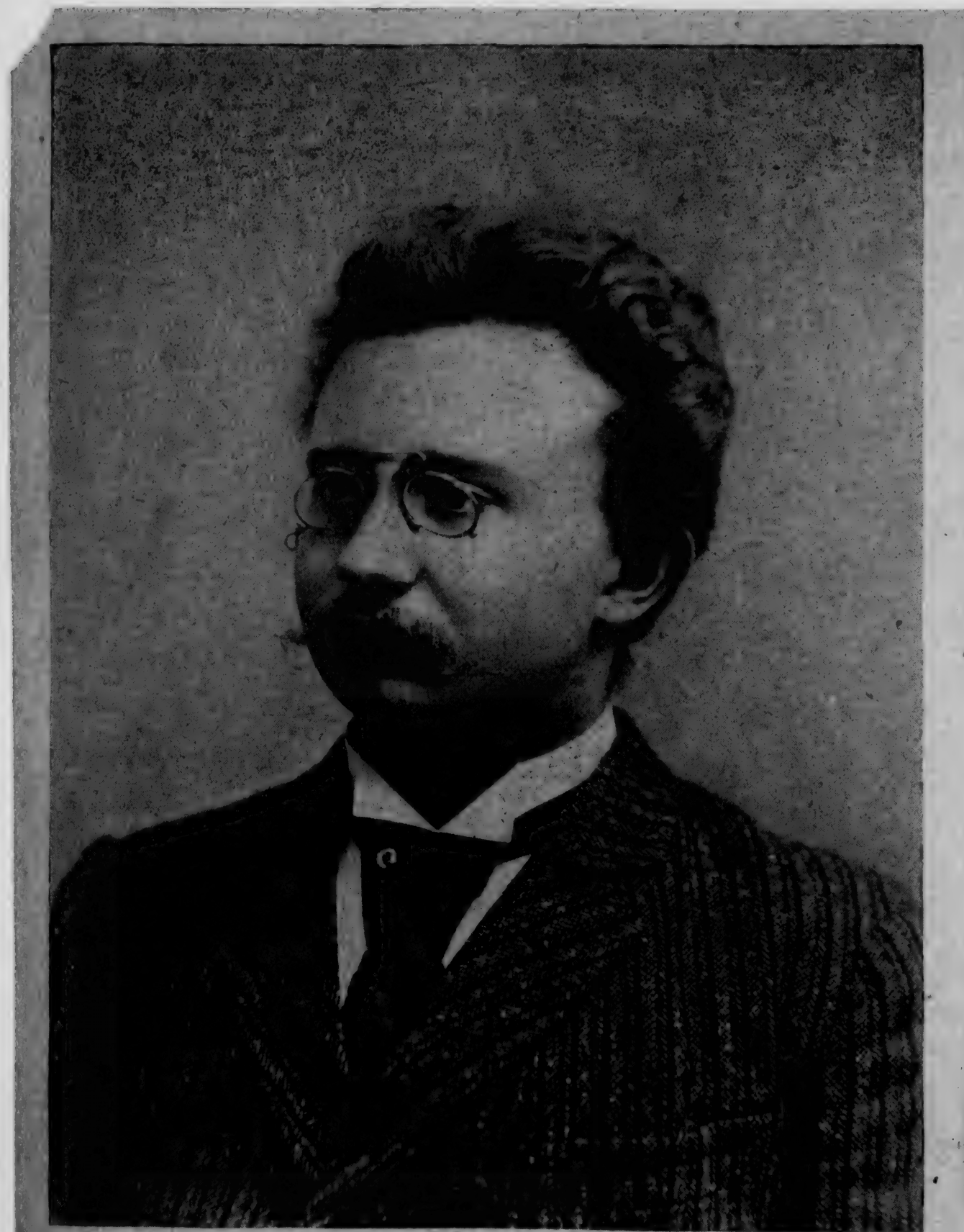
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G. STRUBE

(March 1896)

The Symphony Orchestra player, whose composition will be played at the next concert.

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## *Symphony Hall.*

SEASON 1903-04.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Mr. WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.

### XVIII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, MARCH 12, AT 8, P.M.

#### Programme.

STRUBE,

FANTASTIC OVERTURE. op. 20.  
(First performance.)

LALO,

SPANISH RHAPSODY for VIOLIN and ORCHESTRA  
op. 21.

- I. Allegro non troppo.
- II. Scherzando: allegro molto.
- IV. Andante.
- V. Rondo: Allegro.

BEETHOVEN,

OVERTURE to "Coriolanus." op. 62.

SIBELIUS,

SYMPHONY No. 2, in D major.

- I. Allegretto.
  - II. Tempo andante ma rubato.
  - III. Vivacissimo: Lento e suave.
  - IV. Finale: Allegro moderato.
- (First time.)

Soloist:

Mr. T. ADAMOWSKI.

There will be no Public Rehearsal and Concert next week.





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- (First time.)

Soloist:

Mr. T. ADAMOWSKI.

There will be no Public Rehearsal and Concert next week.



### Symphony Hall: Symphony Orchestra

This was the programme of the eighteenth symphony concert, held in Symphony Hall last Saturday evening:

Strube: Fantastic Overture, Op. 20.

(First performance.)

Lalo: Spanish Rhapsody for Violin and Orchestra, Op. 21.

Beethoven: Overture to "Coriolanus," Op. 62.

Sibelius: Symphony No. 2, in D major.

(First time.)

Soloist—Mr. T. Adamowski.

This last symphony concert was not so brilliant an occasion as those which directly preceded it, yet it was by no means commonplace, for there were two new compositions produced, one of them, Mr. Strube's "Fantastic Overture," being of peculiar interest. Mr. Strube himself conducted his work, which was splendidly played and heartily applauded. To speak truth, however, the overture made no strong impression. Mr. Strube is a man of originality, with a marked personality in his music, and he is a master of orchestration. But his overture seems strangely vague. The themes do not command attention, their working out leads to no definite end. In a work designated "fantastic," one customarily expects touches of fancifulness, something whimsical and capricious. Mr. Strube would appear to have been moved less by fancy than by lack of definite aim. The result is incoherence. The orchestration of the overture is intensely modern, consequently sonorous and rich, but over-full and turgid. With fewer instruments there might have been more color. This last composition of Mr. Strube's is far less interesting than the "Hymn to Eros," which, although peculiar and hard to get hold of, still made its effect.

The second novelty of the concert, Sibelius's symphony, was interesting mainly through the nationality of its composer. From Finland we are not in the way of looking for music. The man evidently knows his business; his symphony demands respect. Its monotony of mood and color, however, may be due either to the composer's individuality or to the Finnish temperament. At all events, the symphony is constantly, tiresomely sombre—not with the passionate sadness so often expressed in the music of Tchaikovsky, but dully, depressingly so. The finale approaches nearest to animation, and is surely the most effective portion of the work. In such company, Beethoven's "Coriolanus" overture seemed bigger, statelier, and more truly tragic than ever before, although one might have wished for more warmth and freedom in its performance.

The most cheerful event of the evening was Mr. Adamowski's appearance as soloist, with Lalo's Spanish Symphony. In excellent case, Mr. Adamowski played better than he has in some years, with all the rich sweetness of tone, the grace of phrasing, and the warmth of feeling for which he is distinguished, and with admirably clear technique. It is regrettable that more composers have not followed the example set by Lalo in this symphony for violin and

orchestra, which, despite its lack of technical display for the solo instrument, is more grateful than any violin concerto written.

Mr. Rafael Joseffy will play at the next concert. This will be the programme: Brahms's Tragic Overture; Liszt's Concerto No. 2, for pianoforte; Elgar's prelude to "The Dream of Gerontius"; Tchaikovsky's Symphony No. 4, op. 36.

R. R. G.

## STRUBE NOVELTY RULES SYMPHONY

Domestic and Foreign Music Offered the Large Audience at Eighteenth Concert.

### AUTHOR LED ORCHESTRA

Final Number of Jean Sibelius Is Intensely Ideal and Almost Uncanny.

The eighteenth Symphony concert began and ended with novelties. For the first number was given under the composer's conductorship, Gustav Strube's new "Fantastic" overture, a work no less complex, but more comprehensible than most of his larger pieces.

It is writing of the time and nearer to Strauss than Wagner, but not obviously modeled after any other work, but akin in a sort of distant cousinship to Mr. Busoni's symphonic study in tone-color. It is erratic, but pleasant to accompany. It is rich in melodies, which have no apparent logical connection, but start forth unexpectedly and retreat without warning.

They give a steady flow, however, through the overture, and upon them are cast glittering side-lights which flash and fade in a moment. There is, therefore, a certain coherence, and there are moments, too, of high, piquant excitement and hasty energy. Mr. Strube led it firmly, enthusiastically, and without excess.

### Wild Composition.

The other new thing was the final number—the second Symphony of Jean



Sibelius. This is a strange, wild composition that often comes near to being weird or eerie—almost uncanny. It is intensely individual, but whether this character is to be considered as national or personal to the composer, one would need to know more of Finnish music to decide.

It belongs to a lonely, remote and unique land, for it hints the influence of dark lake, stern mountain, cold solitude and stormy sea in its roll and mutter of thunderous tempest, and its tramp of surge, while against difficulty and opposition there moves the sense of an independent and indomitable disposition. In their land the Finns—like the Welsh in their rough country—are by nature exceedingly musical, and this symphony befits their sturdy, obstinate and yet poetic and moody character.

#### Very Resourceful.

The orchestration is resourceful and often beautiful and powerful; the harp is frequent; the horn, of which the Finns are fond, even in their churches, is often heard, and when the trio of the scherzo takes a pastoral turn, it becomes delicate and gentle in color.

The symphony grows as it goes on, and the almost glum assertiveness of the first allegro becomes resoundingly triumphant in the finale. It was well read and received with pleasure.

Beethoven's grand "Coriolanus" overture was also played by the orchestra, and Mr. T. Adamowski, as the soloist, contributed Lalo's "Spanish" concerto, which had his accustomed grace and fancy of style, together with a closer adherence to right intonation and more warmth and resolution than he often displays.

## STRUBE OVERTURE GIVEN IN BOSTON

Initial Performance of the Work at  
the Symphony Concert Last Evening  
Conducted by Composer—  
Music Not Impressive.

*B Herald* Nov 14/1904  
The programme of the 18th Symphony concert, Mr. Gericke conductor, given last night in Symphony Hall, was as follows:

Fantastic overture.....Strube  
(First performance.)  
Spanish symphony.....Lalo  
(Mr. T. Adamowski, violinist.)  
Overture to "Coriolanus".....Beethoven  
Symphony No. 2 in D major.....Sibelius  
(First time.)

Mr. Strube conducted his overture with spirit and authority; his colleagues played as though eager to put the music in the best light; the audience was generous with applause, and a wreath

was handed to the composer-conductor. Yet we were disappointed in the work itself. Mr. Strube is a thoroughly grounded and versatile musician. He has written music that is highly creditable to him, music that has qualities which we do not find in this overture.

We do not object to the ultra-fantastical passages because they are ultra-modern, but because we find them for the most part ineffective. The overture is constructed on a large scale; it is scored for the full modern orchestra; but the results are not great or impressive.

There are pretty patches of orchestral color, there is ingenuity enough in development, but the music has no determined goal toward which it hastens, nor is there a series of striking episodes. There is neither the masterly continuity of thought that holds the attention, nor is the music kaleidoscopic. And in spite

of the orchestral resources there is seldom true and rich sonority; there is little of musical thought or concentration of orchestral tone. We beseech Mr. Strube, in whose work we are interested, to look over again the earlier scores of Saint-Saens, or the scores of Auber's better operas, and to observe with what apparently small means these Frenchmen produce delightful or impressive orchestral effects.

The symphony of Sibelius is a thoughtfully considered work. The composer was in most serious and earnest mood. The music is sombre, lonely and often tedious. Is the discouraging atmosphere due to the presence of Finnish "local color," or to the neutral dryness of the composer's thought? The symphony was interesting as music from a country as yet little known to us in art, and after hearing this work there is curiosity as to whether the pervading gloom be the expression of a folk or of an individual. Mr. Gericke and the orchestra did their best for Jean Sibelius, but the composer should have done more.

The nearly century old overture of Beethoven stood boldly out in tragic and compelling grandeur.

Mr. Adamowski played Lalo's delightful concerto—for this Spanish "symphony" is in reality, a concerto, or a suite, if one must speak unequivocally by the card—and he played it with sentiment, dash and brilliance. He was applauded heartily and deservedly.

## MUSICAL MATTERS

### THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

*Adv* 18<sup>+</sup> PROGRAMME. Nov 14/1904

Fantastic Overture, op. 20 (First performance).....Strube

Conducted by the composer.  
Spanish Rhapsody, for violin and orchestra, op. 21.....Lalo

Mr. T. Adamowski.  
Overture to "Coriolanus," op. 62.....Beethoven

Symphony No. 2, in D major.....Sibelius

It was a penitential concert, that of Saturday, too gloomy even for mid-Lent. Almost every number was sorrowful, or tragic, or incomprehensible. A cultured Chinaman once said to Fr. Amiot (the Jesuit missionary): "Your European music is remarkably ingenious but it cannot touch the heart like our Chinese music does!" Bearing this divergence of taste in mind we will not say that Strube's overture is bad music, but only state that we cannot comprehend it. We can best illustrate its effect upon our mind by making a "poem" on the same plan:—

#### "POEME FANTASTIQUE."

The horror of an Asiatic night  
With ecstasy the downcast spirit grapples.  
Behold the mystic maze where sirens fight!  
But oh, how terrible the price of apples!  
Destruction, desuetude and dire perdition  
In sweetest contest struggle for admission.  
Hark! 'Tis the gong which sounds its tepid  
clang!  
On comes the clammy climax,—bang! bang!  
bang!

This poem, like the overture, cannot be comprehended offhand; it presents thoughts which are somewhat disconnected; it is full of magnificent contrasts and surprises; and it gives a splendid chance for modern tumult. If Mr. Strube, or any other prophet of the newest school wishes to set the above poem to orchestral accompaniment we gladly present it in the cause of art, but would suggest that the work be composed in F flat major, that an orchestra much larger than the symphonic size be employed, that it be chiefly in 5-4 rhythm, and often 2 different rhythms at once, that no consonances of any kind be used, and that the composer burn all his harmonic text books at the outset.

Mr. Strube conducted, was recalled at the end of the trouble and was presented with a laurel wreath. It is therefore presumable that many auditors understood the work and found it beautiful.

There is not a large repertoire of effective violin works with orchestra. Violin soloists are obliged to repeat themselves frequently. Bruch's G minor concerto, Mendelssohn's, Brahms', Beethoven's concertos, and the list is about ended. This disguised concerto by Lalo

is also a grateful work and won success again at this concert, after repeated previous hearings. Mr. Adamowski was excellent in the G string work of the Andante and the final harmonics were very pure. The pizzicato-and-bow passages of the finale were also brilliant.

There was not as much breadth and hearty abandon as we are accustomed to hear in a performance by this great artist, but it was a very worthy interpretation nevertheless and Mr. Adamowski was recalled three times. The Carillon of the finale and the bright Pandango-like rondo were almost the only joyous touches of the long programme.

But the dignity of sorrow in the "Coriolanus" overture made that number by far the greatest work of the concert. The orchestra and its conductor seemed inspired by the subject and it stood forth like a mountain among ant-hills.

It was unjust to Sibelius to give his sombre symphony after a puzzle-overture and a tragic overture. Possibly if the work had been at the beginning of the concert it might have made some effect. As it was it fell very flat. Yet the symphony has some moments of true grandeur. The second movement seemed a dignified threnody, with its pizzicato passages forming an impressive "basso ostinato." This seemed a favorite device with Sibelius, for he used another ground-bass in the finale. There was agitation and suspense in the last movement, and it was pictured quite a la Wagner, by soft and irregular strokes of the kettle-drums.

But, although we found much originality and some majesty in the symphony, it seemed very short-breathed compared with the sustained majesty of the "Coriolanus" overture, and the melodic material was rather scant. Mere scales were harmonized over and again, and repetitions of devices were too abundant. The oboe did some excellent work in the finale and Mr. Gericke allowed the orchestra more abandon than usual in some parts of this composition.

It was, however, the right thing in the wrong place; to require the auditor, who had "supped full of horrors," to study a great modern work of this kind after what had preceded was expecting more than was possible. The worm, the barrel-hoop and the meek Bostonian will turn sometimes, when trod upon.

Louis C. Elson.



# MUSICAL.

## Echoes of Yesterday's Symphony Concert.

### Attractive Promises for Coming Season of Grand Opera.

### Recitals of the Week—Personal Gossip.

*Globe* — *Mar 13 1904*

Two novelties were on the program of the 18th Symphony rehearsal and concert: Gustav Strube's "Fantastic" overture for orchestra, conducted by the composer, and the first performance at these concerts of the second symphony of Jean Sibelius, the Swedish composer. Mr Strube's work, which is dedicated to Mr William Gericke, was given for the first time. The other selections were Lalo's "Spanish" symphony for violin and orchestra, with Mr Timothee Adamowski as soloist, and the overture to Beethoven's "Coriolanus." Mr Strube is a composer whose abilities are not confined to any special class of music, for his versatility has a wide range, from grave to gay, his lighter pieces being familiar with patrons of the "pop" concerts, and his more serious works meeting the approbation of attendants of the Symphony concerts, several of his compositions having been on the programs in the past eight years. He is a thorough musician and an excellent conductor, and all his works are scored in a skilful manner.

In his "Fantastic" overture he has indulged in many up-to-date vagaries and made free use of forte effects in his instrumental combinations; the heavy basses, string and winds, are frequently introduced for vivid contrasts against the lighter instruments, and the cellos he has made very prominent in several groups of ensemble measures. The overture is a pleasing writing in the modern style, with many striking passages for the different instrumental groups and altogether "fantastic" in form and development. The orchestra did its work admirably under Mr Strube's baton, and the composer was warmly applauded at the close of the performance.

Lalo's symphony for violin and orchestra is specially prolific in heavy passages for the solo instrument, which are immediately supplemented by florid variations. There are innumerable changes in tempo and keys, and many

of the "working out" measures and their duplications continued in passages allotted to other strings. Mr Adamowski, who played the solo violin in this number for the third time at these concerts, gave a very commendable performance, his heavier work being resonant and broad in effect, his lighter and more brilliant fingering was facile and pure in tone, and each similar figuration on the different strings was played smoothly. His performance was splendidly supported by his associates, and the auditors showered liberal applause upon the popular violinist.

In the "Coriolanus" overture the dramatic elements of the picture were shown with due regard to its lights and shades, making the interpretation one of great impressiveness. Of the Sibelius symphony it is difficult to form a very good estimate after a single hearing, for it appears to lack homogeneity in construction. It is filled with quaint and surprising effects, modern of course, and its musical ideas are so numerous and so constantly changing that much of the work sounds fragmentary; or as if the composer was striving for originality by sacrificing lucidity. The second movement is dramatically somber in character, a strange combination of running accompaniments on the double basses, kettledrums and wood winds being of an unusual nature. The third part has some pleasing themes dispersed among the strings with wood wind accompaniments, and vice versa, and the finale displays some bright and peculiar contrasting episodes which lead up to a vigorous finale. The rendition was satisfactory and doubtless technically correct.

The next rehearsal and concert will take place March 25 and 26. Mr Rafael Joseffy will be the soloist, playing the second piano concerto by Liszt. The other program numbers will be Brahms' "Tragic" overture, prelude to Elgar's "Dream of Gerontius," and Tschai-kowsky's fourth symphony.

#### STRUBE'S OVERTURE.

As it impressed L. C. Elson.

"POEME FANTASTIQUE."

The horror of an Asistic night  
With ecstasy the downcast spirit grapples.  
Behold the mystic maze where sirens fight!  
But oh, how terrible the price of apples!  
Destruction, desuetude and dire perdition  
In sweetest contest struggle for admission.  
Hark! 'Tis the gong which sounds its tepid  
clang!  
On comes the clammy climax,—bang! bang!  
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#### SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Mr Ferruccio Busoni was the soloist at the 17th Symphony rehearsal and concert this week, and in this appearance he increased the respect which his several recent piano recitals have gained for him. No one save a deep student of the art would have chosen such a composition for solo performance as this last of the five masterly concertos written by Camille Saint-Saens. Of this three-movement, F-major concerto it may be said with more basis of truth than of the rest of his piano music that it is "absolute music" of the most unequivocal sort. All five of the concertos are interesting harmonic treatments of poetic themes, but this one is especially rich in descriptive measures and is full of the charm which invests "Samson and Delilah" and others of the versatile Frenchman's works. He composed it in Egypt early in 1896, and it was first publicly performed at the 50th anniversary of his appearance in concert as an 11-year-old prodigy. The score, with all its wealth of measures for the orchestra, does not belittle the piano part, and the result is a resonant and memorable tone-picture, requiring rare interpretative ability, and, in this case, finding performers eminently worthy of the theme in Mr Gericke and Mr Busoni. The pianist showed his remarkable technique and his mastery of chords as he has not hitherto had opportunity to do in Boston. His reading of the elaborate score was poetic in the extreme. No soloist could have more delightfully brought out the staccato figuration in the allegro movement, or the dainty G-major Nubian love song in the second, or andante part. He seemed to play without apparent effort, as if the theme itself were carrying along the piano part—which is the proper spirit in a virtuoso's performance. Added to the finale which brought out the various themes again, the composition was beautiful almost beyond the power of words to describe. Aimed to the orchestration under the deft baton of the symphony conductor, it was a concerto to be remembered for its sweeping virility.

In the Liszt "Dance of Death," too, Mr Busoni's piano part was a thing of genius, and nothing less. The weird, fantastic, haunting suggestions and dissonances—paces set by orchestra, and answers now and again echoed by the wonderfully responsive piano—were brought out in a way not soon to be forgotten. The "Dies Irae" and chiming motifs, and all the other touches of eclesiasticism are woven in with clever skill by the great imaginative composer. It was dedicated to, and much thought of by von Bulow. Small wonder; for it is of a nature to be recalled when many more lengthy pieces are buried. In this also, Mr Busoni was received with vehement approval.

The rest of the concert was interesting in the extreme, and was marked by the perfection which always characterizes a symphony performance. The B-flat major symphony by Schumann was a lovely specimen of the tonal wonder-worker's best and dreamiest thought. The only literally "first time" number in the program was the odd and melodious entr'acte from the opera of "The Stranger" by D'Indy; and this, with the tuneful "prelude" to the Wagner opera of "The Mastersingers," were, of course, superbly done. The soloist for the coming week's recital and concert will be the long-time Boston favorite artist, whose face has become familiar to symphony goers for many seasons. Mr

Timothee Adamowski, who will play Lalo's "Symphony Espagnole" for violin and orchestra. The other numbers will be a "first time" symphony by Sibelius, a "first time" "Fantastic Overture" by Strube, and the Beethoven "Coriolanus" overture. *Globe* *Mar 6 1904*

## THE SYMPHONY

*Traveler* *Feb. 29, 1904*

Symphony in E-flat .....Mozart  
Andromache's Lament from "Achilles".....Bruch  
Lyric Poem, op. 20.....Akimenko  
(First time.)

Two songs with viola and pianoforte accompaniment, op. 91.....Brahms  
(a) Longing at Rest.  
(b) Cradle Song of the Virgin.

Overture to the opera "Gwendoline".....Chabrier

Mozart's Symphony in E flat is of that trend that does not content itself with the mere beauty of sweetness. For its day and generation it shows wonderful dignity and strength, achieved, of course, by the means which composers of today would look upon as trivial. Then the colors of the musical palette were almost primary, yet in this work Mozart showed what noble effects could be obtained by them. Had Mr. Gericke been a little less restrained in his conducting, the truth would have stood forth with still greater emphasis. The symphony was beautifully played in every respect. All it needed to be perfection was a bit more fire.

There is a new Russian whose name is Akimenko, and his "Lyric Poem" is now given us for the first time. Take it away. It has no genius, none of the bearable crudities of great ability, but is a suave, dull thing that no one should be made to hear twice. Because there are great modern Russians is no proof that all of them are worth while. This one maunders along in what he chooses to call the "lyric" vein of composition. Now lyrics are not necessarily things of sugar and water, nor does a tiny dash of Slavic help the case.

Mme. Schumann-Heink, who is now getting to be a rather common figure upon the concert platform, and in danger of breeding—well, satiety—by familiarity, was in excellent voice and artistic frame of mind, and gave much pleasure by her singing. There was real nobility of pathos in the Bruch "Lament," while the Brahms songs were given with true intelligence and with beauty of tone. In brief, the singer was far more than usually satisfactory, and that is saying much.

At the end, with dash and vigor and superb color, came the "Gwendoline" overture of the ever-to-be-lamented Chabrier. Alas, that such a voice had to be hushed before it had said its say! Alas, that France produces no man who can revive its message! For of all the moderns Chabrier had in some respects the greatest originality, the most splendid swing of melody and the most charming orchestration. In every respect he was a brilliant composer whose music is perennially interesting and unfailingly beautiful. The overture was played with immense vitality and bravura—one might say ideally, and still be within the bounds of truth.



## SYMPHONY REHEARSAL.

There will be two novelties at the 18th rehearsal of the Symphony orchestra (this afternoon): A Fantastic overture by Gustav Strube, a violinist of the orchestra, well known here as a composer and conductor, and Jean Sibelius' Symphony No. 2. Mr. Strube's overture was composed in May, 1903, and is dedicated to Mr. Gericke. It has no programme other than the title. Jean Sibelius is a Finn by birth—he was born in 1865—and he studied at Helsingfors and at Vienna. The symphony, in four conventional movements, is without programme, but it is supposed to have a certain exotic flavor. The other pieces will be Lalo's Spanish Rhapsody for violin, which has been played twice at these concerts by Mr. Loeffler and twice by Mr. Adamowski, who will play it today for the third time, and Beethoven's overture to "Coriolanus."

There will be no concerts next week. The programme for March 25-26 will include Brahms' Tragic Overture; Liszt's Concerto No. 2 (Mr. Joseffy, pianist), the Prelude to Elgar's "Dream of Gerontius" and Tschaiikowsky's Symphony No. 4.

## AT THE SYMPHONY

*Post Mar. 13. 1904*  
Orchestral Numbers by Strube, Lalo, Beethoven and Sibelius—Timothee Adamowski Was Solo Violinist

The programme of the 18th Symphony concert last evening included the following numbers:

Fantastic Overture, Op. 20.....Strube  
Spanish Symphony, for violin.....Lalo  
Overture to "Coriolanus," Op. 82.....Beethoven  
Symphony No. 2, in D.....Sibelius

Mr. Strube's overture was conducted by the composer, this being its first performance. He has done some clever things along certain lines, but the new overture is about the least interesting work that one can at present recall. It is scored with considerable brilliancy, but take it as a whole, this overture is lamentably "weak" and entirely unworthy of a place on a Symphony programme. Mr. Strube received a very flattering reception, and was recalled at the end of the performance. Another new work was the symphony of Sibelius, the Finnish composer. He is all but unknown here, but has written much in various forms.

His symphony heard last evening is ambitious, and the composer takes a long time to say but little. There are moments occasionally that are pleasing in this work, but on the whole it is dull and monotonous. It was very finely played, and the Coriolanus overture also.

Mr. Adamowski scored a great success in his performance of Lalo's Spanish Symphony for violin and orchestra. He has played it before at these concerts, but probably never better than he did last evening. The work is always one of interest, being one of the best, in fact, of its kind, and one that apparently has a long lease of life.

Mr. Adamowski received a great ovation and several recalls.

There will be no rehearsal and concert this coming week.

## Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1903-04.

## BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Mr. WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.

## XIX. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, MARCH 26, AT 8, P. M.

### Programme.

BRAHMS,	TRAGIC OVERTURE, op. 81.
LISZT,	CONCERTO, for PIANOFORTE, in A major. No. 2.
ELGAR,	PRELUDE to the Opera "The Dream of Gerontius." (First time at these concerts.)
TSCHAIKOWSKY,	SYMPHONY No. 4, in F minor, op. 36. I. Andante sostenuto. Moderato con anima, movimento di valse. II. Andantino in modo di canzona. III. Scherzo, "Pizzicato ostinato": allegro. IV. Finale: Allegro con fuoco.

### Soloist:

Mr. RAFAEL JOSEFFY.

The Pianoforte is a Steinway.

SPECIAL NOTICE. Because of Good Friday the next Public Rehearsal will be on Thursday Afternoon, March 31.



## SYMPHONY REHEARSAL.

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## AT THE SYMPHONY

*Post Mar. 13. 1904*  
Orchestral Numbers by Strube, Lalo, Beethoven and Sibelius—Timothee Adamowski Was Solo Violinist

The programme of the 18th Symphony concert last evening included the following numbers:

Fantastic Overture, Op. 20.....Strube  
Spanish Symphony, for violin.....Lalo  
Overture to "Coriolanus," Op. 62.....Beethoven  
Symphony No. 2, in D.....Sibelius

Mr. Strube's overture was conducted by the composer, this being its first performance. He has done some clever things along certain lines, but the new overture is about the least interesting work that one can at present recall. It is scored with considerable brilliancy, but take it as a whole, this overture is lamentably "weak" and entirely unworthy of a place on a Symphony programme. Mr. Strube received a very flattering reception, and was recalled at the end of the performance.

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SEASON 1903-04.

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Mr. WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.

## XIX. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, MARCH 26, AT 8, P. M.

### Programme.

BRAHMS,	TRAGIC OVERTURE, op. 81.
LISZT,	CONCERTO, for PIANOFORTE, in A major. No. 2.
ELGAR,	PRELUDE to the Opera "The Dream of Gerontius" (First time at these concerts.)
TSCHAIKOWSKY,	SYMPHONY No. 4, in F minor, op. 36. I. Andante sostenuto. Moderato con anima. movimento di valse. II. Andantino in modo di canzona. III. Scherzo, "Pizzicato ostinato", allegro. IV. Finale: Allegro con fuoco.

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The Pianoforte is a Steinway.

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Photographed by Falk.

**RAFAEL JOSEFFY.**  
Polish-American Pianist.

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## MUSICAL MATTERS

### THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

*Cher*  
PROGRAMME. *Mar 28 1904*  
Tragic Overture, op. 81.....Brahms  
Concerto, for pianoforte, in A major, No 2....Liszt  
Prelude to the Opera "The Dream of Gerontius".....Elgar  
(First time at these concerts.)  
Symphony No. 4, in F minor, op 36.....Tchaikovsky

Brahms' "Tragic Overture" began matters nobly. Amid all the modern experiments, the last of the classical composers holds his own very well.

The appearance of Joseffy on the concert platform is always an event of importance, and one which occurs far too rarely. What a worthy career this great artist has had! It is just a quarter of a century ago that the young pianist made his glittering American debut. He was then a marvellous virtuoso, could play more rapidly than anybody else; had a key-board made for him, with a reduced "dip", for the sake of greater rapidity; was erratic in tempo and placed the interpreter above the composer by very marked individualizations.

He has grown into something very much greater than such a beginning promised. For a long time he withdrew from public performance; he became a teacher of highest rank. He lived for many years in retirement in a small town in New York, and had the habit of playfully boasting that he was "the greatest pianist in Tarrytown!"

When he came back to the concert stage he was a totally different kind of musician; he was one of the greatest interpreters of the world. He played Brahms in a manner that made one forget Joseffy altogether and think only of the beauty of the composition.

It is a pity that it could not have been a more subtle work than the Liszt concerto in which he reappeared. The A major concerto is, to be sure, a deeper composition than the rhapsodical E flat concerto, by the same composer, but it is none the less leonine at times, and Joseffy leans to the side of delicacy.

Mr. Gericke held down the ardor of the orchestra (very wisely) in order that the pianist might not be over-shadowed, and Joseffy whispered the beauties of the concerto to the audience in a semi-confidential manner. There was a daintiness, an elegance and ease in the performance that was remarkable. Only at the end did the pianist reveal Liszt as Jupiter Tonans, and thunder forth a few final phrases.

The audience appreciated the superb technique and forgave the fragility of the interpretation, recalling the pianist half-a-dozen times with great enthusiasm. But we shall always associate the A major concerto with Dresden china after this dainty performance.

The house programme gave the title of Elgar's oratorio as printed above. As an

"opera" it might have some rather pungent scenes, particularly that of the Judgment Hall with the devils waiting outside! The performance was so excellent that it seemed as if this dignified prelude were for the first time unveiled to a Boston audience.

We were disappointed in the Tschalkowsky symphony. If the composer had not been so very ambitious in the first movement it would have been better. The great fanfare, with which the work begins and ends, is not so fine as the beginning of Schumann's B flat symphony, which seems to have inspired it. There are masterly touches of wood-wind, of which department Tschalkowsky was always a king. The kettle-drums have an impressive ground-bass in this movement and were well-played.

It was refreshing to hear undisguised melody in a modern work, and the singable character of the second movement was most delightful. The exquisite character of the oboe solo became ravishing in the interpretation of our great oboist. Nor may we forget to chronicle the fine performance of the bassoon in the later part of the movement.

The Scherzo was another popular movement, not great, but attractive. The piccolo work was brilliant here, and the sweeps of pizzicato upon the strings were exciting enough. Of course the movement made the chief success of the work, but it is scarcely of symphonic power.

The finale had but little to say to us. Of course we recognized the return of the figure of Fate and the repeated fanfare (not perfectly played) which announced that all human striving must bend to destiny, but we did not thrill very much to the Tupperian sentiments, and not even the graphic Russian folk melodies could reconcile us to this labored and grandiloquent symphony.

Louis C. Elson.

### Symphony Hall: Symphony Orchestra

This was the programme of the Saturday's symphony concert, the 19th of the season, when Mr. Rafael Joseffy was the soloist: *Tram. 1904*

Brahms: Tragic Overture.  
Liszt: Concerto for Pianoforte, No. 2, in A major.  
Elgar: Prelude to "The Dream of Gerontius."  
(First time at these concerts.)

Tchaikovsky: Symphony No. 4, in F minor, Op. 36.

While in prospect this concert seemed unusually attractive, in actuality it proved far less interesting than most others. The programme was all of gloom, from Brahms, with his Tragic Overture, to Tchaikovsky, who, even when he tried, could not be other than depressing. In the fourth symphony, to be sure, there is less of groveling, whining despair than in the fifth and sixth symphonies, but, none the less, it is always grimly pessimistic, even the mad abandon of the finale being interrupted with awful suddenness by the dire call of fate. More mournful still was Elgar's prelude to "Gerontius," a composition that cries out of shortness of breath, heart failure, and all the distressing happenings that one imagines in connection with a death-



bed. When brought to hear such oppressive music as this prelude of Elgar's, it is difficult to bear in mind the consoling testimony of all physicians, that most life-passings are painless and unconscious. Brahms's Tragic Overture was the most cheerful music of the evening, for Brahms, at least, did not confound tragedy with morbid misery.

Despite the inherently melancholy character of Liszt's A major concerto, certain sparkingly brilliant, highly colored episodes in its course should have brought relief to the prevailing darkness. Mr. Joseffy, however, apparently influenced by the atmosphere, made little of these passages, but played always gently, soothingly, his ravishingly beautiful tone never rising much above a mezzo-forte. While it is gratifying to find a great artist who appreciates the serious side of Liszt, the fact remains that, for the proper performance of his compositions, a bountiful measure of virtuosity is essential. The poetical quality and consummate musicianliness of Mr. Joseffy's playing were cordially appreciated, the artist being recalled six times.

Barring this one wave of enthusiasm, the audience at the concert appeared dull and listless, and if the orchestra showed little more animation than the audience, who shall blame either one? When spring comes in, the atmosphere of the concert hall ceases strongly to attract. With the advent of murky, sultry weather, the tone of the flute and violin is less appealing than that of the bird, for this latter calls before one visions of outdoors, with warm sunlight over bare, brown fields, and winds in the budding trees. In springtime art must yield very humbly before nature.

R. R. G.

## JOSEFFY PLAYS IN SYMPHONY HALL

Tschaikowsky's Fourth Symphony,  
and Elgar's Prelude to "The  
Dream of Gerontius" Among  
the Programme Numbers. 1904

B Herald — March 27

The programme of the 19th Symphony concert, Mr. Gericke conductor, given in Symphony Hall last night, was as follows:

Tragic overture.....Brahms  
Concerto in A major, No. 2.....Liszt  
Mr. Joseffy.

Prelude to "The Dream of Gerontius"....Elgar  
Symphony in F minor, No. 4....Tschaikowsky

Tschaikowsky's fourth symphony is not familiar here, yet some, and they are by no means blind partisans, call it the most characteristic of the six. The

andantino and the scherzo were played here twice before Mr. Walter Damrosch produced the whole symphony in 1893. The performance last night was the second at the Symphony concerts.

It has been said that Turgeneff divided all Russians into two classes, Hamlets and Don Quixotes. It might be said that to Tchaikowsky man was either Hamlet or Manfred. In this symphony, as in the fifth and sixth, Fate broods over the movements, but in this work the final word is not one of despair. The composer gave an explanatory programme in a letter to his friend, Mrs. von Meck, and the substance of this programme is to be found in many pages of his voluminous correspondence and in his diary.

Man must submit to fate. He may cherish illusions, he may dream dreams of happiness, but the awakening is inevitable and rude. Yet there is pleasure to the melancholy in recalling the gladsome hours when young blood was at fever heat. The scherzo has no more determined feeling than has the poem of Walt Whitman's entitled "Sleep-Chasings"; the sections are merely arabesques, the fancies of one heated by wine. In the finale the melancholy one joins the common people in holiday mood. His egotism of woe is rebuked. Others are happy. Fate sounds its trump, but it is not heard by the others. Perhaps there is joy in watching and sympathizing with the pleasure of others; at least, by entering into their happiness, one can live.

We are far from the grim and hopeless conclusion of the "pathetic" symphony; and in the Fifth there is no such honest revel of thoughtless joy as in the finale of the Fourth. Yet how terrible is the reminder of Fate in this same finale: the announcement of the inexorable is one of the most dramatic and memorable strokes in all music that is not for the stage.

While we do not agree with them that would rank this symphony above the later works, we see easily why some Russians entertain the idea—not because in the finale a Russian folksong, a song of a beech tree, is introduced, but because the whole character of the music is Russian in its gloom, in its capriciousness, in its vodka-heated gaiety. There are pages that are transcriptions into music of scenes described by Dostoevsky. There is the Russian love of monotonous repetition, and this is found even in the stories of that supreme artist Turgeneff; the hopeless attempt at gaiety—how melancholy, for instance, is the gutter song heard by the uneasy sleeper!

The dance music is such as might have sounded in the ears of the masked guests when the Red Death was about to make his entrance, eager to greet the host and the timorous revellers. There is again the monotony of rhythm, as in those empty and haunting passages punctuated by a drum that might be beaten by fleshless hands.

It would be idle to discuss the question whether the symphony is rightly called, or whether it is in reality a them, or whether they sit with superficial pleasure at the brilliantly lighted feast. The music is elemental and human, as well as imaginative; and if there be coarseness in it, there is coarseness in life and in death, the coarseness of nature itself, and without this coarseness life for its priggishness would be intolerable.

Mr. Gericke read the work with

marked spirit and elasticity of treatment. The composer's effects were not softened; they were broadly or poignantly realized.

Mr. Joseffy is still one of the few great pianists. His touch is now velvet, now crystal; always a thing of beauty. There is still the exquisite repose, the inimitable polish. His mechanism is conspicuous in an age of incredible mechanism. Long ago this admirable pianist thought out and elaborated his scheme of expression, and its individuality is pronounced. Everything is subordinated to the expression of the purely beautiful.

It would be easy to quarrel with Mr.

Joseffy's interpretation of this particular concerto, for there is no suspicion in it of the demoniacal spirit that was characteristic of Liszt; but his answer would be ready and plausible. It was a great pleasure to hear this true artist, who was welcomed affectionately, applauded to the echo, and recalled again and again. May he soon revisit us!

The Brahms overture might have been played with greater intensity. The prelude by Elgar, episodic in itself, and in many respects ineffectively artificial, should be reserved as a preparation for the oratorio. It has little meaning or power as an ordinary concert piece.

## Symphony Concert Was Too Full Of Melancholy

Numbers Were Excellently Rendered, But,  
Except For Liszt Concerto, Gloom  
Characterized Each Selection.

Journal Mar 27 1904

For the nineteenth concert of the Symphony Orchestra last evening Mr. Rafael Joseffy was the soloist, and this was the program:

Tragic Overture.....Brahms  
Concerto, for pianoforte, in A major,  
No. 2.....Liszt  
Prelude to the opera "The Dream of  
Gerontius".....Elgar  
(First time at these concerts.)

Symphony No. 4, in F minor..Tschaikowsky

The concert might reasonably be called a study in musical melancholies, for, with the exception of the brilliant and highly-colored Liszt concerto, the rest was tinged with gloom, of very different manners, it is true, but nevertheless of the same somber effect. And the differentiation was vastly interesting; Brahms, Elgar and Tschaikowsky—scarcely a more dissimilar three, so far as their language is concerned, could be gotten together, and yet, translated, their messages had wonderful resemblance.

Brahms' "tragic overture" is calmly and philosophically mournful, with much of the exquisite beauty of tender sadness and little of the writhing or shrieking of despair. In its suave and graceful melody, its rich yet simple orchestration, its complete refinement and charm, it is best accepted as absolute music of high rank, with no attempt to fit it to any special mental picture. Mr. Gericke read it with all of his fine appreciation of Brahms, and the orchestra played it with the usual grace and technical perfection.

Elgar's "Gerontius" Again.

And now enters our new friend, Edward Elgar, with another performance

of the prelude to "The Dream of Gerontius." But a few weeks ago at a Cecilia concert the whole cantata was given, rather unfortunately for Mr. Elgar's reputation on this side of the water, for it was agreed by most of the judicious that the music was heavy, dull, uninspired and unlovely, nor does the second hearing of the prelude very much increase our respect for it. It is solemn, to be sure, and devotional in a curiously formless way, but these qualities are often found in the biggest of bores. Elgar's melancholy is that of a stifling sick room, where a man is trying so hard to die that he shouts about his weakness. The "sleep," "fear," "prayer," and other motifs are not impressive. They do not, like those in the Wagner operas, convince the hearer that they, and no others in all the world, could have been used.

And, although the work had all the benefits of a magnificent performance, it still seemed like the music of a skillful mechanic, not a man whose soul is bursting to sing.

Tschaikowsky's Greatness.

The Fourth Symphony of Tschaikowsky has been greatly overshadowed by the reputation and frequent performances of his noble Fifth and overwhelming "Pathetique." and yet a hearing of it last night, after six years, proves more conclusively than ever the colossal genius of the somber Russian, whose nature no one has ever yet sounded to its depths. The whole work glows with the passionate inspiration of morbid genius—morbid, that is, in that underlying whatever theme we may choose, whether simple folk-song,



sensuous waltz or pompous march, it is ever the melancholy that broods over the unescapable end of man. Of this symphony he himself wrote: "The introduction is the kernel, the quintessence, the chief thought of the whole symphony." "The opening theme," he says, "is Fate, the fatal power which hinders one in the pursuit of happiness from gaining the goal." So after the beauty of the cello songs, the tenderness of the oboe air, the brilliant vivacity of the pizzicato movement and the ferocity of the rondo, there crashes into the finale that same "Fate" theme, overpowering in its might and gigantic in its pessimism. It is strange and wonderful music, and we have not yet explored all its secret passages. It was given with immense technical cleverness, but still with that reserve that Mr. Gericke always imparts to the reading of Tchaikowsky.

#### Joseffy Reappears.

The reappearance of Rafael Joseffy, after a silence of several years, was a delightful event, not only because of the pleasure of greeting this valued acquaintance again, but because he gave us some of the most perfect pianoforte playing we have had for a long time. He made of the dashing Liszt concerto a thing of rare beauty, poetry and sentiment. He still has the liquid tone, the velvety touch and the pearly scales of yore; he is strong without brutality, brilliant in bravura without mere empty finger work. From first to last he played the concerto as it should be played, never forcing the pianoforte out of the musical picture, yet always keeping himself in just that particular part of the foreground where he belonged. He was heartily received and enthusiastically applauded for his work. Let us hope, now that the recluse of Tarrytown has come out into the world again, that he will be prevailed upon to give Boston a more intimate view of his great art.

MARCH 18, 1904.

#### MUSIC AND DRAMA.

##### The Boston Orchestra.

The soloist at the fifth and final concert this season of the Boston Orchestra, in Carnegie Hall, last night, was that sterling pianist Frl. Aus der Ohe, who played Tchaikowsky's B flat minor concerto. The work is one of which she is especially fond, and with good reason, for it is rich in passages of dignity and power, in which playing of this broad, free style finds its most effective expression. More than in almost any other concerto is the solo work an integral part of the whole; it is interwoven with the orchestra, and its interpretation must be orchestral in character. The piano gives no miniature copy of the theme, no echo of the mass of instruments, but constantly dominates. Such work requires a style of playing not often attained by women. Frl. Aus der Ohe revelled in its diffi-

culties and showed once more that she is particularly at home in music supposed to require the masculine attributes of breadth, intensity, and dramatic power. She was recalled many times and would doubtless have played again had not an accident happened to the piano which prevented the proper use of the pedals during the last half of the concerto.

An orchestral novelty was Elgar's "Variations on an Original Theme," in which the author pictures in music fourteen of his friends. Few of the variations have much value. The theme itself is singularly uninteresting, while with the exception of the last movement, a sonorous, march-like strain, the variations are lacking in color, charm or melodic inspiration. Proximity seems to be Dr. Elgar's besetting sin. He uses a tremendous equipment and much time to express the most trivial ideas, and probably more than one person in the audience last night must have rejoiced that the composer's friends number fourteen and not forty. As it was, the composition lasted a good half-hour. The concert began with a smooth and musical performance of Schumann's B flat major symphony, and ended with the "Meistersinger" overture, of which Mr. Gericke gave a out-and-dried, metronomic, and wholly uninspiring interpretation.

#### RAFAEL JOSEFFY APPEARS.

##### THE GREAT PIANIST PLAYS WITH THE BOSTONIANS.

He Was Not Advertised, but Took the Place of Muriel Foster, Suddenly Indisposed—Gustave Strube Conducts His Own "Fantastic Overture."

The final afternoon concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra at Carnegie Hall yesterday brought with it a joy unexpected. Muriel Foster, an English contralto for whom Edward Elgar wrote music and of whom many vibrant telegraph wires have told alluring tales, was to have sung, but she fell into the wide ranks of the suddenly indisposed. Now every one must be sorry that a woman is ill, especially that rare woman, a real contralto; but if such must be the fortune of the day, then let the bountiful gods who rule the destinies of musical art provide such a substitute as he of yesterday.

For out of the golden remote wild Tarrytown, where the most roseate technic spreads its airy tendrils all the year round,

came the figure of Rafael Joseffy, the pianist, who is so much rarer than a day in June that he ought to be kept in a melodic conservatory and forced. Little slips in the programme told of the change, but somehow the amorous winds had caught the news and flashed it along the avenues, so that melomaniacs of epicurean tastes and infrequent visits to the chambers of ivory manipulation came out of their seclusion and basked in the sunlight of the hour.

Mr. Joseffy played the A major concerto of the rhapsodic Abbé Liszt, and how he played it inky type may not tell. Such piano playing has not been heard in this town in many moons. It was real piano playing, not piano pounding. It was piano playing which had respect for the limitations of the instrument, which fathomed its nature and which, within the delicate circumference of a starlike outline, painted a concerto with a thousand exquisite tints.

Such airy, fairy nuancing as Mr. Joseffy did, ravished the hearing and touched the poetic fancy. There was all the beauty of the old Joseffy touch, scintillant, crisp, clear, unerring, and yet always laid on with fingers of rose-leaf velvet. There was that pellucid atmosphere, created by a continent use of the pedals and a liberal employment of a marvellous independence of finger. There was the plentiful range of dynamics, which yet never reached a thunderous fortissimo. Beautiful, symmetrical, reposeful piano playing it was; and as for the reading of the concerto, surely no one could make the composition sound more imaginative.

Mr. Joseffy's treatment of the slow passage was masterly. It was poetry itself. As for his playing of the scherzando parts, that was the very dance of Queen Mab herself upon the keyboard. The audience burst into a tumult of applause at the close of the performance, and would gladly have had Mr. Joseffy play again and again, but other music was to be heard.

The orchestral numbers were Mozart's E flat symphony, Gustave Strube's "Fantastic Overture" and Charbrier's overture to his opera "Gwendoline." Mr. Strube's composition was a novelty, and he, being a member of the orchestra, was permitted to conduct it himself. The audience treated him kindly, but whether it is because in these degenerate days we are incapable of perceiving the excellence of any orchestral composition which does not require two thousand words of programme notes to explain the recondite philosophical idea lying behind it, or because Mr. Strube was not a great unknown, there was no furious beating of eager palms nor craning of elastic necks.

Yet the composer offered a considerable prospect of wry harmonies, distorted trumpet solos, melodic deformities and instrumental hurly burly of the type now approved by advanced authorities. At least one foolish person in the audience was of a mind to fancy that if the overture had been signed R. Strauss it would have persuaded the audience to shiver the rafters with plaudits.

Certainly, Mr. Strube has been listening to

the music of the bard of Munich. Perhaps he has received some of it filtered through the enthusiasm of irresistible Charles Martin Loeffler, but in some fashion he has got it. Yet he is still Strube, this man and not that one, and he has something individual to put into the Munich bottle.

To be more specific, he has a very pretty technique of his own, and he can build a fantastic overture as fantastically as the best or worst of them. In set terms of criticism, his composition is well made, excellently instrumented and shows skilled musicianship. Like the music of Mr. Strauss, it does not show a striking fecundity in thematic ideas. But these are not at a premium in the impressionistic school. The orchestra played the overture "con amore" and the composer conducted ably.

The Charbrier overture is a martial composition designed to characterize the hero of the opera, *Harald*. It was poured into the auditorium in a fine stream of color and seemed a mighty, vigorous, self-sufficient and confident piece of music. Finally, let it not be forgotten, Mr. Gericke and the gentleman of Boston interpreted the Mozart symphony as if the march toward cerebro-spinal musicitis had not robbed them of their joy in the song of the morning stars.

## Symphony Concert Saturday Evening Fashionable One

Journal March 13, 1904.

The Symphony concert of last Saturday evening with Mr. Raphael Joseffy, the Russian pianist, as soloist, was one of the most brilliant of the series, particularly after an absence from town of two weeks of the orchestra. Mrs. Wilhelm Gericke and her mother, Frau Flamm, with her, was among the first to greet Mr. Joseffy in the green-room prior to the concert. Mrs. Gericke was charming in a black satin skirt en trainee, with which she wore a white satin waist with white lace over it and touches of pale blue satin on her corsage. Her sleeves were close fitting of the lace, and reached well over the hand. They were finished in long streamers of the white lace, which fell nearly to the floor. Frau Flamm was elegant in black satin, the bodice of which had touches of white chiffon and black lace garnishing it. The audience impressed one as being especially dressy for the occasion, as Miss Henrietta Sargent, who came with Mr. Clayton Johns and a party of people, was stunning in white satin embroidered in white silk applique. She wore no hat and a full coat of pale blue cloth. A long string of pearls fell from her neck around her knees. Others noticed in the audience were Mr. Robert M. Cushing, Maj. Henry L. Higginson, Dr. William Sturgis Bigelow, Mrs. Richard C. Dixey, who had Miss Hooper with her; Dr. and Mrs. Henry H. A. Beach, Mr. B. J. Lang and his daughter, Miss Margaret Ruthven Lang; Mr. and Mrs. Harry Young, Mrs. Charles Marsh and her daughter, Miss Marsh; Mrs. Edith M. Binney, Mrs. Edward M. Robinson, Dr. and Mrs. William B. Rice, Mrs. Edith Noyes Porter, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Head, Mr. and Mrs. Henry W. Parkman, Miss Aspinwall, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Jones, Mr. William P. Blake, Mr. E. Howard Gay, Miss Clapp, Mr. S. Gannett Wells and his sister, Miss Louisa A. Wells; Miss Porter, Mr. J. Pierson Beebe, Miss Appleton, Dr. William Appleton, Miss Cabot and others.



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*Symphony Hall.*

SEASON 1903-04.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Mr. WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.

XX. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, APRIL 2, AT 8. P.M.

Programme.

- |                  |   |
|------------------|---|
| MENDELSSOHN,     | OVERTURE to the Legend of "The Fair Melusina."<br>op. 32.   |
| GLUCK,           | RECITATIVE AND ARIA, "Che farò senza,<br>Eurydice."   |
| BRUCKNER,        | SYMPHONY in D minor, No. 9.<br>(Unfinished.)<br>I. Feirlich.<br>II. Scherzo: Bewegt, lebhaft. Trio: Schnell.<br>III. Adagio; Sehr langsam.<br>(First time.) |
| DVOŘÁK,          | SONGS with PIANOFORTE.  |
| RACHMANINOFF,    | "GUTE NACHT."   |
| RICHARD STRAUSS, | "VON JENSEITS."   |
|                  | "MUTTERTÄNDELEI."   |
| BEETHOVEN,       | OVERTURE to "Leonore," No. 2, op. 72.   |

Soloist:

Miss MURIEL FOSTER.

The Pianoforte is a Steinway.

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# BRUCKNER'S EFFORT FAILS TO PLEASE

Dreary and Depressing Symphony  
Dulls Gericke's Twentieth  
Program.

## WEIRD MIXTURE OF MOODS

Miss Foster Betrays Unfamiliarity  
With Tradition in Regard  
to Gluck's Aria.

*Journal Wilder* Dec 3 1904

The twentieth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was given last night, with Miss Muriel Foster as soloist. The program was:

Overture, "Melusina".....Mendelssohn  
Recitative and aria, "Che farò senza,  
Eurydice".....Gluck  
Symphony in D minor, No. 9 (unfinished).....Bruckner

First time.  
Songs with pianoforte.  
"Gute Nacht".....Dvorak  
"Von Jenseits".....Rachmaninoff  
"Muttertändelei".....Richard Strauss  
Overture to "Leonore," No. 2.....Beethoven

The calm and tranquil beauty of Mendelssohn is nowhere better exemplified than in the very first bars of this "Melusina" overture. Here is the bubbling up of water, the poetry of the naiads, the mysterious suggestion of something dreamily uncanny. And, although this theme and the other sterner one are pretty finely spun out, and both invention and interest lag after a while, the work as a whole is still full of fascination, still fresh and youthful, still instructive with that Mendelssohnian grace that has never quite existed in any other composer. It was perfectly played, for here is where the art of our orchestra, at times almost as refined as that of miniature painting, is at its best.

### Bruckner's Weird Work.

How vastly different was the strange, dark, weird, often dull Ninth Symphony of Bruckner. It is an appallingly long mixture of the grand and grandiose, of pathos and bathos, of beauty and that sheer ugliness that lacks the saving grace of fascination by reason of its uncouthness. Richard Strauss can be horribly dissonant, unlovely enough to set the teeth on edge, but that sort of thing never produces mental indiffer-

ence in his hearers. There is enough of originality, of genius, of sudden bursts of beauty in his music to keep one very much awake. Not so with Bruckner. He is, for the most part, dully weird and weirdly dull.

But the work cannot be damned incontinently, except as one may feel entitled to scold a thing that tantalizes by its possibilities of enjoyment, possibilities it proceeds to drown in a sea of tone that merely swashes along without grandeur. There is a noise that is majesty and a noise that is mere uproar. The latter is the character of the greater part of the first movement. Here may be noted the influence of Wagner—in a brass theme very like that of Siegfried's funeral in "Götterdämmerung" and a muted-horn passage of close relationship to the hunt-music in the beginning of the second act of "Tristan." But those resemblances are interesting merely as showing how deeply Wagner entered Bruckner's soul, and yet how the disciple failed wholly to attain to the splendor of the man he adored.

### A Greater Scherzo.

The scherzo was by far the best movement of the three, with its odd, piquant, tricky rhythms, its snatches of exquisite melody and its strong originality. Here was a Bruckner that men might still be following with admiration, had he chose to have it so. But apparently he did not choose, for the next movement lapsed from the solemn beauty of the opening chant in a thin and dreary development of poverty-stricken themes, during which about all interest that the Symphony had had vanished entirely. The finale was an anticlimax of no persuasiveness. Taken as a whole, the work is that of a hard-working, earnest, musicianly man who narrowly escaped being a genius. The playing was very fine, for Mr. Gericke warmed to his task in a very sympathetic way, and gave the very best of himself and his orchestra to the performance.

Miss Muriel Foster again displayed the generally fine and attractive quality of her rich contralto voice, and again showed those faults which seem to be the result of bad teaching. In the Gluck aria, which of all things in the world ought to be sung with a perfect legato, she pumped her voice, chopped her phrases and managed her breathing badly. It is a pity that with such a noble organ she should impair her effectiveness so noticeably. In the song with piano she was gracious, refined and intelligent, but here again she lacked the vocal repose that was demanded. The pretty little Strauss song of mother love and pride she gave to best effect.

The "Leonore" No. 2 of Beethoven's most powerful days is still potent to thrill and charm an audience, and when played as it was last night, it is always worth hearing.



# ANTON BRUCKNER'S SYMPHONY GIVEN

Unfinished Work of the Composer  
Played in Boston for the First  
Time at Concert of the Sym-  
phony Orchestra.

## MUSIC THAT VEXES AND IRRITATES NERVES

Mendelssohn's Overture to "The  
Fair Melusina" and a Beethoven  
Overture Also Given—Miss Mu-  
riel Foster Sings.

The programme of the first concert of  
the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr.  
Gerike conductor, in Symphony Hall,  
last evening, was as follows:

Overture to "The Fair Melusina," Mendelssohn  
Aria, "Che Faro Senza Euridice," Gluck  
Symphony No. 9, unfinished, Bruckner  
(first time).

Songs with piano:  
"Gute Nacht," Dvorak  
"Von Jenseits," Rachmaninoff  
"Muttertaendelei," R. Strauss  
Overture to Leonore, No. 2, Beethoven

Anton Bruckner died before he finished his ninth symphony. This symphony was produced at Vienna, Feb. 11, 1903, and the first performance in the United States was at Chicago the 20th of last February. Just before Bruckner died he said: "I undertook a stiff task. I should not have done it at my age, and in my weak condition. If I do not finish the symphony then my 'Te Deum' may be used as a finale. I have nearly finished three movements. This work belongs to my Lord God." The "Te Deum" was performed in Vienna as the finale. The unfinished work has been performed in several German cities, and in Munich alone it has been played at least three.

The symphony as performed last night is on the whole less endurable than preceding works of the same composer. We do not use the word "endurable" with offensive intent. To listen to a symphony by Bruckner is literally a test of endurance; for although there are sublime pages in some of the symphonies—pages that are apocalyptic in sweep and grandeur of vision—there are many more pages that are perplexing or childish. To use a homely phrase Bruckner's music soon "gets on the

nerves," not to excite, not to thrill them, but to irritate and vex them. It is a long time between this composer's intoxicating drinks.

We are not told whether the ninth symphony was revised by the composer fully to his satisfaction. The manuscript contains dates of completion, but such dates are not always a sure index of a composer's unchangeable approval. The fastidious Tennyson revised constantly many of his earlier poems long after publication, and the changes were not always advantageous. It is highly probable that the three movements of the symphony are as Bruckner wished them. They are certainly in his familiar manner; they show the weaknesses known of old, and here and there is a page so lofty and irresistible that it makes us wonder at the tiresome twaddle that precedes or follows.

The opening measures, the preparation and the announcement of the chief theme, these are powerfully conceived and expressed. After these measures there is an intolerable amount of flat and vapid sack to a bit of nourishing bread. The scherzo is by far the one movement most sustained in interest. It is original and often piquant. There are impressive moments in the third movement.

There are the old, elemental faults: A lack of continuity of thought, so that there is no apparent organic structure. The music is as a series of views. The ear, as, in the other instance, the eye, becomes tired through disappointment, and is quickened only for a moment. There is no continuous rhythmic pulse that beats to the end. Bruckner is as a child who puts building blocks in a row, and has neither the inclination nor the skill to construct a building, either solid or fantastical. His melodic thought is often dry, and the endless repetitions dampen the soul. His wild admiration for Wagner leads him to the imitation of his idol's harmonic devices, or at times to deliberate and respectful quotation.

There is no need of going into the political question; of pitting Bruckner as a Wagnerian against Brahms and his passionate press agent, Hanslick. There is Bruckner's music in this ninth symphony; and if, to complete the familiar speech, there it will remain, we fear it will be to the world at large as on a dusty shelf. It was once the fashion to publish volumes entitled "Elegant Extracts," but a score of such musical quotations is hardly suited to concert use.

Miss Muriel Foster sang for the first time at these concerts. As a woman she might be compared by an oriental to a cedar of Lebanon, for she is tall and stately. As a singer she reminds us of other English contralto visitors who were tall, if not stately, or with such a striking face. She has an impressive organ, full, sonorous, dark, without natural warmth. The tones have not all been carefully placed, nor has the singer been judiciously schooled. Her delivery of sustained passages was spasmodic rather than legato, and she was inclined to force lower tones after the manner of her countrywomen. On the other hand her interpretation of the aria was dramatic in the quieter and less deliberate moments of intensity. Her gradations of tone in one and the same phrase were occasionally extreme, and the sudden jump from a fortissimo to an almost inaudible pianissimo was disconcerting to the hearer

and injurious to the composer.

The overture to "The Fair Melusina," played with delicacy, beauty of tone, and also with spirit when the occasion demanded, revealed Mendelssohn the landscapist, a far greater man than the Mendelssohn of "Elijah" and much sentimental piano music.

## MUSICAL MATTERS

### THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

PROGRAMME  
Mendelssohn—Overture to the Legend of "The Fair Melusina," op. 32.  
Gluck—Recitative and Aria, "Che faro senza Euridice,"—Miss Muriel Foster.  
Bruckner—Symphony in D minor, No. 9. (Unfinished.) (First time.)  
Songs with Pianoforte.  
Dvorak—"Gute Nacht."  
Rachmaninoff—"Von Jenseits."  
Richard Strauss—"Muttertaendelei."  
Miss Foster.

Beethoven—Overture to "Leonore," No. 2, op. 72.  
"The Fair Melusina" is one of Mendelssohn's many water-subjects ("Becalmed at sea and prosperous voyage," "The Hebrides," etc.) and is a proof of how extremes meet, for the arpeggio figure of the beginning is similar to Wagner's great Rhine music at the beginning of the trilogy. Mendelssohn's treatment is somewhat saccharine and the water is only a pleasant luke-warm.

Nevertheless the audience at once proved that pretty melodies have not lost their charm, by applauding the work with enthusiasm. The agreeable composition was delicately performed, and the flutes did especially excellent work. Mendelssohn uses this instrument very prominently in this work. It was always a favorite instrument with him, as witness his playing part of the grand old chorale "Ein Feste Burg" as a flute solo, in the "Reformation symphony," and his bringing back the old sacrificial instrument of Rome by a flute obbligato in the heathen chorus, "Oh be gracious, ye Immortals," in "St. Paul."

Miss Muriel Foster was the soloist. She appeared to much better advantage than at the Arbos concert of the week before, but the unclear enunciation was still in evidence, and also the running to extremes of fortissimo and mezza-voce. Nevertheless the passionate power and the noble quality of some of the higher and lower tones made ample amends, and in Strauss' "Muttertaendelei," even the pronunciation was clear, and the song was given in much better style than we have recently heard it. Miss Foster was recalled with much applause after each of her appearances and proves to be a much greater artist than her last appearance led us to expect.

How hard the concert-goer has to work in these days! Each composer comes forward with an abstruse problem, one more difficult than the other. This oppressive music of Bruckner, his ninth symphony, has many ideas, some of them great, some of them trivial; it can be unriddled by considerable effort on the part of the auditor, which is more than can be said of some recent works; but it remains musical

mathematics rather than musical beauty.

And it is long! People speak of Schubert's "divine length"; reverse the sense of the adjective and we have a description of Bruckner's prolixity.

If ever there was a proverb applicable to modern music it is the saying that "the unexpected always happens." There is every kind of surprising modulation and harmony in the Bruckner symphony. The Scherzo is bizarre to the highest degree, the first movement ends so suddenly that the auditor is tripped up in the most alarming manner. The ideas themselves are choppy and short-breathed.

Bruckner seems a thorough musician without much inspiration, who wanders on and on, from climax to climax, in the hope that he may reach something grand at last; but the crowning moment never comes. We cannot believe that Bruckner will ever be ranked among the great; yet he is a talent in music and a very ingenious one. The "unfinished symphony" finishes its audience.

How sane, how beautiful, the Leonora overture (No. 2) seemed after the struggle of the Bruckner number! Mr. Gerike read it as if he wanted to teach a lesson. It was most brilliantly played. The trumpet passages were especially smooth. Spite of their prominence they are not very difficult. In fact there is not an extremely difficult trumpet passage in any of Beethoven's scores, although he pushed the contrabasses, the horns, and all the other instruments, unmercifully.

The fact is that during the time of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven and Weber, the art of trumpet-playing was in decadence. The keyed trumpet did not exist (although there was a "trombe a tirarsi" like a slide trombone) and the natural instruments were very sparingly employed. Beethoven, orchestral tyrant as he was, felt obliged to yield in the matter of trumpet passages and cut his coat according to the cloth. The violin work in the coda of the overture was as dashing as we have ever heard it; but we need not pick out points of excellence where all was so well done.

Louis C. Elson.

### Symphony Hall: Symphony Orchestra

At the twentieth symphony concert, held in Symphony Hall Saturday evening, Miss Muriel Foster, contralto, was the soloist, and this was the programme:

Mendelssohn: Overture to the Legend of "The Fair Melusina," Op. 32.  
Gluck: Recitative and Aria, "Che faro senza Euridice."  
Bruckner: Symphony in D minor, No. 9. (Unfinished.) (First time.)  
Songs with Pianoforte—  
Dvorak: "Gute Nacht."  
Rachmaninoff: "Von Jenseits."  
Richard Strauss: "Muttertaendelei."  
Beethoven: Overture to "Leonore," No. 2, Op. 72.

The concert was made notable by the first production in Boston of a symphony by Bruckner, the ninth and last of this remarkable composer. Such of the audience as remember the impressive grandeur of Bruckner's B-flat symphony, played here some two years ago, awaited with lively interest the last message of the



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 as had been finished, for of the finale only sketches have been found. After the hearing most people would have admitted themselves disappointed. When in his prime Brückner, by force of his original genius and also of his peculiarities, wrote music that created much discussion, being, to be sure, more generally condemned than commended. In his old age, his mannerisms grew upon him as his powers failed, till he himself said, concerning the ninth symphony: "I undertook a stiff work. I should not have done it at my age and in my weak condition. If I never finish it, then my Te Deum may be used as a Finale. I have nearly finished three movements." Only the three were ever brought to completion, and the composer's suggestion as to the Te Deum is seldom carried out.

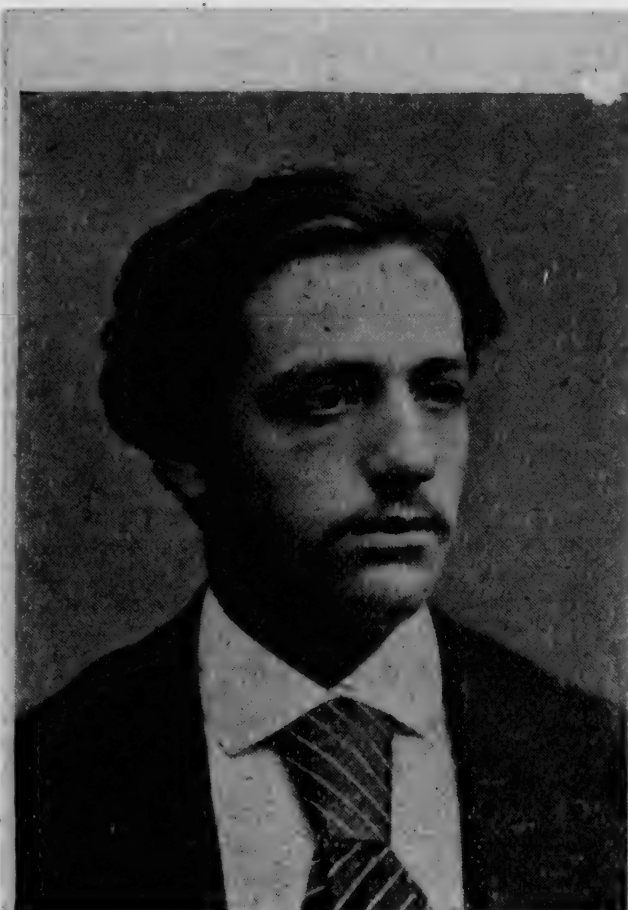
Without it, indeed, the work is quite long enough. The first movement alone would answer every purpose as the serious work of a symphony concert. Although Brückner undoubtedly conceived this symphony after a definite plan, its scheme is difficult to discover. The course of the music, seemingly, is entirely free. Themes of majesty and grandeur appear, then disappear, giving way to long passages of trivial and meaningless music. Tender, delicate episodes are hurried out of the way by bursts of orchestral splendor, all without discoverable reason. Listening to a symphony by Brückner is like riding through a flat, monotonous country, where one constantly comes upon unexpected beauties of landscape, by turns picturesque, charming, or grand. But in the ninth symphony there is more of the flat, dull country than in Brückner's earlier compositions. The slow movement is like the first, very long, with some impressive, dramatic moments, but oftener dull. Best of the three, most distinguished, most like the Brückner of old, is the scherzo, a piece brilliant in color and in rhythm, and less prolixly developed than the others. It would be a grateful number at any concert, and ought not to be banished from the concert hall on account of the hopelessness of the other movements.

The soloist of the occasion was Miss Muriel Foster, an English contralto of great repute in England and on the Continent. She has a glorious voice, of real contralto quality, without a break, of wide range, and moderately well placed. Considered musically, Miss Foster is to be ranked with English contraltos like Miss Butt, Miss Crossly and Mme. Kirkby-Lunn rather than with such American singers as Miss Wood, Miss Hussey, Miss Tucker, Mme. Wyman or Mme. Stein.

The most agreeable part of the concert was surely the delightful performance of Mendelssohn's "Melusina" overture, a work in which the composer let his feeling for the picturesque have its way, and in which he also indulged his undeniable fondness for orchestral color.

Mr. Emile Sauret is to be soloist at this week's concert. The programme will be as follows: Symphony No. 7, in C major, Haydn; Concerto for violin, Saint-Saëns; Overture to "Carnival" (first time), Glazounow; "Les Préludes," Liszt.

R. R. G.



M. SAURET.

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**Symphony Hall.**

SEASON 1903-04.

**BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.**

**Mr. WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.**

**XXI. CONCERT.**

**SATURDAY, APRIL 9, AT 8, P. M.**

**Programme.**

**HAYDN,**

**SYMPHONY in C major, (B. & H. No. 7.)**

- I. Adagio: vivace.
- II. Adagio ma non troppo.
- III. Menuetto: allegretto.
- IV. Finale: Presto assai.

**SAINT-SAËNS,**

**CONCERTO for VIOLIN, in B minor, No. 3, op. 61.**

- I. Allegro non troppo.
- II. Andantino quasi allegretto.
- III. Molto moderato e maestoso. Allegro non troppo.

**GLAZOUNOW.**

**OVERTURE, "Carnival." op. 45.**  
(First time.)

**LISZT,**

**SYMPHONIC POEM, "The Préludes." No. 3.**

**Soloist:**

**Mr. EMILE SAURET.**



Viennese master, so much of it, at least, as had been finished, for of the finale only sketches have been found. After the hearing most people would have admitted themselves disappointed. When in his prime Brückner, by force of his original genius and also of his peculiarities, wrote music that created much discussion, being, to be sure, more generally condemned than commended. In his old age, his mannerisms grew upon him as his powers failed, till he himself said, concerning the ninth symphony: "I undertook a stiff work. I should not have done it at my age and in my weak condition. If I never finish it, then my Te Deum may be used as a Finale. I have nearly finished three movements." Only the three were ever brought to completion, and the composer's suggestion as to the Te Deum is seldom carried out.

Without it, indeed, the work is quite long enough. The first movement alone would answer every purpose as the serious work of a symphony concert. Although Brückner undoubtedly conceived this symphony after a definite plan, its scheme is difficult to discover. The course of the music, seemingly, is entirely free. Themes of majesty and grandeur appear, then disappear, giving way to long passages of trivial and meaningless music. Tender, delicate episodes are hurried out of the way by bursts of orchestral splendor, all without discoverable reason. Listening to a symphony by Brückner is like riding through a flat, monotonous country, where one constantly comes upon unexpected beauties of landscape, by turns picturesque, charming, or grand. But in the ninth symphony there is more of the flat, dull country than in Brückner's earlier compositions. The slow movement is like the first, very long, with some impressive, dramatic moments, but oftener dull. Best of the three, most distinguished, most like the Brückner of old, is the scherzo, a piece brilliant in color and in rhythm, and less prolixly developed than the others. It would be a grateful number at any concert, and ought not to be banished from the concert hall on account of the hopelessness of the other movements.

The soloist of the occasion was Miss Muriel Foster, an English contralto of great repute in England and on the Continent. She has a glorious voice, of real contralto quality, without a break, of wide range, and moderately well placed. Considered musically, Miss Foster is to be ranked with English contraltos like Miss Butt, Miss Crossly and Mme. Kirkby-Lunn rather than with such American singers as Miss Wood, Miss Hussey, Miss Tucker, Mme. Wyman or Mme. Stein.

The most agreeable part of the concert was surely the delightful performance of Mendelssohn's "Melusina" overture, a work in which the composer let his feeling for the picturesque have its way, and in which he also indulged his undeniable fondness for orchestral color.

Mr. Emile Sauret is to be soloist at this week's concert. The programme will be as follows: Symphony No. 7, in C major, Haydn; Concerto for violin, Saint-Saëns; Overture to "Carnival" (first time), Glazounow; "Les Préludes," Liszt.

R. R. G.



M. SAURET.

## Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1903-04.

# BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Mr. WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.

## XXI. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, APRIL 9, AT 8, P. M.

### Programme.

HAYDN,

SYMPHONY in C major, (B. & H. No. 7.)

- I. Adagio: vivace.
- II. Adagio ma non troppo.
- III. Menuetto: allegretto.
- IV. Finale: Presto assai.

SAINT-SAËNS,

CONCERTO for VIOLIN, in B minor, No. 3, op. 61.

- I. Allegro non troppo.
- II. Andantino quasi allegretto.
- III. Molto moderato e maestoso. Allegro non troppo.

GLAZOUNOW.

OVERTURE, "Carnival," op. 45.  
(First time.)

LISZT,

SYMPHONIC POEM, "The Préludes," No. 3.

### Soloist:

Mr. EMILE SAURET.



## MUSICAL MATTERS

### THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

On Saturday night the faithful returned to their shrine, and the symphonic muse came into her own again in spite of a week of opera. The programme:—

Symphony in C major, B. & H. No. 7....Haydn  
Concerto in B minor for violin, No. 3...  
Op. 61.....Saint-Saens  
Overture, "Carnival," Op. 45.....Glazounoff  
"Les Preludes," Symphonic Poem No. 3....Liszt  
Soloist, Mr. Emil Sauret.

This made a pleasing and well-arranged concert, proceeding from old to new, from lesser to greater. The Haydn symphony, an example of classic antiquity, still retains its moments of comparative power, and the slow movement has more than the usual eighteenth-century depth of feeling.

The concerto was decidedly pleasing. Saint-Saens has been called the Proteus of modern music, because he employs so many varied styles in his works. The first movement was the least satisfying of the three. Of moderate interest, it tended a trifle towards dryness; but when compared with the infinite dulness of some more recent French composers, the movement would become as an oasis in a desert.

Yet modern Frenchmen in music never seem wholly successful in intellectual efforts, and it was only in the later portions that the full charm of the work was revealed. The second movement, in Siciliano (6-8) rhythm, possessed an idyllic pastoral character that was altogether delightful, while the finale kept up the standard in a more brilliant vein.

Mr. Sauret, as soloist, won a most decided triumph. His very first phrase, brusque and virile, showed that his powers were to be well displayed. Through all the work he displayed great breadth of tone. His work is well known in Boston, yet his expressive power of Saturday night came almost as an unexpected treat. Of his technical attainments, so far as the work displayed them, there is nothing to say but praise. His double-stopping was thoroughly clear and effective, and the arpeggio effects in harmonics that closed the second movement were marvellously pure. The applause was long and persistent, and the artist may well be satisfied with his reception.

We have had many orchestral carnivals, ranging from the Roman gayety of Berlioz to the Parisian revelry of Svendsen, and now comes Glazounoff with a Russian version. There was less than the expected Russian flavor in the work; the affair was a European celebration, not an Oriental orgie.

The dance is begun by piccolo, clarinet, and violins, while after a short interlude they are joined by 'cellos and bassoons, and the pace grows faster and faster. In the midst of the celebration, a conscientious organ protests, in rather acid chords, against the unseemly gayety, but this proves of no avail, and the occasion comes

to a triumphant close. Speaking seriously, the overture contains great beauties, even if not so continuously charming as the composer's sixth symphony. Glazounoff's works seem at least as attractive as those of any living Russian.

"Les Preludes," well known and well beloved, was given a spirited performance, and stood forth as a revelation of joy. The day is coming, perhaps it is at hand, when Liszt's true greatness in composition will receive full recognition.

Wagner was satisfied to borrow his harmonies by the dozen, Strauss has followed in the musical form that he evolved. Sometimes Liszt is confused and kaleidoscopic in effect, but here he produced a work that is logical, coherent, and ineffably beautiful. The time may soon arrive when "Les Preludes" may serve to point the finger of reproach at the whimsical "Don Quixote" or the unmelodious "Heldenleben" of today.

Arthur Elson.

### SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The programme of the 21st Symphony concert, Mr. Gericke conductor, included Haydn's symphony in C major (B. & H., No. 7); Saint-Saens' violin concerto in B minor, No. 3, played by Mr. Emile Sauret; Glazounoff's "Carnival" overture (first time), and Liszt's symphonic poem, "The Preludes."

Mr. Emile Sauret, who has not played here since 1896, was most warmly applauded at the public rehearsal, as at the concert, and this applause was well deserved. He played not only with technical accuracy, ease and brilliance, but with fine musicianship and an exquisite appreciation of Saint-Saens' purpose and intent. The music of this most accomplished composer is characterized by a peculiar elegance of expression and of workmanship. He is never deep, although a consummate master of his trade; he is seldom, if ever, emotional; his taste is fastidious, and, if there be courteous irony in music, it is to be found in his compositions. Mr. Sauret's performance had the distinction of the highest violinistic breeding. He did not sentimentalize in the song episodes, he did not attempt to give incongruous importance to the work. An admirable display of polished, as well as truly musical, virtuosity!

The overture by Glazounoff, now 10 years old, is a routine work, which is poor in musical thought and not strikingly or originally brilliant in expression. Why should we not hear at these concerts the earlier and more imaginative works of Glazounoff, "Stenka Razin," "The Kremlin," "The Sea" and others of the period, in which he did not indulge himself in contract labor? The overture was played with much spirit, and the performance of the symphony and Liszt's symphonic poem gave pleasure, for sympathy with the ancients does not preclude, in Boston, appreciation of the modern romantic school—and Liszt is still a modern; and, in some instances, an ultra-modern.

April 10 1904



# SAURET MADE HIS VIOLIN SPEAK

His Rendition at Symphony Hall  
Showed Him to Be an Artist,  
Not a Showman.

*B Journal in Quaint Apr 10 1904*

The twenty-first of this season's concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra was given at Symphony Hall last evening with the following program:

Symphony No. 7, in C major.....Haydn  
Concerto for violin.....Saint-Saens  
Overture, "Carnival".....Glazounoff  
(First time.)

"Les Preludes".....Liszt

The surpassing feature of this most interesting program was Emil Sauret's performance of the Saint-Saens' concerto for violin. Mr. Sauret chose the concerto in B minor, which bears a dedication to Sarasate, and which had already been performed in Boston by Miss Mead, Mr. Adamowski and Mr. Ysaye. The performance of last night will long be a pleasing, thrilling memory.

For not only did Mr. Sauret excel in brilliancy of technique, but also in virility and in perfect happiness of interpretation. He was no mere expert displaying his show-piece; he was rather the true artist, duly confident of his power, but more than all reveling in the beauty and the vigor created by the composer.

There are players whose technique is as dazzling as a Fourth of July rocket; but when the dazzle is gone what is left but a commonplace impression? Mr. Sauret's pyrotechnics are subservient to his song; and after the thrills wrought by his mastery of the bow had subsided there lingered, and will linger for many a day, the deep impression wrought by the mellow loveliness and the glorious power that he evoked from the music of Saint-Saens. Deservedly, he was recalled again and again.

Glazounoff's overture, "Carnival," the novelty on the program, is memorable in a negative form, to be expressed thus: "I wouldn't particularly care to hear it again."

Its beauties are as tinsel, its solemnity (mostly confined to the organ) vague and groping. It was written when the author was 28 years old, and betrays rather ambitious intentions than settled power. The organ was played by Wallace Goodrich.

But charming from first to last was the performance of the Haydn symphony—a work designed for the cheerful inhabitants of the land o'erflowing with milk and honey.

Delightful, too, sounded the symphonic poem, in which Liszt conjures up in turn the spirits of illusions, of bucolic contentment and of martial enthusiasm. So was well ended an evening of rare enjoyment.

## SYMPHONY CONCERTS.

Emile Sauret appeared as soloist at last week's Symphony concerts and quickly rewon the favor of those who remembered his splendid work of a half-dozen years ago, and gained for himself many new admirers. He played the Saint-Saens B minor violin concerto. The novelty number on the program was the "Carnival" overture, by Glazounoff. Haydn's C major and Liszt's poem, "The Preludes," completed the selections. Mr. Sauret's interpretation of the concerto was masterly and showed full appreciation of the dignity and strength of this beautiful violin piece. The first part was a bit lacking in tonal purity in the rapid passages and Sauret did not display the effeminate finger dexterity of Kubelik or Kociau, but the authority and virility of expression were there, and all the dynamic variations were given with artistic finish.

One hardly looks for so poetic an exposition of the second movement from a man of Sauret's appearance, yet his playing of the "Siciliano" rhythm was exquisitely shaded, and every phase from pianissimo to forte was set forth in a manner which awakened unusual tributes of applause at the close of the movement. His attack was splendidly forceful, his chord runs were very even and his bowling called forth a large, expressive tone throughout the violin register. In the more passionate third part the latter quality of his art was very frequently in evidence and the resultant tones were notably sonorous. The audience was hugely delighted with Mr Sauret's performance, and so, too, were the members of the orchestra. His recalls at the finish of his playing were many.

The "Carnival" overture by Glazounoff is a descriptive work of a jolly nature, so far as movement goes, but it is full of the usual percussion effects introduced as contrasts to the gentler motifs given to the lighter strings and wood winds. These instruments have some captivating bits of melody in the introduction and there are some excellent passages of a strenuous, but melodic, nature allotted the heavier contingents just before an organ episode. The thematic material is quite cleverly utilized and the orchestra gave the work with efficiency and commendable zeal.

The third movement in the Haydn symphony was the gem in an interpretation which seemed to be thoroughly sympathetic and characteristically exact in execution. The accompaniment to the violin performance was also in harmony with the work of the soloist, and the stormy passages in the Liszt number were given with due regard to the marks in fortissimo.

This week Mme Hopekirk will be the soloist, playing a concert piece for piano and orchestra, written by herself, and the scherzo for the Saint-Saens G minor piano concerto. The orchestral numbers will be the overture "La Fiancée du Tzar," Schubert's "Unfinished Symphony" and the overture to Wagner's "Rienzi."

*Globe Apr 10 1904*

## Symphony Hall: Symphony Orchestra

In Symphony Hall on Saturday evening, Mr. Emile Sauret as soloist, the Boston Symphony Orchestra played this programme:

Haydn: Symphony in C major (B. & H., No. 7).  
Saint-Saens: Concerto in B minor for Violin, No. 3, Op. 61.

Glazounoff: "Carnival" Overture, Op. 45.

(First time.)

Liszt: "The Preludes," Symphonic Poem No. 3.

In these noisy days, when one of our men, cunning with music, sits him down to write us a piece for the band, he never is content with it unless it has challenged the riddle of the universe, or has pictured the origin of species, or traced the rise of man, or has followed his trail after death to the very fence about Elysium. When Haydn took his pen in hand it was just to say: "Come with me out under yon green tree, and we'll watch the clouds and the grazing sheep, and we'll pipe a merry tune!" With destiny and the chief end of man he never concerned himself. (For Sousa, let us interject by the way, the chief end of man is the end where the feet are.) For Haydn it was enough to feel the brush of the spring air upon his cheek of an afternoon, to chat with a great lady in her salon that evening, or exchange a pinch of snuff with his sovereign. His sorrows were simple because his heart was simple and his contentment was great. And these are the things we hear in this symphony. Its moments of clash and ardor and action may seem to us mere friskiness—we are wise, and have dwelt beside the dynamo and the roaring Elevated. But when Haydn brings to us his quiet bliss, his tenderness and his absolute peace of mind we are like mad beings eased at last with a yearned-for, an alien, an unattainable repose. And so through all his archaic devices we welcome this genial old man, with his message that is fresher and newer now than ever it was. The minuet alone might have called forth smiles. For that matter, Haydn is the wheelwright's son in all his minuets—they all seem designed to be danced on rag carpet. But in the finale there are themes of a dignity, and they are worked up with a seriousness and a majesty, to shame some of the slipshod finales that Beethoven himself is content with at times.

The orchestra played this symphony with admirable finish. So was the well-known Liszt symphonic poem given a notable, a great performance. The "Carnival Overture" is not one of Glazounoff's most important works; but its themes are interesting and sufficiently merry, and they rise once or twice to an exciting climax. The organ part butts in like a sour and bore-some old hypochondriac at a feast.

It may not be the province or the wish of Mr. Sauret to paint wild and sobbing passion, to drag unwilling tears to the eye and distort the listener's countenance with the delicious agony of emotion. For all his spirit and dash, it is his fashion to recount with an impersonal touch a tale

that may be ever so tragic, seeing the whole thing quite objectively and speaking in a tone of voice that is not keyed at a shriek. He is the accomplished player of bridge who can sit down smiling and airy to a game of desperate stakes and polish the whole thing off with a flourish—incidentally coming off winner. He is Corot painting a battle picture. And surely this is legitimate art, and it may be great. Why tear a passion to tatters? Mr. Sauret gets from his fiddle a tone that is caressing yet at times enormous. It may want many of the stops in Duse's splendid organ. But then his technique is competent and brilliant and always finished. His style is broad; if not impassioned, it still is warm and full of romance. And after these many scrapers who gush and wall eternally flat or sharp, what a delight it is to loll back and hear this man declaim in his big sonority, with his smoothness and precision, with no panting or perspiration, and always absolutely on the pitch!

At the next concert, on April 15, the orchestra will play: Overture, "La Fiancée du Tzar," Rimsky-Korsakow; Concert Piece for Piano, with Orchestral Accompaniment, Helen Hopekirk; Unfinished Symphony, Schubert; Scherzo from the G minor Concerto for Pianoforte, Saint-Saens; Overture, "Rienzi," Wagner. Mme. Hopekirk will be the soloist. B. K.

*Trans. Apr 11 1904*

## ROMANTIQUE for VIOLIN.

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po. — Canzonetta (allegro moderato). —

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214  
SYMPHONY HALL

215  
Wednesday Evening, April 13, 1904

AT EIGHT O'CLOCK

# *The Boston Symphony* Orchestra

MR. WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor

CONCERT *in aid of its* Pension Fund

THE ORCHESTRA WILL BE ASSISTED BY THE

CHORUS *of the*  
Handel and Haydn Society

## PROGRAMME

Beethoven . . . . . Overture to "Egmont"  
Mozart . . . . . Quintet from "Così fan tutte"  
Beethoven . . . . . Symphony No. 9, in D minor, "Choral," Op. 125

### ORCHESTRAL PART.

- I. Allegro, ma non troppo, un poco maestoso.
- II. Molto vivace. Presto.
- III. Adagio molto e cantabile.

### CHORAL PART (the text from Schiller's "Ode to Joy").

- IV. Presto.  
Allegro assai.  
Presto.  
Baritone Recitative.  
Quartet and Chorus: Allegro assai.  
Tenor Solo and Chorus: Allegro assai vivace, alla marcia.  
Chorus: Allegro assai.  
Chorus: Andante maestoso.  
Adagio, ma non troppo, ma divoto.  
Allegro energico, sempre ben marcato.  
Quartet and Chorus: Allegro ma non tanto. Prestissimo.

## SOLOISTS

MRS. KILESKE-BRADBURY

MR. THEODORE VAN YORX

MISS PAULINE WOLTMANN

MR. MYRON W. WHITNEY, JR.

MR. SULLIVAN SARGENT



# ORCHESTRA WAS IN FINE FORM

Small Audience, However, Favored  
Boston Symphony's Effort  
for Pension Fund.

## MAGNIFICENT CHORAL AID

Beethoven's Ninth Symphony the  
Event of Evening—Strauss  
Conducts Next Week.

A concert was given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Symphony Hall last evening in aid of its pension fund. Notwithstanding a very interesting program, the audience was shamefully small. This may have been due to the fact that a new opera was given in the Boston Theater, but even at that, it seemed strange that the friends of the orchestra did not respond more generously than was the case. The program follows:

Overture to "Egmont".....Beethoven  
Quintet from "Cosi fan tutte".....Mozart  
Symphony No. 9, in D minor, "Choral,"  
Op. 125.....Beethoven

The event of the evening was, of course, Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, with its magnificent choral part. For this the orchestra was assisted by the full chorus of the Handel and Haydn Society and the following soloists: Mrs. Kileski-Bradbury, soprano; Miss Pauline Woltmann, contralto; Theodore Van York, tenor, and Myron W. Whitney, Jr., basso.

### Orchestra in Fine Form.

In the three orchestral movements which preceded the choral the orchestra, under Mr. Gericke, seemed to play with unusual finish. The delicate first movement was read with much taste, and the presto following was given with a spontaneity and zest that throughout had the effect of delicious light comedy. The adagio made even a stronger impression. Its dignity, combined with its rare melody, was thoroughly inspiring.

The work of the chorus in the choral deserves special commendation. Mr. Gericke handled the big stageful of musicians with fine authority, and the clean-cut work of the singers in conjunction with the orchestra enabled him

to work out some splendid effects. The volume at climatic moments was powerful, yet it never degenerated into mere sound.

### Short Effective Solos.

The part that the soloists have in this symphony is important, though by no means extensive. The four voices blended excellently in the quartets, and both Mr. Whitney and Mr. Van York gave their short solos effectively. Mr. Van York's voice was particularly agreeable.

Beethoven's overture to "Egmont" and the Mozart quintet, the two opening numbers of the program, were well chosen appetizers and formed a desirable contrast to the weightier matter which followed.

## STRAUSS TO CONDUCT

### ORCHESTRA NEXT WEEK

A special arrangement has been made for a concert at Symphony Hall next Tuesday evening by the Boston Symphony Orchestra and Dr. Richard Strauss in which the Boston orchestra will be directed throughout the program by Dr. Strauss. This will afford the gratification of a very generally expressed desire to hear the Boston orchestra under the direction of Dr. Strauss.

For this occasion the program will be introduced by the Beethoven Symphony No. 8, followed by the "Vorspell" to "Tristan and Isolde." The second part of the program will be made up exclusively of compositions by Dr. Strauss, including his tone poem "Don Juan," his "Don Quixote" and the love scene from his opera "Feuersnoth."

## PENSION FUND CONCERT.

The Boston Symphony orchestra gave last evening, at Symphony Hall, a concert in aid of its pension fund. The organization was assisted by the chorus of the Handel and Haydn Society and by Mrs. Kileski-Bradbury, Miss Pauline Woltmann, Mr. Theodore Van York, Mr. Myron W. Whitney, Jr., and Mr. Sullivan Sargent. The programme consisted of Beethoven's "Egmont" overture, Mozart's Quintet from "Cosi fan tutte," and Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, in D minor, for solo voices, chorus and orchestra.

A good deal has already been written in these columns and elsewhere concerning the purpose of these concerts, and that purpose must be by this time generally understood. The musicians have by their own efforts established a fund destined to aid members of their organization after they have become old or incapacitated for service. This fund they propose to increase by giving occasional concerts. It is an independent and praiseworthy effort, and deserves the encouragement of all loyal music lovers in the community. Last evening the audience was small. Doubtless the opera season is an unfortunate time for the giving of other music entertainments; but there seems no excuse for the vast barren spaces in the hall. It is needless to dilate upon the quality of concerts offered. This pro-

gramme may not have been as alluring as a more varied, and more generally modern, programme would have been, but it was an admirable program for all that, and it is most regrettable that, together with the prospect of a fine performance and its good cause, it should not have aroused more public enthusiasm.

Of the performance it is needless to speak in detail. Mozart's quintet was gracefully sung. The symphony was given a spirited reading; the chorus sang with good volume and intonation, and the orchestral portions, especially (the first three movements), elicited warm applause. *Herold Apr 14 1904*

## RICHARD STRAUSS HERE.

Special arrangements have been made for a concert by the Boston Symphony orchestra at Symphony Hall on Tuesday evening of next week with Dr. Richard Strauss as conductor. The programme will include: Strauss' Beethoven symphony No. 8, Vorspiel to "Tristan and Isolde," Strauss' tone poems "Don Juan," and "Don Quixote" and the Love Scene from Strauss' "Feuersnoth." Tickets for this concert are now ready at the Symphony Hall box office.

### THE PENSION CONCERT.

Last night's concert by the symphony orchestra, in aid of its pension fund, deserved a better fate. Opera week kept away its quota of music-lovers, for one thing. But more important in effect was the open secret, now an announced fact, that Richard Strauss, the great Richard himself, is to conduct the symphony orchestra in a second concert next Tuesday evening.

It is certainly to be hoped that all Boston music-lovers will avail themselves of this chance to see and hear the greatest composer who has ever trod on the American continent. By doing this they will give needed aid to the orchestra; for on last night's receipts the retiring musicians would surely have to abandon bread and cheese and cut down their allowance of beer.

Nevertheless, those who came enjoyed a notable concert. The programme was as follows:—

Overture, "Egmont,".....Beethoven  
Quintet from "Cosi fan tutte,".....Mozart  
Symphony No. 9, "Choral,".....Beethoven

The Egmont overture received a spirited performance. It is a noble work, more stirring than the somewhat aimless "Coriolanus." Beethoven always thrilled at the thought of liberty, and he has given a glorious account of the Netherlands hero.

The Mozart quintet introduced the soloists, Mrs. Bradbury, Miss Pauline Woltmann, and Messrs. Van York, Myron Whitney, and Sullivan Sargent. All seemed effective, and gave the piece with due discretion and delicacy.

The ninth symphony was the important number, and under Mr. Gericke's lead it revived old memories. Its empty opening chords had all their customary effect of weirdness and the storm and stress of the first movement were excellently rendered.

The second movement, Motto Vivace, was given with due lightness and grace. The syncopations were made plain, and the fugal touches were admirably clear. The exquisite serenity of the Adagio was altogether effective, but the glory of the work

is always its final movement.

The lover of liberty has become the prophet of fraternity, for Beethoven here aims to depict the universal brotherhood described by Schiller in his "Ode to Joy." The themes of strife and tumult are answered, as if in rebuke, by the dignified phrases of the deep strings. Then comes the melody of rejoicing gradually broadening through the orchestra, and reaching its grand climax in the chorus.

Yet the final effect seems always a trifle obscured. It may be the trying nature of the vocal parts, for Beethoven exacted as much from the voice as from inanimate instruments that cannot tire. But the work itself seems a little long today. One does not write a whole oratorio as the postscript to a symphony.

The programme of next Tuesday includes Beethoven's 8th Symphony, the "Tristan" prelude, "Don Juan," "Don Quixote," and the love scene from "Feuersnoth." *Herold Apr 14 1904* Arthur Elson.

## Symphony Hall: Pension Fund Concert

For the enlargement of its pension fund and with the aid of these singers—Mrs. Kileski-Bradbury, Miss Pauline Woltmann, Mr. Van Vorex, Mr. Myron Whitney, Jr., Mr. Sullivan Sargent—the Symphony Orchestra held forth in its hall last evening with this programme: *Herold Apr 14 1904*

Beethoven: Overture to "Egmont."  
Mozart: Quintet from "Cosi fan tutte."  
Beethoven: Symphony No. 9, in D minor, "Choral," Op. 125.

All the virtues of the orchestra spoke in the Egmont overture. Egmont was made to rage and to defy the terrible Duke with exciting spirit and vigor. The triumph of the hostile force against him grew to be impressively sinister. And yet there was preserved the other side of the story. There was drawn for us, in admirable contrast and in warmest colors, Egmont the proud prince, the darling of the people, the lover of Clarchen.

In the quintet, appointed guide by the music itself, Mrs. Bradbury anyway became the chief figure. Whatever her recent indisposition, the loveliness of her voice had all returned and her skill in its use was never finer.

And now we come to the much-handled subject of the Ninth Symphony. Americans have a fashion of being bored at its pretensions, and love to sneer at the supposed cause of the weariness, without distinguishing sharply whether the blame for it rests with the symphony or with themselves. (The audience last night was lamentably small.) For one thing the piece is too unfamiliar here. However intimate the players may become with its aims, the singers have too little chance to master its difficulties; and in consequence the infrequent performances it receives in this country are hardly ever adequate because hastily and scantily prepared for. The listener suffers even more. The work is colossal in form and epic in meaning. And the poor average listener is not ready, at the snap of the finger, to think in such large terms, or anyway be at home in them. Used to everyday tens and hundreds, he is embarrassed by sudden mil-



Or like a lubber habituated to the quick rhythm of his own busy steps on the city sidewalk, he is hardly at ease when suddenly transferred to shipboard and is tortured there with the long and strange and agonizingly regular pulse of the sea. And so before this symphony he is dazed and puzzled, and very naturally blames this piece which confuses him, rather than blame himself or the circumstances that have permitted him to hear it too seldom.

But when you gird yourself and collect your powers and ponder the thing, what an ultra modern you discover the Beethoven of this ninth symphony to be! We are but just growing up to him. The day will come when we shall find those famed and disputed last quartets a perfect, a fitting voice to the buzzing activities, the daring philosophy, the titan tendings of this latter day. After this symphony has Richard Strauss been so novel or his utterances the great wild, triumphant yawp that we have said they are? At every turn he is anticipated. The Zarathustra tune opens with no more Olympian impressiveness, nor Keat's Hyperion with more yawning impressiveness, than the commencement of that first movement. In it there is all of Strauss's furious, daring use of cacophony and clash. There is the trick of themes in pairs, theme answering theme. These themes have all the transcendental sweep dear to Strauss, with a succinctness besides such as Strauss has rarely yet attained. Strauss reaches far and seeks wide as Space itself—Beethoven both reaches and grasps. His themes in this symphony are as willing as those of Strauss to cut loose and wander away from the common, safe, sane everyday circle of men's interests. They do not sing of the difficulty of earning today's bread, or the pain of parting with a friend. They leap into risky regions. Let reason protest as it will, thought and fancy here cast off the habitual, the usual, and dare to meander where they will. Strauss has screamed no Great Yearning that sees so clearly the thing that it desires, or that desires so stupendously much as the yearnings in this symphony.

And there is another, a last tendency of Beethoven here in the ninth, that is more modern yet. There are long patches of moods, merely moods. Latterday composers seem to use music as an escape from the worries and the strivings of the world. Their tunes, their themes, their finished compositions do not so much sing the strivings and thinkings we do, as the moments when we give over thinking and doing and sit down to muse. Franck and Faure give utterance to our method of rest. They paint us sitting silent, watching a sunset, our feelings hardly gathered into the definite form of thought. Of if we walk away from the scene with one or the other petulant fling at Destiny which annoys us, or at Space which has grown so small, these musicians faithfully jot it down and utter it with our own intensity. Beethoven rarely sat down to paper without the intention of

ridding himself at once of some burning conviction, and he always said it in his intensest manner of speech. He could, of course, be "muddy," too; yet even in his most abstracted humor he sits with his mental processes pretty much gathered up into at least the silent thought of contemplation. Yet here is the Beethoven who, too, can put away utterance and thought and definiteness, who can become a flock of dust in Space and stare into it vacantly as a tree. The slow movement to this symphony is one whole stretch of the inarticulate moods and maunderings that were ours on this very 14th day of April.

So Strauss and the later Beethoven are brothers and twins, but for one distinction. For all that he casts loose and visits unwonted regions of speculation, leaps away from earth and from the heights of Olympus, wishes fruitlessly for the brotherhood of man, when he comes to write it down Beethoven never parts with his worship of form. Form is a restraint—here the only restraint he will tolerate; but he does tolerate it. He may outdo the abandon of Shakspeare inhabiting the mind of a Lear; but he makes his Lear speak in the common forms of human thought and according to all the rules of syntax. Beethoven stops short of the amorphous, and so will always be human. Strauss stalks sublimely on beyond. Beethoven is a man throwing a baseball with enormous force but with perfect grace. Strauss is a man throwing a fit.

There is another reason, too, perhaps, why this ninth symphony has not the hold on the listening mind that is perennially exerted by the third or the fifth—to keep only to Beethoven. Schubert's tenth, and certainly his unfinished, will be listened to longer and more lovingly. And the reason has its plausibilities. Take the case of the Messiah, of Stabat Mater. Each of these tells the story of a passion that is brought home to the daily experience of every one of us. In Rossini's work there is the mother who weeps for her son. The most untutored mind will represent such feelings to himself with no effort of the imagination. His nerves are easily tuned to such feelings and he sits overpowered with sympathy. On the other hand consider a recent account of a supposed crack of doom, and a picturing of the feelings of mankind at sight of the new Jerusalem. The idea may be magnificently presented, and yet it will not strike home so closely as the Messiah, for example, which celebrates a passion that at some time or other visits every breast. And so it is with the ninth symphony. At its first measures earth drops away and we are in company with the gods, in whose society we feel painfully inconsequent.

As for the performance last night, it is always unjust to listen too closely to the vocal end. Invariably the singers have had too little drill. And then Beethoven has written for them unmercifully. In contempt of possibilities and limitations, he

exacts of them a mass or quality of sound, let them obtain it as best they may. The first three movements, however, and especially the scherzo, went with the expected and the usual technical precision, and there was commendable feeling for the stupendous significance of the music.

One last thought is suggested. If the recent visit of Richard Strauss taught us anything at all, it is this: In any work of vast form and content, the climaxes should be more marked than ordinarily; the fortissimos should be more vociferous, and the softer parts more than ordinarily gentle. If we do not have these higher heights and deeper depths, there is the painful effect of a desert where there was intended to be even richer variety of scenery than is common or possible to more modest pictures. Certainly Strauss felt instinctively this principle. The performances of his works gathered some of their greatness from its observance. And our own symphony orchestra need not blush to learn from his example.

## SYMPHONY PENSION

### Post April 14, 04 FUND CONCERT

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Gericke conductor, gave a concert last evening at Symphony Hall in aid of the pension fund, assisted by Mrs. Killeski Bradbury, Miss Pauline Woltmann, Theodore Van York, Myron W. Whitney, Jr., Sullivan Sargent, soloists, and the chorus of the Handel and Haydn Society. The programme was as follows:

Overture to "Egmont".....Beethoven  
Quintet from "Così fan Tutti".....Mozart  
Symphony No. 9 (choral).....Beethoven

The "Egmont" overture was superbly played, and the quintet from Mozart's opera, "Così fan Tutti," one of the best of its kind, was effectively given by the soloists, and this number made a delightful impression. The scherzo and slow movement of the symphony are the most interesting portions for the average listener. The last movement for soloists and chorus is seldom given, as the music is a hard proposition for voices, being well-nigh unsingable. The chorus did remarkably well and the soloists also.

## THE PENSION CONCERT

Last night's concert by the symphony orchestra, in aid of its pension fund, deserved a better fate. Opera week kept away its quota of music-lovers, for one thing. But more important in effect was the open secret, now an announced fact, that Richard Strauss, the great Richard himself, is to conduct the symphony orchestra in a second concert next Tuesday evening.

It is certainly to be hoped that all Boston music-lovers will avail themselves of this chance to see and hear the greatest composer who has ever trod on the American continent. By doing this they will give needed aid to the orchestra; for on last night's receipts the retiring musicians would surely have to abandon bread and cheese and cut down their allowance of beer.

The programme of next Tuesday includes Beethoven's 8th Symphony, the "Tristan" prelude, "Don Juan," "Don Quixote," and the love scene from "Feuersnot."



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*Symphony Hall.*

SEASON 1903-04.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Mr. WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.

XXII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, APRIL 16, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

RIMSKY-KORSAKOW, OVERTURE to "The Betrothed of the Tzar."

HELEN HOPEKIRK, CONCERT PIECE for PIANOFORTE and ORCHESTRA  
in D minor.  
(First time.)

SCHUBERT, UNFINISHED SYMPHONY, in B minor.  
I. Allegro moderato.  
II. Andante con moto.

SAINT-SAËNS, SCHERZO from the CONCERTO for PIANOFORTE in  
G minor, No. 2, op. 22.

WAGNER, OVERTURE to the Opera "Rienzi."

Soloist:

Mme. HELEN HOPEKIRK.

The Pianoforte is a Steinway.



## MUSICAL MATTERS

### THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Adv - PROGRAMME. *Apr 18 1904*

Rimsky-Korsakow—Overture to "The Betrothed of the Tzar."

Helen Hopekirk—Concert Piece for Pianoforte and Orchestra in D minor (first time)

Mme Helen Hopekirk.

Schubert—Unfinished symphony in B minor.

Saint-Saens—Scherzo from the Concerto for Pianoforte in G minor, No. 2, op. 22, Mme. Hopekirk.

Wagner—Overture to the Opera, "Rienzi."

On Saturday we returned from operatic dissipation to symphonic respectability; it is better to be doorkeeper at Symphony Hall than to dwell in the tents of "Carmen" and "Coppelia." Mr. Gericke celebrated the Prodigal's return by a programme of unusual interest. Rimsky-Korsakow (with the accent on the penultimate) is one of those Russians who have advanced the cause of modern music by using attractive melodies in connection with rich harmonies and varied orchestration, by combining modern complexity with tuneful beauty.

In the overture we found clear and charming themes instead of glittering fragments, coherent development instead of unintelligible progressions, in short, another proof of Muscovite power in the large musical forms. The artistic war of the future will be between Russia on the one hand, and France and Germany on the other, and that combat, at least, Russia will win.

Mme. Hopekirk is not only a great figure among female pianists, she is a prominent composer as well. Her Concert Piece may be accorded high rank among the musical works produced by women in America. It has the merit of not attempting more than the composer can carry through with a sure hand; it is not distended with an ambition that o'erleaps itself.

The themes are well-contrasted and well developed, especially towards the close. The cadenza has an original touch in combining oboe with the chief instrument, and Mr. Longy added to the beauty of this part of the work. We did not find as Scottish a flavor in the composition as we had been led to expect.

The coda was perhaps the most Gaelic portion. The placing of the cadenza earlier than usual in the work is quite permissible; Mendelssohn in his violin concerto gives a cadenza in the centre of the first movement.

Of the playing of this excellent composition we can also speak in praise; Mme. Hopekirk was fluent and secure. But in the subsequent St. Saens Scherzo she was still more effective and gave the airy, tricky lightness of the work with a daintiness that was altogether delightful. The ensemble of both works was commendable. The pianist was recalled with enthusiasm after both of her appearances.

Seldom has Schubert's unfinished Symphony sounded better than it did on this occasion. All consonances may be abolished by the apostles of ugliness, the lat-

ter-day orchestra may bleat as a flock of sheep or bray as a herd of asses, but Keats' words still remain true:—

A thing of beauty is a joy forever;  
Its loveliness increases; it will never  
Pass into nothingness.

The audience applauded the work most heartily. We have heard it given with more elasticity, but it was an effective interpretation nevertheless.

The Rienzi Overture came later, like bombast after daintiness, a prize-fighter after a sylph, moonshine whiskey after ambrosia.

Yet it is not without redeeming features. There is no total depravity in music any more than in ethics. The prayer is a melody that cannot easily be shaken out of the mind. If one compares this overture with the "Vorspiel to the Mastersingers" one can obtain a good idea of how true masters in music may rise.

"On stepping stones

"Of their dead selves, to higher things."  
Louis C. Elson.

## COMPOSER IS ALSO SOLOIST

Mrs. Hopekirk Performs Her Own  
Work at 22d Symphony  
Concert.

SHE IS AN INSPIRED PIANIST.

Band in Good Humor Gives Admirable Support—Sympathetic  
in Schubert's Unfinished.

*Journal Apr 17 1904*

The twenty-second concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was given last night, with Mrs. Helen Hopekirk as soloist. The program was:

Overture, "The Betrothed of the Tzar"  
Rimsky-Korsakoff  
Concert Piece in D minor, for pianoforte,  
and orchestra.....Helen Hopekirk  
(First time.)  
Unfinished Symphony in B minor....Schubert  
Scherzo from the Concerto in G minor,  
No. 2, for pianoforte, Op. 22....Saint-Saens  
Overture to the opera "Rienzi".....Wagner

Martial and Inspiring.

Unfortunately—or fortunately, as you please—no Japanese overture existed to place before or after the piece from "The Betrothed of the Tzar," which was



first heard in Boston (in fact, first heard in this country) at a Symphony concert in November, 1902. Rimsky-Korsakoff was once an officer in the Russian marine service; indeed, from 1873 to 1884, he was an inspector of the marine bands. Fate has kindly kept him ashore. The overture requires no new analysis; it is too clear; its novel ideas, gracefully and skilfully worked out and its rich orchestration are too obvious. However, the martial spirit of the times may excuse these few comments. The performance of the overture was fully satisfying.

Mrs. Hopekirk appeared not only as soloist, but as composer. Her concert piece is wholly interesting, at times, too, it is brilliant and charming. From first to last piano and orchestra accompany each other delightfully. Mrs. Hopekirk played captivatingly.

#### A Satisfying Performer.

Her performance of the Saint-Saens scherzo was also graceful and powerful. There was virility when needed, and again there was a featheriness of touch or a purity of legato that revealed the complete artist. She was rewarded with enthusiastic applause.

Never has the unfinished masterpiece of Schubert been more sympathetically played than last night, and none the less enjoyable was the performance of the stirring and melodious "Rienzi" overture.

## MME. HOPEKIRK WINS RECALLS

Her Concert Piece in D Minor for Piano and Orchestra Given for the First Time at the Symphony Concert East Evening.

### CLOSE OF GRAND OPERA SEASON AT THE BOSTON

Calve Sings in "Carmen" at the Matinee; "Goetterdaemmerung" Given in the Evening, with Mme. Gadski as Bruennhilde.

*Herald* *P. Hall* *Nov 17 1904*  
The programme of the 22d Symphony concert in Symphony Hall last evening,

Mr. Gericke, conductor, was as follows:  
Overture to "The Betrothed of the Tsar"

Rimsky-Korsakoff  
Concert piece in D minor for piano and orchestra.....Helen Hopekirk  
(First time.)

"Unfinished" symphony.....Schubert  
Scherzo from Piano Concerto in G minor,  
No. 2.....Saint-Saens  
Overture to "Rienzi".....Wagner

Rimsky-Korsakoff's opera has a romantically tragic libretto, which deals with jealousy, poison, madness, murder and violent takings off, but the overture might serve for a comedy. Perhaps the composer had in mind the paradox of Champfleury, that anything which concerns death is surprisingly gay. Whatever his motive, the incongruity is surprising. The overture, which had been played here once before, is delicately scored. Let us hope another season for "Sadkow" and the Spanish Caprice, which show the imagination as well as the orchestral coloring of this gifted composer.

Mme. Hopekirk's Concertpiece for piano and orchestra was composed in Paris in 1894 and produced at Edinburgh Nov. 19 of that year, at a concert of the Scottish Orchestra, led by Mr. Henschel. The programme book of that concert spoke of "a characteristic freedom of form and what may be called fantastic flavor, redolent of northern breezes and hethery hills." We do not find these qualities in the music, nor does a certain theme sound "wild and barbaric." The composition is creditable student's work. The most poetic portion is the episode for oboe solo against the background furnished by the piano, and the composer was fortunate in having the assistance of such a rare artist as Mr. Longy. The second theme of the main movement is pretty and the development is at times effective. But the work as a whole is not of distinguished originality in thought or expression. There are pages that are frankly conventional, the conscientious work of a faithful and uninspired pupil. Mme. Hopekirk, who played the piano part, was heartily applauded, and there were recalls.

She had the courage to play a detached movement of Saint-Saens' concerto in G minor. The scherzo of one of Liszt's concertos is thus played—we believe Mme. Zeisler puts it on her programme—and there is no reason why movements of a symphony or a concerto should not be thus heard. The performance of Mme. Hopekirk might justly be described as neat and chaste. The music demands, however, sharply defined rhythm, brilliance, glittering elegance and the authority that gives the suggestion of irresistible reserve force. The performance of both pianist and orchestra was highly respectable and pale.

The highly poetic symphony was read as if with a personal affection and the performance was most euphonious. The overture to "Rienzi" is at the best mere circus music. It is a good thing to hear it once in a while, for it shows that Wagner, on occasion, could be more vulgar than Meyerbeer, whom he so cordially disliked.

### Symphony Hall: Symphony Orchestra

The Symphony Orchestra gave its twenty-second concert in Symphony Hall last Saturday evening, and with the assistance of Mme. Hopekirk played the following programme: *Trans. Nov 18 1904*

Rimsky-Korsakoff: Overture, "The Betrothed of the Tsar."  
Helen Hopekirk: Concert Piece in D minor, for Piano and Orchestra. (First time.)  
Schubert: Unfinished Symphony in B minor.  
Saint-Saens: Scherzo from the Concerto in G minor, No. 2, for Piano and Orchestra, Op. 22.  
Wagner: Overture to the Opera "Rienzi."

Mme. Hopekirk's concert piece contained an abundance of interesting matter. Really this abundance became the chief fault of the work, by its running to an extreme. It classed the composition inevitably among the early endeavors of people who have yet written little, and who have not learned to leave a portion of their ideas to become the substance of later pieces. They seek to vent everything they have ever thought of in one grand comprehensive burst. Victim to this tendency, Mme. Hopekirk's work lacked unity of design. She has not begun it with a single-minded text, stripped of the superfluous till it is self-evident, till it fairly says itself. She has not expounded this to that length and with that degree of insistence which such texts, in great works, seize to themselves in a sort of perfect wedding. There were, instead, many texts and no sermon. It was the entertaining but disjointed conversation at a tea-party. But Mme. Hopekirk's themes are all charming, especially those allotted to the orchestra, which very greatly preponderates over the pianoforte part in interest. Mme. Hopekirk played this and the Saint-Saens Scherzo with vigor as distinguished from power. In the latter composition her feeling for rhythm was at times in abeyance, but she did it with an airy touch and with a smooth and round, if unchanging, tone.

The overture by Rimsky-Korsakoff claims the listener's attention solely with its beauties of orchestration. Otherwise it is slight indeed. The youthful Wagner's overture, unskilled but robustious and full of crude force, was played with a spirit that almost lifted it from the insignificance into which the remainder of the programme sank beside the splendor of the performance accorded the Schubert symphony.

Schubert, like all men who have come to much, was long in making himself. The trouble with him was that he persisted in going through the ordeal of mastering his mind with his pen glued to his hand. Except for the songs, in all but his last works we are called upon to sift his ideas out of the maze of mouthings that he was put to before he could arrive at utterance. We hardly can see his buildings for the scaffolding about them. But when he came to write this symphony he was the man who at last has learned to write. Luck had kept it in the background of his mind and had saved it from his early days of experimentation; yet the song must have slumbered in

him long. Nature had nursed that cry in him till it burst forth from him in sheer inability to stay any longer contained. Water might more easily flow up hill than a single note of this piece be written other than it is. The Matterhorn is not more a work of nature.

And with a skill that was great, Mr. Gericke and his orchestra made themselves a willing tongue for Schubert to deliver his oration. They made his burning, intense, laconic phrases as logical as the rainfall. When Schubert had written this piece he had left no more to be said on that particular topic. And on Saturday evening one felt, when the orchestra had finished it, that they had left no other way for it to be played. Only once, in the first movement, the majesty of that opening given to the basses and the effect of the querulous theme of the violins was marred when the cellos entered with their familiar lovely song. The gentlemen were not in unison; somebody was playing sharp or flat; and the spell was broken. But the second movement with its spirit of renunciation and its unearthly mystery, was given an inspired performance. The first clarinet and first oboe became foremost among ninety poets. The orchestra had played better than it ever has played before.

The programme at the next concert will include: Chadwick, concert overture, "Euterpe" (first time), directed by the composer; Berlioz, Cassandra's aria from "The Trojans"; Elgar, variations on an original theme, op. 36; songs with pianoforte; Borodin, Symphony in B minor (first time). The soloist will be Miss Marguerite Hall.

B. K.

## MUSICAL.

Echoes from the 22d  
Symphony Concert.

Strauss Will Lead the Orchestra Tuesday Evening.

Creator Tonight—Other  
Coming Concerts.

*Edo* *Nov 17 1904*  
The program of the 22d Symphony concert and rehearsal was notable for its massiveness and for the charm which comes to the student of music through



considering superbly executed masterpieces. The only number which might be said to possess novelty was the beautifully impressive "Concert piece in D minor," composed by the eminent Scotch woman, Mme Helen Hopekirk, in Paris, in 1894, and given its first Boston hearing last week with the composer at the piano. The appearance of Mme Hopekirk as soloist was the signal for renewed assurances of Boston's great and increasing friendliness, and her reception was most flattering. The "concert piece" is the most pretentious of any of her compositions, her fame having hitherto been based mainly upon songs and piano pieces. It is of almost heroic mold, and is rarely poetic in the unfolding of a plaintive love melody, first outlined by the cellos and violas, accompanied in tender syncopation by the other strings. It gave the piano great opportunity for contrasts in phrasing, and for passages of uncommon sweetness and pathos, delightfully interpreted by the soloist.

Her second appearance on the program was in the weirdly beautiful Saint-Saens "Scherzo from the Concerto in G minor," first given in Boston at a concert of the Harvard musical association, Feb 3, 1876. It has been played at Symphony concerts before by Mme Szumowska, Seveking, Gebhard, Bendix and others, but surely never with more subtlety of feeling than was shown by Mme Hopekirk. Its main fault is that it is much too short. She certainly excels in breadth of interpretation. Her management of the scherzando and pizzicato passages was consummately artistic, and the conclusion of phrases was in every case a model of rhythmic contour. In color and singing quality of pianoforte playing she is in the pale of perfection, and is a performer of very large artistic stature.

She modestly shared with Mr Gericke the applause demonstrations at the close of each appearance; but could not be urged to play again, though her friends seemed insistent upon that point.

One of the most enjoyable of the program numbers was the extremely interesting "Unfinished Symphony," which its unfortunate author, Franz Schubert, never lived to hear performed. Attached to the name is a singular history of friendship, fidelity, and after-death justice to the composer, involving the names of Anslem and Joseph Huttenbrenner, Johann Herbeck and August Ludwig, who reverently finished the third movement of the symphony, for which Schubert had written only nine measures. It was first given 37 years after Schubert's death, at a Gesellschaft concert in Vienna, and has about it many suggestions of the representative compositions of the brilliant young Viennese genius. One of the most memorable things about it is the carrying of the haunting theme by violins in majestic unison with sobbing cello accompaniment. The oboe, clarinet and other wind instruments add to the enchantment of the measures, which are full to the brim of romantic melody; and which were given with exquisite spirit by the magnificent company of solo-performers under Mr Gericke's baton.

The effect of the close of the "andante con moto" movement, like a veritable voice from the dead com-

poser's own heart, was rendered by the Symphony players, of indescribable pathos and power. Seldom has any offering had the poetic reading, or possessed the impressiveness of this present rendition of Schubert's melodious "unfinished" work.

The program began with a vivid and semibarbaric "Betrothed of the Tsar" overture by the Russian Rimsky-Korsakoff, a musician admired by Liszt, Rubenstein and others, and still living in St Petersburg. It ended with the majestic "Rienzi" overture, which brought to the fore the local undeniable Wagnerian spirit, and which made a triumphant closing to a concert of unusual musical significance. It is familiar to many thousands. Who that has heard its on-sweeping flood of mellow harmony can forget it or its composer? It has been performed many times in Boston, but never with greater success, and never with more conscious power and orchestral earnestness. It was a noble climax to a splendid program.

For the 23d rehearsal and concert this week there will be given two "first-time" numbers, a concert-overture, "Euterpe," conducted by the composer, Mr Chadwick, and a Borodin symphony in B-minor. The program will also include Cassandra's aria from Berlioz' "Trojans" variations on an original theme by Elgar, and songs with piano accompaniment by Miss Marguerite Hall.

## Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1900-01.

## BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Mr. WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.

### IV. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, AT 8, P. M.

### Programme.

HAYDN.	SYMPHONY No. 5, in D major. (First time at these Concerts.)
DVOŘÁK.	CONCERTO for VIOLIN. (First time.)
JUL. ROENTGEN.	BALLAD on a Norwegian Folk Song. (First time.)
WAGNER.	OVERTURE, "Tannhauser."

Soloist:

Mr. T. ADAMOWSKI.

There will be an intermission of ten minutes after the Violin Concerto.



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Soloist:

Mr. T. ADAMOWSKI.

There will be an intermission of ten minutes after the Violin Concerto.





SYMPHONY HALL

Tuesday evening, April 19, at 8 1904

*The*  
Boston Symphony Orchestra

AND

Dr. Richard Strauss

By special arrangement *of the*  
Pension Fund Committee

PROGRAMME

BEETHOVEN . . . . . Symphony No. 8

WAGNER . . . . . Prelude to "Tristan and Isolde"

RICHARD STRAUSS . { Tone Poem, "Don Juan"  
"Don Quixote"  
Love Scene from "Feuersnot"

Tickets now on sale at Symphony Hall. \$2, \$1.50, and \$1



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## PENSION FUND CONCERT A TREAT

Richard Strauss Makes His First Appearance as Conductor of Symphony Orchestra—Performance Was Triumph for All Participating

MR. GERICKE ALSO COMES  
IN FOR MUCH PRAISE

Work of the Orchestra Was Result of His Long and Arduous Labors in Bringing It to the Present State of Perfection.

Dr. Richard Strauss conducted last evening in Symphony Hall, by special arrangement of the Pension Fund committee, a concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The programme was as follows:

Symphony No. 8.....Beethoven  
Prelude to "Tristan and Isolde".....Wagner  
"Don Juan".....R. Strauss  
"Don Quixote".....R. Strauss  
Love scene from "Feuersnot".....R. Strauss

The performance was as much of a triumph for Mr. Gericke and the players as it was for Dr. Strauss, composer and conductor. The supreme virtuoso qualities of the orchestra as a body, the remarkable euphony and the exquisite balance of timbres, the plasticity and the now instinctive phrasing—these characteristics that make the orchestra famous—are due to the artistry of the players, and, above all, to the discipline maintained for so many years by Mr. Gericke. He first established the brilliant reputation of the orchestra, and through his untiring vigilance this brilliance has been preserved of late years. Without his work in the past, Dr. Strauss' task last night would not have been so easy, nor would his triumph have been so assured.

It is well to remember this, for it is easy to forget it. We all, accustomed to the best, over familiar with it, are inclined to sigh for new readings, novel effects. We welcome that which has been hitherto unknown; we cherish it for a season; and then that, too, becomes stale. Conductors will in the flight of years come and have their little day; they will blaze and their light will go out or be forgotten. When the history of this orchestra will be writ-

ten, the name of one conductor will be enduring, in the inseparable association with the name of Maj. Henry L. Higginson. Mr. Gericke will be remembered as the conductor who gave the orchestra the qualities that set it apart from other bands of players, who, by his taste, intelligence, skill and authority carried out fully and brilliantly the noble purposes of the founder and the maintainer of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The features of the concert were the prelude to "Tristan" and Strauss' "Don Juan." The Prelude was played with infinite yearning and splendid passion, and the performance of the tone-poem was distinguished by dash, brilliance, the demoniacal spirit that fired the breast of the pursuer of the ideal woman.

The performance of the symphony was not one of unusual merit. There might have been some curiosity as to the pace of the second and third movements under Dr. Strauss; but no sane person expected surprises in reading. For the music does not admit of marked surprises, and the conductor who should attempt to be revolutionary with this symphony would deservedly excite suspicion as to the sincerity of his art. Here and there Dr. Strauss made perhaps a nuance to which we were unaccustomed, but his reading as a whole was conventionally sound, and the music itself did not gain or suffer by any slight innovation.

Mr. Gericke took infinite pains this season in the rehearsal of "Don Quixote." The performance under his direction was masterly. The composition itself did not then appeal to us, either as programme music or as music without an explanatory text. The performance under Dr. Strauss was not in certain instances as memorable as that under Mr. Gericke, and it strengthened our opinion concerning the value of the work itself. There is a display of amazing technical ingenuity; there are startling orchestral effects; the variation that represents Don Quixote discoursing in lofty speech concerning the ideal is of rare power and beauty; but, on the other hand, much of the music is unintelligible without a text or tiresome with it.

"Don Quixote" is to us the least interesting and successful of Strauss' larger works, and the music belittles and degrades the finest gentleman in all fiction. Such was not probably the intention of the composer who wished to perpetrate a fantastically practical joke. Don Quixote in Cervantes' tale met with all manner of strange adventures; he was mocked and maltreated by worldly wise persons, by men and women of high and low degree; but the Don Quixote of the immortal romance is himself never ridiculous; he is enviably noble when he is most abused.

There was a very large audience and there was unbounded enthusiasm. Dr. Strauss was recalled again and again. The distinguished composer and conductor well deserved such honor. He shared the applause modestly with the orchestra and with Mr. Krasselt, whose cello playing in "Don Quixote" merited the public recognition.

## RICHARD STRAUSS ACHIEVED A NOTABLE TRIUMPH

The most memorable event in the musical annals of Boston for many years past took place in Symphony Hall last night. The greatest orchestral master of the present, conducted a programme performed by the best orchestra of America, a fitting culmination of his tour in America, which, too pecuniary and mercenary in some of its aspects, deserved at least a magnificent climax.

The concert was given in aid of the pension fund of our orchestra, thus making the great triumph doubly welcome. A great and representative audience was present, in spite of the storm, and enthusiasm began and ended the concert at fever heat.

Already in the rehearsals there were inklings of the power of the conductor. His stopping the strings at a certain passage and saying:—"You play that finely;



RICHARD STRAUSS.

but a little too finely; I want some roughness here!"—revealed the virile conductor who was not likely to polish the strength of any composition into mere elegance. The jovial eighth symphony of Beethoven, the lightest-hearted of the 9, was a good revelation of the fact that the new path of this orchestral giant has not led him away from full appreciation of his classical predecessors.

When Beethoven was in his best mood he generally turned to the bassoon for his

musical expression, and the eighth symphony may almost be called a bassoon concerto, so frequently does the clown of the orchestra appear in the foreground. The bassoonists, and in fact all of the players, performed their task well. But, while we appreciated the freedom and elasticity of the performance, it did not cause us to forget that our own conductor has given us very effective readings of this in the past.

Nor did the "Tristan and Isolde" prelude efface the memory of Mr. Gericke's Wagnerian readings in recent days. Dr. Strauss' innovations in the symphony were chiefly in the line of virility and emphasis; there may be two opinions about his tempo in the Minuet.

But when it came to the conductor's own works a revelation began! "Don Juan" is one of the most vivid proofs of Strauss' genius. When we bear in mind the fact that the work was written before the composer was 25 years old, that he had already created several compositions in the strict classical forms, as well as a modern symphonic poem on Italy, and that he had already begun to hew out a new path with such a work as "Macbeth," one is astounded at the fertility and power of the master. His works have absolutely refuted Wagner's statement that Beethoven had reached the limits of instrumental music.

Yet "Don Juan" can by no means be ranked with its companion work (produced at the same epoch) "Death and Transfiguration." It sounds more fragmentary and its subject is less lofty. It is not Da Ponte's "Don Giovanni" who is here pictured, but a more erratic party, by Lenau; a philosophic German lover who seeks an ideal in womanhood, even at the risk of ruining his health. He is not finally seized by the fiend, but achieves what a Heidelberg student would call "Haarweh" (hair-ache) and a moral "Katzenjammer" that finally carries him off.

The work is a strange mingling of bitter and sweet, enthusiasm and disgust, but the whole picture is scarcely worth the painting. In the matter of motif-treatment Strauss is monarch of all he surveys, but the figures that he invents are by no means so full of meaning as those of Wagner. Compare, for example, the "Siegfried" figure with the figure by which

Strauss represents a hero in "Heldenleben" and our meaning will be very clear.

The figures of "Don Juan" are not in themselves graphic or striking. The tender oboe theme is the most melodic part of the work. It was most artistically played. We may not hazard a guess of what it means, for Strauss' works are a fine example of the vagueness of programme music, even when at its best and highest. Some of the most careful critics have dilated with the wrong emotion in commenting upon them.

Wild recalls followed the completion of



the work, everybody acting as if he understood and loved it!

"Don Quixote" came to us as something new, something infinitely more powerful than we had conceived of.

The former suspicion that Strauss had not perceived the inner dignity of the chivalric character, at once vanished; he has given us the Don of Cervantes, the figure that is semi-pathetic in the midst of its droll situations. The sweet tenderness of the violoncello solo, when the knight's mind has cleared, is a sympathetic touch that removes all thought of mere farcical representation, and Mr. Krasselt played the cello obbligato as if inspired by the presence of the composer.

When the composer translates it, the work speaks an intelligible language to the layman, and to the trained musician it presents a score that simply astounds. What an amount of subdivision of parts! Wagner's "Waldesweben" seems simple beside it! The muted brasses of all kinds, with their bleatings, the frequent and characteristic use of English horn, the strong touches of contra-bassoon and Bass Clarinet—one cannot enumerate the many strong colors of this orchestral jungle, which yet has design back of its luxuriance.

But 2 points may be lingered upon; the personification of the Don and Sancho Panza by violoncello and viola; and the scoring of the Ride through the Air. The use of the viola for Sancho is almost a new discovery in tone-color. Mr. Zach deserves praise for his performance on the instrument. Hitherto the viola, used obbligato, has represented melancholy; but Strauss gives us the instrument in an entirely new role, that of blunt and honest rusticity. We are not quite prepared to accept this as the spirit of the viola, although it must be confessed that it makes an excellent foil to the 'cello in this picture, and particularly in the dialogues.

The ride through the air brings in a totally new instrument, a "wind-machine"! This is a large wooden cylinder like a very thick grind-stone, and is turned with a crank; it has a serrated edge, over which heavy canvas is stretched. In the score this is notated on a single note, a long trill on small C, but practically, as one turns quicker and quicker it goes higher and higher, giving the wildest pipings; and when, as in this case, three tones(?) are assisted by the fiercest chromatic scales played upon flutes and piccolo in the highest register, "mit flatterzunge" (a tremolo effect) and with bold glissando effects on the harp, pandemonium is indeed broke loose;—and yet the picture of the aerial journey is graphically set forth.

We begin to think that if Richard Strauss has tried to picture the Day of Judgment, as Berlioz did, he would have succeeded even better than the Frenchman with his 16 kettle-drums. To properly score a great noise requires orchestral skill, but to have it as graphic as this, is Genius!

And all the humor of it came bubbling forth, as much of a revelation as when the master gave us "Till Eulenspiegel" a short time ago. Few composers are great directors, but Strauss is a giant in both

directions. Nevertheless it is as well to remember that the furious and numerous rehearsals of "Don Quixote," a few weeks ago, had very much to do with the marvellous interpretation of last night. It is a great thing to have a virtuoso come along and give us star performances upon our orchestra. But at such times we are apt to forget who made the instrument! Nevertheless Dr. Strauss (and Mrs. Krasselt, and Mr. Zach) deserved the applause that followed the work, and the composer must have been satisfied both with his performers and his public.

The Love Scene, from "Feuersnot," is a less involved matter than the 2 works above described. It is more direct and works up to a more easily-comprehended climax. While we do not believe Richard Strauss the greatest interpreter of Passion in tones (and this may account for some of the defects of "Don Juan") he is certainly a great master of the art of Climax. Only Beethoven and Wagner, in such works as the finale of the 7th symphony or of "Tristan and Isolde," have achieved such superb, long-breathed and mighty crescendo passages.

The recalls at the close were beyond ordinary Boston enthusiasm; shouts and hurrahs greeted the composer as he bowed his thanks.

It certainly was a memorable performance of some astonishing music, but the critic may still say (regarding these tonal labyrinths) with the cautious Scotchman—"I hae my doots!" Louis C. Elson.

#### Symphony Hall: Dr. Richard Strauss

Bostonians seized eagerly on the opportunity to swell the pension fund of the Symphony Orchestra, and at the same time to hear the famous Dr. Richard Strauss conduct our Symphony players. A vast crowd of most distinguished-looking persons came to the hall yesterday, where, in the course of the evening, there was a good deal of enthusiasm. On the whole, however, the occasion was perhaps not as brilliant as had been anticipated.

The programme, at the very start, caused disappointment. Beginning with Beethoven's Eighth Symphony and the prelude to "Tristan und Isolde," it ended with three pieces by Dr. Strauss himself: the tone poem, "Don Juan," the "Don Quixote" variations and the love scene from "Feuersnot." The Wagner prelude would do very well, for, although everyone knows it by heart, it may be played in various ways, as the conductor chooses. Yesterday, in fact, it was the gem of the evening, for, from Dr. Strauss, the music moved along with a melodic grace that it does not always possess, and yet its character was more powerfully passion-tossed than it often is from conductors who, so far as in them lies, ignore Wagner's melody. Richard Strauss's was, indeed, a moving, overwhelming interpretation. But of the Beethoven symphony Dr. Strauss made comparatively little. The Eighth Symphony, however, offers small field to a conductor, for there is hardly more than one way to read it; any other symphony of Beethoven,

therefore, would have been more interesting at last night's concert than the Eighth, which we are by way of hearing admirably performed as frequently as is necessary.

When it came to the Strauss pieces the choice was still disappointing, for people had so firmly fixed their hearts on hearing the "Heldenleben" or "Zarathustra" from the composer that they were exceedingly ill-content when the programme was announced. A few weeks ago, when "Don Quixote" was produced here, the work seemed exceedingly weak, an exhibition of amazing ingenuity and extraordinary cleverness put to a poor purpose. Last night, from Mr. Strauss, the composition seemed more trivial than before, because Mr. Gericke, by a certain breadth of performance, smoothed over many vulgar places so successfully that they seemed quite worth while. Last night the musical poverty of the work stood boldly forth, and it seemed as though "Don Quixote" would never come to an end.

Of far more moment was the "Don Juan" poem, which we first heard here a season or so ago. To a listener purposely unprepared with any programme notes, the poem made a most beautiful musical impression, although it might as well have been called by no name at all as "Don Juan"; for their full understanding, Richard Strauss's orchestral works must be furnished with a distinct programme. As a tone poem, however, of regular form, in a certain number of distinct episodes, all leading up to a grand climax that seemed less grand than it did two or so years back, "Don Juan" left behind it a memory of beautiful music. The most striking feature of the performance was its clarity; from the composer, the music seemed obvious and inevitable.

At the end of the long programme came the "Feuersnot" excerpt, which was perplexing because it sounded so much less brilliant than when it was played here two years ago. *Trans. Apr 20 1904* R. R. G.

## STRAUSS DRAWS AS CONDUCTOR

*B. Journal 10 April 1904*

At Symphony Hall last evening a concert was given for the benefit of the pension fund of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Richard Strauss conducted and this was the program:

Symphony No. 8, in F major..... Beethoven  
Prelude to "Tristan und Isolde"..... Wagner  
Tone Poem, "Don Juan," "Don Quixote," Love Scene from "Feuersnot"..... Richard Strauss

The long desired came to pass, and the great hall was filled with a splendid gathering of Boston's musical best to see and hear it. Richard Strauss conducted the Boston Symphony Orchestra,

and not only that, but some of his own compositions were played. And therein lay the great, the compelling charm of the concert. For the Beethoven Eighth Symphony, that gay exponent of all that is fair and sweet in life, has been better given by other conductors. There was apparent at once, it is true, a more virile and impetuous reading, which made the first movement rather more interesting than usual; but after that not so much can be said. The allegretto, with its dainty, incessant rhythm, was beautifully interpreted, but the third, or minuet, movement was ragged, and several individual players went wrong, most noticeably the first horn. And in both this and the last movement, while there was solidity and a certain strenuousness, it was at the expense of beauty and clearness, and surely this particular symphony demands both, if it demands anything. Honor where honor is due. Mr. Gericke, who often fails to bring out the strength and emotional fire there is in a piece, need fear nothing in comparison as a reader of Beethoven.

#### Exhilaration in the Extreme.

With the "Tristan" prelude came an intensity of passion and an enormous power in the orchestra that were exhilarating in the extreme. But here, as in the symphony, the thumpings of the kettle drummer—not the regular player, but the man who ruined so many things under Paur by his inordinate banging—was too sadly in evidence. This man and others should remember that a kettle drum is a musical instrument, with a definite pitch, and not a mere barrel head upon which to pound and rattle.

In the field of Richard Strauss' own works there was nothing left to desire. Here was the best orchestra of America playing as the greatest living composer wished it to play, and the result was fine and thrilling. With the first bars of the "Don Juan" tone poem, that bravely suggestive epitome of the life of the prince of rakes, it was evident that the Strauss music was being given as it should be. The broad and sensuous sweep of melody and the marvelous coloring of the varied elements of the work came forth from the players as never before. Surely it is worth while to get these things at first hand.

#### "Don Quixote" a Masterpiece.

The "Don Quixote" fantasy, which we heard by the same orchestra in February, seems more human and comprehensible at its second performance. At any rate, its beauty now overbalances the weirdness of many of its thematic developments, and it stands forth a masterpiece of its kind. Whether sweeps are legitimate subjects for musical expression or not, matters very little. The fact that here, in its completeness, is a most wonderful and fascinating tone-picture is sufficient answer to any minor criticism. No one but a colossal genius could have written this "Don Quixote," and no one but a master could have conducted it with the authority and the knowledge that Richard Strauss displayed last night.

There was plenty of breadth and strength in the love scene from "Feuersnot," with which the concert ended, and it was played by the Symphony men in a way that must have surprised



themselves. For once the brasses  
out with tremendous power, and  
concertgoers rubbed their eyes.  
The piece is not especially great in  
thematic material, but it is undoubtedly  
stirring; the magnificent performance it  
had doubtless gave it every advantage.



## *Symphony Hall.*

SEASON 1903-04.

# BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Mr. WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.

## XXIII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, APRIL 23, AT 8, P. M.

### Programme.

CHADWICK,	CONCERT OVERTURE, "Euterpe." (First performance.) Conducted by the Composer.
BRUCH,	ARIA from "Odysseus."
ELGAR,	VARIATIONS on an Original Theme, op. 36. Mr. H. G. TUCKER at the Organ.
J. S. BACH,	SONGS with PIANOFORTE.
FRANZ,	"If thou thy Heart bestowest."
MENDELSSOHN,	"In Autumn."
	"Spring Song."
VOLKMANN,	SYMPHONY in D minor, No. 1, op. 44. I. Allegro patetico. II. Andante. III. Scherzo: Allegro non troppo. Trio: Meno mosso, quasi Andantino. IV. Finale: Allegro molto.

### Soloist:

Miss MARGUERITE HALL.

The Pianoforte is a Steinway.



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#### Soloist:

Miss MARGUERITE HALL.

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## MUSIC AND DRAMA

### The Boston Symphony Orchestra

The next to last Symphony concert of the season was held in Symphony Hall on Saturday evening. Miss Marguerite Hall was the soloist, and this was the programme:

Chadwick: Concert Overture, "Euterpe."  
(First performance.)  
Conducted by the Composer.  
Bruch: Aria from "Odysseus."  
Elgar: Variations on an Original Theme, Op. 36.  
Mr. H. G. Tucker at the organ.  
Songs with Pianoforte—  
J. S. Bach: "If thou thy heart bestowest."  
Franz: "In Autumn."  
Mendelssohn: "Spring Song."  
Volkman: Symphony in D minor, No. 1, Op. 44.

Although the concert was depressingly dull, the cause of the lack of interest would not be easy to discover. The programme, to be sure, proved by no means exciting, but the root of the evil must have lurked farther back than the programme, for from the very first moment the audience was apathetic. As the evening wore on the atmosphere got murkier and deader; nothing went.

In such an environment Mr. Chadwick's overture, "Euterpe," failed to make a deep impression. As the work of Mr. Chadwick, it could not, of course, be other than effectively planned, skilfully executed and orchestrated with a glowing array of tone colors. In itself, however, the overture did not seem interesting, although it was agreeable at the present time to hear a new composition that is mere music, pure and simple, with no suggestion of philosophy to be expounded or a landscape to be painted.

For the second time this year on Saturday Mr. Gericke practised the innovation of repeating a new work in the course of the same season. The custom is surely an excellent one, but yet we might have been spared further acquaintance with Mr. Elgar's fourteen friends, whom he has sketched in the symphonic variations, for, with the exception of the pretty Dorabella, a more colorless company of persons were never gathered together. Like Henry James's later creations, these friends of Mr. Elgar confine themselves to remarking, "You are wonderful!" or even the less complicated, "A hot day, sir," with so intricate a system of shrugs and meaning looks that one fancies such conversation must be singularly significant, had one only the intelligence to fathom it. More likely, though, it is quite as commonplace as it sounds, in the case of both Mr. James and Mr. Elgar.

The music of the evening that had most appearance of life was the Volkmann symphony, but by the time of night when it began (in reality not very late) most people were too much influenced by the prevailing mood greatly to enjoy it. The gloom, by the way, was not lightened by the presence of Miss Marguerite Hall. Although Miss Hall is held in high esteem by many people as a singer of songs, her warmest admirers could hardly think her suited either in voice or temperament, to sing a dramatic

aria in Symphony Hall. Miss Hall's man also cannot in justice be allowed pass unmentioned.

This week the Symphony concerts will end for the season. The programme of the last concert will consist of Tchaikowsky's Manfred symphony, with excerpts from "Siegfried" and "Die Götterdämmerung."

R. R. G.

## MUSICAL MATTERS

### THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

#### PROGRAMME.

Chadwick—Concert Overture, "Euterpe" (first performance), conducted by the composer.  
Bruch—Aria from "Odysseus," Miss Marguerite Hall.  
Elgar—Variations on an original theme, op. 36, Mr. H. G. Tucker at the organ.  
Songs With Pianoforte.  
J. S. Bach—"If Thou Thy Heart Bestowest."  
Franz—"In Autumn."  
Mendelssohn—"Spring Song."  
Miss Hall.

Volkman—Symphony in D minor, No. 1, op. 44.

Mr. Chadwick seems to be serving up the muses, one by one, in overture form. He has given us a superb "Melpomene," a dashing "Thalia," and at this concert presented a rather conservative and contrapuntal "Euterpe." We shall await the coming of "Terpsichore" with interest. Euterpe, muse of lyric poetry, was generally represented by the ancients holding a flute, but the American composer did not give her too much of the sentimental tube.

The work was scored for classical orchestra, with trombones and tuba, and called for neither a wind-machine nor a dynamite bomb. It was sane and well-constructed music. The chief theme and its subordinate were well-contrasted, and worked up in effective double counterpoint. The subordinate theme was a pleasing cantilena for the violins. It was not a very exciting work as a whole, but contained some ingenious subtleties.

Mr. Chadwick was greeted with much applause when he took the conductor's stand and recalled at the end of the overture. He led it with authority and effect; yet we should have been glad to have had one of his more fiery compositions in a concert that leaned heavily towards conservatism.

His "Vagrom Ballad" would have been an excellent counterpoise to the Volkmann Symphony, and it would have shown that this musician can make as much racket and be as thoroughly unconventional as any discomposer of the most modern school of musical trouble.

Miss Marguerite Hall's voice has gained greatly in recent years, but it is not yet of the proportions demanded by a symphonic concert. She was over-weighted by the woes of the lugubrious Penelope, but did better work in the subsequent lieder, which were accompanied by Mr. Zach, although these, also, would have been better in a smaller hall.

It was pleasant to find a Franz song on



a programme again. Robert Franz ought not to be crowded out even by the beautiful modulations of a Richard Strauss, when it comes to the song repertoire. Franz is poetic, melodic, and yet his ideas are always highly developed. We wish that the artists of the present would occasionally put a Franz "lied" in juxtaposition with some of the modern songs so much in vogue.

Miss Hall also sang a "Spring-song." "Never speak of hemp in the house of one who has been hanged," says an old proverb; do not sing about Spring in Boston this year!

We were glad to hear the Elgar variations again. We spoke of them as great music on the occasion of their first performance, and we can only reiterate our view after a second hearing. They are not equal, there is some padding, but as a whole the set is the best orchestral music that has yet come to us from England. The climax, in which the organ appears (the instrument was well played by Mr. H. G. Tucker) is especially effective.

Volkman's first symphony is but a moon to Schumann's sun. Poor Volkman's metal was refined in the crucible of adversity, but it has not proved to be valuable gold. In the symphony there is much reiteration, an exasperating use of sequences and scales, and when, at the very end, a majestic climax is reached, it is too late to make the work successful.

The symphony is sombre, too, and coming after Penelope's wails and a brooding "Autumn," it seemed as if there was an intention to cast a gloom over the community. Judging by the early exodus it succeeded in doing so. A word of praise should be spoken regarding the excellent clarinette playing. Louis C. Elson.

## MUSICAL.

Last but One of the  
Symphony Concerts.

Always-Welcome "Pops" Soon  
to Begin Again.

People's Choral Union Con-  
cert Tonight.

Mr George W. Chadwick conducted his new overture, "Euteope," at last week's Symphony concerts, and Miss Margaret Hall sang an excerpt from "Odysseus," by Bruch, and songs by

Bach, Franz and Mendelssohn. Elgar's variations on an original theme and the D minor symphony by Volkmann completed the program. Mr Chadwick's composition is in the same style as his previous overtures titled after the Muses and is a very pleasing piece of a classic nature. He has not attempted the ultra modern in his orchestration, for there are themes developed and modulations effected without resorting to dissonants and the forte effects are worked up sans a chaos of passages so much affected by composers of the present day. The instrumentation is thoroughly good, elaborate without being particularly difficult, and the subject is treated in a poetic and generally blithesome manner, the alleged contrasting elements in Euteope's make-up being pleasingly shown in the various musical expressions indicated in the score. The piece was very well played under the direction of the popular composer who was most cordially received.

Miss Hall sang admirably, although her opening number, Penelope's recitative and aria from "Odysseus," was not very interesting and the fair singer's voice was void of the sepulchral quality necessary to make the Bruch selection very effective. So far as expression, purity of tone and execution are considered she was satisfactory, and if she had chosen some other classic and less dramatic aria doubtless the majority of her auditors would have been much better pleased.

The Bach and Franz songs, too, were of a somber cast, though being less tragic than Penelope's wail, Miss Hall's voice showed to better advantage, the demands upon the lower contralto register being lighter. Mendelssohn's "Spring Song" was given with a delicacy and finesse that were charming. Miss Hall was greeted with much applause at the close of the group of songs. The orchestra accompanied the "Odysseus" number and Mr Zach assisted at the piano in the trio of selections.

The Elgar variations were given for the second time this season and, as before, the "Dorabella" intermezzo with its bewitching mute passages on the violins proved to be the most acceptable of the 14 varieties of individual tone pictures. Mr Krasselt's cello work in the 12th movement is also deserving of favorable mention.

The program closed with Volkmann's D minor symphony, in which there are so many reiterated passages in three of the movements that the work sounds monotonous, despite its vivid and strenuous instrumental colorings in spots. The second is interesting, possibly by contrast with the other movements, and the themes are acceptable to the ear and very cleverly arranged for illustration by the different groups of instruments. But as a whole the work doesn't appear to be inspired and its reception by the audience was very lukewarm.

The last concert and rehearsal of the season will take place this week with Tschaiowsky's "Manfred" symphony and selections from "Siegfried" and "Gotterdammerung" announced as the program numbers.

## NEW OVERTURE BY CHADWICK

"Euterpe" Given Its First Performance at the 23d Symphony Concert Last Evening, with the Composer Conducting.

B Herald Phil Apr 24 1904

The programme of the 23d Symphony concert, given last night in Symphony Hall, Mr. Gericke, conductor, was as follows:

Overture—Euterpe.....Chadwick  
(First performance.)  
Penelope's Recitation and Prayer from "Odysseus".....Bruck  
Variations on an original theme.....Edgar  
Songs—Bach's "If Thou Thy Heart Bestowest," Franz's "In Autumn," Mendelssohn's "Spring Song,"  
Symphony No. 1 in D minor.....Volkmann

Mr. Chadwick conducted his overture, which was composed at West Chop last summer. The work will not enlarge his reputation, for it is not conspicuously imaginative or brilliant; it has rather the character of a well made "occasional" overture; but it is significant in this respect—it is straightforward music, without any programme in a period when young as well as more experienced composers would fain translate books, dramas, pictures, statues, all shapes and forms of nature into music, whether they themselves have imagination, moods, sensitiveness, subtle appreciation, or whether they are simply musicians so thoroughly grounded in routine that they stray only with difficulty from the beaten path.

Mr. Hicks, the eminent dry-salter in one of Thackeray's Christmas Books, in his youth wrote poems after the manner of Byron: "The Death Shriek," "The Fireship of Botzaris"; he then became philosophical and wrote an epic, "Idiosyncrasy in 40 books, quarto; and then he turned to the classics and published his "Pæseidon" and "Hephaestus." He wrote poems that contained everything but poetry. And so we find today young Englishmen writing musical works after "Manfred" and Walt Whitman; Germans putting the characteristics of Bismarck and Brahms into music, thus hoping to excite an interest by means of material other than musical. Nor is Mr. Chadwick given, like John Ford, to "doleful dumps." He realizes that music may well be the expression of joy and optimism as well as a dismal science or the accentuation of some phase of mental gloom or the narration in tones of some fantastically hideous vice or crime. When a man has the rare talent of a Loeffler, a Richard Strauss, a Debussy, he can well afford to be fantastical. But there are men who, instead of being inoffensive and sleep-inducing in the field of chamber music, must

needs be amateurs in gory and hideous musical crime. Mr. Chadwick has shown that he can be nobly tragic; witness his "Melpomene" overture. His "Euterpe" is an essay in cheerfulness.

Elgar's Variations sketch the idiosyncrasies of 14 of his friends, to whom we were introduced in Symphony Hall last December. The friends for the most part do not improve on acquaintance. They are still boresome. The men tell dull stories, or in their wilder moments play Russian backgammon or jackstraws. But Dorabella is still fresh, piquant, with a suggestion of French daintiness and coquetry.

The symphony by Volkmann is an earnest work, one that is not without a certain interest to all those who are acquainted with his life of disappointment and poverty, and there are pages in it that may well be respected; but the work, as a whole, is not of the first rank, nor has it the elements of continuous popularity.

Miss Hall sang the lament that Bruch put into the mouth of Penelope, the woman still famous for her fidelity to the absent Ulysses, although the suitors—there were at least 118 of them—were indefatigable in attention. She is still famous, and yet centuries ago scandal-mongers were busy with her name, and some said that she was the mother of Pan by all the wooers and parasites. Bruch's music is not dramatic, and Miss Hall, who is seldom, if ever, dramatic, did not vitalize the written notes. She was a little more successful with the group of songs, although Mendelssohn's "Spring Song" was last night ironical, for, as Coleridge remarked of another region: "The spring comes slowly up this way."

All in all, the concert was not an interesting one.

for PIANOFORTE, in E r. , op. 5.

i.—Allegro ma non troppo  
gro vivace.—Trio I.—Trio II.  
ssivo.  
vivace.

1 Boston.)

A major, op. 45.  
n Boston).

No. 2, in C major, op. 61.  
so.—Allegro.

ist:

DOHNANYI.

is a Steinway.

1 Concert next week.



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*Symphony Hall.*

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SEASON 1903-04.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MR. WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.

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XXIV. CONCERT.

[Last of the Season.]

SATURDAY, APRIL 30, AT 8, P. M.

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**Programme.**

TSCHAIKOWSKY,

"MANFRED," SYMPHONY after Byron's Dramatic Poem. op. 58.

I. MANFRED'S WANDERINGS AND DESPAIR.

Lento lugubre,

Moderato con moto.

Andante.

Andante con duolo.

II. THE FAIRY OF THE ALPS.

Vivace con spirito.

Trio: L'Istesso tempo.

III. PASTORALE: Andante con moto.

IV. THE PALACE OF ARIMANES; INVOCATION TO ASTARTE;

MANFRED'S DEATH.

Allegro con fuoco.

Andante con duolo.

Tempo primo.

Largo.

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WAGNER,

SELECTIONS from "Siegfried" and "Dusk of the Gods."

(Arranged by HANS RICHTER.)

WAGNER,

KAISERMARSCH.



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**Symphony Hall.**

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**Twenty-Fourth Season, 1904-1905.**

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**The  
Boston  
Symphony  
Orchestra.**

**Mr. WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.**

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**Opening Concert,**

**SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 15, 1904.**

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## MUSICAL MATTERS

### THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

#### PROGRAMME. May 2, 1904

Tschaikowsky.....Manfred Symphony  
Wagner.....Selections from "Siegfried" and  
"Goetterdaemmerung" (Hans Richter's  
Arrangement.)  
Wagner.....Kaisermarsch

It was a great and memorable concert. There was no soloist and therefore our orchestra and its director won all the laurels. Mr. Gericke's desk had been decorated with flowers and when he appeared the audience gave him a prolonged ovation, as if to thank him for all that he has done for our orchestral music. And few can fully understand how great these services have been.

Granting any limitations that are charged against him, he has made our orchestra something unparalleled, something that would have been deemed impossible a generation ago; and the performance of last night proved the standard of the organization. Even with the defection of a couple of wind-instrument players of importance, the interpretations were almost flawless.

No man, we believe, understands Symphony Hall quite as thoroughly as Mr. Gericke, and he avoids its defects (for it has grave shortcomings) with consummate skill. One may remember Mr. Gericke's acoustical improvements in our old Music Hall, culminating in the addition of a sounding-board.

It might be well if he were given "carte blanche" to make a few experiments in Symphony Hall, and had a sum of money placed at his disposal for this purpose. It is almost certain that, with his exceptionally keen ear, and his intelligent devices, he would improve the hall up to the excellence of the old Music Hall, if not beyond it.

The concert of Saturday was modern in the best sense. It presented great orchestral numbers without distressing puzzles and dissonances. It was lofty, not turgid. It seems wonderful how "Manfred" appeals to foreign nations after the poet's own country has outgrown it! It required a Tschaikowsky or a Schumann to translate it into tones. If we could have a combination of the 2 composers we would have an ideal musical interpretation of Byron's thought.

Tschaikowsky evidently tries here to do with instruments what others have done with voices. We have "Songs without Words," in music, why not also a "Cantata without words?" As usual, the Russian makes most of his chief effects with the wind instruments. The orchestra is about like that which Beethoven uses in the finale of his Ninth Symphony, except that a bass clarinet is there instead of a contra-bassoon, and bell and gong also toll forth, while there are a few bars of organ music at the close.

Its very beginning is impressive. The lugubrious Manfred theme, the mutterings of the deep wind instruments, seem "big with Fate." Then come climaxes of tremendous force, even "ffff" appearing

more than once. Manfred's sorrows can be heard a long distance off; they could wake up an entire county.

Yet the work could stand as music, without a programme. The tender melody upon the muted violins,—"Astarte,"—would charm without a label. Or, if programme there must be, a mere recital of names would be sufficient to make the work intelligible. For example "Manfred and Astarte," "The Water-witch," "The Mountaineers," and "The Hall of Ahrimanes" would be sufficient to tell the tale, and there would be no need of learned commentary and analysis to come rumbolling after.

The picture of the Witch of the Alps is a beautiful piece of orchestration. Tschaikowsky is strong just where Schumann is weak. Schumann could give no subtleties of scoring; his tone-colors were primitive. But his melody descriptive of that

"Beautiful spirit with thy hair of light,  
And dazzling eyes of glory,"

is an inspiration, and if it is only a violin tune, it so admirably tells its story that a whole orchestra could not improve upon it. But Tschaikowsky gives to us an iridescent picture with a gossamer web sort of ending that is an orchestral masterpiece, and our players performed it in a manner to make the most "blase" critic sit up.

The movement picturing the mountaineers was full of brusque contrast between the healthy rusticity of the peasants and the morbid brooding of Manfred—English born chiefly for the first and muted horns for the last. The rough dance theme was too refined; it might have been made far more uncouth and emphatic.

Why there should be a "Soiree Dansante" in liades, we cannot discover. It gave an exciting picture, but one which we cannot find in Byron's conception of Ahrimanes. But Ortrud, our pagan friend from Brabant, had evidently arrived in the nether world, for her motive was prominent. A masterly movement, in short, which contradicted Byron. That both Schumann and Tschaikowsky should end this work with a religious thought is a "most lame and impotent conclusion"! The good old Abbot in the poem says that Manfred is gone—

"Whither I dread to think; but he is gone!"

Whereupon Schumann adds a very ugly double canon with requiem words, and Tschaikowsky introduces the organ with religious fervor.

The performance was speedily recognized at its high worth by the audience (even the bell was in tune and effective), and the applause was most sincere and intense.

Then came Wagner, not a bit weakened by the long symphony. It was well played, although Siegfried had a little trouble with his horn, and we object to the mis-translation of "Siegfried's Trip up the Rhine" as being too suggestive of a "Cookie" excursion.

Wagner's "Kaisermarsch" does not grow upon repeated hearing. We feel that the master's grandiose ideas sometimes went over the border-line and became bombastic. Thus it was with all his marches, although the "Huldigungsmarsch" sins less



in this respect, and thus it is with some of the "Parsifal" effects, which are just now accepted in America as the acme of music. At the close the public again thanked Mr. Gericke by long and loud applause, and a recall to the stage.

Louis C. Elson.

MAY 1, 1904.

## ORCHESTRA CLOSSES ITS 23D SEASON

Boston's Incomparable Band at Its  
Best Through Tschaikows-  
ky's Manfred Symphony.

THE REISENAUER RECITAL

Program Unsatisfactory to Average  
Listener—Many Numbers  
Superbly Played.

For its twenty-fourth and last of this season's concerts, the Symphony program was this:

"Manfred," Symphony, Op. 58, after  
Byron's dramatic poem.....Tschaikowsky  
Selections from "Siegfried" and "Dusk  
of the Gods".....Wagner  
(Arranged by Hans Richter.)  
"The Emperor's March".....Wagner

The season ended with a musical cheer, a vast shout of triumph, for Wagner's "Kaisermarsch," spite of its strain of the circus and its suspicion of bombast, is a very effective cry of patriotic fervor. And the rest of the concert was somewhat in the same mood, for even the "Manfred" symphony, spite of its gloom, is after all, the tense and passionate victory of a soul over death and despair.

This same "Manfred" poem naturally inspired the somber Russian with a desire to set his wanderings and his maunderings to music. Byron's pessimistic and mournful hero is not altogether genuine, as we look at these things nowadays. He struts and poses in his theatrical despair, and comes perilously near the line of burlesque. But Tschaikowsky did not see him thus, for his music is thrilling and powerful and sincere.

To be sure, there is little of the terrible personal sadness of the great Sixth Symphony; even Tschaikowsky is, in this work, here and there melodra-

matic and turgid, as if, contrary to his own knowledge, the Byronic touch affected him.

But, on the whole, here is great and lasting music. The mournful first movement, with its delirious cry for forgetfulness; the exquisitely beautiful and characteristic melody of the second theme of the Alpine music; the brooding to nature in the pastora, and the wild riot of the scene in the hall of Arimanes, with its ending of solemn majesty as Manfred's soul speeds to the unknown, are all very typical of the wonderful Russian if not at all times his best product. The playing was admirable; rarely has Mr. Gericke so enthusiastically entered into a performance, and rarely has he let his orchestra "go" with such abandon. The effect was exhilarating, and the audience was quick to respond to it.

With great breadth and beauty were read the "Siegfried" and the "Götterdämmerung" selections also, and though we have heard all this very recently, there is no satiety in music of such superb coloring and suggestive themes. In the face of its nobility and haunting call to the imagination there are few indeed who can remain unmoved.

Thus endeth the twenty-third season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, one that has not been brilliant, as a whole, but in the main interesting and profitable.

### SYMPHONY SEASON CLOSSES.

The 23d Symphony season closed last night with the following program: "Manfred," a dramatic symphony by Tschaikowsky, and selections from "Siegfried" and "Dusk of the Gods," and "The Emperor's March," the latter three by Wagner. A substantial and dignified finale, which gave the orchestra plenty of work without the relief of a solo contribution, a somewhat infrequent occurrence, as a score of soloists have appeared at these concerts this season. Wagner, preceded by Tschaikowsky, did not make a very good contrast, and doubtless some lighter composition played between would have been acceptable to the majority of the patrons; but four compositions of this importance are not frequently given on one program, and so anyone who really appreciates music of the modern and advanced style could find but little fault with the combination.

Tschaikowsky's great "Manfred" symphony, which he considered his best orchestral work, illustrates vividly characteristics of Byron's dramatic poem, the themes are wonderfully suggestive of phases and incidents in Manfred's turbulent career and the scoring is tremendous in its scope. The first movement, with its weird, uncanny phrases, was played with splendid spirit and power, and the "Fairies of the Alps" scene, an immensely difficult and ingenious piece of orchestration, although severely testing the abilities of the various contingents, was given about as smoothly as if the composition was much simpler in construction. The violins deserve special mention for their harmonious work. In the "Pastorale" the sharp contrasts were beautifully shown, the heavier instruments making the most of their opportunities in the shepherd dance, and in the "Bacchanal," fantastic and irregular in rhythm, the full band was heard in one of the finest pieces of ensemble work of the season. The climax was unusually effective.

The selections from "Siegfried" and "Dusk of the Gods," although played admirably, lost somewhat in impressiveness by reason of the powerful number which preceded them. The "Emperor's March" received vigorous and sympathetic treatment.

The summary of the works performed at these concerts is given in the last program as usual and of the 112 compositions Beethoven leads with eight to his credit. Brahms has seven, Mendelssohn and Wagner six each, Saint Saens and Liszt five each and Tschaikowsky four. Twenty-one works were performed for the first time in Boston, of which those by Chadwick, Stoube and Arbos were given for the first time anywhere.

Twenty soloists appeared, Messrs T. Adamowski, Arbos, Krasselt and Blinbaum of the orchestra being of the number, with Mr. Zach set down in the summary as piano accompanist for five singers. The solos were apportioned among seven vocalists and 13 instrumentalists. The 24th season will open Oct 14-15. *Globe May 1 1904*

## SYMPHONY SEASON BROUGHT TO CLOSE

Tschaikowsky's "Manfred" and Selections from Wagner's "Ring"  
Attract a Great Audience at the  
Farewell Concert.

MR. GERICKE GIVEN  
REPEATED OVATIONS

Orchestra Is the Work of His  
Hands and Its Reputation for  
Technical Proficiency and Un-  
common Euphony Is Enhanced.

*Herald May 1, 1904.*

The programme of the 24th and last concert of the Symphony orchestra, Mr. Gericke, conductor, given last night in Symphony Hall, was as follows:

"Manfred," symphony.....Tschaikowsky  
Selections from "Siegfried" and "Die  
Götterdämmerung".....Wagner  
"Emperor's March".....Wagner

Balakireff suggested Byron's "Manfred" to Tschaikowsky as a subject for a symphonic poem. He had suggested it to Berlioz, who shrank from the labor on account of his age and infirmities. Balakireff made out a programme with instructions, even about tonalities to be chosen, and about the manner of notation; and then he calmly added: "The subject does not suit my own in-

ner disposition."

Tschaikowsky found the task of composition a hard one. He sweated drops of blood. He wished to put it aside forever; yet there was a fascination, and there was a time when he felt himself a Manfred.

Byron's hero does not appeal to us of this day as it did to the romantic world in which he sulked and scowled. His period was more impressionable. Hazlitt wrote "Manfred is merely himself, with a fancy drapery on;" but the man Byron was not dismissed so lightly by the essayist, who thought him worthy of a long and labored attack. The "noble Lord" not only influenced such men as Maturin and his Melmoth; he was taken seriously by Goethe; nor did Henley exaggerate when he characterized this "lovely and tremendous and transcending genius of revolt" as "one of the greatest elemental forces ever felt in literature."

Henley fought for Byron and now Mr. Chesterton, with that love of paradox which would have made him a glorious member of the pirate crew of Penzance, writes entertainingly of Byron's optimism. It would no doubt be better for us all if we read Byron, but Manfred and Childe Harold and Lara and the rest of them have joined Melmoth and Werther and the stranger and other heroes, once mysterious or bugaboo and now unmitigated bores. The Byron of true and inimitable genius who may well be praised today is the poet of "Don Juan," "Beppo," "The Vision of Judgment"—Byron the letter-writer. The poet in Mr. Shaw's "Candida," even though he was created chiefly to expose the pretentious clergyman-husband is much more human, much nearer to us in his expression of revolt than any of Byron's gloomy wanderers. Yet what superb poetry there is in this same tragedy of "Manfred"!

Tschaikowsky's music illustrative of "Manfred" appeals to us, then, first of all as music with its direct effects and its suggestions, and also as an expression of Tschaikowsky's moods and attitude toward the world. As he was most human, his music composed when he was roused to deeds is still as a personal message to the hearer; we hear Tschaikowsky's voice; we share his emotions, sufferings, tortures, despair. And so "Manfred" is most effective when it is strictly personal and direct without thought of formal expression or pedagogic rhetoric.

It is by no means the greatest of his works. Too often the endeavor and the labor are apparent. The scherzo is in structure and design after the manner of Berlioz, although the song of the Alp-witch is purely Tschaikowskian. The finale as a whole is disappointing. The bacchanal in the hall of Arimanes is too deliberate, as though invitations had been sent out and letters of regret had been received. There is the thought of Arimanes on his throne with genial smile, outstretched arm and familiar speech: "Now let the sports proceed," and why a bacchanal? The Arimanes and the spirits of Byron, the destinies and Nemesis, needed no earthly food and drink; they danced no delirious dance. The end, which begins with the entrance of the organ, is an anti-climax after the tremendous death scene. Why this psalmody? Why this hint at forgiveness? Tschaikowsky might better have taken his cue from the poem:

Manfred—Old man! 'tis not so difficult to die.  
Abbot—He's gone—his soul hath ta'en



Whither? I dread to think—but he is gone. But the first movement, the Manfred music in the third, the invocation, the scene between Manfred and Astarte and the death scene—these are marvellously impressive and dramatic pages. The music is alternately passionate, sinister, despairing, sepulchral. There are times when the orchestra is as a sea of sobbing, raging, shuddering voices. For it might be said of Tschalkowsky, as it was said of Baudelaire and then of Maeterlinck, he created a new shudder. He has a curiosity about death horrors and the secrets of the grave, and a felicity in the treatment of thoughts of death that recall John Webster's tragedies of Italian vengeance and violent endings. We hear in his music the cry of despairing Job: "I have said to corruption, thou art my father; to the worm, thou art my mother and my sister."

Tschalkowsky's modernity is that of nervous doubt and anxiety, and the expression is elemental. Since this modernity is that of every generation since death came into the world, since the expression is poignant and overwhelming, it would seem that the better pages of this composer must move and thrill the hearer for years to come, just as today the call of Charon in Gluck's "Alceste" chills the blood as it did nearly a century and a half ago. For love and death are the two universal and supremely engrossing subjects in life, and the complete expression of the attending joy and anguish defies the revolving years with their shifting tastes and opinions. No great love song ever seems out of fashion. No sonorous chant of death will ever be archaic.

It is easy to complain of the love of repetition, or insistent rhythm, of gorgeous colors. Tschalkowsky was an oriental, a barbarian in certain affections; but it is impossible to deny him a soaring imagination, an intensely human, emotional quality and an elemental breadth and grandeur of expression that are often overpowering.

The excerpts from the "Ring" and the "Emperor's March" are familiar here, and they now require no comment.

Mr. Gericke was greeted with spontaneous, hearty and long-continued applause, which was renewed at every opportunity. He may well be proud of the reputation of the orchestra, for it is as the work of his hands. Whatever may be thought of the character of the programmes during the past season, there is but one opinion concerning the technical proficiency and the uncommon euphony of the Boston Symphony orchestra as it exists today.

## CONCERTMASTER ARBOS RESIGNS FROM SYMPHONY

Journal — May 19, 1904

Fernando Arbos, who was concertmaster and first violin of the Boston Symphony orchestra last season, has resigned. It is rumored that several other players will not be here this winter. Mr. Arbos is to resume his old position of professor in the Royal College of Music, London. Mr. Arbos' successor has not been determined upon. Franz Kneisel, one of the famous Kneisel Quartet, has been mentioned.

## Symphony Concerts.

The 23d season of the Symphony orchestra was not so brilliant as some that preceded it. The standard of actual mechanical performance was high, and there were performances, such as that of Strauss' "Don Quixote," which could not easily be surpassed by any orchestra under any conductor, but the programmes were too often uninteresting and some subscribers complained of mediocrity of certain singers and players chosen as soloists.

There could be no just criticism concerning the catholic taste of Mr. Gericke as displayed in the selection of his programmes. Nationalities were thus represented:

German: D'Albert (for, although his father was French and Eugene was born at Glasgow and educated musically at first in London, where he gained a scholarship that enabled him to go to Germany for further study, d'Albert now insists angrily that he is a German, and no one with any sense of humor will contradict him). Bach 1, Bargiel 1, Beethoven 8, Brahms 7, Bruch 3, Bruckner 1, Franz 1, Gluck 1, Goldmark 1, Handel 1, Haydn 2, Kaun 1, Mendelssohn 5, Mozart 1, Raff 1, Schubert 3, G. Schumann 1, R. Schumann 2, R. Strauss 2, Strube 1, Wagner 6, Weber 3.

French: Berlioz 1, Bizet 1, Bruneau 1, Campra 1, Chabrier 1, Delibes 1, Dubois 1, Franck 1, d'Indy 2, Lalo 1, Loeffler 1—for Mr. Loeffler, we understand, ranks himself as a member of the French school—Massenet 1, Perillou 1, Poise 1, Saint-Saens 5, A. Thomas 1.

Russian: Akimenko 1, Glazounoff 3, Rachmaninoff 1, Rimsky-Korsakoff 1, Rubinstein 1, Tschalkowsky 4.

Hungarian: Dohnanyi 1, Liszt 5.

Scandinavian: Svendsen 1.

Finn: Sibelius 1.

Spanish: Arbos 1.

English: Elgar 3, Mme. Hopekirk 1.

American: Chadwick 1, Huss 1, Paine 1.

These soloists appeared: Singers, Mme. Blauvelt, Miss Foster (first time), Mme. Galski, Mr. Gilibert, Miss Hall, Mme. Melba, Mme. Schumann-Heink; violinists, Miss McCarthy, Miss Mead, Messrs. Adamowski, Arbos, Birnbaum, Sauret, Messrs. Arbos and Birnbaum played for the first time in Boston. Pianists, Miss Aus der Ohe, Mr. Bauer, Mr. Busoni, Mme. Hopekirk, Mr. Joseffy, Mr. Proctor; cellist, Mr. Krasselt (his first appearance).

Mr. Ferir, the viola player, who joined the orchestra last season, displayed his unusually beautiful tone and his art in Berlioz's "Harold" symphony.

The list of new pieces produced at these concerts will be found in tabulated statements at the end of this article. Some of them were not worth the rehearsal, but it is only fair that composers should have a hearing, especially when there is talk about them and their "indisputable" talent. We may wonder now at the columns written in London about Mr. Elgar and his works, but if we had not heard his "Variations" and his "Dream of Gerontius" we might be ready to burst with curiosity. To be disillusioned is good for the mental health. Dull pieces should be revived occasionally that we may see how easily preceding generations were pleased or startled.

As a whole, this series of programmes was uninteresting and the complaint against the quality of certain singers and solo players was well grounded.

## The Boston Symphony Orchestra

On Saturday the twenty-third season of symphony concerts came to an end, the programme consisting of Tschalkowsky's "Manfred" symphony, selections from "Siegfried" and "Götterdämmerung" (Siegfried passing through the fire to Brünnhilde, the morning dawn from the Götterdämmerung prologue, and Siegfried's journey to the Rhine), arranged by Richter, and Wagner's "Kaiser" march.

The Manfred symphony made a deep impression, far greater than when it was played two years ago. Latter-day sympathy is not strong for Lord Byron, the egotist with the gloomy air, who wandered about the earth seeking vainly forgetfulness of his ugly self in all sorts and kinds of unsavory adventures, neglecting only, it would seem, the experiment of behaving himself properly and trying what a good day's work once in a way might accomplish. With his habit of screaming forth his woes, furthermore, for all the world to hear, it is not easy now to find patience. Goethe admired the man, but in this day probably most people regard "Manfred," where the poet screamed of himself most loudly and frankly, much as Thackeray regarded the sorrows of Werther—something to be laughed at. In such surroundings, pages of splendid poetry are badly placed.

If Byron's dramatic poem must be revived for mankind, through music, no musician was so well fitted to the task as Tschalkowsky, himself a genius, and, also, a man familiar with sorrow and grief, and not averse to let the world know of it. As Verlaine and his kind interest the moderns, like Mr. Loeffler and Debussy, Byron must needs make a potent appeal to the tragic romanticist who knew not reserve, Tschalkowsky. At all events, in "Manfred" the Russian composer has set before us very soul torments that know no end. His orchestra shrieks, groans, howls, with a very evident sincerity that makes one shudder. No other composer ever could have done it, for no other mortal man than Tschalkowsky ever combined the necessary morbid temperament with the dramatic spirit and the technical skill; skill by itself would never answer, for manifest sincerity alone prevents such an exhibition of frantic despair as Manfred's becoming ludicrous. The first movement of the symphony is indeed truly horrible, also the close of the last, when everything vanishes into nothing; the bottom drops out of the world, for Byron and Tschalkowsky.

The performance Saturday was tremendously impressive, as has already been mentioned, and even better was that of the Wagner excerpt. Rarely do we hear the music of the "Ring" so carefully and beautifully, above all, so poetically, played. There was little noise about it; many a conductor would make twice as much din with the overture to "Lucia di Lammermoor." But it was all wonderfully satisfying, and made one wish for an opportunity to hear an entire Wagner opera from

Mr. Gericke.

The season just ended has been one of unusually brilliant playing; in its entire course never has the orchestra been in finer fettle than today. The programmes, for some reason, have not all proved interesting, although there have been new works in plenty produced—twenty-one in twenty-four concerts. For these unfamiliar compositions we must be grateful, whether they have shown themselves valuable or not, for the only way to learn is by experience. Perhaps one fault to be found with the programmes is their excessive length. The quality of the soloists, furthermore, has, on the whole, left much to be desired. However, for such orchestral playing as Mr. Gericke has given us all the year, we cannot be too thankful, and evidently everybody feels the same, for Saturday night Mr. Gericke was given a reception and a farewell, of which any conductor might well feel proud. R. R. G.

Trans. May 2, 1904.

## ARBOS HAS RESIGNED

Rumor Says That Mr. Kneisel Will Return to His Old Place in the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Trans. May 18, 1904.

To those who have been regular patrons of the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra it will come as a surprise to learn that Mr. Fernando Arbos, who occupied the seat of concert master and first violin all last season, will not be seen with the organization next winter, as he has resigned as a member of this musical organization. Before accepting an offer to come to America Mr. Arbos was a professor in the Royal College of Music in London, and at the beginning of next season he will return to his old position. Meantime he will conduct a series of summer concerts at San Sebastian, Spain, as he has been doing for several summers past.

By the management of Symphony Hall it is stated that the successor to Mr. Arbos has not yet been determined; but if one may repeat what is persistently rumored about town Franz Kneisel, who resigned as concert master at the end of last season to devote his time to concert work, will return to the position occupied for so many years. Early in the fall he started abroad with his quartet, but was suddenly recalled home late in the winter, owing to the sudden death of his young son.

It is understood that there are several others of the Symphony Orchestra who are not intending to return to Boston another season.

BERARDY.

minutes before the Symphony.



# WORKS PERFORMED AT THE SYMPHONY CONCERTS DURING THE SEASON OF 1903-1904.

Works marked with a double asterisk were performed for the first time in Boston.  
 Works marked with an asterisk were performed for the first time at these concerts.  
 Works marked with a dagger were performed for the first time anywhere.  
 Artists marked with an asterisk appeared at these concerts for the first time.  
 Artists marked with a double asterisk appeared for the first time in Boston.  
 Artists marked with a dagger are members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

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§ First time in Boston with orchestral accompaniment.

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§ First performance in Boston by an orchestra.

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GLAZOUNOFF: Symphony No. 4, in E-flat major, Op. 48. Oct. 24, 1903 (repeated).	
SIBELIUS: Symphony No. 2, in D major. March 12, 1904 : : :	4

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KAUN: "Minnehaha," Op. 43, No. 1. Jan. 30, 1904 : : : :	2

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D'ALBERT: To "The Improvisatore." Jan. 2, 1904:	
CHADWICK: "Euterpe."† April 23, 1904.	
DUBOIS: "Frithjof." Feb. 6, 1904.	
GLAZOUNOFF: "Carnival," Op. 45. April 9, 1904.	
SAINT-SAËNS: To "The Barbarians." Jan. 9, 1904.	
STRUBE: "Fantastic Overture," Op. 20.† March 12, 1904 : : :	6

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AKIMENKO: Lyric Poem. Feb. 27, 1904.	
ELGAR: Variations on an Original Theme, Op. 36. Dec. 26, 1903 (repeated) . . . . .	
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§ First time with orchestra.

## SUMMARY.

AKIMENKO . . . . .	1	KAUN . . . . .	1
D'ALBERT . . . . .	1	LALO . . . . .	1
ARBOS . . . . .	1	LISZT . . . . .	5
BACH (?) . . . . .	1	LOEFFLER . . . . .	1
BARGIEL . . . . .	1	MASSENET . . . . .	1
BEETHOVEN . . . . .	8	MENDELSSOHN . . . . .	6
BERLIOZ . . . . .	1	MOZART . . . . .	1
BIZET . . . . .	1	PAINE . . . . .	1
BRAHMS . . . . .	7	PÉRILHOU . . . . .	1
BRUCH . . . . .	3	POISE . . . . .	1
BRUCKNER . . . . .	1	RACHMANINOFF . . . . .	1
BRUNEAU . . . . .	1	RAFF . . . . .	1
CAMPRA . . . . .	1	RIMSKY-KORSAKOFF . . . . .	1
CHABRIER . . . . .	1	ROSSINI . . . . .	1
CHADWICK . . . . .	1	RUBINSTEIN . . . . .	1
CHERUBINI . . . . .	1	SAINT-SAËNS . . . . .	5
DELIBES . . . . .	1	SCHUBERT . . . . .	3
DOHNÁNYI . . . . .	1	SCHUMANN, G. . . . .	1
DUBOIS . . . . .	1	SCHUMANN, R. . . . .	2



DVOŘÁK . . . . .	2	SIBELIUS . . . . .	1
ELGAR . . . . .	3	SMETANA . . . . .	2
FRANCK . . . . .	1	STRAUSS, R. . . . .	2
FRANZ . . . . .	1	STRUBE . . . . .	1
GLAZOUNOFF . . . . .	3	SVENDSEN . . . . .	1
GLUCK . . . . .	1	AMBROISE THOMAS . . . . .	1
GOLDMARK . . . . .	1	TSCHAIKOWSKY . . . . .	4
HANDEL . . . . .	1	VERDI . . . . .	1
HAYDN . . . . .	2	VOLKMANN . . . . .	2
HOPEKIRK . . . . .	1	WAGNER . . . . .	6
HUSS . . . . .	1	WEBER . . . . .	3
D'INDY . . . . .	2		

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BERLIOZ: "Harold in Italy," Op. 16 . . . . .	1
BRAHMS: Symphony No. 2, in D major, Op. 73:	
Symphony No. 4, in E minor, Op. 98 . . . . .	2
BRUCKNER: Symphony No. 9, in D minor (Unfinished)**	1
DOHNÁNYI: Symphony in D minor** . . . . .	1
DVOŘÁK: Symphony No. 2, in D minor . . . . .	1
GLAZOUNOFF: Symphony No. 4, in E-flat major, Op. 48** (repeated)	2
HAYDN: Symphony in C major (B. & H., No. 7).	
Symphony in C minor (B. & H., No. 9) . . . . .	2
MENDELSSOHN: Symphony No. 3, in A minor, "Scotch," Op. 56,	1
MOZART: Symphony in E-flat major (K. 543) . . . . .	1
RUBINSTEIN: Symphony No. 6, in A minor, Op. 111 . . . . .	1
SCHUBERT: Unfinished Symphony in B minor . . . . .	1
SCHUMANN, R.: Symphony No. 1, in B-flat major, Op. 38.	
Symphony No. 4, in D minor, Op. 120 . . . . .	2
SIBELIUS: Symphony No. 2, in D major** . . . . .	1
SVENDSEN: Symphony No. 2, in B-flat major, Op. 15 . . . . .	1
TSCHAIKOWSKY: Symphony No. 4, in F minor, Op. 36.	
Symphony, "Manfred" . . . . .	2
VOLKMANN: Symphony No. 1, in D minor, Op. 44 . . . . .	1

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VOLKMANN: Serenade No. 3, in D minor. (MR. KRASSELT, 'Cello) . . . . .	1

2

### III. SYMPHONIC POEMS.

FRANCK: "The Wild Huntsman" . . . . .	1
D'INDY: "The Enchanted Forest," Op. 8** . . . . .	1
KAUN: "Minnehaha," Op. 43, No. 1** . . . . .	1

LISZT: "The Preludes."

"The Ideal" . . . . . 2

LOEFFLER: "The Death of Tintagiles" (after Maeterlinck) . . . . . 1

SMETANA: "Vysehrad" . . . . . 1

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BARGIEL: "Medea" . . . . . 1

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"Coriolanus," Op. 62.

"Lenore," No. 2, Op. 72 . . . . . 4

BRAHMS: "Academic," Op. 80.

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CHABRIER: To "Gwendoline" . . . . . 1

CHADWICK: "Euterpe" † . . . . . 1

CHERUBINI: "Anacreon" . . . . . 1

DUBOIS: "Frithjof" \*\* . . . . . 1

ELGAR: To "The Dream of Gerontius" \* . . . . . 1

GLAZOUNOFF: "Carnival" \*\* . . . . . 1

GOLDMARK: To "Sakuntala" . . . . . 1

MENDELSSOHN: "The Legend of the Fair Melusina."

To "Midsummer Night's Dream" . . . . . 2

RAFF: "Ein feste Burg" \* . . . . . 1

RIMSKY-KORSAKOFF: To "The Betrothed of the Tsar" . . . . . 1

SAINT-SAËNS: To "The Barbarians" \*\* . . . . . 1

SMETANA: To "The Sold Bride" . . . . . 1

STRUBE: Fantastic Overture, Op. 20† . . . . . 1

WAGNER: To "Rienzi."

To "Tannhäuser." . . . . . 1

To "Die Meistersinger" . . . . . 3

WEBER: To "Der Freischütz."

To "Euryanthe" . . . . . 2

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BRUNEAU: Entr'acte Symphonique from "Messidor" \*\* . . . . . 1

D'INDY: Entr'acte from "The Stranger" \*\* . . . . . 1

PAINE: Ballet Music from "Azara" . . . . . 1

WAGNER: "Waldweben" from "Siegfried."

Excerpts from "Siegfried" and "Die Götterdämmerung"

(Richter's arrangement) . . . . . 2

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VII. MISCELLANEOUS.	
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MENDELSSOHN: Wedding March	I
TSCHAIKOWSKY: "The Voyvode"**	I
WAGNER "The Emperor's March"	I
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ARBOS: "Tango," Concert Piece for Violin, Op. 6, No. 3.† (E. FERNANDEZ-ARBOS**†)	I
BEETHOVEN: Concerto in D major, for Violin, Op. 61. (OLIVE MEAD)	I
BRAHMS: Concerto in D minor, for Violin, Op. 77. (MAUD MAC-CARTHY)	I
BRUCH: Fantasia on Scottish Airs for Violin, Op. 46. (ALEX-ANDER Z. BIRNBAUM**†)	I
HOPEKIRK: Concert Piece in D minor, for Pianoforte.** (HELEN HOPEKIRK)	I
HUSS: Concerto in B major. (ADELE AUS DER OHE)	I
LALO: Spanish Symphony for Violin, Op. 21. (TIMOTHÉE ADAMOWSKI†)	I
LISZT: "Dance of Death": Paraphrase of the "Dies Irae" for Pianoforte. (FERRUCCIO BUSONI.)	—

Concerto No. 1, in E-flat major, for Pianoforte. (GEORGE PROCTOR.)

Concerto No. 2, in A major, for Pianoforte. (RAFAEL JOSEFFY)

MENDELSSOHN: Concerto in E minor, for Violin. (E. FERNANDEZ-ARBOS\*\*†)

SAINT-SAËNS: Scherzo from Concerto No. 2, in G minor, Op. 22, for Pianoforte. (HELEN HOPEKIRK.)

Concerto No. 5, in F major, Op. 103, for Pianoforte.\*\* (FERRUCCIO BUSONI.)

Concerto No. 3, in B minor, Op. 61, for Violin. (ÉMILE SAURET.)

Concerto No. 1, in A minor, for 'Cello. (RUDOLF KRASELT\*\*†)

TSCHAIKOWSKY: Concerto No. 1, in B-flat minor. (HAROLD BAUER)

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SCHUBERT: "Gretchen am Spinnrade."\* (JOHANNA GADSKI.) "Erlkönig." (JOHANNA GADSKI)

STRAUSS, R.: "Muttertändelei."\* (MURIEL FOSTER\*)

THOMAS, A.: Ophelia's Mad Scene from "Hamlet." (MELBA)

VERDI: Bolero from "The Sicilian Vespers."\* (LILLIAN BLAUVELT)

WEBER: Agathe's Recitative and Aria from "Der Freischütz." (JOHANNA GADSKI)

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Incidental Solos: Mr. E. Ferir,\*\*† viola: Berlioz's "Harold" Symphony and Brahms's Songs, Op. 91 (Mme. Schumann-Heink).  
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J. M. 1904  
EVER since the time when Mrs. Jack Gardner came to Boston a bride, back in the 60's, and astonished the conservative old families with her piquancy and daring, she has been the acknowledged leader of Boston society. Not only that, but she has also, by her marked radicalism, forced provincial Boston of the early days into a new regime. At first "society" tried to be malicious because of her open friendship with notabilities. Then when finally, by the law of contraries, Mrs. Jack, a plain, little red-haired woman without a single brilliant talent and only the supreme gift of tact to commend her, became the leader of the smart set whose every social edict she defied, the aristocracy recognized the fact that the time was to arrive when their innocent daughters would be compelled to enter the same drawing rooms where "actor folk and public mountebanks" were received.

Mrs. Jack has always taken up the various Symphony leaders. She was especially devoted to Gericke, while Arthur Nikisch, that pale little man of nerves, was also her friend. Zach, Strube and others who have wielded the baton from time to time have been patronized by her. When it has so pleased her, she has, in regal fashion, summoned the entire orchestra to play before her and her friends in her superbly appointed music room. The expense was the least consideration, and it was fabulous at that. To hear it, there met in her house the Brimmer set, representing the old Puritan aristocracy of Boston, and the Apthorp set, the new Bohemian set, on common ground. The Kneisel Quartet has also played at her bidding. Mrs. Gardner has not failed to break down social barriers of long standing in the evidence of her belief of society as a vehicle for the cultivation of art, music and intellectuality, and to create such a social renaissance as that of Mme. de Stael's famous salon. But with all that she manages in her subtle way not to mix Bohemian with her social life; she does the two acts in an entirely different key.

While Mrs. Gardner's proteges have, as a rule, been young men, she by no means confines her help to that sex, for many a talented Boston girl owes her success and recognition to Mrs. Gardner's financial and moral support and encouragement. To one she gave a grand piano, to another two years' study abroad.

No one knows just when Mrs. Gardner began to give aid and to smile upon budding genius, but every Bostonian knows that for years there have been favorite opes in her train who have danced attendance upon her at Symphony, at Pop concerts, at horse shows and operas. It is a long list, and included in it are Clayton Johns, Charlie Sampson, young Gebhard, Mr. Blaess, Ambrose Webber, and lastly, George Proctor.

At all the performances given by the School of Opera of the New England Conservatory of Music, Mrs. Gardner has been in one of the boxes, the first to arrive and the last to depart. Last year she not only went behind the scenes to congratulate some of the young artists personally, but she leaned far over her box and with unerring aim threw her immense corsage bouquet of violets at Signor Bimboni, the conductor, at the conclusion of a scene from an opera of his own composition, which was given in America for the first time.

More than once, she has stood at the door and distributed programs at the musicales of some of her proteges, notably at Clayton Johns' recital, some years ago. Once she fractured her leg, but that did not keep her from attending some of the concerts to which she had been looking forward. Oh, no! She went to the hall on one occasion in a wheel chair, and seemed to forget all her pain in her enjoyment of the music. And while confined to her boudoir, she invited several proteges to come and play for her.

In 1896 Mrs. Gardner brought to Boston a new protege who was very much the rage. In fact, at that time he was considered to be the greatest lion whom she had yet introduced to Boston's smart set. In his native city, Venice, where he calmly pursued the even tenor of his way as head of the conservatory there, he was discovered by Mrs. Gardner, who was enchanted with his violin playing. Having heard him on his native heath, in that enchanted gondolier land, she would not be content until she had transplanted him to American soil. To wish is to act with Mrs. Gardner, and in a short time, Tirindelli came and was introduced to sweldom through the medium of a musicale given by her at Pride's Crossing. In the autumn he was her devoted cavalier at the Symphony and other concerts. He was a good looking, dapper little Italian, and a more appreciative music lover than he would have been hard to find. One of



her friends said at the time: "I love to watch them at the Symphony. Every beautiful passage, every dramatic ending is rewarded with an absorbed bow or nod from Tirindelli, who exchanged sympathetic glances with Mrs. Gardner, freighted with "Very good. Very good, indeed!" But when things didn't go just right, when the hundred souls of the orchestra didn't jibe with "but a single thought," Tirindelli's eyebrows were drawn together in deep lines and his expression was most pained.

Mr. and Mrs. Georg Henschel and their daughter, Helen Henschel, who made her debut here a season or two ago as a singer, have been friends of Mrs. Gardner for years, and during Mr. Henschel's stay here last season she saw much of him. Miss Henschel was the delighted recipient of superb flowers from the Gardner conservatories more than once while here. Mrs. Gardner deeply deplored Mrs. Henschel's death and sent a cable of sympathy immediately to Mr. Henschel upon hearing of it.

It was she who made Grossmith the fashion in Boston. When the jolly English monologue artist first appeared in Boston it was Mrs. Gardner who first sought him out and prevailed upon him to give a recital at her home, and since then she has always been a delighted listener at his recitals here.

"Baller" Quinn, the newsboy, claims to be a protege of hers. And it is true that he captivated her at a concert given by the newsboys in a Hanover street hall and that she sat through the entire performance.

Mrs. Gardner, who is an accomplished linguist and speaks Italian as fluently as she does English, is a great friend of Duse, the Italian tragedienne. She is probably the only Boston woman who enjoys the acquaintance of the eccentric Italian actress, with whom her native tongue is a great passport. When Duse has visited Boston Mrs. Gardner has always entertained her at one of her homes and has kept her supplied with exquisite floral offerings from her greenhouses.

George Proctor, the pianist, who was first recognized by Mrs. Gardner, is her devoted cavalier on almost every occasion of her appearance in public. Mr. Proctor was brought out and launched successfully upon the musical profession at a musicale several years ago in Chicago, which Mrs. Gardner went on to attend. He is now a teacher of the pianoforte in the New England Conservatory of Music, and as Mrs. Gardner is a patroness of the institution

and the giver of a scholarship there, they have much in common. He is a frequent and welcome visitor at the Back Bay palace. Indeed, it is said that last year, with his mother, he spent the greater part of the winter there as Mrs. Gardner's guest.

Mohini Mohan Chatterji, the founder of the esoteric move in London, came over here in 1883, introduced by Mrs. Clement Waters, and was at once captured by Mrs. Gardner.

For the nonce, she became a disciple of occultism. Chatterji was not only learned, but very handsome, with the face of a Messiah and long, black curls. He made a picturesque figure in her drawing room and it soon became the fashion for everyone who was anybody to talk theosophy. Women gathered in her drawing room to sit at his feet, and even the Harvard boys aspired to become adepts. A wave of mysticism swept over the Hub, where there was just enough remaining of the Salem witchcraft atmosphere to make theosophy interesting, and even now, though Mrs. Gardner has turned to later fads, there is still a nucleus of theosophy remaining.

Herald May 4, 1904.

## GOOD OLD POPS ARE ALWAYS NEW

Admixture of Productions That Made  
the Masters and Milwaukee  
Famous Once More Fascinates  
Society and the Rabble.

Pop! Pop! Pop!

The Pop concerts began their eight weeks of miniature explosions at Symphony Hall last evening, and while there was much of bubbling and fizzing, the evening was everything but a fizzle.

In fact, the opening evening was a huge, effervescent, musical, social success. For a first evening glass out of the large eight weeks' bottle the Pop last evening was a real good sample. Every one knows what a Pop concert is, and many of those in the know were present last evening to see that everything was started right.

The entire floor, where the tables are spread, was occupied, and the balconies were filled by people who either like to hear their music rather than drink it in, or else they were too late in applying for tables. There didn't seem to be any one wearing a worried look, no matter where he was located in the hall, and during the intermezzo—this is a musical affair—the entire assemblage mingled in the corridors and told, each one to the other, the season's latest tales.

Oh! Boston is surely a gay and festive place, and when Bostonians get together in force, as they did last evening, and inhale their Wagner and Gounod with the stuff that made Milwaukee famous and a certain Dublin family stout, they are a very merry throng.

All decorous and proper, mind you! This is a Boston Pop concert, and not a Chicago roof garden. Symphony Hall was the place, and not Luna Park; and Adamowski was leading the orchestra.

A social success? Well! If the continuing approval of those whose names are symbolical of Boston's social life is the criterion, then the pops will be essentially correct this year as formerly.

The smart set was present last evening and gave their languid approval of the opening Pop. They followed no set rule as to whether pretzels, lobster salads or ice cream should come with the orders. It was simply a social O. K. and now that there is no further doubt in the minds of those who look up while hoping for a chance to look in, it is a safe guess that the seven weeks and five days remaining will be much to the poppy at Symphony Hall.

Although the thirst of the crowd for liquid refreshments was manifested by a hurrying stream of waiters, the musi-

cal thirst was more in evidence, so much so, in fact, that during some of the numbers there was almost an appearance of a waiters' strike. Wine is only incidental to Boston's musical public. It wants its music first, and its German vintage afterward. They can get both at a Pop concert and they were out for both last evening.

Among those who held tables were seen: Mr. and Mrs. Eben D. Jordan and party, Mrs. J. De Forest Danielson, Mr. David Kimball, Miss Estelle Kimball and party, Mr. and Mrs. Joshua B. Holden, the Misses Holden, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Burnham, Mr. and Mrs. James Putnam, Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Higginson, Miss Higginson, Dr. W. S. Bigelow and party, Mr. Curtis G. Metzler, Mr. and Mrs. James Forsythe, Mrs. C. H. Washburn, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Richmond, Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Goodrich, Mr. and Mrs. Timothee Adamowski, Mr. Otto Roth, Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Bigelow, Mr. and Mrs. Josef Adamowski, Mr. Schuyler Bartlett and party, Mr. and Mrs. Thorndyke spaulding and Miss Sara Daggett.

### PROGRAMME NOT HEAVY.

Adamowski Leads with Spirit and  
Marked Authority, While Ap-  
plause Is Hearty.

The first concert of the 19th season of the "Pops," under the management of Messrs. C. A. Ellis and F. R. Comee, was given last night in Symphony Hall. Mr. Timothee Adamowski was the conductor. The programme was as follows:

March, "Tannhaeuser".....Wagner  
Overture, "Mignon".....A. Thomas  
Selection, "Carmen".....Bizet  
Waltz, "In lauschiger Nacht".....Ziehrer  
Fantasia on "Pagliacci".....Leoncavallo  
(First time).

Prelude to act III, "Lohengrin".....Wagner  
Hymn to St. Cecilia.....Gounod  
Violin solo by Mr. A. Birnbaum.  
Country dance.....Nevin  
Overture, "Orpheus".....Offenbach  
Selection, "Prince of Pilsen".....Luders  
Waltz, "Blue Danube".....J. Strauss  
March, "El Capitan".....Sousa

Mr. Adamowski led with much spirit, with musical appreciation, and with marked authority, and there was frequent and hearty applause. There were encores, and Mr. Birnbaum was obliged to bow in response to an enthusiastic demand for a repetition of Gounod's hymn of sugary sentiment. There was a large audience, which was at first as staid as though it were seated in family pews.

There was a little more animation discernible later, but the attitude of well-bred composure was not thrown off, even after the internal application of modest quenchers. The season is in its infancy, and no true Bostonian is suddenly gay.

It is a pleasure to see that the programmes, as announced, are of a reasonably light nature, and Mr. Adamowski is to be congratulated on his selections. The music played at "Pop" concerts should be either decorative or a stimulus to good nature and enjoyment. The ancients were of this opinion, and we are no better than our fathers. Athenaeus tells us the reason for the introduction of music at the feast, and his words might well serve as a motto for the programmes at Symphony Hall:



"In the first place, in order that every one who might be too eager for drunkenness or gluttony might have music as a sort of physician and healer of his insolence and indecorum; and also because music softens moroseness of temper, for it dissipates sadness and produces affability and a sort of gentleman-like joy."

And listen unto the wisdom of Jesus, the son of Sirach: "A concert of music in a banquet of wine is as a signet of carbuncle set in gold. As a signet of an emerald set in a work of gold, so is the melody of music with pleasant wine."

There has been table music in all ages from the famous banquet of Tamerlane the Great to the infamous cuppers of Louis XV.; from the feast where Cortez envied Montezuma to the Pompeian junketings of Prince Napoleon at the beginning of the Second Empire. It was the fashion at London in the 18th century to sup in the open air not far from a band. Horace Walpole flirted with Mme. de Bouffiers as they ate to the sound of horn and hautboy. Ange Goudar ate chicken only during an andante, for he feared lest indigestion would follow keeping pace with the heels of a jig.

On the other hand, Dr. Veron swore that he could not digest without music. And some are of such will power that, unlike Thomas Hardy's Michael Mall, they will not follow the time. "I was sitting eating fried liver and lights," said Mr. Mall. "I well can mind—ah, I was! and to save my life I couldn't help chawing to the tune. Band played six-eight times; six-eight chaws I, willy-nilly. Band plays common; common time went my teeth among the fried liver and lights as true as a hair. Beautiful 'twere! Ah, I shall never forget that there band!"

We believe in gregarious enjoyment at "Pop" concerts, and we therefore look skew-eyed at the railed pen and all formal restrictions. There should be no deliberate dressing for the occasion. If a man be more comfortable in the full rigor of evening dress, he should be welcomed; but the uneasy consciousness of such dress often dampens the natural high spirits of the wearer after the first moment of exultation in showing to the assemblage that he possesses the garments. There are Bostonians who take their pleasures in the manner of Froissart's Englishmen. There are Bostonians who make a brave endeavor to be gay—Bohemian," they call it—but the true Bohemian is born, not made. Some are disconcerted because they do not see "people they know." But how delightful it is to see persons one does not know, and how pleasant it may be to talk with them without the prelude of an introduction—that dismal prelude when the introduced survey each other as strange dogs!

There should be day schools in May and June for night enjoyment. There should be classes in facial expression, ease in sitting, general and desultory conversation. There are many topics for lecturers in these schools: "How to Be Agreeable to Unknown Companions," "How to Entertain a Strange and Attractive Woman Without Thought of Mrs. Grundy—and Without Fear of Injuring One's Own 'Social Standing,'" "How to Be Jolly When One Occupies a Position of Trust and responsibility," etc., etc.

Music, if it be shrewdly chosen and played with spirit or with the proper sentiment, should put these listeners at ease. The music should never have

an "educational" tendency. What is known as "good music" is often bad, yes, immoral at a "Pop." Excerpts from symphonies, symphonic poems, serious overtures, pot-pourris on themes from tragic operas are here as trespassers with the malicious intent to injure if not kill enjoyment.

Let the masters of light and comic opera be heard; let there be dance tunes galore; let there be stirring marches, even though some one may furnish a heel accompaniment or even sing the air in the ecstasy of his delight. The music should never be of a character to remind one of a formal concert hall. Auber and Offenbach are now in season, not Brahms and his austere companions. Johann Strauss is now a more desirable acquaintance than Richard. Tschaikowsky is now only a man that wrote ballet music. Let Sousa be heard, for his music permits even loud conversation.

And, above all, the idea should never prevail that the crowd is gathered for the sole purpose of hearing music. Music should not be the controlling, dominating feature; it should not be like unto a thunder storm during which babblers cease their chatter and birds peep not, nor do they chirp.

Ajib, the third Kalander, told his tale before the three ladies of Baghdad and their guests. He told a wondrous tale of forty damsels, sumptuously dressed and ornamented, and one and all as bright as moons, who welcomed him in the palace, plated with red gold and studded with costly gems, the palace of the forty chambers, one of which was not to be entered.

Trays were laid at nightfall, and spread with flowers and fragrant herbs and fruits and confections. At last, they brought out wine. "We sat down to drink," said Ajib, "and some sang songs and others played the lute and psaltery and recorders and other instruments, and the bowl went merrily round. Hereupon such gladness possessed me that I forgot the sorrows of the world one and all and said: 'This is, indeed, life. O sad that 'tis fleeting!'"

But neither Ajib, son of Khazib, a king and the son of a king, nor any one of the forty damsels suffered from self-consciousness; nor had they been taught to believe that the chief purpose of the musical art was to instruct, to educate.

## "POP" CONCERTS OPEN FOR SEASON

Society Crowds Symphony Hall  
Which Blooms Like a Huge  
Flower Garden.

ADAMOWSKI THE LEADER

Balcony Filled and Much Bowing

## and Waving of Programs Among Old Patrons.

Journal — May 4, 1904.

The nineteenth season of the promenade concerts, more jovially known as the "Pops," was opened in Symphony Hall, which bloomed like a huge flower garden, last evening. The orchestra, composed as usual of Symphony men, was led by Mr. T. Adamowski, and this was the musical menu he offered the audience:

March, "Tannhauser".....Wagner  
Overture, "Mignon".....A. Thomas  
Selection, "Carmen".....Bizet  
Waltz, "In lauschiger Nacht".....Ziehrer  
Fantasia on "I Pagliacci" (first time),  
Leoncavallo

Prelude to Act III, "Lohengrin,"  
Wagner

Hymn to St. Cecilia, violin solo by  
Mr. A. Birnbaum.....Gounod

Country Dance.....Nevin  
Overture, "Orpheus".....Offenbach  
Selection, "Prince of Pilsen".....Luders  
Waltz, "Blue Danube".....J. Strauss  
March, "El Capitan".....Sousa

In Symphony Hall transformed, in the presence of the familiar tables built for four, of vernal toilets, of chatter and laughter of nicotinic incense and the odor of the nectar of Gambrinus, one may well cry "The king of winter is dead; long live the king of spring!"

### Abandon Added.

The "Pops" are the residuary legatees of the Symphonies, with an added feeling of gaiety and abandon. We see the same men on the platform, but they seem to be a more genial lot, with less of the burdens of the musical world on their shoulders. From the thunderous tonalities of Richard Strauss they have moved over very gracefully to the sensuous swing of Johann, the greatest waltz maker of them all. And we who listen do not have to scratch our heads to find the meaning of this or that musical problem. We know what the "Pops" mean, and we are perfectly ready to

Give a rouse, then, in the May-time  
For a heart without a fear.

With a stein on the table,  
And a good song ringing clear.

Mr. Adamowski, who was warmly greeted and who conducted with his customary care, had arranged a very excellent program. There was plenty of the sort of music that naturally fits a concert of this kind, which demands force and fire and foot-compelling rhythm, rather than delicacy and striking beauty.

### Wagner Is Better.

Wagner is better than Gounod—with all due respect to the "Hymn to St. Cecilia," the solo violin part of which was well played by Mr. Birnbaum—and Offenbach's delirious can-can arouses more enthusiasm than the pretty tinkle of Nevin. There is a time for weeping and there is a time for laughter in music; the "Pops" season is an audible smile.

It is almost an impertinence to say that the orchestra played exceedingly well, for it could scarcely do otherwise. Part of the pleasure to the peo-

ple consists in hearing some familiar thing like "The Prince of Pilsen" sounded forth by fifty men and with a beauty of tone that one can get nowhere else in America. Whether or not one always agrees with Mr. Adamowski's view of various compositions is immaterial. The music is superb, and its performance as fine as can reasonably be expected.

And now for a successful carrying out of the season, which has been launched with all the accessories that Bostonians love.

In the balcony there was a double-all-round and in some places triple rows of people, who alternated their attention between the orchestra and the table set, leveling opera glasses and lorgnettes at each in turn, and exchanging hand moves and nods of approval with acquaintances all over the house.

During the intermissions the cliff dwellers and the "tablers" met in the foyer and enjoyed the promenade. It was all so delightfully Bohemian.

Some of those noted were Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Higginson, who had a table in the center of the hall. Mrs. Higginson was in dove-gray silk crepe, and wore a close bonnet of straw. Miss Juliet Higginson was in cafe au lait batiste. Mr. Eben Jordan had a party of young people at his table. Miss Dorothy Jordan wore the lightest gray chiffon gown and a flat hat of white leghorn wreathed in pink rosebuds.

Miss Katherine Fay, whose table was nearby, was in light gray crepe and a blue hat. Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Goodrich held quite a reception at their table. Mrs. Goodrich wore a gown of tobacco brown voile with a veil-draped hat of the same shade. Miss Eleanore Sears was in black and white.

### Tables Were Gay.

One of the tables was occupied by Dr. Robert Beattie of London and his fiancée, Miss Sara Daggett, whose engagement was announced last week.

Mrs. W. D. Quint wore blue louisine done in cream lace and a hat of blue and green. Miss Estelle Kimball was in cafe au lait crepe. Miss Deven's gown was of pale gray. Mrs. Blake wore a handsome jetted gown of black.

Mrs. Adamowski was in light tan voile. Miss Ulay Kenney's gown of all white was completed by a white hat and boa. Mrs. Frank Watson was in black and white. Others there were Mr. and Mrs. James Putnam, Percy Atherton, Ray Atherton, Dr. Ralph Thompson, Dr. George C. Hall, Joshua Holden, Harry Mason, Herbert Copeland, Walter Badger, Thomas Tracy Bouve, Mr. and Mrs. Dennee, Dr. and Mrs. Blake.

## THE BOSTON ORCHESTRA

W. S. Twiss, Mar. 20, 1904

Last Concert of the Season Given  
in Carnegie Hall.

Rafael Joseffy Appears Instead of Miss  
Foster, Playing Liszt's A Major Con-  
certo—Mr. Strube's Overture.



There was a surprise in store for the audience of the last Boston Symphony concert when it gathered in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon. A change in the programme was made necessary by the serious indisposition of Miss Muriel Foster, the English contralto singer, who was to make her first New York appearance at this concert, and little printed slips at the door told that Mr. Rafael Joseffy would be the soloist in her place. Miss Foster being an unknown quantity, though one of whom much has been expected, this sudden dispensation of fate that brought Mr. Joseffy back to the New York concert platform after many years of persistent absence—and it needs some such sudden wrenching of the established order of things to effect it—was as delightful as it was unexpected. He played Liszt's A major piano concerto, (not the one in E flat, as was read on the printed announcement of the change,) and the programme was also curtailed by the omission of Beethoven's "Coriolanus" overture.

The New York public has long been waiting to give Mr. Joseffy the greeting that was extended to him in a manner to indicate unmistakably the admiration and the warm place he holds in its heart. His playing of the concerto was an epitome of all the delightful qualities that belong to his art. It was not the heaven-storming, aggressively brilliant performance that was doubtless intended for it by the composer, accentuating all that bravura skill can accomplish with the resounding sonorities of the modern piano-forte. It was conceived on a smaller, subtler scale than that, in a poetic vein, so far as a poetic vein can be uncovered in a work so largely consisting of superficial brilliancy and lush sentimentality. He sobered and restrained this sentimentality, tempered the hard glitter of the work, and refined its aggressiveness with the gracious spirit that informed it all. His playing was crystal clear, delicately articulated, full of cool half tints and subtle shadings. There were passages where the more forcible enunciation of a phrase was missed as an indispensable expression of the musical idea. There were finish and fleetness of technique, but of technical display there was nothing. It was in its way a beautifully artistic performance. Doubt may still remain whether it is the most appropriate expression of Liszt's purposes, but it was joyfully received yesterday, and Mr. Joseffy was recalled many times.

The programme contained a Fantastic Overture by Mr. Gustav Strube, an accomplished member of the orchestra, and conducted by him, that was heard for the first time in New York. The work shows a command of the modern technique of orchestration. Mr. Strube is clearly beset with an ambition to emulate some of the most extreme instrumental effects that are at present being authoritatively set before

this public by the chief master of them. The fantasticality of his overture finds expression through some strange and, as it seems, needlessly exaggerated harshness. An inveterate tendency to linger in the highest registers attainable by all the instruments is one manifestation of this. On a first hearing the musical ideas contained in the work do not impress themselves either as of unusual value or as developed into a whole of great beauty or of great significance. But it is far from commonplace in both its invention and its execution, and its structure betrays unmistakably an uncommon skill in the treatment. Chabrier's overture to "Gwendoline," which closed the concert, is a picturesque, highly colored piece, suggesting war and the dash of armed men, and containing much that is stirring, something also that is commonplace, notably the cantabile melody that enters in the middle section. The concert was begun with Mozart's E flat major symphony, whose giant beauty and smiling serenity remain unharmed and unstrained through all the stress and strain of music of the present day. Gericke and his men played it beautifully with finish, with proportion, and with the animation and finely poised spirit that belong to it.

## THE BOSTON ORCHESTRA

*N. Y. Times Mar. 18, 1904*  
Its Last Evening Concert in Carnegie Hall.

### A FAMILIAR PROGRAMME

A New Set of Orchestral Variations by  
Edward Elgar—Miss Aus der  
Ohe the Soloist.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra is on its last visit to New York this season, and began its proceedings here last evening with its concert in Carnegie Hall. The programme was made up of music long familiar to New York audiences, with the exception of one number. There were Schumann's first symphony in B flat, Tchaikowsky's B flat minor piano concerto, played by Miss Aus der Ohe, and the prelude to Wagner's "Die Meistersinger." The exception was Edward Elgar's "Variations on an Original Theme," Op. 36, which was given for the first time in New York.

Schumann's symphony was played with freshness, vigor, and delicacy. Mr. Gericke did not make the mistake of seeking to give it a ruggedness of accent and a depth of significance that do not belong to it, but let it deliver its own poetical message. This, while it has something of "the fire of Spring" in it, has a blossoming beauty, an untroubled radiance and charm that were a refreshment and a relaxation after the world-storming and problem-posing music of to-day.

Miss Aus der Ohe played Tchaikowsky's

imposing concerto with an abundance of nervous energy, incisiveness, and driving power, yet missed something of the majesty of the opening section, the sensuousness of what follows, the melting richness of color, the languor of the andante. It was vigorously masculine playing, free from affectation, erring on the side of literalism.

Dr. Elgar's variations were awaited with much curiosity, after acquaintance with the two great choral works in which his genius seems to have found its most characteristic expression. His "Cockaigne" overture was the most important of his orchestral pieces previously made known here. This and the orchestral writing in "The Dream of Gerontius" and "The Apostles" have testified to his mastery of instrumentation, to the idiomatic and at the same time individual manner in which he writes for the orchestra.

These things are fully in evidence in the variations, which are extremely ingenious and resourceful in their workmanship. They are full of subtle touches of orchestral color and effect. They are programme music of the kind that the modern analysts must call "psychological"; yet the composer presents no key to the hidden significances that he has put into them, and wishes them to be heard as "a piece of music."

They are fourteen sketches of the idiosyncracies of fourteen of his friends, whom he has indicated by initials or symbolical names, and of whom the public can know nothing. Still more cryptic is the theme, which is "an enigma," "a dark saying." Most of all is the "other and larger theme" that goes through and over the whole set, but is not played, a sort of "spirit ditty of no tone," presumably; but how and to what purpose these things are no hint is given.

None, indeed, is needed. The piece stands by itself as music, and if the composer's suggestions stimulate the fancy of any, they are so much the better off. The variations suffer to a certain degree from monotony, especially the first six or eight. The last half-dozen have more variety and a more pregnant characteristic. The composer often misses, with all his ingenuity and skill, a really warm, heartfelt, melodic subject; while he rarely fails to interest, he does not always fire the imagination or grip the feelings in these variations.

It is music more for the head than the heart, but it is clearly the work of a strong and vigorous intelligence. There are reminders of the composer of "The Dream of Gerontius" and "The Apostles" in it, in some of the thematic outlines and the treatment, and, however it may be considered, it is clearly a highly individual expression. Mr. Gericke read it with much variety and subtlety of detail, and secured a brilliant performance from the orchestra.

Hall.

901-02

NY ORCHESTRA.

CKE, Conductor.

CERT.

ER 2, AT 8, P. M.

gramme.

E, BACCHANALE, AND SCENE  
nnhäuser and Venus, from Act I.  
ion.)

R'S PREISLIED.

ION.

S PARTING FROM BRUNNHILDE.

S DEATH.

MARCH.

CENE.

S:

Miss MILKA TERNINA.

Mr. ELLISON VAN HOOSE.

There will be no Public Rehearsal and Concert next week.



270

*Symphony Hall.*

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SEASON 1901-02.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Mr. WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.

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**IV. CONCERT.**

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16, AT 8, P. M

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**Programme.**

MOZART,

SYMPHONY in C major, "Jupiter."

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CONCERTO for PIANOFORTE.

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MENDELSSOHN,

SYMPHONY No. 3, "Scotch."

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**Soloist:**

Mr. JOSEF SLIVINSKI.







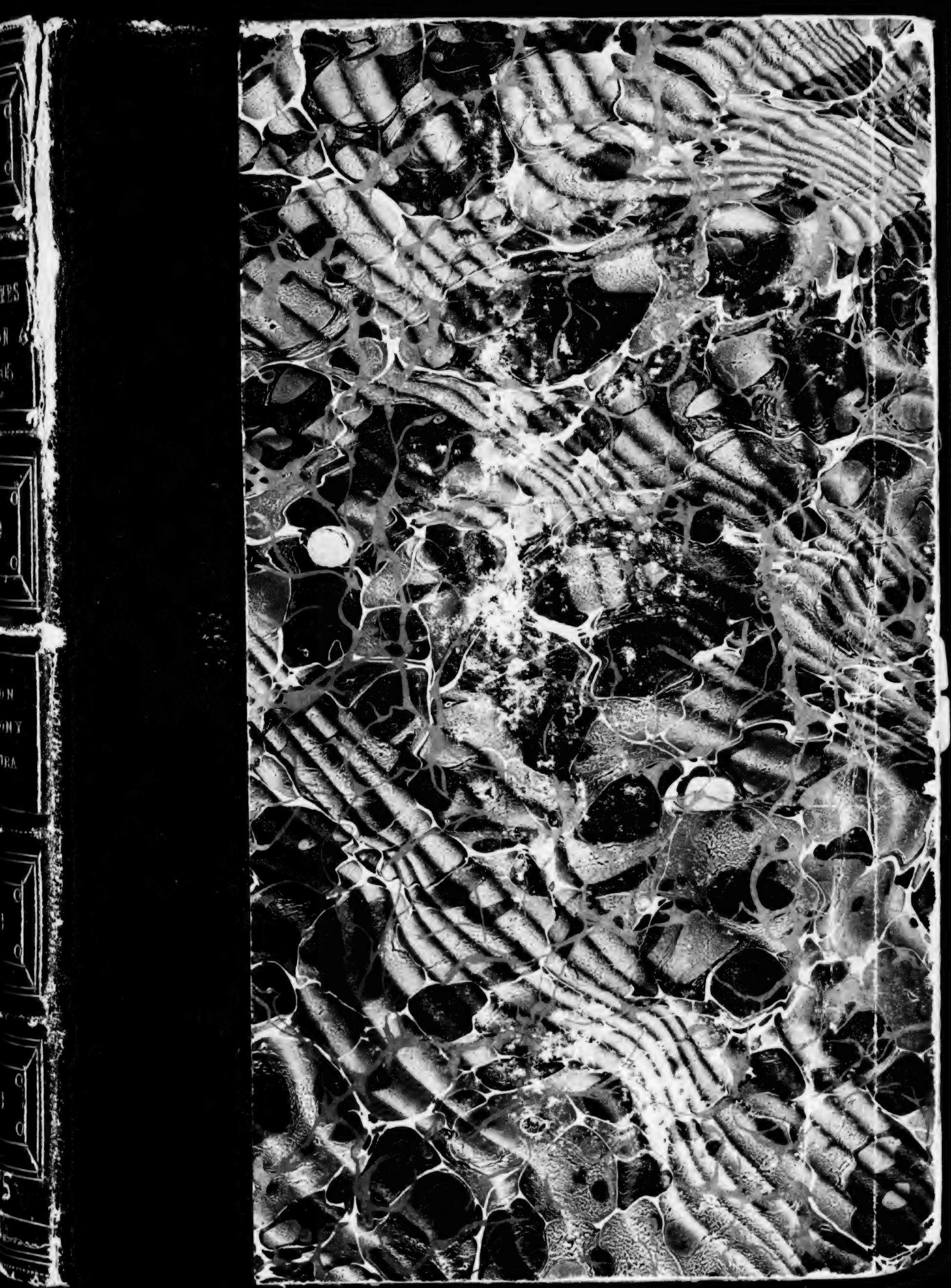




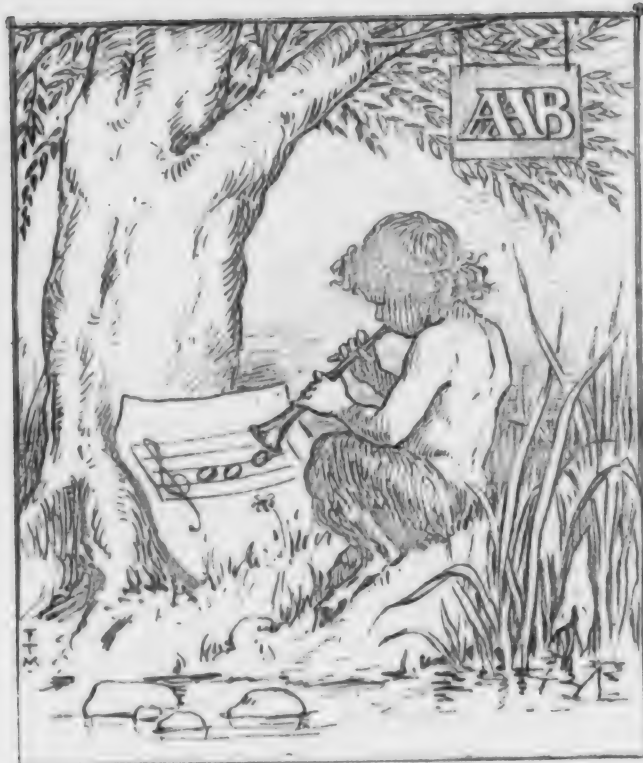
# VOLUME 24

1904-1905









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BOSTON  
SYMPHONY  
ORCHESTRA



SEASON

✻ 1904 — 1905 ✻

PROGRAMMES AND COMMENTS  
COMPILED BY

ALLEN A. BROWN



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Albion/Donner

Oct. 14. 1905

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Composer	Name of Work	Concert	Date of Performance
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	Prelude, Adagio & Gavotte Arr: for Orch. by S. Bachrich	XVII	Mar 4. 05
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	1 <sup>st</sup> "Vladimir de Pachmann		
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Wolf, Hugo

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Bloomfield-Zeile, Annie  
Buonamici, Carlo  
Joseffy, Rafael  
Pachmann, Vladimir de  
Paderewski, Ignace  
Rachner, Cornelius  
Schelling, ErnestFeb 4.05  
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Dec 17.04  
Dec 31.04  
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Apr 22.05  
Mch 25.05  
Feb 25.05Violoncello

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May 28.05

ViolinsAdamowski, J.  
Barleben, Karl  
Hess, Willy  
" "  
Kreisler, Fritz  
Nichols, Miss Marie  
Ysaye, EugeneJan 21.05  
Apr 1.05  
Oct 12.04  
Nov 12.04  
Mch 11.05  
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Dec 3.04VocalistsCampanari, G.  
Forster, Miss Marie  
Graske, Mad. Johanna  
Gilbert, Charles  
Homer, Mrs Louise  
Merrill, W. B.  
Van Hoor, Ernst  
Van York, Theo.  
Williams, Mrs Grace B.Mch 4.05  
Jan 7. "  
Nov 19.04  
Dec 23. "  
Oct 15. "  
" " "  
Apr 15.05  
Oct 15.04  
" " "Organist

Wallace Goodrich, Mr.

Conductor

Mr Wilhelm Gericke

assisted by Mr Willy Hess



Dec. 31  
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**SYMPHONY HALL**  
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BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

MR. WILHELM GERICKE  
• CONDUCTOR •

CONCERTS:

SATURDAY EVENINGS AT 8 O'CLOCK

TWENTY-FOURTH SEASON, 1904-1905

Feb. 4  
14

Jan. 28  
13

Jan. 21  
12

Jan. 14  
11

Feb. 11  
15

Feb. 25  
16

Mar. 4  
17

Mar. 11  
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Mar. 25  
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Apr. 1  
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Apr. 8  
21

Apr. 15  
22

Apr. 22  
23

Apr. 29  
24





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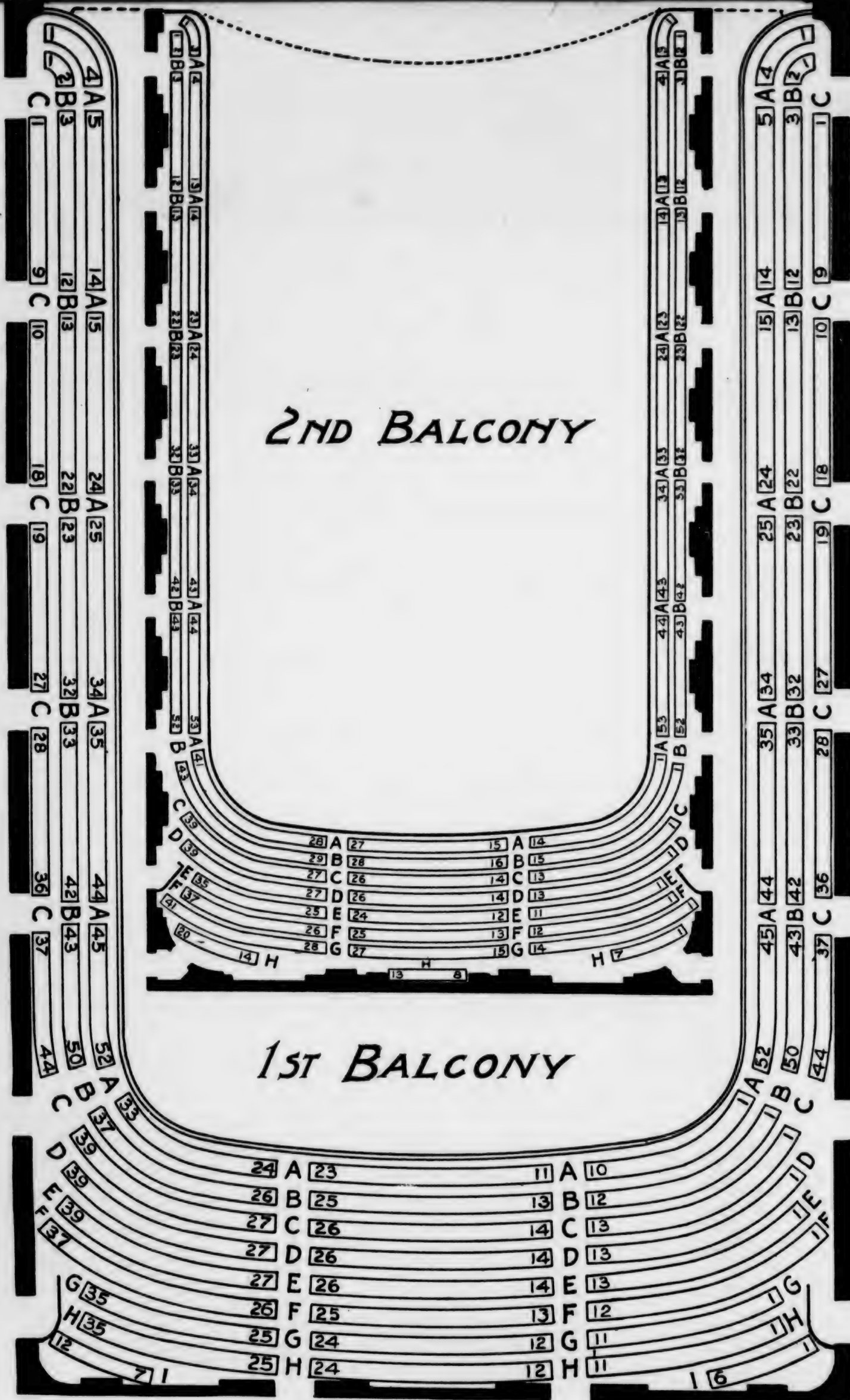
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# SYMPHONY HALL

HUNTINGTON AND MASSACHUSETTS AVENUES

TWENTY-FOURTH SEASON, 1904-1905

## The Boston Symphony Orchestra

94 Performers. Mr. WILHELM GERICHE, Conductor

### TWENTY-FOUR CONCERTS

On consecutive SATURDAY EVENINGS from October 15, 1904, to April 29, 1905, omitting November 5, December 10, 1904, January 14, February 18, and March 18, 1905, and

### Twenty-four Public Rehearsals

On consecutive FRIDAY AFTERNOONS from October 14, 1904, to April 28, 1905, omitting November 4, December 9, 1904, January 13, February 17, and March 17, 1905.

### SOLOISTS

Miss Muriel Foster, Mme. Johanna Gadski, Mme. Louise Homer, Miss Edith Walker, Mrs. Grace B. Williams, Mr. L. B. Merrill, Mr. Theodore Van Yox, Mr. Eugen D'Albert, Mme. Fanny Bloomfield-Zeisler, Mr. C. Buonamici, Mr. Rafael Joseffy, Mr. Vladimir De Pachmann, Mr. C. Rubner, Mr. Ernest Schelling, Mr. Fritz Kreisler, Miss Marie Nichols, Mr. Eugene Ysaye, Mr. T. Adamowski, Mr. C. Barleben, Mr. Willy Hess, Mr. H. Schmedes, Mr. Rudolf Krasselt, and Mr. Paderewski.

**TICKETS** for the series of CONCERTS and for the series of REHEARSALS, \$12.00 and \$7.50, according to location.

The \$12 Seats for the Rehearsals will be sold at auction, at Symphony Hall, MONDAY, October 3, at 10 a.m.

The \$7.50 Seats for the Rehearsals will be sold at auction, at Symphony Hall, TUESDAY, October 4, at 10 a.m.

The \$12 Seats for the Concerts will be sold at auction at Symphony Hall on THURSDAY, October 6, at 10 a.m.

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TICKETS WILL BE DELIVERED IN THE HALL, AND MUST BE PAID FOR AS SOON AS BOUGHT, OR THEY WILL BE IMMEDIATELY RESOLD

## PROGRAMMES.

### FIRST CONCERT, OCTOBER 14 and 15.

IN MEMORY OF ANTON DVORAK.

Dvorak	Overture to "Othello"
	Aria from "Stabat Mater"
	Mme. LOUISE HOMER
	Suite in D major, Op. 39
	Quartette from "Stabat Mater"
	Mrs. GRACE B. WILLIAMS
	Mme. LOUISE HOMER
	Mr. THEODORE VAN YORX
	Mr. L. B. MERRILL
	Symphony No. 5, "From the New World"

### SECOND CONCERT, OCTOBER 21 and 22.

Beethoven	Symphony in B-flat major, No. 4
Joachim	Hungarian Concerto for Violin
	Mr. WILLY HESS
	(First appearance in America.)
Paul Dukas	Scherzo, "L'Apprenti Sorcier"
	(First time.)
Wagner	Overture, "Tannhäuser"

### THIRD CONCERT, OCTOBER 28 and 29.

Weber	Overture, "Oberon"
Bach	Three Movements, orchestrated by W. GERICKE
Chopin	Concerto for Pianoforte in F minor, No. 1
	Mr. VLADIMIR DE PACHMANN
Joseph Suk	Symphony in E major, Op. 14
	(First time.)

It is the intention to present the following novelties during the season:—

Hugo Wolf	Symphonic Poem, "Penthesilea"
Saint-Saëns	Symphony No. 1
Liszt	"Vogelpredigt des heiligen Franz von Assisi"
J. Fauré	"Pellias and Mellisande"
Van Der Stucken	"Pax Triumphans"
Debussy	Prelude, "L'Après-midi d'une Faune"

Converse	Two Pieces for Piano and Orchestra
R. Caetani	Prélude Symphonique, Op. 11
C. Goldmark	Overture
Sinding	Suite, Op. 35
Rimsky-Korsakoff	"Sadkow"
Hadley	Symphony
Gluck (Mottl)	Ballet Music from Suite II.
Guy Ropartz	Fantasie in D major
Schillings	"Der Vespertag"

## Twenty-Fourth Season of the Celebrated Boston Orchestra—Character of Programmes as Indicated by Those of Other Years; Annual Musical Festival at Worcester; the Gloucester Festival—Old and New Operas—Personals.

Revised List 25. 1904



THE 24th season of the Boston Symphony orchestra, 94 performers, Mr. Wilhelm Gedicke conductor, will open with the public rehearsal of Oct. 14 and the concert of Oct. 15.

Mr. Willy Hess and Mr. Grises will be associated with the orchestra for the first time. Mr. Hess, the new concert master, was born at Mannheim on July 14, 1859. He studied the violin with his father and with Joachim. At the age of 19 he was concert master at Frankfurt-on-the-Main, and he kept this position until 1886, when he was called as concert master to Rotterdam. In 1888 a like position was offered him in England. In 1895 he went to Cologne, where he was concert master of the Guerzenich concerts, first violin and leader of the Guerzenich quartet and violin teacher at the Cologne Conservatory. About a year ago Mr. Hess accepted an invitation to settle in London as a teacher. He has a widespread European reputation as a virtuoso. He will, naturally, be the first violin of a string quartet in Boston. Mr. Georges Grises of Paris will be the first clarinet.

In other respects the orchestra will be the same—that is to say, a band of players that is unsurpassed in the musical world, and we doubt whether it is equalled. There are few orchestras that are established on such a sure foundation; there are few orchestras, if there is any one, in which so many virtuoso players of the first rank are so well dis-

ciplined for the purposes of perfect ensemble. It should also be remembered that Mr. Gericke, who has been the one chief trainer of the orchestra, who has given it the distinguishing and pre-eminent qualities of sonority, balance, proportion, finesse in detail, is the conductor of 12 of the 24 seasons.

#### Programmes of the Season.

It has not been the custom of the management to announce before the beginning of a season the chief works to be performed. The programmes of the last seasons may in this instance give an idea of the character of those of the 24th. As in the past, the classic, the modern and the ultra-modern composers will be represented.

The maker of programmes has a most difficult task, and in whatever city he may live, in Berlin, London, Paris, Chicago, St. Petersburg, there is always complaint. Some in the audience would not listen to any music save that by the long approved masters. To them even Schumann is an experimenter, not always to be applauded. The younger are as unreasonably impatient; they would hear only the latest works of the most adventurous. Then there are some who would have an American represented at each concert, simply because he is an American, and without regard to the quality of his music.

They that protest against novelties allege that many new pieces introduced during the last three years were of a disappointing character. "Why should we not always listen to music that we know is good?" They forget that many contemporaries of the composers of this "good" music protested at the time against the "eccentrics" and the "revo-



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Bach	Three Movements, orchestrated by W. GERICKE
Chopin	Concerto for Pianoforte in F minor, No. 1
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They that protest against novelties allege that many new pieces introduced during the last three years were of a disappointing character. "Why should we not always listen to music that we know is good?" They forget that many contemporaries of the composers of this "good" music protested at the time against the "eccentrics" and the "revo-



tionaries" who now are ranked as conservatives. The music lovers of this city have a right to know what is now doing. Richard Strauss, Mahler, Debussy, d'Indy, Dukas and other men now living should be something more than names in a city that prides itself on its musical interest. Saint-Saens wrote an opera, "The Barbarians." It is doubtful whether the opera will ever be performed in this country. Mr. Gerike introduced the overture. It gave little pleasure; it will never be ranked among the composer's best works. But should not the musicians and the music-lovers of Boston have had the opportunity of judging for themselves concerning the merits of this overture? Concerts devoted exclusively for a season to the acknowledged masterpieces of classic composers would be intolerable. Even the greatest works lose through undue familiarity. The moderns have their rights. The most outrageously modern may yet turn out to be a sane and conservative classic. Honor should be paid to all that have a reasonable claim on the attention. If a new symphonic poem excites fierce discussion, if it is to some the abomination of desolation and to others a thing of wondrous beauty, so much the better for conductor, orchestra and audience. Smug and constant approval is a symptom of stagnation in art.

#### Coming Soloists.

Some of the soloists announced for the coming season will no doubt be also heard in recital, but a great soloist needs a great orchestra and the excitement and the brilliance of a great audience to call forth the full display of his powers. The concert stage is then his field of triumph; concerto is his battle horse on which he rides to glory.

The singers will be Mme. Johanna Gadske, Mrs. Louise Homer, Miss Muriel Foster, probably Miss Edith Walker, Mrs. Grace B. Williams, Mr. Theodore Van York, Mrs. S. B. Merrill, Mme. Gadske will not sing in opera in America this season, but she will make a concert tour throughout the country. She sang with pronounced success in operas by Mozart and Wagner at the Munich Festival this last summer. Mrs. Homer is well known and warmly appreciated in Boston. She is the chief singer at the Worcester festival this week. Miss Foster, who is highly esteemed in England—she has also sung in Germany—was heard here toward the end of last season. Her second appearance will be awaited with interest. Miss Edith Walker, a noble and commanding singer in opera, will make her first appearance in this city in concert. Her artistry in Mr. Corried's company was one of the features of last season. The local singers will be used ensemble.

The pianists will be Messrs. d'Albert, Buonomici, Joseffy, De Pachmann, Ruebner, Schelling, D'Albert, who first visited Boston in company with Sarasate, and afterward gave some memorable performances, has of late years been busied chiefly with composition, yet he has played from time to time in European cities and the reports of his performance are such as to revive the interest which he awakened here during his preceding visits. Mr. Buonomici is a pianist who should be heard

more frequently. He has abundant technique, dash, enthusiasm. The name of Joseffy is always a lodestone, and it is a pleasure to note that he has determined to enter again the lists in which he has so often triumphed.

#### Vladimir de Pachmann.

And what shall be said at this late day of Vladimir de Pachmann, the supreme interpreter of Chopin, the composer of all composers for the piano? Let us listen for a moment to the eulogy pronounced not long ago by Mr. Arthur Symonds:

"When Pachmann plays Chopin the music sings itself, as if without the intervention of an executant, of one who stands between the music and our hearing. The music has to intoxicate him before he can play with it; then he becomes its comrade, in a kind of very serious game; himself, in short, that is to say, inhuman. \* \* \* Pachmann gives you pure music, not states of soul or of temperament, not interpretations, but echoes. He gives you the notes in their own atmosphere, where they live for him in an individual life, which has nothing to do with emotions or ideas. Thus he does not need to translate out of two languages: first, from sound to emotion, temperament, what you will; then from that back again to sound. The notes exist; it is enough that they exist. They mean for him just the sound, and nothing else. You see his fingers feeling after it, his face calling to it, his whole body imploring it. Sometimes it comes upon him in such a burst of light that he has to cry aloud, in order that he may endure the ecstasy. You see him speaking to the music; he lifts his finger, that you, too, may listen for it not less attentively. But it is always the thing itself that he evokes for you, as it rises flower-like out of silence and comes to exist in the world. Every note lives, with the whole vitality of its existence. \* \* \* Chopin had no intentions. He was a man, and he suffered; and he was a musician, and he wrote music; and very likely George Sand and Majorca, and his disease, and Scotland, and the woman who sang to him when he died, are all in the music; but that is not the question. The notes sob and shiver, stab you like a knife, caress you like the fur of a cat; and are beautiful sound, the most beautiful sound that has been called out of the piano. Pachmann calls it out for you, disinterestedly, easily, with ecstasy, inevitably; you do not realize that he has had difficulties to conquer, that music is a thing for acrobats and athletes. He smiles to you, that you may realize how beautiful the notes are, when they trickle out of his fingers like singing water; he adores them and his own playing, as you do, and as if he had nothing to do with them but to pour them out of his hands."

Truly a poetic praise.

#### Mr. Ruebner and Others.

Mr. Cornelius Ruebner, the successor of Mr. MacDowell at Columbia University, was born at Copenhagen in 1853. He studied with Reinecke and Gade at Leipzig, practised his profession for a time at Baden-Baden, and in 1892 settled at Karlsruhe, where he conducted

the Philharmonic Society. He has composed a symphonic poem, "Friede, Kampf und Sieg," a festival overture, a piano trio, songs and piano pieces.

The Herald spoke of Mr. Schelling last Sunday. A pupil of Paderewski, he has been highly praised for his piano playing in London and in continental cities.

The violinists will be Miss Marie Nichols and Messrs. Ysaye, Kreisler, Hess, Adamowski, Schmedes and Barleben. Miss Nichols is a Bostonian by adoption

and she was taught in this city by Mr. Emil Mollenhauer. She studied also for a time in Berlin with Hallé and in Paris with Debroux. She was already an accomplished violinist when she went to Europe, and she had played with orchestras in several American cities. Her performances in Berlin, Paris and London excited the lively admiration of the critics. She is one of the soloists at the Worcester Festival this week. Mr. Ysaye and Mr. Kreisler will be most heartily welcomed. Each in his own way is a great artist. Messrs. Barleben and Schmedes will play for the first time at these concerts, and Mr. Hess will make his first appearance in this country. Mr. Rudolf Krasselt, the first cellist, is also one of the soloists.

#### The Circuit Concerts.

This orchestra, founded and maintained by Maj. Henry L. Higginson with a disinterested and a noble purpose, is something more than an honor to the city that is its abiding place. Its fame is national, one might well say international, although the orchestra has not yet crossed the Atlantic. Other cities than Boston eagerly await its concerts. There will be 10—five matinees and five evenings—in New York, 10 in Philadelphia, five in Brooklyn and five in Baltimore, three in Hartford and three in Providence and one concert in Worcester, New Haven, Springfield, Poughkeepsie, Albany, Troy, Portland, Northampton—44 concerts in all outside of Boston; nor should the concerts in Cambridge be overlooked.

That these concerts are an educational force is a fact recognized by some of the leading educational institutions. The Cambridge concerts are under the auspices of Harvard University; the concert in New Haven is given in Woolsey Hall, Yale University; President Faunce of Brown is interested in the success of the concerts in Providence, President Seelye of Smith College is likewise interested in Northampton, and Vassar College is most liberally represented at the concert given in Poughkeepsie.

Nor is it merely the soloist, however distinguished he or she may be, that crowds the halls in the cities of the circuit. The appearance of an Ysaye or a de Pachmann is indeed a musical event, but the great virtuoso, the one long anticipated and gratefully remembered, is the orchestra itself.

The auction sales for the 24 Friday afternoon public rehearsals will be held at Symphony Hall on Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 3 and 4, and for the 24 Saturday evening concerts on Thursday and Friday, Oct. 6 and 7, each sale commencing at 10 A. M. and continuing through the day. Bids will be accepted for seats in their regular order only, and not for the choice; and no more

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## SYMPHONY HALL

# THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

94 PERFORMERS

MR. WILHELM GERIKE, Conductor.

### TWENTY-FOUR CONCERTS

On SATURDAY EVENINGS from Oct. 15, 1904, to April 29, 1905.

### TWENTY-FOUR PUBLIC REHEARSALS

On FRIDAY AFTERNOONS from Oct. 14, 1904, to April 28, 1905.

#### SOLOISTS:

Miss Muriel Foster, Mme. Johanna Gadske, Mme. Louise Homer, Miss Edith Walker, Mrs. Grace B. Williams, Mr. L. B. Merrill, Mr. Theodore van York, Mr. Eugen D'Albert, Mme. Fanny Bloomfield-Zeisler, Mr. C. Buonomici, Mr. Rafael Joseffy, Mr. Vladimir de Pachmann, Mr. C. Rubner, Mr. Ernest Schelling, Mr. Fritz Kreisler, Miss Marie Nichols, Mr. Eugene Ysaye, Mr. T. Adamowski, Mr. C. Barleben, Mr. Willy Hess, Mr. H. Schmedes, Mr. Rudolf Krasselt, and Mr. Paderewski.

TICKETS for the series of CONCERTS, and for the series of REHEARSALS, \$12.00 and \$7.50, according to location.

The \$12 seats for the Rehearsals will be sold at auction at Symphony Hall, MONDAY, Oct. 3, at 10 A. M.

The \$7.50 seats for the Rehearsals will be sold at auction at Symphony Hall, TUESDAY, Oct. 4, at 10 A. M.

The \$12 seats for the Concerts will be sold at auction, at Symphony Hall, on THURSDAY, Oct. 6, at 10 A. M.

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# SYMPHONY

40 STATE STREET. ROOM 53.

SEATS FOR SALE in all parts of hall,

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*Journal Oct. 1, 1904.*  
After the preliminary announcement of the dates, soloists and other details of the coming season by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which have recently been made public, symphony patrons naturally await with interest the announcement of the first three concert programs, which are given below. Mr. Wilhelm Gericke, who will again direct the orchestra for the seventh season of his present regime, has given much time and study in the preparation of these programs. It is a most interesting and significant statistic that with the five years of his first term—from 1884 to 1889—Mr. Gericke at the close of the coming season will have held the position of conductor for twelve years, exactly one-half the twenty-four years' existence of the organization.

It is the intention of Conductor Gericke to present some most attractive novelties throughout the season, chosen from the following list:

Hugo Wolf, symphonic poem, "Penthesilea;" Saint-Saens, Symphony No. 1; Liszt, "Vogelpredigt des heiligen Franz von Assisi;" J. Faure, "Pellias and Melisande;" Van Der Stucken, "Pax Triumphantis;" Debussy, prelude, "L'Après-midi d'une Faune;" Converse, two pieces for piano and orchestra; R. Caetani, Prelude Symphonique, op. II.; C. Goldmark, overture; Sinding, suite, op. 35; Rimsky-Korsakoff, "Sadkow;" Hadley, symphony; Gluck (Mottl), ballet music from Suite II.; Guy Ropartz, Fantasia in D major, and Shillings, "Der Vesperstag."

The programs for the first three concerts are as follows: First concert (in memory of Dvorak, and consisting of works by him): Overture to "Othello," aria from "Stabat Mater," Mme. Louise Homer; Suite in D major, op. 39; quartet from "Stabat Mater," Mrs. Grace B. Williams, Mme. Louise Homer, Mr. Theodore Van Yox, Mr. L. B. Merrill; Symphony No. 5, "From the New World." Second concert: Beethoven, Symphony in B flat major, No. 4; Joachim, Hungarian Concerto for violin, Mr. Willy Hess; Paul Dukas, Scherzo l'Apprenti Sorcier (first time); Wagner, overture, "Tannhauser." Third concert: Weber, overture, "Oberon;" Bach, three movements orchestrated by W. Gericke; Chopin, concerto for pianoforte in F minor, Mr. Vladimir de Pachman; Joseph Suk, Symphony in E major, op. 14 (first time).

The auction sales of season tickets begin next Monday morning, Oct. 3, in Symphony Hall at 10 o'clock. The \$12 seats for the twenty-four Friday afternoon public rehearsals will be sold on Monday; the \$7.50 seats for the same series on Tuesday; there will be no sale on Wednesday; the \$12 seats for the twenty-four Saturday evening concerts will be sold on Thursday, and the \$7.50 seats for the same series, which will be offered on Friday, will end the sale.

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## SOLOISTS:

Miss Muriel Foster, Mme. Johanna Gadske, Mme. Louise Homer, Miss Edith Walker, Mrs. Grace B. Williams, Mr. L. B. Merrill, Mr. Theodore van Yox, Mr. Eugen D'Albert, Mr. Rafael Joseffy, Mr. Vladimir de Pachmann, Mr. C. Rubner, Mr. Ernest Schelling, Mr. Fritz Kreisler, Miss Marie Nichols, Mr. Eugene Ysaye, Mr. T. Adamowski, Mr. C. Barleben, Mr. Willy Hess, Mr. H. Schmedes, Mr. Rudolf Krasselt, and Mr. Paderewski.

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## BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Season of 1904-1905—Willy Hess, the New

Concertmaster. *Sept. 24, 1904*

The twenty-fourth season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra begins with the 2186th performance and the 1142d in Boston on Friday afternoon, Oct. 14. Such striking totals indicate most clearly and conclusively that this organization is making the musical history of America and in a most satisfactory and complete manner. A second generation of patrons can attest with their elders to the high standard of performance, for, with a slight variation of the old proverb, the proof of the performance is in the playing. And twenty-three years of hearing good music played in the best way has resulted in a most exacting clientele, who demand and always get the very highest achievements of which the orchestra is capable. A personnel practically unchanged for more years than most other American orchestras have existed is a potent factor in the splendid ensemble, and it is a pleasure to announce that a new concert master and first violin, Mr. Willy Hess, and a new first clarinet, Mr. Georges Grisez, are the only changes of sufficient importance to deserve mention.

There will be the usual twenty-four Friday afternoon public rehearsals and twenty-four Saturday evening concert beginning on Oct. 14 and 15. The orchestra will make the customary five trips to New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia and Baltimore, necessitating the omission of the performances which would otherwise be given on Nov. 4 and 5, Dec. 9 and 10, Jan. 13 and 14, Feb. 17 and 18 and March 17 and 18. There will be the usual Harvard University concerts in Sanders Theatre, Cambridge. Three concerts guaranteed by thirty ladies and gentlemen, headed by President Faunce of Brown University, will be given in Providence, R. I., and three concerts also guaranteed by a public-spirited citizen are booked for Hartford, Conn. Yale University duplicates her courtesy of last year and allows the use of her beautiful new Woolsey Hall for a concert in March. Smith College, with a most commendable enterprise and the ambition to feature her department of music, repeats her guarantee of last season. Two concerts, one each in Troy and Albany, are undertaken by a prominent musician to whom the concert goers of these two cities have been indebted for similar events for several years.

The list of soloists as usual is as attractive as can be secured, including many of the greatest artists in the world. It will come as a very pleasant and possibly startling surprise that Mr. Ignace Paderewski will be the soloist toward the close of the season and some time during the month of April in the Boston series. Of the lady singers Mme. Gadske and Mme. Louise Homer are too well known to Symphony patrons to require further exploiting here; Miss Muriel Foster, the beautiful English

contralto, will undoubtedly duplicate the charming impression made last season, and Miss Edith Walker of the Metropolitan Opera Company of New York adds much strength to the list. Of the pianists there are Mr. D'Albert, who comes to this country after several years' absence; Mr. De Pachmann, possibly the greatest Chopin player living, Mr. Joseffy and Mme. Bloomfield-Zeisler, who are always favorites, Mr. Buonamicci who received such a flattering reception at his previous appearance with the orchestra; Mr. Ernest Schelling, a pupil of Paderewski, and Mr. Rubner, who comes from Europe to take the position as the head of the department of music at Columbia College vacated by Mr. E. A. MacDowell; for violinists there are Mr. Ysaye, whose last appearance with the Boston Symphony Orchestra was ten years ago; Mr. Fritz Kreisler, whose remarkable triumph two years ago will be readily recalled; Miss Marie Nichols, a Boston artist who has already gained distinction; Mr. Willy Hess, the new concert master of the orchestra, and Mr. T. Adamowski, Mr. C. Barleben and Mr. H. Schmedes, also from the ranks of the orchestra. It is also sure to be a welcome announcement that Mr. Rudolf Krasselt, the first violoncellist of the orchestra, will again appear as soloist during the season.

The sale of season tickets for the twenty-four Friday afternoon public rehearsals will be held at Symphony Hall on Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 3 and 4, and for the twenty-four Saturday evening concerts on Thursday and Friday, Oct. 6 and 7; each sale beginning at 10 A. M. and continuing throughout the day.

Bids will be accepted for seats in their regular order only, and not for the choice; and no more than four seats will be sold on one bid. The seats open to competition will be shown on a diagram, and will be marked off as sold.

Tickets will be delivered in the hall, and must be paid for as soon as bought, or they will be immediately resold.

Mr. Willy Hess, who will soon take up his residence in Boston, to assume the position of concertmaster of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, comes from London, where he is well known through his connection with the Halle Orchestra and the Royal Academy of Music, where he has just resigned his position as professor.

Born in Mannheim in 1859, his family left for America in 1865, and resided here for seven years, during which time young Hess pursued his studies. In 1872 his father left America for Holland, where his young son began his public appearances. On one occasion, the boy, then thirteen, distinguished himself by leading the celebrated "Harten Quartet." The proverb, "A rolling stone gathers no moss," does not appear to apply to Mr. Hess, who has certainly had experience of many lands, but has not suffered thereby. On the contrary, he seems to have gained a knowledge of men and music which stands him in good stead today.

At the end of twelve months another



move was made, this time to Germany, where Heidelberg was chosen as a place of residence. The young violinist toured extensively through Germany, Holland, Belgium and France. In Paris he was fortunate enough to attract the notice of Vieuxtemps, who not only interested himself in the lad, but conducted the orchestra for him at his first Philharmonic concert there.

In 1876 it was decided that he should go to Berlin for two years to profit by instruction from Joachim, and at the end of this time he received the valuable appointment of leader of the Opera and Museum's orchestra at Frankfurt-am-Maine. Eight happy years, of work and interest, were passed in this city where, in addition to his orchestral duties and teaching, Mr. Hess also found time to found a quartet and a trio with Kwast and Hugo Becker.

In 1886 he accepted a post at the conservatory in Rotterdam as professor and leader of the orchestra, and also succeeded to the well-known string quartet formerly led by Professor Wirth. After two years Sir Charles Halle secured his services for the Halle Orchestra in Manchester in the place of Ludwig Straus, an appointment which kept him in England for seven years. In addition to his work in Manchester he also led for the Philharmonic Society in Liverpool, and travelled a great deal, playing at various concerts.

In 1895 Mr. Hess again returned to the fatherland, this time to the conservatory at Cologne, where he stayed till his recent appointment to the Royal Academy of Music. Not the least interesting part of his work in Cologne was the leadership of the famous Gurzenich Quartet and concerts.

Certainly want of interest and variety has no part in the life of this artist. His rooms are crowded with autographed photographs, his friends seem to be legion, and his reminiscences are highly entertaining. Life in Frankfurt, from a musical point of view—in constant companionship with Rubinstein, Brahms, Clara Schumann, and the many artists attracted to the town—offered great enjoyment to a young musician, and left memories not easily forgotten.

In England, Mr. Hess's musicianly qualities were much appreciated by the royal family. He played many times at Clarence House for the late Duke of Edinburgh, and has special remembrance of one evening spent there with Paderewski and Hollman. After playing one night at a Royal Amateur Orchestral Society's concert, the present king (then Prince of Wales) personally congratulated him, and himself decorated the artist with the honorary badge of membership. On one memorable occasion he was summoned to Osborne by the late Queen while leading at the Chester Festival.

Mr. Hess was impressed with Queen Victoria's kindness and love of music, and he mentions the fact that her majesty not only addressed him in faultless German, but carried on a conversation with the other artists in French and Italian equally well.

The Grand Duke of Luxembourg conferred on Mr. Hess the Order of the Ritterkranz von Adolph, and from the German emperor he received the title of Konigliche Preussische Professor on the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the Cologne Conservatory, where on the death of Dr. Wullner, he filled the place of director till the appointment of Fritz Steinbach.

Many interesting tours were made with the Max Pauer and the Grunfeld trio, in which Mr. Hess replaced the well-known virtuoso, Florian Zajic. The violinist and Max Pauer also utilized one summer holiday in organizing a concert tour in Norway, during which they travelled as far north as Tromsø, and in company with the artist of the Illustrated London News, visited Nansen's yacht, the Fram.

As a conductor, Mr. Hess shows marked ability, having acted in that capacity as deputy for Halle, for Gernsheim, in Holland, and for three summers wielding the baton for the Gurzenich Orchestra. The artist is the fortunate possessor of a magnificent Guadagnini violin, which he acquired some years ago, and the instrument is highly treasured by its owner.

#### Boston Symphony Orchestra

After the preliminary announcement of the dates, soloists and other details of the coming season by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which have recently been made public, symphony patrons naturally await with interest the announcement of the first three concert programmes which are given below.

Mr. Wilhelm Gericke, who will again direct the orchestra for the seventh season of his present régime, has given much time and study to the preparation of these programmes. It is a most interesting and significant statistic that with the five years of his first term, from 1884 to 1889, Mr. Gericke at the close of the coming season will have held the position of conductor for twelve years, exactly one-half the twenty-four years' existence of the organization. When one recalls his invaluable services in the early years in building and shaping the orchestra into the almost flawless technical condition which it has steadily maintained ever since, and again when the remarkable total of over eleven hundred concerts will have been conducted by Mr. Gericke at the close of the coming season, it is only simple justice to acknowledge his tremendous influence and endeavor toward the best in music. Always mindful of the magnificent material at his disposal, thanks to the lavish generosity of a public-spirited founder and patron, Mr. Gericke deserves the admiration and gratitude of thousands of concert-goers throughout the United States for his unswerving loyalty and devotion to the highest ideals. It is the intention of Conductor Gericke to present some most attractive novelties throughout the season chosen from the following list:

Hugo Wolf: Symphonic Poem, "Penthesilea."  
Saint-Saëns: Symphony No. 1.

List: "Vogelpredigt des heiligen Franz von Assisi."  
J. Fauré: "Pellias and Melisande."  
Van Der Stucken: "Pax Triumphant."  
Debussy: Prelude, "L'Après-midi d'une Faune."  
Converse: Two pieces for Piano and Orchestra.  
R. Cætanl: Prelude Symphonique, Op. II.  
C. Goldmark: Overture.  
Sinding: Suite, Op. 35.  
Rimsky-Korsakoff: "Sadkow."  
Hadley: Symphony.  
Gluck (Mottl): Ballet Music from Suite II.  
Guy Ropartz: Fantasia in D major.  
Schillings: "Der Vespertag."

The programmes for the first three concerts are as follows:

#### I. CONCERT, OCT. 14 AND 15

Overture to "Othello."  
Aria from "Stabat Mater."  
Mme. Louise Homer.  
Suite in D major, Op. 39.  
In memory of Anton Dvorak: Quartette from "Stabat Mater."  
Mrs. Grace B. Williams, Mme. Louise Homer, Mr. Theodore Van York, Mr. L. B. Merrill.  
Symphony No. 5, "From the New World."

#### II. CONCERT, OCT. 21 AND 22

Beethoven: Symphony in B-flat major, No. 4.  
Joachim: Hungarian Concerto for Violin.  
Mr. Willy Hess.  
Paul Dukas: Scherzo L'Apprenti Sorcier.  
(First time.)  
Wagner: Overture, "Tannhauser."

#### III. CONCERT, OCT. 28 AND 29

Weber: Overture, "Oberon."  
Bach: Three Movements orchestrated by W. Gericke.  
Chopin: Concerto for Pianoforte in F minor.  
Mr. Vladimir De Pachmann.  
Joseph Suk: Symphony in E major, Op. 14.  
(First time.)

#### WILLY HESS TO CONDUCT.

Engaged as Leader of the Boston Symphony Orchestra Company.

Willy Hess, a well known German violinist, has been engaged by Charles Ellis to take the place of Fernandes Arbos as concert master of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and both he and Col. Higginson hope that a successor to Franz Kneisel, who held that post for such a long time, has at last been found. M. Arbos has returned to London and resumed teaching.

Mr. Hess has played in a number of the best known orchestras of Germany and has recently been concert master of the Cologne Philharmonic. He came to this country as an infant phenomenon years ago and played in concerts with Theodore Thomas's orchestra.

The engagement of Mr. Hess settles finally the reports that Franz Kneisel, who with his quartet seceded from the orchestra two years ago, was to return to his old post. There was never any foundation for that rumor and Col. Higginson has no desire to include Mr. Kneisel again among the members of the orchestra. The Kneisel Quartet has been so prosperous since the independent tours began that its seasons will be continued as they have been for the past two years.

**SYMPHONY TICKETS**  
HEARD, HOTEL TOURAINE  
9t[A]: 66

## HESS WILL LEAD BOSTON SYMPHONY

Well-Known German Violinist at  
the Head of the Famous  
Musical Organization.

IS OF WIDE EXPERIENCE

First Public Rehearsal and Concert  
Will Be Given Oct  
14 and 15.

Journal Aug. 30, 1904.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra will have a new concert master the coming musical season in the person of Willie Hess, the well-known German violinist who has been recently the concert master of the Cologne Philharmonic Orchestra.

Ever since the end of last season, when Fernandes Arbos withdrew from the orchestra, to resume his musical work in London, there has been much conjecture among the musical people hereabouts as to who his successor might be. It had been rumored quite frequently that Franz Kneisel, who left the orchestra with his quartet two years ago, would resume his former position, which has now proved to be unfounded.

Mr. Hess is a man of great experience, having been connected with a number of the best orchestras of Germany, and is well known throughout continental Europe. He has many friends in this country and is well remembered by the musical fraternity on this side of the water as the infant phenomenon violinist who toured this country several years ago in the palmy days of the Theodore Thomas orchestra.

The first public rehearsal and its following concert this season by the orchestra will be given Oct. 14 and 15. Many notable soloists, both vocal and instrumental, especially some famous violinists, will mark the concerts the coming season.



As a forerunner of one of the winter's staple delights comes the announcement of the soloists to appear and many of the novelties to be presented during the twenty-fourth season of the Symphony Orchestra. With the average Boston individual going to these concerts annually, quite as a matter of course, it is hardly necessary for the management to send these advance agents through the mails; still, it is well probably to allow the concert public to have besides all the pleasure the performances afford them, the joy of anticipation. And this joy may be given all the license it wants in this instance, for the array of soloists is perhaps the most brilliant ever composed for a symphony season, and the novelties to be heard are sufficient in numbers and in promised interest to gratify even those who have in past seasons been apparently much exercised because the moderns were forgotten in the worship of the old masters.

*Trans. Sept. 28, 1904.*

#### *Trans.* Oct. 7, 1904 Symphony Orchestra Tickets

The announcements which have partly forecasted the work and special attractions planned by the Boston Symphony Orchestra for its coming season's performances have aroused an interest in this musical event which seems to be even keener and more widespread than usual. A marked evidence of the eager expectancy on the part of the musical public is seen at the auction of season tickets which is progressing this week at Symphony Hall, where the number of people appearing among the bidders for the first time, and the quick disposal of seats at substantial premium prices, have been a noticeable feature of the sale.

This increased interest is no doubt partly due to the unusually brilliant attractions announced as special features of the orchestra's twenty-fourth season. Mr. Hess, the new concert master and first violinist of the organization, who has just arrived from London, will be heard in solo performance for the first time in America, at the second rehearsal and concert of Oct. 21 and 22. The list of soloists who will appear during the season is in itself sufficient to excite the enthusiastic interest of the concert-going public, including as it does many of the world's greatest artists in their respective domains of pianoforte, violin and vocal music, while the performances of the orchestra itself, besides the usual varied and choice selections from the greatest works of the master composers, will comprise more than the ordinary number of orchestral novelties and innovations, the first of which will be an entire programme of Dvorak music, scheduled for the opening concerts of Oct. 14 and 15.

Tomorrow (Thursday) and Friday will be

devoted to the sale of season tickets for the evening concerts, seats for the afternoon performances having been closed out at the auction sales of Monday and Tuesday.

### HESS TO BE CONCERT MASTER

*Trans. Aug. 29, 1904*  
Noted German Violinist Will Be a Member of the Boston Symphony Orchestra the Coming Season, Taking the Chair Long Filled by Franz Kneisel and More Recently by Fernandes Arbos

It having been understood at the close of the last musical season in this city that Fernandes Arbos, who had been concert master of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, would not be identified with that organization another season, there has been in consequence much conjecture regarding his successor. Several prominent violinists have been mentioned as possible successor to this first chair in the orchestra, so long filled by Franz Kneisel, whom Mr. Arbos succeeded, but nothing at all definite has been known until now as to the solution of the problem in which all musical people hereabout are interested. It may be stated as a settled matter that the first violinist of the orchestra will be Willy Hess, a German player who recently has been concert master of the Cologne Philharmonic Orchestra. Through private sources it is known as a fact that he is the man chosen by the management of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Although the story regarding Mr. Hess's coming to Boston could not be corroborated at the Symphony Hall today, in the absence from town of Charles A. Ellis, manager of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and also Frederic R. Comee, assistant manager, the fact can be stated definitely, from information obtained through private sources, that Mr. Hess is the man chosen to be concert master. He has many friends in this city as well as in New York, and they, among others, know that the matter has been finally settled. Mr. Hess is a man of experience, and throughout Continental Europe is well known, as he is by reputation in this country. He has played in leading orchestras in Germany and is well equipped for the new position to which he comes in Boston. Mr. Arbos, the concert master of last season, is now in London, busy with musical work.

The first public rehearsal and its following concert this season by the Boston Symphony Orchestra will be given respectively on Oct. 14 and 15. The concerts this coming season will be marked by the appearance of many notable soloists, both vocal and instrumental, including especially some famous violinists. The sales of seats at auction for the rehearsals and concerts will not take place until the first week in October, a week later than has been the custom in past years.

## PERSONALITY OF PROF. WILLY HESS, THE NEW CONCERT MASTER OF THE SYMPHONY



*Herald*  
Oct 9, 1904

A single glance at Prof. Willy Hess, who succeeds Mr. Fernandes Arbos as concert master of the Boston Symphony, would be sufficient to satisfy a stranger that a man stood before him who could do something. If wholly ignorant of the musician's identity, the stranger might be a little puzzled to guess what. The somewhat fierce expression lent by the beard of martial type, and a certain air of authority might lead him to suggest the soldier; but a second glance would

reveal the expanse of white forehead speaking nothing but gentleness. The keen eyes, the quick, nervous movements might suggest the modern man of business, but here again the correction would be made by the eyes, the brow and quicker still by the conversation. His thoughts are all of his art, and when practical matters in regard to his present movements are mentioned he is apt to turn quickly aside with, "Oh, Mr. Ellis arranges all that!"

Of middle height, a bit inclined to droop when at ease, with a face concealed by a bushy beard sprinkled with gray and of German cut, a broad sweep of white forehead from which the hair is brushed back—every feature sparkling with life as though charged with electricity—such is Mr. Hess. He is full of energy. As a man he is of the type who makes friends quickly, and keeps



them. Good humor, kindness and evenness of temper, in contradistinction to many musical leaders, have all contributed to make for him a wide circle of friends wherever he has been. His disposition, together with what we have come to look upon as almost a national characteristic, make him a strong lover of home. That he had to leave his wife and four beautiful children behind him is at present his greatest personal concern.

"If I remain," he said, after a quick glance at a group picture of his children, "they shall come, and I shall settle down here. I do not like this bachelor life."

His professional record is proof of the amount of hard work of which he is capable. To many it will be something of a surprise to learn that this is not his first appearance in Boston. He played here in 1869 with Thomas' orchestra.

"No," he said, "I do not remember much of that. I was only about 10-years old. I was here two days. Little I thought then that I should ever come back."

Prof. Hess was born in Mannheim in 1859, and began his musical studies under his father when 6 years old. When 10 years old he was touring Holland and was looked upon as an infant prodigy. When 13 he distinguished himself by leading the famous "Harfen quartet." From Holland he extended his trips through Germany, Belgium and France. When in Paris he attracted the notice of Vieuxtemps, who at once became interested in him, and at his first Philharmonic concert there conducted the orchestra for him.

In 1876 he went to Berlin, where he studied under Joachim, and at the end of two years he received the appointment of leader of the opera and museum orchestra at Frankfort-on-the-Main. He remained here eight years. He then accepted the position of professor and leader of the orchestra at Rotterdam, which succeeded to the well known string quartet formerly led by Prof. Wirth. The leadership of the Halle orchestra of Manchester was the next post he accepted, and here he succeeded Ludwig Straus. He remained seven years.

In 1895 he returned once more to Germany to accept a post at the Cologne conservatory. His work there as leader of the Guersnich quartet won him national fame. His next appointment was to the Royal Academy of Music in London, and this he resigned to take up his work in Boston.

When Prof. Hess chooses to become reminiscent he can tell with rare interest of experiences as a player to royalty. He has many autograph portraits of people of exalted rank, and his friends among members of royal families seem to be without number. He played frequently at Clarence House for the late Duke of Edinburgh. There he had for companions one evening Paderewski and Hollman. Once at a Royal Amateur Orchestral Society's concert the Prince of Wales, now King Edward, personally offered him praise and decorated him with an honorary badge of membership.

Then the distinguished musician remembers keenly to this day his experience in playing before Queen Victoria. At the time he was leading the orchestra at the Chester festival. In order to obey the summons from her majesty he had to leave the quaint little cathedral town at 4 A. M. He reached Osborne at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, played to the delight of her majesty,



started for Chester at 5 the next morning, travelled all that day, and that night led the orchestra at the festival. However, he declares, the Queen's praise, expressed in faultless German amply repaid him for his trouble.

Among the insignia which Prof. Hess is entitled to wear is that of the Order of the Ritterkranz von Adolph, conferred by the Grand Duke of Luxembourg. He bears also the title of Koenigliche Preussische Professor, received on the celebration of the 50th anniversary of the Cologne Conservatory.

Prof. Hess is already busy on plans for his work here, arranging programmes and doing much practicing. He is the fortunate possessor of a magnificent Guadagnini violin, which he acquired some time ago.

"I have been teaching a great deal of late," he said wearily, "and that takes a great deal out of a man. I am glad to give it up."

When asked if he thought he would like his new post and surroundings, he exclaimed frankly: "Oh, I am sure I shall. And I hope the people will like me."

**SYMPHONY SEATS**—One seat for Saturday eve., \$25. Also one seat for alternate Saturdays, \$12. Both in front row of second bal., one-third way from stage. Box 175, Waban, Mass. Tel. 61-3 Newton Highlands. (A)

**SYMPHONY CONCERTS**  
Half of two evening tickets, floor, JJ, 4 and 5. \$16. HERBERT F. SYLVESTER, 43 Bowers St., Newtonville, Mass. (A):

**FOR SALE—CHOICE SYMPHONY REHEARSAL TICKET IN K**  
Apply to Mr. HICKS, 50 Congress St., Room 220. Post Office Box 2310 ThS(A): o 13

## PAYS \$95 BONUS IN SYMPHONY BID

Broker Gives High Premium for  
Two Seats Separated by Aisle  
—Good Prices Realized at the  
First Auction of the Season.

### FIGURES ABOUT SAME AS THOSE OF LAST YEAR

Involuntary Bidder, Whose Nod  
Was Due to Nervous Affliction,  
Unconsciously Ran up Prices—  
Two Slight Accidents.

Herald ——— Oct. 4, 1904

About the same prices as last year were bid yesterday morning at Symphony Hall at the first public auction of tickets for the Boston Symphony orchestra season. The tickets sold were for the \$12 seats for Friday afternoon rehearsals. The prices bid were added to the \$12 on each seat, and no more than four seats were allowed on each bid.

The highest bid was given by Pratt, the ticket broker, who paid \$95 premium for each of two seats in row H, numbered 18 and 19, end seats, across the centre aisle from each other.

Shortly after the sale began two ladies suffered mishaps while approaching the desk where the money was paid for the seats after the bidding. One of these ladies overlooked a slight step-off in the floor aisle, and fell, injuring her ankle so that she had to be carried from the hall and taken home in a cab. Shortly after this another lady misstepped at the same place, and fell flat upon her face. After these two incidents a rail was put up so that those approaching the desk could do so in safety.

#### She Nodded, to the Cost of the Rival Bidders for Seats.

There was one humorous incident, which cost some of the bidders dearly. Not far from the front row sat a lady who apparently suffers a nervous affliction which causes her head to nod involuntarily. It so chanced in the mutations of the building, which went on here and there among the large assemblage of society people and music lovers who filled the larger portion of the floor of

the hall, that one of the brisk auction skirmishes took place near this woman. Auctioneer Henry Jackson, glancing over the hall keenly searching for bidders to pit against an enthusiastic broker, saw this woman nodding away as though she meant to have the seat at any price.

"Twenty dollars," said he, pointing the ebony baton at the man.

"Twenty dollars and a half?" pointing at the woman.

"Twenty-one dollars?" to the man.

And then back and forth swung the baton until the man got the seat at a nice premium, when the woman, becoming interested in something else, took her eyes from the auctioneer.

The sale started shortly after 10 A. M. and continued until 1:30 o'clock, when a recess of half an hour broke the continuous bidding. At 2 P. M. the sale continued.

Most of the choice sections were bought through the bids of ticket brokers. The first offer on No. 1, row A, was \$2, and the seat was knocked down at \$17. In row B, when the centre aisle seats were reached the first enthusiasm began. Pratt took two on the centre aisle for \$29.50 each. Herrick took two across the aisle at \$29 each. In row C, Pratt secured for a client a centre aisle seat at \$41 premium.

#### Prices in Row D Ranged from \$12 up to \$42 in Premium.

In row D, Herrick got a seat near the centre aisle for \$42 premium. The lowest premium in the row was \$12, on the end seat, 36; 1 and 2 sold for \$13 premium. Through the row extra prices were \$30.50, \$38, \$39.50 and \$39.

In row E, right aisle seats went at \$40. Centre aisle seats were at \$30. Four seats in this row were at \$16 premium.

In row F, Heard, the broker, bought four aisle seats at \$42 premium on each. In row G, seat 18, on the centre aisle, sold for \$51, and four seats across the aisle sold at \$33.50 premium on each.

The highest bid of \$95 premium on each of two seats split by the centre aisle, was preceded by four seats selling at \$29, and was followed by the sale of four seats at \$59 premium. This row sold high throughout.

In the next row Pratt bought four seats at \$74 premium on each, and four at \$86.

Seats 18 and 19 split by the centre aisle were reserved in rows L and N; in row J they sold at premium of \$61 and \$60 to Connelly; in row K at \$93 to Herrick; in row M at \$68 to Heard.

The sale tomorrow at 10 A. M. will dispose of the \$7.50 seats to the Friday afternoon rehearsals.

### WANTED

Two Symphony tickets for alternate Friday afternoons. Address O.J., Boston Transcript. (A):

#### SYMPHONY

**TICKETS FOR SALE** in all parts of the Hall. WADSWORTH, 40 State St., Room 53. Telephone 4235-5. 4t(A): o 10

#### FOR SALE—CHOICE SYMPHONY REHEARSAL TICKET IN K

Apply to Mr. HICKS, 50 Congress St., Room 220. Post Office Box 2310 ThS(A): o 13

#### SYMPHONY TICKETS

A few excellent locations at reasonable rates. Apply to MR. HARDING, 137 Milk St. (A):



## HIGHEST PREMIUM WAS \$95

### Sale of Seats for the Public Rehearsals of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's Coming Season Opened This Morning at Symphony Hall

This morning, in Symphony Hall, the opening of the sale at auction of season tickets for the Symphony Orchestra's public rehearsals opened soon after ten o'clock with a fairly good number of people present to bid on seats, or merely watch the proceedings. The crowd was by no means so large as in some years, and the bidding was comparatively slow, but the highest premium, \$95, was an increase over last year. This will be the twenty-fourth season of these concerts, and today only the higher-priced, or \$12, seats for the twenty-four public rehearsals were put on sale. Walter Jackson, as in former years, was the auctioneer.

The sale began with the disposal of seat No. 1, in row A, and then in regular consecutive order all the sales were made, buyers having the usual privilege, on their bid, of taking any part of four seats. Seat No. 1 was begun on a bid of \$2 and gradually was run up to \$17, and at this figure the buyer took two seats. For two years past the premium on this first seat has been \$11, so today's price is an advance of several dollars. The first year that Symphony Hall was opened, this identical seat at the auction sale brought a premium of \$280, the purchaser making a record for himself as the first buyer of the first seat sold in the then new hall. Other seats in row A next were started on a bid of \$10 and sold at \$17.50, while \$18.50 was the highest premium paid in this row, with \$13 as the lowest, for the seat on the extreme left end of the row.

In row B, beginning at a \$10 bid, seats sold at from \$12 to \$29.50 premium, several ticket brokers securing several seats on orders. In the third row \$6 was the opening bid, with a sale at \$11 for three seats, and then the prices reached \$39 for two end seats in the middle of the hall, and \$41 for a single aisle seat in the centre. Then the price fell to \$27 and recovered to higher before the row was finished, and fell again to as low as \$12 for the extreme left end seat. Row D showed a range of from \$13 as the price of the first seat in the row, to \$39.50, the seats on the centre aisle bringing the highest premiums. The last seat, left wall, brought \$12. In rows E and F prices ran from \$14.50 to as high as \$42, which a broker paid for seats. Bids in these rows began at \$15, and later were started at \$25. In row G seats could be had as low as \$14.50, in comparison to \$53.50 paid for premiums on four choice centre seats. In row H the first really high price was paid, after the first seat had sold for \$15.50 premium, and the same buyer, a broker, paid \$59 premium on the next four ad-

joining seats. This same buyer took seats in the next line, row I, for \$74, and also \$86, while other seats in the row went for about \$30, after a start at \$26. In J the first bid was \$21, and the sales ran up to as high as \$61 premium, while in row K \$20 was the start, and soon \$60 was reached, then \$45 for two aisle seats, centre, while across the aisle the corresponding seats fetched \$93.

Prices then went down gradually to as low as \$17, for the odd end seat, on the wall aisle, but the buyer took his privilege of four, and secured three good seats on the first end of the next row behind, which was to his advantage. In row L \$34, \$47, \$40, 35 and \$26 were the chief prices, and in row M the first sale was at \$22, which increased by degrees to \$68. Many ticket brokers bought hereabout, this being a favorite place in the hall.

The bidding was no so spirited as in some years, nor was there the strong rivalry to secure this or that coveted place which has marked some previous years at these sales. Ladies were prominent among the bidders, who for once did not seem afraid to "speak right out in meeting." They seem to have overcome former diffidence in making their bids, so they manage to pick up some pretty good seats here and there in the hall. The sale did not progress as rapidly as sometimes, and when intermission was declared, at 1.30 o'clock, by no means half of the seats had been sold. There were no special features to mark the sale this morning, and it went on quietly and with not over-lively bidding.

When the sale was resumed this afternoon, following the intermission, the prices seemed to strike an average premium of about \$30 for seats in row L and back of that, with about \$50 as the average for the choicest seats on the main aisles, and smallest premiums as the rows reached the extreme left wall of the hall.

## SYMPHONY CONCERT SEATS ARE SELLING BRISKLY

### Splendid Array of Talent for This Season Causes Unusual Interest.

*Journal* — Oct. 5, 1904

The auction sale of season tickets in progress at Symphony Hall this week affords palpable evidence that the interest of the musical public in the annual season of Symphony concerts, far from being on the wane, is undergoing a substantial increase. The unusual interest evidenced in the sales can be partly traced to the array of distinguished solo-artists and the forecasting of notable orchestral attractions this season.

The orchestra's new concertmaster and first violin, Mr. Hess, has just arrived from London and will make his first solo appearance in America at the rehearsal and concert of Oct. 21 and 22.

## PREMIUMS HIGHER THIS YEAR

### Sale of Seats for the Symphony Orchestra's Public Rehearsals Shows a Greater Average of Prices Than Those Paid Last Year *Trans.* Oct. 4, 1904.

Continuation this morning of the sale begun yesterday of seats for the twenty-four public rehearsals of the Boston Symphony Orchestra brought out, at Symphony Hall, about the same number of people as attended yesterday's auction sale. Both days show a higher average of premiums than those paid last year. Today's sale was for the lower-priced, or \$7.50 seats, the premiums paid being added in all cases to this price. As compared with yesterday, the sale was soon over, occupying only the forenoon hours, whereas yesterday's sale lasted till well after dark.

There are only a few more than four hundred tickets of the \$7.50 class. They include seats on the floor beginning with row KK and extending back through row SS, nine rows. They also include rows E, F, G, H and I in the rear part of the first balcony. The opening sale today, seat No. 1, on the right-hand end of row KK, was made at \$16 premium, the buyer taking three seats out of the four which any bid gives the purchaser the privilege of doing. Other seats in this row sold up to as high as \$23 premium for what may be considered as the best places in the line. In the next following row the premiums ranged from \$15 to \$20, and about the same figures were obtained for premiums in succeeding rows, where in some places the premiums fell to \$10 and a number of seats at this figure and others at \$12 were sold.

When it came to the seats in the first balcony the first sale was made at \$13 premium, and this figure increased to \$18 as the centre of the row, which was E, was reached. In the next row the prices were a little better, running to \$19 and \$20, with more tickets sold at these higher figures than at the lower prices in the preceding row. Back of these rows very good seats, commanding a clear view of the stage and players and in all ways desirable for people who do not care especially to be very near the stage, could be had at \$10, \$12 and \$13 premiums on the average.

The sale was somewhat livelier than that of yesterday, because of the fewer number of tickets offered and a larger number of buyers in proportion who wished to secure something. The sale of the \$12 seats will be held on Thursday, and that of the \$7.50 seats on Friday, each day beginning at ten in the morning at Symphony Hall.

There has been awakened widespread interest in this season's concerts and public rehearsals, because of the notable list of distinguished soloists engaged to appear, including Miss Muriel Foster, Mme. Johanna Galski, Mme. Louise Homer, Miss Edith Walker, Theodore Van Yox, Eugene D'Al-

bert, Mme. Fanny Bloomfield-Zeisler, Carlo Buonamici, Rafael Joseffy, Vladimir De Pachmann, C. Rubner, Fritz Kreisler, Miss Marie Nichols, Eugene Ysaye, T. Adamowski, Ignace Paderewski and other eminent musicians. The fact that Willy Hess has been engaged as concert master also has aroused general interest.

## SYMPHONY SEAT SALES SURPRISE

### Two or Three Times as Much Secured as Last Year—Interest of Public Substantially Increasing—New Faces Seen.

*Herald* — Oct. 5, 1904

The auction sale yesterday of the \$7.50 seats for the Friday afternoon public rehearsals of the Symphony orchestra furnished something of a gratifying surprise to the managers, the seats selling for two and three times what they brought last year. The ticket brokers were not so much in evidence. Those who were present were made up for the most part of those sincere lovers of music with somewhat lean purses.

The sale began with row KK on the floor, nine rows from the back. The highest bid was \$20 for seats 22 and 23 in row LL. There was but little spirited bidding, but the prices were remarkably steady. An average of about \$14 premium was paid on the first two or three rows offered, and this fell, with only sudden rallies, about \$1 a row.

Rows E, G, F and H, in the first balcony centre, brought prices ranging from \$11 to \$15 and \$17. A block of four seats in F cost the purchaser a premium of \$19, inasmuch as some one else happened also to want the same seats. The greater part of the purchasers were for single seats.

The auction sale affords palpable evidence that the interest of the musical public in the annual season of Symphony concerts is substantially increasing. Many new faces are seen among the participants in the spirited bidding for seats and many new names have been added to the regular list of patrons. The orchestra's new concert master and first violin, Mr. Hess, has just arrived from London and will make his first solo appearance in America at the rehearsal and concert of Oct. 21 and 22.

The sale of seats will continue through Thursday and Friday for the season of evening concerts, tickets for the afternoon rehearsals having been disposed of.

### SYMPHONY TICKETS

Two First Balcony, C: fine location, end seats; price very low. Clerk Hotel Buckminster, Beacon St., Boston. (A):



THE Boston papers recently stated that Franz Kneisel would return next season to his old post as concertmaster of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, in place of Fernandez Arbos, the present incumbent. We are in a position to state that there is absolutely no foundation of fact in such a rumor. Kneisel will not rejoin the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and already has planned a whole season's work with his chamber music organization. Our information further leads us to believe that the new Boston concertmaster will be Willy Hess, concertmaster of the Gürzenich Orchestra, in Cologne. Gregorowitsch, of Helsingfors, had also been thought of in connection with the Boston post. Hess' salary will be \$6,000 per annum.

## WOMEN BID AT SYMPHONY SALE

Auction of Seats for the Coming  
Season Opens and a Premium  
of \$95 Is Reached.

Journal Oct. 4, 1904

The auction sale of seats yesterday in Symphony Hall for the public rehearsals of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's coming season was marked by a large attendance and a premium of \$95 for the highest in choice of seats. Unlike former years there were many women among those present who for the first time seemed courageous enough to speak up and they thus secured many good lots of seats. By noon nearly half were sold and during the forenoon there were many high premiums, ranging from \$50 up to \$80, while a great many were, of course, from \$15 to \$25.

During the afternoon the sales were brisk and the premiums seemed to strike an average of \$30. The highest premium, \$95, was a considerable increase over last year's record. The sale began with No. 1 in Row A and were sold in consecutive order.

## SYMPHONY SEAT SALE

\$95 High Bid for \$12  
Friday Seat *Record*  
Oct. 3, 1904

About 300 persons attended the sale of \$12 symphony orchestra seats for Friday afternoons. Bidding started at \$2 premium for A1, and the seat was finally knocked down at \$17. Last year an \$11 premium was obtained for this seat, and in 1902 the premium for A1 was \$11.50.

The bidding for the end seats in the first few rows lacked enthusiasm, but when center seats were reached competition became very spirited.

Seats in row A ranged from \$18.50 to \$13. Seats in row B near the end averaged about \$12, while center seats sold as high as \$29.50. The range in row D was \$41 to \$11.

Last year the highest price paid for a \$12 Friday afternoon seat was \$77, for M 19; the highest price during the previous year was \$305.

The highest premium bid was \$95 for H 18, sold to a Mr. Pratt.

Other high bids were: \$92 for K 18; and \$86 each for seats I 19, 20, 21, and 22, also taken by Mr. Pratt.

## HIGHEST PREMIUM WAS \$36

Auction Sale of Seats for the Saturday  
Evening Concerts by the Symphony Or-  
chestra *Trans. Oct. 6, 1904*

At today's sale of the \$12 seats for the evening concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which opened in Symphony Hall, at ten o'clock, by no means as many people were present as was the case on Monday, when the sale of public rehearsal tickets took place. As a whole, much smaller premiums were obtained today than were paid at the rehearsal sale, and the bidding often lacked the spirit and eagerness shown earlier in the week and at times it really lagged.

The highest premium paid this forenoon was \$36, which was paid for seats Nos. 18 (an end seat), 19 and 20 in row K. At the rehearsal sale, seats 18 and 19 brought, in comparison, \$93 premium, or \$2 less than the highest premium paid at the previous sale. The next highest price this morning was at \$35.50 premium, which Mr. Herrick, the broker, paid for seats 19 and 20 in row G, these same seats for rehearsals selling on Monday last at \$53.50 premium. Whereas seats 18 and 19 in row H, which are separated by the centre aisle of the hall, went at \$95 premium on Monday, the very highest price of the entire sale, these same places today were sold at \$18 premium for seat No. 18 (the buyer taking also Nos. 15, 16 and 17) and across the aisle seat 19 went for \$26, to Mr. Herrick, who took No. 20 also, to get a pair. The first sale today, seat No. 1 in row A, right-hand end of the line, was made at \$7.50 premium and the second sale was half a dollar less than that. The beginning was rather slow and without wild desire on the part of anybody to secure front row places, but later in the sale the activity increased.

When rows H and I were reached the first general eagerness was shown to secure places. In H the prices ran from \$9, as the opening premium, up to \$26 and down to \$6 on the left end. In I from \$9 up to \$28 and back to \$8 was the range of premiums. At the rehearsal sale it was in this row that \$95 was obtained for Nos. 18 and 19, and at that time \$59 was paid for Nos. 20, 21, 22 and 23. As against \$23 for the highest premium today in row I, as high as \$74 and \$86 represented prices paid on Monday last.

In row J prices were from \$10 to \$30 and back to \$9, and in K, with brisk bidding, they ranged from \$9.50 to \$36, with several sales at about \$17 and off to \$11.50. Brokers bought extensively in this row, as they did in L, where premiums were from \$9.50 to \$25 for seats Nos. 28 (end) and 29. Row M brought out lively competition, with premiums running from \$11, at the start, up to \$26 and back to \$11 for the left end. The highest price in row O was \$31 for centre aisle seats Nos. 18 and 19, bought by Mr. Connelly, who secured many other places in various rows.

Directly after noon the hall thinned out considerably, and prices were then at what might be termed normal premiums, without the occasional flights to unreasonable figures which in this part of the hall marked the rehearsal sale. All in all, the average prices obtained for the evening concerts show much higher premiums than last year, just as was the case at the rehearsal sales. Music lovers had ample opportunity today to secure fine seats at most reasonable rates, or even cheap prices, comparatively, when one considers that in so many instances really modest premiums secured desirable places, which, added to the regular price of tickets, \$12, as is done in all cases, makes the average cost of each concert per night remarkably low, especially when it is realized the very high character of the entire course and the chance to hear at these concerts some of the world's greatest and most famous musical artists. The sale of \$7.50 seats, including the second balcony, will take place Friday.

## SYMPHONY SEAT SALE OVER

Highest Premium Paid for the Lower-  
Priced Seats for the Evening Concerts  
Was \$9.50 *Trans. Oct. 8, 1904*

Friday brought to a close in Symphony Hall the sale of seats for this season's concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the \$7.50 tickets being offered yesterday. These include the seats in nine rows in the rear part of the floor, five rows in the rear part, centre, of the first balcony, and the entire second balcony. At public rehearsals on Friday afternoons these places are not reserved, but are known as the "rush" seats, open to anybody having admission tickets, so long as the seating capacity holds out. Yesterday, the premiums on the whole were good, just as they had been at the sale of the higher-priced seats for the evening concerts and for the seats for the public rehearsals. The highest premium paid yesterday was \$9.50. Many seats went at from \$7 to \$8 premium and good places were to be had, now and then during the sale, at even lower rates, at \$5 and thereabout. The entire sales this season have shown far greater interest in the series of concerts and more enthusiasm and eagerness to secure tickets than marked the sale of last year.

**SYMPHONY TICKETS—FOR SALE**—The use of two Symphony Tickets for alternate Friday afternoons. Apply at CASHIN'S TICKET OFFICE, Young's Hotel. (A):

**SYMPHONY**  
**TICKETS FOR SALE** in all parts of the Hall.  
WADSWORTH, 40 State St., Room 53.  
Telephone 4235-5. St(A): 04

**SYMPHONY TICKETS**  
A few excellent locations at reasonable rates.  
Apply to MR. HARDING, 137 Milk St.  
SMW(A): 08

**SYMPHONY TICKETS**  
Two seats for alternate nights, Second Row  
Balcony Centre, \$20. W. W., Box 341,  
Boston. (A):



THE Boston papers recently stated that Franz Kneisel would return next season to his old post as concertmaster of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, in place of Fernandez Arbos, the present incumbent. We are in a position to state that there is absolutely no foundation of fact in such a rumor. Kneisel will not rejoin the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and already has planned a whole season's work with his chamber music organization. Our information further leads us to believe that the new Boston concertmaster will be Willy Hess, concertmaster of the Gürzenich Orchestra, in Cologne. Gregorowitsch, of Helsingfors, had also been thought of in connection with the Boston post. Hess' salary will be \$6,000 per annum.

## WOMEN BID AT SYMPHONY SALE

Auction of Seats for the Coming Season Opens and a Premium of \$95 Is Reached.

Journal ———— Oct. 4, 1904

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The bidding for the end seats in the first few rows lacked enthusiasm, but when center seats were reached competition became very spirited.

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Highest Premium Paid for the Lower-Priced Seats for the Evening Concerts Was \$9.50

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## SYMPHONY TICKETS

A few excellent locations at reasonable rates. Apply to MR. HARDING, 137 Milk St. SMW(A): 08

## SYMPHONY TICKETS

Two seats for alternate nights, Second Row Balcony Centre, \$20. W. W., Box 341, Boston. (A):



# HOW MAJ. H. L. HIGGINSON HAS WORKED.

## An Example of His Devotion to the Symphony Concerts.

"Your paragraph on the symphony seats, saying that Maj. H. L. Higginson deserves all the high premiums he can get, is right to the point," said an old friend of The Record, and an able writer on its staff today.

With that he produced a letter written 14 years ago.

At that time an article had appeared in which an "old gentleman," name not mentioned, had been quoted as objecting to the prices of symphony tickets, probably 50 p.c. of what they cost today. But it reached Maj. Higginson's eye. He sent this letter to the paper. It has never been published.

It illustrates now in 1902 what he was doing in 1888 for music here, what he was ready to do and always will do:—

Dear Sir: I notice a few remarks about the sale of Symphony concert tickets in your paper, more especially the remarks of an old gentleman who is a great lover of music.

Would it be too much trouble to ask that gentleman to see me, or allow me to see him? I am going away to finish my vacation, and expect to be back a week from tomorrow. Of course, some people are disappointed about tickets and some people are provoked at having to pay so much.

It is very easy to find fault with the existing arrangements, but it is only from such fault finding that I can alter the plan for the better. It does not provoke me at all because the criticisms, after all, are made in a friendly spirit and are well meant, and it is only from them that I can learn anything. It is all a new business to me, comparatively speaking, and naturally I make mistakes. What is forgotten is the fact that really a large number of seats are sold at a very low price. But these are details which I should be glad to discuss with this old gentleman, or with any other critic of value who cares to discuss it. After I have heard what they have to say, I can perhaps do better another year. The only facts in regard to the concerts worth considering are that an excellent



H. L. HIGGINSON.

public gives them handsome support, and that it has never paid the cost, nor is it ever likely to do so.

I would not trouble you, if I could get at this gentleman in any other way. I, certainly, do not wish to enter into any public discussion of the subject or make any defence for the present arrangements. I have given the matter a good deal of consideration and am very glad to learn of anybody who can teach me, or help me in the matter. I am,

Very truly yours,

Sept. 24, 1888.

Henry L. Higginson.

## THE BOSTON SYMPHONY

### AND HENRY LEE HIGGINSON, ITS FOUNDER

An Appreciation of What Mr. Higginson Has Done for Boston, for America and for Music in the Establishment and Maintenance of His Orchestra—How It Was Organized and How It Is Run—Its Difficulties, Its Achievements and Its Future

[Richard Aldrich, in the Century Magazine]

The Boston Symphony Orchestra is Mr. Henry L. Higginson's yacht, his racing stable, his library, and his art gallery, or it takes the place of what these things are to other men of wealth with other tastes. It is a remark that he himself once made in disavowing any philanthropic ends when he set up in the city of Boston a musical organization that has few peers in the world of music anywhere. And though few will be persuaded to accept his disavowal as a complete expression of the case, it is true that Mr. Higginson has found in the establishment, the upbuilding, and the maintenance of a consummate artistic institution the keen personal delight that other men take in perfecting a collection or pursuing supremacy in a sport. If horse racing is the sport of kings, there is also something regal, even imperial, in the possession of an orchestra. Mr. Higginson's orchestra, whatever he may declare as to his own motives, has been for twenty-three years as much for the benefit of his townsmen as for himself; and, in a way by no means indirect, for the benefit of his countrymen.

Henry L. Higginson, born in New York, but brought up in Boston as a scion of a Boston family socially and intellectually most distinguished, passed in his youth through the days of the Germania Orchestra and the Harvard Musical Association and the other local institutions that decorated the town with the epithet of "musical," and that contributed in large measure to that connotation of "culture" still inseparable from its name. The young Higginson, no doubt, like the good Bostonian, he has always been, thought these things were all they should be or could be, till he was sent to Vienna to complete his education.

There he saw a great light. He associated much with musicians and musical amateurs, and heard what orchestral playing might be at the hands of accomplished musicians constantly in training under great conductors. Then and there he formed the resolution that when his time came he would give to Boston an orchestra on a higher plane than all its culture had ever known; an orchestra the members of which should not be summoned to its service upon occasion from other pursuits,

but whose business should be its business; an orchestra that should not be dependent upon the caprice of the public, or limited in its scope by the conservatism of a clique.

His time came in the midst of a successful business career, when, moreover, Boston was ripe for the experiment he intended to try. The old Harvard Musical Association had shrivelled up to nothing. To take its place, there was a newly formed Philharmonic Society supporting an orchestra upon the basis that was the only possible one under existing conditions. Its purposes were sincere, but it was glad to retire from the field when, in February, 1881, Mr. Higginson made public his intention of establishing a new orchestra in a new way. There was in Boston at the time a clever young baritone singer, musical through and through, a man of uncommon intelligence and force, and in certain ways of rare accomplishment. To Georg Henschel, though he was without experience as an orchestral conductor, was intrusted the organization of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. He proved, not unnaturally, to be far from an ideal conductor, since the art of conducting is not in-born, but is acquired by great toil and long experience; but he did well the pioneering work for the new orchestra.

As he organized it, it numbered seventy performers. There were twelve first and eleven second violins, eight violas, nine cellos, nine double-basses, and the number of wood and brass-wind players usual in a small orchestra.

The growth of the orchestra is shown by a comparison of these figures with those of its present constitution. There are now, when all the players are in requisition,—which, of course, they are only in the most modern compositions,—about ninety men; namely, sixteen first and fourteen second violins, ten violas, ten cellos, eight double-basses, four flutes, three oboes, one English horn, three clarinets, one bass clarinet, three bassoons, one contra-bassoon, four horns, four trumpets, three trombones, and one player each of the harp, tuba, timpani, bass drum, cymbals, triangle and tambour. It gave its first concert on Oct. 22, 1881.

The purpose was at first to make it minister specially to listeners of limited purse. The best places cost fifty cents; at the so-called public rehearsals, on the afternoons of the day preceding the concerts—really exact duplicates of the concerts themselves,—there were seats for twenty-five cents. But the concerts speedily became not only popular but fashionable. There was a great competition for tickets among those of unlimited as well as of limited purse, and advantage was soon taken of this eagerness by the institution of an auction sale at the beginning of each season for the choice of places. Some have said that this has tended to restrict the popular privileges upon which emphasis was laid at first, and to increase the reliance put upon the support of wealth and fashion. Some have affirmed, too, that attendance upon these concerts is for many in Boston only a compliance with fashionable necessity. Yet for twenty-three years, week



after week, the hall has been filled, often to the very limit of its capacity. Now, Boston is doubtless not to be judged as other towns; but it is hard to believe that, even in Boston, the necessity of being fashionable after the Boston manner can continue to constrain hundreds to weekly boredom unremittingly for twenty-three years, with few signs of relief yet in sight. It is almost easier to believe that love of music has really permeated the several strata of Boston society, and that the audience goes to the concerts because it wishes to hear them.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra was not founded to provide an instrument for any particular conductor, but its conductors have been summoned to fill the need it created—a fact that should be taken into consideration by zealous but not always wisely prompted orchestral founders elsewhere. It has had four different men at its head in the course of its existence, each a man of special qualification in certain directions, who has not escaped fiery ordeals of criticism for one reason or another, especially at home. It has been observed that the angel Gabriel would be disparaged by the American public if he came in contact with it long enough; and in Boston the critical faculty has always been highly developed.

Mr. Higginson had seen and heard Wilhelm Gericke in Vienna as Hans Richter's colleague at the Imperial Opera, and as conductor, also, of the Society of Friends of Music. Keen, alert, of imperious and overmastering will, with all the technic and routine of the difficult art of conducting at his fingers' ends, not without a certain pedantic quality to restrain the musician's temperament, which increasing years have rather mellowed and softened than intensified, he found his orchestra a body of men loosely knit together and sorely in need of the rigorous discipline that makes for perfect mobility and adaptability in orchestras as well as in armies. There is something of the martinet in Mr. Gericke's nature, and he needed all he had in those first years of the formative period. The greatest distinctions of the Boston orchestra, its perfection of ensemble, its brilliancy, its plasticity, its beauty of tone, are his work. He achieved them not only through drill and the instillation of an ardent feeling of esprit de corps, but also, and in large measure, through the improvement of the personnel.

There were many veterans and some incompetents of the earlier dispensation in the orchestra when he came to it, who had found in it a "pleasant refuge" for declining years. Many new men came from Europe at his summons,—young men of eager blood, like the "young lions" of the Conservatory orchestra that were the delight of Berlioz in Paris,—for whom the orchestra was not a refuge, but a field for ambitious and energetic labor.

It was a fortunate chance that brought Mr. Kneisel, Mr. Loeffler, Mr. Svecenski, Mr. Roth, Mr. Gliese, the Adamowski brothers, Mr. Schuecker, and still others

in the earlier years, and that has since added such men as the ill-fated Pourtau and Mr. Longy, to name only a few of many accomplished players who have helped make the Boston Symphony Orchestra admired as "a band of virtuosos." Their coming caused wailing and gnashing of teeth in certain quarters. It is not a pleasant task to dismiss veterans who have deserved well; but it sometimes must be done. Strange though it may seem, it is a difficult undertaking to secure the best men from abroad as orchestral players in the American Promised Land. It stands upon the records that, having heard many aspirants during a certain summer in Europe, one of Mr. Higginson's conductors personally chose and brought over sixteen new men. Every one of them proved quite incompetent and had speedily to be sent back.

The American life, and his strenuous part in it, caused Mr. Gericke, after the season of 1888-89, to return to the quieter atmosphere of Vienna; and to succeed him Arthur Nikisch was summoned from his post of conductor at the Neues Theatre—the municipal opero-house—of Leipsic. He was just then emerging into that fame that has since made him one of the most distinguished, and, it may also be added, one of the most highly paid conductors in the world; but he had not quite arrived at it then, and the series of concerts that he had conducted the previous winter in Berlin had been a disastrous financial failure.

In Boston he did much in the next three years to bring himself into prominence as one of the most original, daring, and intensely subjective of the modern school of conductors—a man who, with certain exaggerations and affectations is illuminated by the living flame of genius. As about his predecessor, so even more about him, was Boston rent into contending factions. So it was also about his successor, Emil Paur, who, having stepped into Nikisch's position at the Leipsic opera, stepped into it again in Boston as one who came to tide over an emergency. For after Mr. Nikisch's contract had been canceled in 1893, under circumstances of some stress and strain, Mr. Higginson fully expected to secure for his orchestra, Dr. Hans Richter. It is not perhaps generally known by how narrow a margin the great Viennese conductor, then as now recognized as one of the most gifted and authoritative in the world, failed to come to this country. He had just had trouble in the intriguing court circles of the Austrian capital, where the strings that direct the management of the Imperial Opera are pulled. He was disgusted and ready to leave Vienna. He had actually signed a contract with Mr. Higginson and was expected in Boston. Then came salve to his wounded feelings, auf hohem Befehl, in the shape of a decoration and an appointment to the post of Hofkapellmeister at the opera on the death of Hellmesberger. So he calmly ignored his American contract and stayed. Mr. Paur exercised a rude, but vigorous sway for five years, when he

was succeeded, in 1898, by Mr. Gericke, who returned to a place that had been kept warm in the hearts of his admirers during the nine years of his absence.

It would be wrong to neglect the part that was played in the upbuilding of the Boston Symphony Orchestra by Franz Kneisel, whom Mr. Gericke took as a lad of twenty from the post of concert-master of Bilse's orchestra in Berlin, and put in the corresponding post in Boston in the autumn of 1885. To the eye of the audience the concert-master—so we somewhat unintelligibly translate the German word *Konzertmeister*, ignoring the more descriptive French name of *chef d'attaque*—is the man who plays at the forefront of the first violins at the left of the conductor. He is, in a way, the autocratic conductor's grand vizir, his executive officer, one of his chief means of making effective his wishes; and, where the right relation exists, his best friend and right-hand man. His functions resemble those of a constitutional monarch's prime minister. The king can do no wrong. If all goes well in the orchestra, it is the conductor's achievement; if anything goes amiss, it is very likely to be the concert-master's fault. He must always see that all the instruments are in tune with one another before rehearsals and concerts begin. If there is a misunderstanding between the conductor and a player, the concert-master's good offices are invaluable in setting it right. Few conductors are thoroughly familiar with the details of the technic and the limitations of all the orchestral instruments, their possibilities in the way of phrasing and the production of special effects; for, though most conductors have begun their careers as performers upon some instrument, their playing days are past and they have other things to think of. So, if the conductor gives a direction as to phrasing or accentuation that is impracticable, or if he demands something that cannot be done, the concert-master must be ready, after the rehearsal, to explain to the bewildered or derisive player that he is not to understand thus and so exactly as he thought, but rather this and that, which was what the conductor really meant; and likewise adroitly to intimate to the mistaken autocrat that some slight modification of his desires would be advisable. In case of direst need, should conductor and orchestra lose touch with each other in a public performance, the concert-master must divine the cause of the trouble, and, through his intimacy with the men and his knowledge of the conductor's wishes as well as of the score, bring them together again with the sound of his instrument, at a critical moment more potent than the conductor's stick. Or, should a soloist miss a cue or make a false entrance, he must, if possible, give such a hint or catch up such a missing strand as shall set the unlucky one right. In short, his office is of an importance to the prosperity of the orchestra only less than that of the conductor himself. It may easily be seen how valuable a man of force and tact,

of accomplished musicianship and fertile resource, may be in such a place, or how futile one must be who has not these qualities. It is only needful to say that Mr. Kneisel, during the eighteen years he was concert-master, was the very ideal of what a concert-master should be; and that, without services such as his, the Boston Symphony Orchestra could scarcely have attained the perfection it has. The orchestra has at present, in Professor Willy Hess, a player of style, authority, and technical accomplishment, and a man of the vigorous and commanding personality needed for its concert-master—one who is carrying on the best traditions of his office in the economy of the orchestra.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra is the creature of Mr. Higginson's will, and never has been anything else; and if he should choose tomorrow to disband it, it would cease to exist. He has made it what he desired; but he has never interfered with the absolute authority of his conductors, and he has always upheld their hands and met their wishes in a way that has often entailed great and sometimes extravagant expense. Indeed, the price of the Boston Symphony Orchestra has never been measured by the guarantee of salaries and rentals. There was once one of Mr. Higginson's conductors who thought that the tone of the violins—the greatest glory and strength of the organization—would be improved if all the players had instruments of the same make and quality, instead of such as each individual had chosen or been able to possess himself of. Nothing would do, therefore, but that he should send to Germany and import for the score or more of his violinists a set of violins by one maker. The experiment was tried for a time, but the results were not what were expected, and most of the instruments are now packed away in the storeroom, gathering dust.

The terms under which the Boston Symphony players are engaged are very various. The rank and file are for the most part under annual contracts for a season of twenty-nine weeks (of which twenty-four are devoted to the Boston concerts, and five to travelling), at a salary of from thirty or thirty-five dollars a week upward. The chief players—the first violin, or concert-master, and some of the other best violinists, the first cellist, the first performers on the other instruments—receive more, up to an annual salary of five thousand dollars, with engagements of several years. Some receive weekly salaries of various amounts guaranteed for various periods of time beyond the regular season, sometimes as long as forty-five weeks in the year. The conductors have received salaries of about eight or ten thousand dollars.

The contract that each member has to sign requires that he shall have "a good and suitable instrument and keep it, at his own expense, constantly in the best condition"; that he shall "support to the best of his ability all rehearsals and per-



performances," and "play to the best of his ability as a musician." He shall comply with the instructions of the conductor as to music, deportment and order; shall play at no balls and at no other orchestral concerts or rehearsals in Boston or elsewhere without permission. There are fines imposed for lateness at rehearsals; five dollars for a period not exceeding fifteen minutes, ten dollars for a longer one, and ten dollars for absence, unless there is sufficient excuse. There are certain penalties and indemnities which Mr. Higginson is entitled to claim on the non-fulfilment of contract stipulations. It may be remarked, however, that the contract is much more severe than Mr. Higginson is; and the pound of flesh is rarely exacted, and then only for the sake of discipline.

Such a thing could never happen, for instance, as happened to Dr. Richard Strauss in New York last spring, when he was rehearsing his enormously difficult "Symphonia Domestica," for the eighth or ninth time with an orchestra supposed to have some claims to at least a season's permanency. An unlucky horn-player made a mistake that the composer had repeatedly corrected at previous meetings, and when Dr. Strauss angrily threw down his baton and reproached the musician for inattention and neglect of his directions, the culprit replied: "But, Herr Doctor, I haven't been here before—I'm a substitute!" Playing in the theatre orchestras is forbidden; but if, in a few occasional instances, it is tolerated, it is because a special necessity is recognized. Many of the players teach; but few beyond the violinists and cellists have that resource open to them. The purpose is—and it is effectively realized—to make the orchestra, during the season, a united body of men with but one main object in view and free to devote themselves to it—following a single director's counsels of perfection, with as little as possible to weary them or to distract them from it. How high an ideal that is, and how few of the great orchestras of the world make any pretence of reaching it, is perhaps not often realized. Mr. Thomas's Chicago orchestra is one of them. The orchestra of the Concertgebouw in Amsterdam is one. Are there many others? The Gewandhaus players in Leipzig, those of the Vienna Philharmonic, and those of the great Paris orchestras have their operative and other duties; the members of the Berlin Philharmonic are subject to the wear and tear of almost daily popular concerts.

But twenty-nine weeks' salary is not enough to support the rank and file of Mr. Higginson's men throughout the year. Hence arose the "Pops" of the early Boston summer time. Not chiefly to supply his fellow-citizens with fantasies on "Carmen," Strauss waltzes, and sarsaparilla, but to lengthen the period of his men's earnings, Mr. Higginson, twenty years ago, began to give a series of concerts of light music in the Music Hall, lasting for eight weeks after the close

of the regular season. The leading players take no part in these, except upon one of them is annually bestowed the brief glory of conducting. But even when these eight weeks are ended, the lesser players of the orchestra find that they still have a famine period to reckon with before the rehearsals are taken up again in the autumn. There remains for them the "summer snap," the orchestra of the summer hotel, in which four or five players whom the proprietor proudly advertises as "from the Boston Symphony Orchestra" provide agreeable diversion for the guests. The matter is harmless and unimportant, except for the spectacle of the Musical Union that it has evoked, and that has in recent years increasingly troubled the serenity of the orchestral brotherhood, touching chiefly the interests of the lesser men. Mr. Higginson's position as to the union is very positive. He thinks that unions are an excellent thing; he believes in them—but not in the "closed shop." He is willing that his men should belong to the union, but not that they should compel the unwilling to do so. He has told the players frankly—and they all know that he means it—that if the union undertakes to dictate in the Boston Symphony Orchestra, or to interfere in any way with its management or the freedom of its members, he will pay off all hands and disband the organization on the spot. Recent events resulting in the resignation from the union of all of the Symphony men who belonged to it, seem to have relieved this situation.

It might be supposed that, after twenty-three years, everybody who knows the orchestra knows that back of it stands Henry L. Higginson. Yet it was only a few months ago that its manager, Mr. Charles A. Ellis, who with his assistant Mr. F. R. Comee, has guided its fortunes skilfully and in the spirit of Mr. Higginson's purpose from the very beginning received a note from an unknown but ardent admirer of the orchestra, who thought that it was such a very good thing, such a great public benefit, that some rich man like Mr. Carnegie ought to back it up and support it.

Mr. Higginson knew, when he embarked upon the scheme of his orchestra, that it would cost him heavily; and it has. Mr. Higginson has never taken the public into his confidence as to the orchestra's finances, but it may be said on the highest authority that it has cost him as much as \$52,000 in a year; that in one season it paid its expenses, and only one though in another it lacked only \$2000 of doing so; and that last season, after several more prosperous ones, the deficit mounted up again to \$40,000. It may also be said, on the highest authority, that Mr. Higginson has made provision for the continuation of the orchestra on the same lines after his death. Mr. Higginson is not a wealthy man in the modern acceptance of that term, and what the orchestra costs him in money comes out of his annual earnings. What it has cost

him in time and trouble, in annoyances great and small, in perplexities, in demands upon his patience, wisdom, and sense of justice, no man may know. He is always accessible to his players, in his busy hours and out of them, and they seldom have shown any hesitation in coming to him as to an unfailing friend, counsellor and guide, or as to a tribune of last resort.

It is in ways such as this that Mr. Higginson's achievements with the Boston Symphony Orchestra have spread their benefits far outside of Boston. He has raised the standard of orchestral playing in this country immeasurably, and has created a taste and a demand for what was unknown before he began his work. He has set Chicago, Philadelphia, Pittsburg and Cincinnati to an emulation of Boston; and has made many good people in New York very uneasy in their desire to do so. He has caused American music to be spoken of with respect and admiration by every European musician. And all the lovers of music in his own country ought to rise up and call him blessed.

JANUARY 13, 1905.

## MUSIC AND DRAMA.

### Boston Symphony Orchestra.

There is little of interest to say about last night's concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, for the simple reason that it was a most uninteresting "entertainment." Before the concert, one felt like commending Mr. Gericke for giving New Yorkers an opportunity to hear a novelty by a prominent member of the modern French school, but after hearing this work—the second symphony of Vincent d'Indy—one wondered why the conductor had deemed it worth while to try it on more than one audience. The symphony lacks what alone can give life to a work of art—a fount of original melody. Without such melody the utmost ingenuity of orchestration and the most bizarre harmonic effects go for naught, especially if there is no descriptive "programme," such as a piece like this demands. In a scene like that between the infuriated Alberich and Mime in "Siegfried" there is a reason for page after page of unmitigated dissonances: but in a work of absolute music, such discords are out of place. It is the old, old story. "First catch your hare" is the advice given in an ancient cook book. "First catch a melody" is the advice needed by nineteen out of every twenty contemporary composers; but hares are coy and elusive animals.

Johannes Brahms, too, was not an expert hunter in the realm of melody. It was, therefore, depressing to have his second concerto follow the French novelty. There are fragments of melody in this work—especially in the orchestral part of the andante—but far from enough to furnish forth an interminable work in four relentless movements. The piano part is neither brilliant, nor does it give the player any opportunity for emotional expression. It is deficient in dynamic contrasts, too, and Mr. Joseffy emphasized this deficiency, so that some one remarked that the work he played should really be called a "pianissimo concerto." All the more remarkable was the personal triumph of Mr. Joseffy, who was cordially recalled at the end, half a dozen times. It was a delight to hear so consummate an artist, even in so dry a work, for there is a delicacy, a refinement, in his playing that makes it a welcome contrast to the Amazonian thunderings of some other pianists, both of the strong sex and the fair, especially the latter. That Mr. Joseffy may give a recital (with not too much hermit music of the Brahms type) is beyond doubt the ardent wish of all who heard him last night.

Instead of the "Gemoveva" overture, which was to have opened the concert, Mr. Gericke played the deep-felt Schubert funeral march, as a tribute to the late Theodore Thomas, whom Mr. Gericke, in a recent interview, declared to have been "the greatest orchestral conductor in the world." At the other end was the brilliant and stirring "Carnaval" overture of Dvorák. These two short pieces furnished the real musical pabulum of this "symphony concert."

One of the features of Saturday afternoon's concert in Carnegie Hall will be a set of Brahms waltzes orchestrated by Mr. Gericke. An excellent thing! Maybe the time is coming, after all, when the Strauss waltzes will no longer be tabooed at symphony concerts. Why they should be tabooed is a mystery, for surely Strauss was a better waltz writer than Brahms, as the latter would have been the first to concede. It was he who, at the jubilee of the Waltz King, sent him the opening bars of the "Blue Danube" waltz with the words: "Leider nicht von Brahms"—"Not, alas! by Brahms." And the "Blue Danube" is one of the poorest of the Strauss waltzes.



*Symphony Hall.*

SEASON 1904-05.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.

**XX. CONCERT.**

SATURDAY, APRIL 1, AT 8, P. M.

**Programme.**

BRAHMS, TRAGIC OVERTURE.

TSCHAIKOWSKY, CONCERTO for VIOLIN.

HUGO WOLF, ITALIAN SERENADE.  
(First time.)

HANS HUBER, SYMPHONY in E minor.

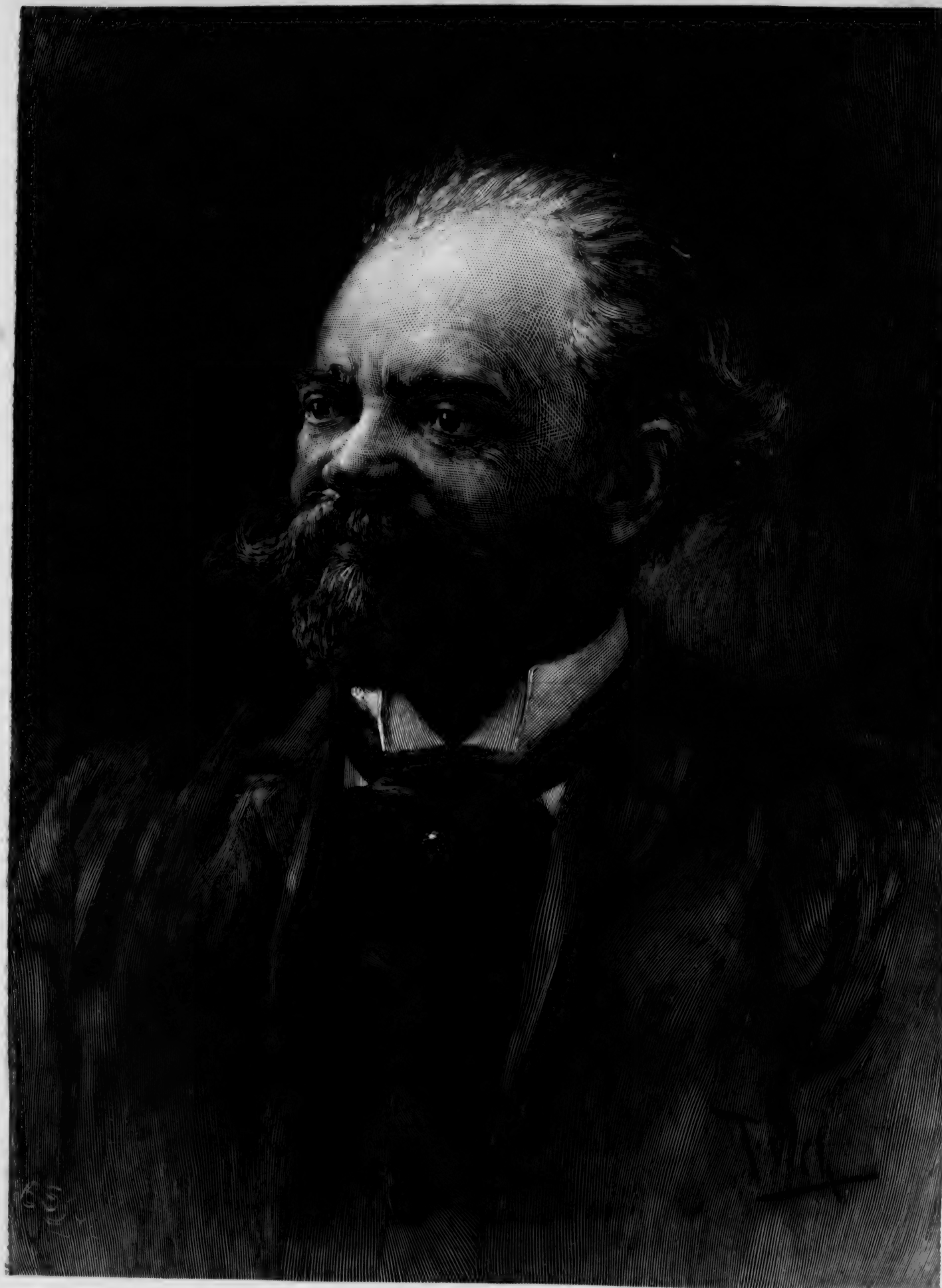
**Soloist:**

**Mr. KARL BARLEBEN.**









*Anton Dvořák*  
Director of the National  
Conservatory of Music of America  
New York  
1877-94

## *Symphony Hall.*

SEASON 1904-05.

### BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Mr. WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.

#### I. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, AT 8, P. M.

#### Programme.

#### In Memory of ANTON DVOŘÁK.

BORN, SEPT. 8, 1841.

DIED, MAY 1, 1904.

DVOŘÁK,

OVERTURE to "Othello," op. 93.

ARIA. "Inflamatus et Accensus," from "Stabat Mater," op. 58.

SUITE for ORCHESTRA, in D major, op. 39.

I. Praeludium (Pastorale): Allegro moderato.

II. Polka: Allegretto grazioso.—Trio: Poco più mosso.

III. Menuet (Sousedská): Allegro giusto.

IV. Romanze: Andante con moto.

V. Finale (Furiant): Presto.

QUARTET, "Quis est Homo" from "Stabat Mater," op. 58.

SYMPHONY No. 5. "From the New World," op. 95

I. Adagio.—Allegro molto. III. Scherzo.

II. Largo. IV. Allegro con fuoco.

#### Soloists:

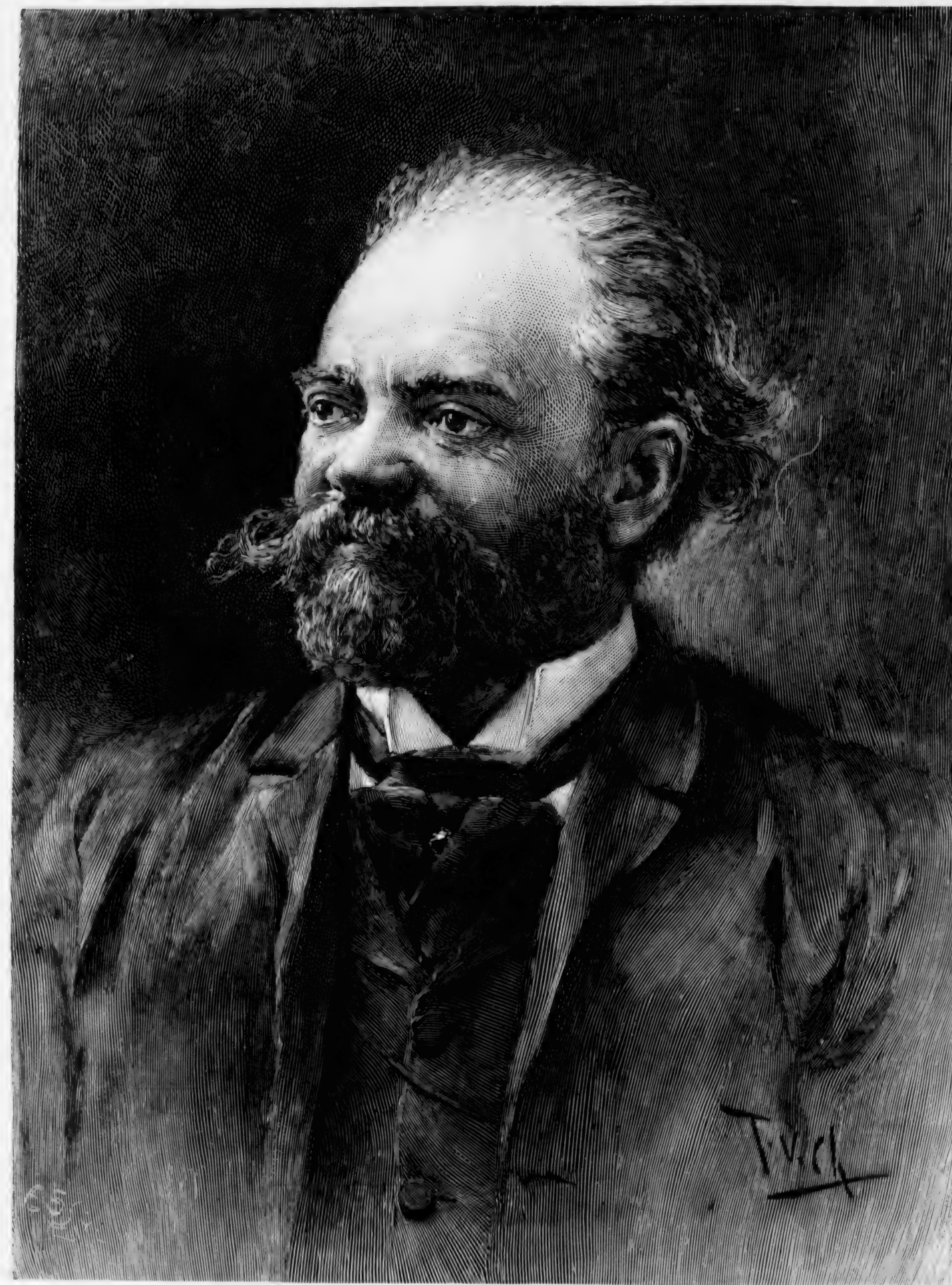
Mme. LOUISE HOMER.

Mrs. GRACE B. WILLIAMS.

Mr. THEODORE Van YORX.

Mr. L. B. MERRILL.





*Antonín Dvořák*  
 Director of the National  
 Conservatory of Music of America  
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 18<sup>th</sup> 94

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# OPENS SEASON IN SYMPHONY HALL

Herald ——— P. Hale

Programme of First Concert of  
Boston Orchestra Chosen in  
Memory of Anton Dvorak —  
Wilhelm Gericke Conductor.

## GEORGES LONGY SITS IN ACCUSTOMED SEAT

Selections Exhibit Variety of Work  
by Composer, Who Died in  
Prague Last May, Including  
Stabat Mater Pieces.

The 24th season of the Boston Symphony orchestra began last night with the concert in Symphony Hall. Mr. Wilhelm Gericke was the conductor. Mr. Willy Hess, the new concert master, and Mr. Georges Grisez, the new first clarinet, played for the first time at these concerts. It has been stated in New York, and with an insistence and a passion which now seem pathetic, that Mr. Georges Longy would live in Paris this winter, but the master of the oboe sat in his accustomed seat. Mr. Gericke was warmly greeted, and the audience applauded heartily in the course of the performance.

The programme was chosen as a tribute to the memory of Anton Dvorak, who died at Prague on May 1, the Sunday following the last Symphony concert of last season. This programme was as follows:

Overture, "Othello".....Dvorak  
Aria, "Inflammatus," from the "Stabat Mater".....Dvorak  
Suite in D major, op. 39.....Dvorak  
Quartet, "Quis est Homo," from the "Stabat Mater".....Dvorak  
Symphony No. 5 in E minor, "From the New World," op. 35.....Dvorak

"Let us now praise famous men, and our fathers that begat us \* \* \* such as found out musical tunes and recited verses in writing."

It was a good and proper thing to pay tribute publicly in Boston to the memory of Dvorak, not by pomp of spoken praise, not by the reading of papers on Bohemian musicians in general and on Dvorak in particular, but by listening to the composer's music. He then, though dead, spoke for himself; others did not praise with reserva-

tion or apology. No one came before him and the hearer.

This tribute was not due to Dvorak simply because he lived for a time in New York, because he taught in this country, because he once visited Boston, because, pleased with plantation tunes, he used some of them or imitated others as thematic material for the symphony performed last night and for two chamber works, one of which was played for the first time in this city. The tribute was one to a composer who knew both poverty and success and was prepared for either fortune; to a composer of indubitable native talent, who at his best said things worth hearing in his own speech; to a patriotic composer, whose name, often based on Bohemian themes and charged with Bohemian spirit, was nevertheless by reason of melody and rhythm and emotional quality universal, not parochial music; to a man of simple, natural honesty in his art and in his life.

The winning and endearing qualities of childhood were in his best music: artless simplicity, irresistible frankness, delight in nature and life. His music was best when it smacked of the soil, when he remembered his early days, the strains of vagabond musicians, the dances dear to his folk. One of a happily primitive people, he delighted in rhythm and color. He was not the man to translate pictures, statues, poems, a system of metaphysics, a gospel of pessimism into music. He was least successful when he would be heroic, mystical, profound. It was an evil day for him when England "discovered" him, patronized him, ordered oratorios from him for her festivals, made him a doctor of music (as though he were a cathedral organist, the composer of a sacred work, "Job's Daughters" in three parts: "Jemima," "Kazia" and "Keren-happuch"), and tried to turn this "Naturmensch" into a drawing room and church celebrity. When Dvorak is dull, he is very dull. His Slavonic Dances and such a song as "Als die alte Mutter" are worth a wilderness of "St. Ludmilas" and "Heldenlieder." And his work as a creative musician was no doubt at an end when he left this country to go back to his beloved Prague.

Some have been inclined to think lightly of Dvorak because his best and vital qualities were recognized by the people. This popularity irritated those who believe that pure art is only for the few—the purists; they forget Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Chopin, Verdi, Wagner, Tschalkowsky. But this popularity was based on the quick recognition of essential qualities; melody, rhythm, color. Slavonic intensity frets the nerves of the genteel, unless they are told by lecturers and other learned men that this intensity has a purpose, an esoteric meaning. Dvorak might have replied to lecturers, essayists, and the genteel in Whitman's words:

Do you guess I have some intricate purpose? Well, I have—for the Fourth-month showers have, and the mica on the side of a rock has. Do you take it I would astonish? Does the daylight astonish? Does the early redstart, twittering through the woods?

Dvorak had his faults and they were tiresome and exasperating. His naivete became a mannerism. Like a child, he delighted in vain repetitions; he was at times too much pleased with rhythms and colors, so that he mistook the exterior dress for the substance and forgot that after all there was little or no substance behind the brilliant trappings. We believe that he will ultimately be ranked among the minor poets of music.



His complete works may gather dust in libraries; but no carefully chosen Anthology will be without examples of his piquancy, strength and beauty in thought and expression.

We prefer now to speak of the composer rather than of this particular programme or of the performance, for the music itself was for the most part familiar to concertgoers, and the first performance of the season is seldom fully abreast of the high reputation of the orchestra. Yet it may be said that the music of this programme showed as in a looking glass the strength and the weakness, the originality of beauty and the platitudinous side of the composer. The Dvorak of the "Othello" overture is a much more sophisticated being than is the singer and dancer of the suite. The mood of Desdemona's prayer music is strongly reminiscent of Verdi's incomparable scene, and Dvorak's Othello is often a Slavonic Moor, not unacquainted with the furiant. The suite reveals the true Dvorak before attempts were made to tame and educate him. Fortunately the symphony is now removed from the field of politics. It may be discussed as music, not necessarily as an argument for or against the possibility of an American school, founded on Congo-American Indian-Creole folk tunes. There is much in it that gives pleasure, there are also pages that seem meretricious and too designedly sentimental.

The quartet of singers was made up of Mrs. Grace B. Williams, Mrs. Louise Homer, Messrs. Theodore Van Yorx and L. B. Merrill. The "Stabat Mater" is not one of Dvorak's best works, and where fragments are thus given the audience is hardly in a sympathetic mood. Here the thought of the virgin's woe was sandwiched between that of a Bohemian dance and that of a plantation breakdown, and the prayer of a worshipper at her shrine followed Othello's murderous deed. Yet the programme perhaps would not have been complete without some exhibition of Dvorak's vocal composition. No singer, however gifted, can make much out of Dvorak's "Inflammatus." In the "Quis est Homo" there is greater vocal opportunity. The quartet was sung with understanding, but the voices were not well balanced.

#### FIRST SYMPHONY CONCERT

Mr Gericke opened the 24th season of the Boston Symphony orchestra with a program in memory of Anton Dvorak, the five selections being of his composition. The members comprised the overture, "Othello"; suite in D-major, the "New World" symphony and two excerpts from "Stabat Mater," the solo "Inflammatus et Accensus" and "Quis est Homo," for quartet. Mrs Louise Homer sang the "Inflammatus" and with Mrs Grace B. Williams, Theodore van Yorx and L. B. Merrill made up the quartet. Symphony hall held the usual concourse of patrons at the rehearsal and concert that have been regular in attendance for many seasons. Mr Gericke was welcomed with the usual polite demonstrations, the orchestra played as it always does, which leaves little or nothing to be desired in the way of interpretation, and the winter's musical feast opened as auspiciously as those of former years. There are but few changes in the personnel of the orchestra, the new concert master, Mr Willy Hess, being the most conspicuous, of course, and so the ensemble work didn't vary from that of

the past.

From the nature of the selections, which are quite familiar to patrons of the Symphony concerts, it will be seen that there was little to awaken more than respectful enthusiasm. It was solid, dignified music, rather somber as a whole, with the "New World" symphony the nearest approach to anything frivolous on the program. Mrs Louise Homer, whose rich mezzo-soprano voice has so often been heard and praised in concert and grand opera, sang the "Inflammatus" admirably, and in the "Quis est Homo" the quartet—Mrs Williams, Mrs Homer and Messrs Van Yorx and Merrill—were very satisfactory, for their voices blended well and each performed the solo work commendably.

The "Othello" overture was given with due regard to the nature of the theme—smoothly, with contrasts well preserved and each contingent in harmonious accord. The prayer of Desdemona was beautifully played by the muted strings, and the Othello interruptions, fortissimo and mainly by the full orchestra, displayed to the usual advantage the well-known ensemble playing of the men. The solemn and measured accompaniments to the "Stabat Mater" music were given with good effect, and the understanding between the orchestra and singers appeared to be perfect.

The orchestral suite is so thoroughly characteristic of the Bohemian composer and is so oddly phrased and modulated that there are many musical "surprises" in each of the five parts and the rhythmic changes, unless given perfectly, appear inharmonious and harsh. In this familiar number the various woodwinds may be credited with delightful phrase work, their parts being quite prominent. In the finale the whole orchestra played the elaborate movement as brilliantly and vigorously as one could reasonably wish. The "New World" symphony went about as usual and calls for no special comment.

The new concert master, Mr Willy Hess, will appear as soloist at this week's concerts, playing Joachim's Hungaria concerto for violin. The other numbers will be Beethoven's fourth symphony, scherzo, "L'Apprenti Sorcier," Paul Dukas, first time, and the overture to Wagner's "Tannhauser."



THEODORE VAN YORX.



## MUSICAL MATTERS

### THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

*Advertiser* Programme, Oct 17 1904  
Overture to "Othello," op. 93.....  
Aria, "Inflammatus et Accensus," from "Stabat Mater".....  
Suite for Orchestra, in D major, op. 39.....  
Quartet, "Quis est Homo," from "Stabat Mater".....  
Symphony No. 5, "From the New World".....  
All by Dvorak.

Soloists: Mme. Louise Homer, Mrs. Grace Williams, Theodore Van Yorx, L. B. Merrill.

"Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more," for the first symphony concert has given the signal for the opening of the musical season. Saturday's programme was a fitting tribute to the memory of the great composer who has passed away so recently. "Othello" given in overture form is, however, by no means Dvorak's strongest work. There is, however, anxiety and apprehension in its first part, also a strong contrast between Othello and Desdemona in the subsequent measures, and, of course, the inevitable catastrophe.

There was a lack of ferocity in the interpretation; the "green-eyed monster" was little more than blue-eyed in this case, and Desdemona was smothered with a lace handkerchief. A luke-warm Moor is as unbearable as a tolerable egg. We can still remember Paur's furious interpretation.

The vocal selections were in a higher school of music. In his "Stabat Mater" the composer has united modern emotional effect with lofty counterpoint. This work and Brahms' "German Requiem" are the loftiest recent expressions of classical music. The "Inflammatus" was finely sung by Mme. Homer; it can, however, never achieve the popular success of Rossini's soprano conflagration on the same subject; it is too noble for that.

The quartette,—"Quis est Homo,"—was also beautiful music, infinitely higher than much of the rickety modern school of Passion. The soprano was too light for the other voices, but all sang with care and good finish.

The Suite was a good contrast to the subtle contrapuntal numbers, for it went frankly into the domain of folk-music. It was read and played with just the right amount of simplicity and directness. The finale was as naively rustic as the old German "Grandfather dance" ("Als der Grossvater die Grossmutter nahm"), which it somewhat resembles. There was some excellent flute-playing in the Romance. Altogether it was good, melodic, enjoyable music, but not very exciting.

The American symphony, which closed the concert, is as beautiful as ever. It is the greatest treatment of plantation music that has yet been achieved, although there was an excellent development of this kind of music in the Scherzo of Chadwick's B flat (second) symphony, some time before we were "discovered" by the Bohemian musician. We wish that this American Scherzo might have a hearing soon again. The work was finely played, and Mr.

Gerike gave a commendable reading of it. We can forgive the comical break of the horn, in the first movement, since the same instrument was excellently used in the Largo which followed. The English horn was very beautiful in the Largo, but it might have been a trifle louder to advantage, and, in the first and last movements of this plantation symphony, the first banjos,—we should say violins,—were especially incisive.

How good it seemed to hear beautiful melody, sweet and intelligible tunes, in a modern orchestral work! We shall, however, have plenty of tuneless music, numbers of orchestral puzzles, a little later on.

Louis C. Elson.

# Symphony Orchestra Pays High Tribute To Dvorak

*Journal* ————— Oct 17 04

## Program of Twenty-Fourth Season's Opening Night Devoted to the Works of the Great Musician.

The opening of the season of Saturday night concerts by the Boston Symphony, which has most properly come to mean the beginning of the musical year in Boston, was made the occasion for paying the tribute of art to Antonin Dvorak, whose music formed the entire program. Such recognition was but just, for the eminent Bohemian who died last May, took out of the world with him a great light. Master of melody, a genius in form, a wonderful man in his appeal to the heart, he still lives and will live long.

Unequal, as all geniuses are, Dvorak produced much that we do not care to hear but once; yet for the other things—the glories of his richly dowered nature, we can be grateful without waxing argumentative.

### An Interesting Overture.

The "Othello" overture, which had first place on the program, is one of the finer examples of Dvorak's work. It need not, of course, be taken as an accurate tone picture of the killing of Desdemona, for its other significance and title is "Love." But the beauty of the fair wife's prayer, the frenzied entrance of the Moor, the murder and the remorse, are each portrayed with sure touches and great musicianship. The overture is an interesting bit of writing, although giving no special intimation of Dvorak's peculiar national style. It was played rather coldly, and with that lack of emotional "tang" that often descends upon this splendid orchestra. Perhaps there was lack of sympathy with it, perhaps the beginning of the season finds emotion yet unfrozen. At any rate, a more poignant effect might have been made.

The Suite in D contains much of gentle interest rather than of great originality or power. Of the five movements, the polka and the finale are most characteristic and fine. The romance is an over-sweet and dawdling thing, reminding one alternately of that once beloved of the people "The Shepherd Boy," and of the English horn melody in the "William Tell" overture.

### Dvorak's Greatest Work.

"The New World" symphony, which came as the benediction, wears so

wonderfully well that it warrants the prophecy that it is to be considered the greatest of all Dvorak's orchestral writings. Its composer is now in his grave; dead, too, should be the sneers of those who could not find it in their souls to admire this marvel of life and beauty because, forsooth, they thought that Dvorak intended by it to establish an American school of music. Nothing was

### Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Twenty-fourth season, first concert.  
Louise Homer, Grace B. Williams,  
T. Van Yorx and L. B. Merrill,  
soloists.

### THE PROGRAM.

Overture, "Othello," Op. 93...Dvorak  
Solo, "Inflammatus et Accensus,"  
from the "Stabat Mater," Op.  
58.....Dvorak  
Suite in D major, Op. 39....Dvorak  
Quartet, "Quis est Homo," from  
the Stabat Mater," Op. 58.Dvorak  
Symphony No. 5, in E minor,  
"From the New World," Op.  
95.....Dvorak

further from his mind; he gave musical voice merely to certain impressions he received in this country. Yet how truly he painted the picture of the South. In the first movement, who can listen and not hear the modulations of the plantation dardies in the evening? In the exquisite largo, is there not the vision of the bayou in the red of sunset, the odor of the magnolia, as the English horn sings that tender song? After these two movements, the rest is merely pleasant music, but they are as entertaining as anything that modern music can show.

The playing of the symphony was less fine than it has had on other occasions. There was occasional roughness, and a horn phrase in the first movement was cracked and blurred.

### Some Vocal Music.

There was vocal music of Dvorak's as befitted an occasion of the kind. Mrs. Louise Homer sang the "Inflammatus" from his "Stabat Mater," a not especially interesting selection. Mrs. Homer's voice is as large as ever and, it seemed, a bit more strident and acidulous than of yore. At all events, it is best fitted for grand opera. The quartet, "Quis est Homo" went very well, although the voices were not perfectly balanced.



## OPENING SYMPHONY SEASON.

First Public Rehearsal This Afternoon in  
Memory of Dvorak—Programme  
from His Works.

The 24th season of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Gericke conductor, will open this afternoon with the public rehearsal in Symphony Hall. The concert will be in memory of Anton Dvorak. The programme will include his overture to "Othello," which is the third of a series entitled "Triple Overture: Nature, Life, Love," when the work was first produced at Prague at a farewell concert to the composer on the eve of his departure for America. The three overtures, now known as "Nature," "Carnival," "Othello," were performed at the concert given in New York in 1892 as a welcome to the director of the National Conservatory of Music, in which Mrs. Thurber was so much interested. It is said that Dvorak was moved to the composition of "Othello" by the scene of Desdemona's murder in Shakespeare's play.

The other pieces to be performed are by Dvorak, and all are familiar here: The Suite in D major, which includes a Pastorale, Polka, Bohemian Minuet, Romance and Furiant, a genial composition in Dvorak's most characteristic vein, and the symphony "From the New World," which at the time of its production excited controversy concerning the possibility of founding a national school of music on negro-Indian-Creole melodies, and now pleases so many by its tunefulness and marked rhythms.

Mrs. Grace B. Williams, Mrs. Louise Homer, Mr. Van Yox and Mr. L. B. Merrill will sing the quartet "Quis est Homo" from Dvorak's "Stabat Mater," and Mrs. Homer will sing the "Inflammatus" from the same work.

## SYMPHONY SEAT AUCTION.

Saturday Evening Concert Sale Maintains Last Year's Prices—Highest Premium \$9.50.

The auction sale of \$7.50 seats for the Saturday evening concerts of the Boston Symphony orchestra was begun yesterday morning in Symphony Hall. Although the company of music lovers present had not diminished, the bidding for these, the least desirable seats in the series, fell off somewhat. However, the prices of of last year were maintained. The highest bid made was \$9.50, and the remaining seats sold for an average of an \$8 premium.

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Oct. 22, at 8 o'clock. A limited number of  
seats have been reserved for college officers  
and invited guests. (A)

Lovers of classical music will find pleasure in the announcement that Mr. Willy Hess, the new concert master of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, will continue the string-quartet chamber concerts which have delighted so many of Boston's musical people in past seasons. The Hess Quartet, as it is called, will be made up of Mr. Hess, first violin; Mr. Roth, second violin; Mr. Ferir, viola, and Mr. Krasselt, violoncello. All of these artists, with the exception of Mr. Hess, are well and favorably known here both by their quartet work and as members of the Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Hess, while possessing exceptional abilities and large experience as an orchestra leader, comes to Boston with an established European reputation as an artist of the highest merit in quartet and trio work, having led some of the most noted organizations of this character in Europe, and in this connection made many successful continental tours. Mr. Hess has planned a series of six concerts to be given at Jordan Hall on the Monday evenings of Oct. 24, Nov. 28, Jan. 2, Feb. 6, March 6 and April 10. The quartet will be assisted by eminent artists to be announced.

Trans. — Oct. 17, 1904.

## Symphony Hall: Symphony Orchestra

Without the usual preliminary flourish of stray pianoforte or song recitals, on Saturday evening, the musical season in Boston was opened by the first symphony concert of the year, the twenty-fourth of the orchestra's existence. Mr. Wilhelm Gericke is again the conductor of the organization, in the ranks of which there are but two important changes: the accessions of Mr. Willy Hess as concert master and of Mr. Georges Grisez as first clarinet player. This opening concert was, very appropriately, made a memorial to the composer, Anton Dvorak, who died, at his home in Prague, the first day of May. With the assistance of Mrs. Grace B. Williams, Mrs. Louise Homer, Mr. Theodore Van Yox and Mr. L. B. Merrill, the following programme of works by Dvorak was presented:

Overture, "Othello."  
Aria, "Inflammatus," from the "Stabat Mater."  
Suite in D major, Op. 39.  
Quartet, "Quis est Homo," from the "Stabat Mater."  
Symphony No. 5, in E minor, from the "New World," Op. 95.

To do honor to the memory of the famous Bohemian composer, who once lived in New York, Mr. Gericke evidently thought it best to bring to a hearing those works with which we are most familiar. From certain points of view, furthermore, the "New World" symphony and the "Othello" overture are among Dvorak's most admirable compositions, both being musicianly, carefully written, logically developed and free from the redundant prolixity to which he was unfortunately prone, to an extent not often found in his earlier, or later, opuses. In the symphony, especially, Dvorak most closely approaches Mendelssohn in excellence of workmanship and mastery of form. So severely has the man been taken to task for his not very exhaustive study of the rudiments of composition, for his leanings toward the trivial in music, and for his general lack of powerful intellect, that Mr. Gericke may well have regarded it as a pious duty, when the time came for honoring his memory, to arrange a concert of works that would show how clearly, logically and intelligently Dvorak could write when he chose. If this was his aim, Mr. Gericke could not have made a more judicious selection.

But almost the entire programme of Saturday displayed the Dvorak who tried to compose music like other people. Of Dvorak, the Bohemian butcher's son, who earned his living by playing for country dances, who listened with keen delight to the legends of old peasant women, who would stand many minutes listening to a hodgepodge sing old songs his mother taught him, of Dvorak the friend of gypsies, of Dvorak the semi-civilized product of a half-barbaric people, of Dvorak the passionate patriot, there was little to be heard Saturday. And yet, surely, it is this Dvorak, who, with subtle feeling for the

picturesque, translated into symphonic poems old wives' tales of Bohemia, who set all the world a-dancing with his boisterous rhythms of polkas and furiantes, who wrote down songs that picture for us gypsies and their life, who wrote Biblical songs—breathing forth genuine, honest piety—this Dvorak, one must think, will live through his music long after the accomplished follower of Mendelssohn is forgotten. At the concert in his memory one would gladly have heard certain works that savor strongly of Bohemia.

Since Dvorak wrote and achieved more or less success with choral compositions on a large scale, it was probably necessary that a concert of the character of Saturday's should contain excerpts from these works. Whatever the intrinsic worth of the aria and the quartet from the "Stabat Mater" may be, it was inevitable that on Saturday they should make no effect at all, for an audience cannot at once jump from a consideration of the adventures of Othello to that of the divine mother's sorrows. Nor can one feel that Dvorak himself wrote of these sufferings with the sincerity which he put into the writing of the Biblical songs. The quartet went very smoothly, and Mrs. Homer, in the aria, was much admired for the exquisite purity and skilful handling of her voice. The audience, after welcoming Mr. Gericke cordially, showed no overwhelming interest in the concert.

On Saturday evening next Mr. Willy Hess will make his first appearance in Boston. This is to be the programme: Symphony in B-flat major, No. 4, Beethoven; Hungarian Concerto for violin, Joachim; Scherzo, "L'Apprenti Sorcier," Paul Dukas; overture, "Tannhäuser," Wagner.

R. R. G.

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*Symphony Hall.*

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SEASON 1904-05.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Mr. WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.

---

II. CONCERT.

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, AT 8, P. M.

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Programme.

BEETHOVEN,

SYMPHONY in B flat major, No. 4, op. 60.

I. Adagio; Allegro vivace.

II. Adagio.

III. Allegro vivace. Trio: Un poco meno allegro.

IV. Finale. Allegro ma non troppo.

JOACHIM,

CONCERTO (in the Hungarian manner) for VIOLIN  
and ORCHESTRA, op. II.

I. Allegro un poco maestoso,

II. Romanze: Andante; più moto, poco allegretto; allegretto.

III. Finale alla zingara: Allegro con spirito. Presto.

PAUL DUKAS,

SCHERZO, "The Sorcerer's Apprentice"  
(After a ballad by Goethe.)  
(First time.)

WAGNER,

OVERTURE to "Tannhäuser."

---

Soloist:

Prof. WILLY HESS.



## MUSICAL MATTERS

### THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Programme.  
Symphony in B flat major, No 4.....Beethoven  
Hungarian Concerto for Violin.....Joachim  
Mr. Willy Hess.  
Scherzo, "L'Apprenti Sorcier".....Paul Dukas  
(First time.)  
Overture to "Tannhauser".....Wagner

Let us remember that in 1807 the critics considered Beethoven's Fourth symphony quite as crazy music as the conservatives of today regard "Heldenleben" or the "Sinfonia Domestica" to be. Weber scorned the work and ridiculed it, and many a lesser musician followed his lead. The symphony at this concert was admirably read and not a single repeat was spared. The finale was whipped up to a furious speed. This was well enough for the violins, but when the figure (founded on the first 4 notes) came to the bassoons, they were almost overthrown, while the contrabasses struggled vainly with that sting in the symphony's tail. It was pleasant to notice that the performance was enthusiastically applauded. Beethoven and symphonic form are not fading perceptibly, as yet.

Can any reader imagine the nervous strain of a "first appearance" of a new Boston symphony first violinist! He comes to Boston imagining that he is well in advance of his brother-musicians, and finds a phalanx of artists back of him, each one a soloist of ability, some even of high rank. He has the memory of great predecessors to contend with, and a hall not especially favorable for solo violin effects. Mr. Hess added to these another handicap—a concerto of great length, really a symphony upon the heels of a symphony! He was greeted with so much cordiality that he must have gained courage, if he needed any, and he began the brilliant passages of double-stopping with splendid effect.

Everyone felt, in a moment, that there was a great artist and a thorough musician in the "concertmeister" post this year. Flawless intonation, as sympathetic a tone as the work allowed, excellent work in the high positions, great delicacy of shading in the Romanza—one might give a long catalogue of artistic merits. There was a little lack of breadth in G string work, we thought, but this may have been the instrument or the hall; we shall know definitely when Mr. Hess plays the Bach Chaconne at his string quartette concert.

The concerto ends with a furiously difficult movement, and this was conquered without a trace of blur or of weakness. Spite of the length of the work the audience seemed deeply interested to the very end, and then burst out in wild enthusiasm. A laurel wreath and many recalls (5, we

believe,) rewarded the artist.

Next followed the musical tale of an enchanted broomstick, with which Mr. Gericke made a sweeping success. If this is a fair example of his work, Dukas may be the chief of the young French orchestral school. The story told is of a sorcerer's assistant, who, in his master's absence, succeeds in turning a broomstick into a servant to carry water to his bath.

He forgets how to dissolve the spell, and the slave brings bucket after bucket, threatening inundation. He seizes the broomstick and cuts it in 2. All in vain, for now there are 2 servants to bring water! At last the master returns and turns the servants back into a broomstick. This is a very different kind of a water-carrier from Cherubini's; it is fully as effective, in the modern vein, as St. Saens in his "Danse Macabre"; it has the humor of Richard Strauss, which it somewhat resembles.

Not only is Dukas master of his vast orchestral forces, but he presents lucid and graphic ideas. There are several composers now alive who have achieved the acme of orchestral coloring, but, of these, only a few—Strauss, Hausegger, etc.—have strong musical thoughts back of their powerful instrumentation. We hope that Dukas may be added to the list.

The interpretation was excellent. Mr. Gericke is a wonderful master of the minutiae of these complex modern works, as well as a great classical conductor. His reading of "Don Quixote" last year, for example, brought out some points of the picture better than the composer himself was able to do. There was nothing lost of the meaning of the work at this concert.

One heard the broomstick give a few bassoon grunts and come to life; equally graphic was the cutting in 2 of the waterman; easily grasped, also, the return of the magician and the disenchantment of the stick. A musical joke as graphic as "Tip Eulenspiegel" and a splendid contribution to the repertoire of humorist music.

In listening to the noble performance of the "Tannhauser" overture, we could not but think that the Wagner of "Tannhauser" was greater than the Wagner of "Parsifal." Wagner himself affected to look down upon this early work, but the world at large will not share his opinion.

There is not, in "Parsifal," any climax as great and intense as the final entrance of the Pilgrim's chorus in this overture. Like "Parsifal," too, this overture draws a sharp contrast between religion and vice, between purity and sensuality; the scheme of the "Tannhauser" overture would make a perfect introduction to the later opera, and a more powerful one than it possesses at present.

How our orchestra plays this work, how the woodwind shivers, the flutes trill, the trombones blare and the violins give their descending hailstorm of chromatics, every Boston concert-goer knows.

Louis C. Elson.

# A NEW SCHERZO AT SYMPHONY

For Its Second Concert the Famous  
Orchestra Produced "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," by Paul  
Dukas, with Success.

WILLY HESS MADE  
FIRST APPEARANCE

Was Cordially Welcomed and Made  
Favorable Impression — Pre-  
sented with Wreath—Whole  
Performance Polished.

The programme of the second Symphony concert given last night in Symphony Hall, Mr. Gericke, conductor, was as follows:

Symphony in B flat, No. 4.....Beethoven  
Hungarian Concerto for violin.....Joachim  
Scherzo, "The Sorcerer's Apprentice".....Dukas  
Overture to "Tannhauser".....Wagner

Paul Dukas' "Sorcerer's Apprentice" is now seven years old—at least it was first played at Paris in 1897. Theodore Thomas' orchestra has played it twice in Chicago, and Mr. Van der Stucken produced it in Cincinnati last season. The composer, who was born at Paris in 1865 and studied at the conservatory of that city, has written comparatively little, but that little has excited attention and commanded respect: an overture to "Polyeucte"—two other overtures have not been published—a symphony, and a formidable piano sonata that takes 40 minutes in performance even when the pianist is urged to do his best.

All these works are eminently serious. But Mr. Dukas, like many serious persons, has his light moments. The "Sorcerer's Apprentice" is his best joke.

It is a musical illustration of Goethe's ballad of the same name, the story of the apprentice who, in the absence of his master, tried to work one of his more remarkable tricks, that of turning a broom into a water-carrier, and by not knowing the words to end the spell was nearly drowned. The tale is a pleasant one, and it was told still more delightfully by Lucian, the satirist, centuries before Goethe. Where did Lucian hear it, or who told it before him?

Dukas has made a singularly picturesque and effective transliteration into music. Many young Frenchmen

have glib and colored orchestral expression, but, unfortunately, their thought is insignificant or scrappy. Dukas has striking thoughts, the gift of developing them logically; he is clear even when he is most fantastic in his orchestral speech, and, above all, he has fancy and imagination. There is no attempt at mosaic work; there is no inter-linear translation.

"You know the poem?" asks the composer; "now what do you hear in this?"

After the introduction which prepares the mood for witchcraft of haunted Thessaly or of mysterious Egypt, the spell works, and the chief theme, developed, varied, swells with the wretched apprentice's terror, and then enters the vexed and saving sorcerer. The spell is broken. The broom is again a broom.

The scherzo was played brilliantly and Mr. Gericke is to be thanked for producing here this excellent example of the better modern French school and congratulated for the performance itself.

Mr. Willy Hess, the new first concert master, made his first appearance in America since he attained man's estate. When he was 10 years old he played here in Music Hall with Theodore Thomas' orchestra (in 1869), as "Master Willy Hess." He chose last night Joachim's "Hungarian" concerto, a very long and for the most part labored and tedious work. Mr. Listemann, who delighted in Herculean feats, played the whole of it at a symphony concert in 1881.

Insatiable violinist! Could not one movement suffice?

Messrs. Kneisel and Winternitz were more discreet and compassionate; they were content with one movement. But perhaps Mr. Hess wished to perform a pious duty in honoring his master, Joachim.

Mr. Hess, who was cordially welcomed and heartily applauded after each movement, made a most favorable impression in spite of the handicap of the concerto itself. He displayed the confidence and the agility of the virtuoso and the phrasing and the musical intelligence of the experienced concert master. The music did not call for, did not allow, in fact, any exhibition of deep emotion, but whenever there was opportunity, there was a display of amiable sentiment without trickery or exaggeration. The violinist was presented with a wreath.

The symphony was played with the care bestowed by Mr. Gericke on all classic compositions, and the performance, as a whole, was polished and yet vital. The finale was taken with much spirit. The ever stirring overture to "Tannhauser" brought the close.

The program of the concert this week will be as follows: Overture to "Oberon," Weber; concerto in F minor No. 2 for piano, Chopin (Mr. de Pachmann, pianist); three sonata movements, Bach (scored by Mr. Gericke); symphony in E major, op. 14, Suk (first time).

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# MUSICAL.

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Blake Oct 23-1904

The second Symphony program introduced the new concert master as soloist, Prof Hess playing the Joachim Hungarian concertos for violin, a work so difficult and long that one of those movements usually serves as a solo number for a violinist. The other selections included Beethoven's wonderful fourth symphony, a scherzo, "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," by Dukas, given for the first time at these concerts, and Wagner's "Tannhauser" overture. A Symphony audience evinces but little enthusiasm for a soloist unless the artist displays abilities of unusual merit and although anyone to become a concert master must necessarily be a man of very high musical attainments, and especially so to become associated with Mr Gericke's orchestra, but few in the audience expected a performance of Joachim's concerto that would create a sensation. A more spontaneous and overwhelming tribute of appreciation is seldom heard at these concerts than that which greeted Prof Hess after each movement of the concerto, culminating at the close in demonstrations which evidently embarrassed the performer, who was called and recalled to the platform amidst showers of plaudits from auditors and the members of the orchestra.

Evidently nervous during the orchestral introduction the new violinist showed no traces of trepidation as soon as his work began, and then for more than a half hour he was master of himself, and held his auditors spellbound by a wondrous art which at a single performance established him in the foremost rank of violin virtuosos of the present day. He is an artist combining grace with dignity, sentiment and power, with a strong masculine style, with every difficulty in fingering thoroughly mastered, a tone big, resonant and pure, and, in short, a man whose musical endowments seem liberal enough to compass successfully the whole field of violin literature.

He played the immensely intricate

concerto with full appreciation of its beauty, its strength and suggestions of barbaric nature. The breadth of the first movement was splendidly shown, the romantic daintiness of the second part was an exquisite exploitation of the composer's ideas and the queer, rapid staccato scoring of the last movement was brought out with a crispness and clarity that was very effective in its dynamic variations. His three and four-finger chord passages and double stops in the first movement were in perfect harmony, the lighter and lightning like jumps and runs in the second part, in single fingerings chiefly, showed no deviations from pitch, and throughout the whole performance his playing was free and without exaggeration despite the fact that forte and piano passages are very frequent and call for great arm power. He is an artist whose advent adds dignity to the season's concert schedule, and his coming appearances at the head of the Boston Symphony quartet will be welcome events.

The orchestra played very beautifully with Prof Hess, making the performance of the concerto a memorable one. The ever-welcome Beethoven symphony, which opened the program auspiciously, and the "Tannhauser" overture were each given in splendid style, especially the former, which appeared to be faultless in interpretation. The Dukas scherzo is a grotesque piece, pleasing in spots, but not particularly interesting except as an illustration of the skill of the modern composer in arranging orchestral effects that a few years ago would hardly pass muster as harmonious combinations. It was played admirably.

Vladimir de Pachmann will be the soloist this week, playing Chopin's F minor concerto for piano. Joseph Suk's E major symphony will be given for the first time at these concerts and the other numbers will be the overture of Weber's "Oberon" and Mr Gericke's orchestration of three movements by Bach.

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# Violinist Of High Rank Is Professor Willy Hess

Journal Oct 24, 1904

His First Appearance as a  
Soloist Crowned With  
Success Despite His  
Choice of the Joachim  
Concerto.

What a naive and simple thing is the fourth Beethoven symphony with which Mr. Gericke began the second concert of the Symphony Orchestra. How artless its prattle, how sweetly garrulous and poetically tender its romancing. Almost the weakest of the nine sisters, it still has the right to be called great if for its beauty alone. Not once after the rather solemn introduction does it strike under the most suave emotions, but such as it is we can afford to welcome it—not too often. The reading was in Mr. Gericke's gentlest style—one might almost say genteel. A pretty performance, but not eminently Beethovenish.

Mr. Hess, the new concertmeister, who made an excellent impression so far as could be judged from his impersonal work in the first concert, lost no time in coming before his Boston public as a soloist. And he chose that ponderous, unimaginative, machine-made thing, the Joachim violin concerto "in the Hungarian manner." Appalling in length, generally dull and unattractive, it is bestrewn with difficulties that are scarcely worth while.

Yet Mr. Hess made it almost interesting, and thus triumphed emphatically. He has a refined, yet powerful tone, a clean-cut mastery over technical matters, an earnest style that might, as a moment or two in the andante showed, become poetic if opportunity should present itself. He is not a virtuoso, in the showy and popular sense; he is a violin player of high rank, a man to whom art seems more than the plaudits of a crowd. Of these latter, however, he received full many, as well as a huge wreath, and he may feel perfectly that he has made a success. Of the accompanying work of the orchestra, it need only be said that it was occasionally more ragged than one would expect of such a body of men.

The scherzo of Paul Abraham Dukas, the French composer, whose works are very little known in this country, is a curious bit of program music, wierd, but not grotesque, distinctive in its approaches to melody, fascinating in its

**Boston Symphony Orchestra.**

Twenty fourth season; second concert, Oct. 22, 1904. Professor Willy Hess, soloist.

**THE PROGRAM:**

Symphony No. 4, in B-flat major, Op. 60..... Beethoven  
Concerto (in the Hungarian manner) for violin and orchestra, Op. 11..... Joachim  
Scherzo, "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," ..... Dukas  
(After a ballad by Goethe—first time.)  
Overture to "Tannhauser"...Wagner

main theme and enormously clever in a technical way. It is frankly a musical picture; the sorcerer's apprentice, in the absence of his master, decides that he, too, can work magic. He knows just enough to command a broomstick to fetch water, but not enough to stop the performance. So he is half-drowned before his chief returns and breaks the aqueous spell. All this is told with jocular rhythm, odd uses of the woodwind, a wild whirl of brass and strings and some bits of color that, of course, might mean anything, but which, when one knows, are pretty well adapted to the illusion. The piece was played in masterly fashion. Here shows at its best the great technique of our orchestra.

The splendid "Tannhauser" overture, that made a glowing finale to the concert, once more proved how absolutely unimpaired by age is the genius of Wagner. Yesterday, today and tomorrow he is without a peer.

**Symphony Hall: Symphony Orchestra**

On Saturday evening the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Gericke conductor, gave their second concert of the season. The occasion was unusually interesting because Mr. Willy Hess, the new concert-master, made his first appearance here. This was the programme:

Beethoven: Symphony in B-flat major, No. 4, Op. 60.  
Joachim: Concerto (in the Hungarian manner) for Violin and Orchestra, Op. 11.  
Paul Dukas: Scherzo, "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," (After a ballad by Goethe.) (First time.)  
Wagner: Overture to "Tannhauser."

The programme contained a work played here for the first time, Dukas's scherzo, "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," after a ballad by Goethe. This ballad rehearses in poetical form an ancient tale of a sorcerer's apprentice who, one day when his master was abroad, himself undertook to practise the



magic art. At first all went well; a broom in the corner, promptly obeying his magical words, hastened to the well to fetch a pail of water. Again and again it went to the well for water, and its course could not be arrested, for the sorcerer's boy had learned no formula that would serve. By good fortune, however, for the world, at all events, if not for the apprentice, the aged warlock returned to his house in time to save too much of a flood, and, by the use of the proper words of enchantment, the broom once more became a broom, with only a broom's attributes.

Although Dukas has written other works that have been produced in Paris concerts of importance, in Boston he can be judged only by his scherzo. For the opportunity of hearing it we must be grateful. Orchestral music at present so largely consisting of doubtful experiments, it is a distinct pleasure once in a way to hear a composition manifestly written for the sole purpose of pleasing. The scherzo is indeed delightful to listen to, even if it attempts no more than to give a musical impression of a picturesque episode. No effort has been made to deplete details of Goethe's ballad through music. But the composer Dukas is evidently a man who possesses imagination. He has at his command, furthermore, remarkable skill at writing for a large modern orchestra. His scherzo, therefore, very properly opening with a cleverly suggested air of mystery and enchantment, soon develops into a rushing, whirling movement that presents a lively picture of the silly boy's adventure. For music of this simple, pleasure-giving nature, written with technical skill and imaginative feeling, let us be thankful. The scherzo was brilliantly played.

So was the "Tannhäuser" overture, remembered from last season as one of Mr. Gericke's highest achievements. This year it went still more excitingly than last, the chorus with great dignity, the Venus music passionately, all with splendid rhythm and rich tone; in short, a triumph of orchestral playing.

The lovely Beethoven symphony, on the other hand, proved disappointing. A large share of the time devoted to the preparation of this concert was spent, perhaps, on the new scherzo, at the expense of the symphony. Whatever the cause, at all events, the symphony was performed without the needful animation, without the keenness of rhythm that made the playing of the overture remarkable, and with decidedly more of prose than of poetry in its interpretation. Yet this symphony, surely, is worthy of high pains.

Mr. Hess, for his first performance here, was so ill-advised as to play Joachim's Hungarian concerto, a composition exceptionally dull and of inordinate length. So long is it, in fact, that other violinists, notably Mr. Winternitz, have been content with one movement from it. From his playing of a work of this calibre it is difficult to judge of Mr. Hess's musical characteristics. It is clear, however, that he is an artist of highly developed technique, with

a strong tone and brilliancy of execution—a musician of intelligence and energy. His success with the audience was immediate and great. It will be interesting to hear Mr. Hess in more worthy music than the concerto by Joachim.

At the coming concert Mr. de Pachmann is to play. This will be the programme: Overture to "Oberon," Weber; Three Movements (orchestrated by W. Gericke), Bach; Concerto for pianoforte in F minor, No. 2, Chopin; Symphony in E major, op. 14 (first time), Joseph Suk. R. R. G.

Trans.

Given an afternoon of November's best blend of sunshine and shadow and Jordan Hall, and last and best of all de Pachmann, and musical Boston has a period of rare enjoyment. For admirers of this pianist are many here and when, yesterday, they generously and handsomely demonstrated their admiration, it seemed that he must have been gratified by it, accustomed or even hardened as he may be to the world's approval. And then there is the approval that he bestows upon himself which must after all be the most satisfying to him. He can't help knowing what goes to make a master of the piano and it would be impossible for him not to realize that he complies with all the requirements, and his manner of showing to an audience that he possesses this knowledge is so naive, so purely impersonal, that it but makes his charm the more complete. The intimacy he maintains with his hearers is unique, and is no more to be attained by other pianists than his work is to be approached by them.

New York audiences, as well as the critics, went quite wild over the Boston Symphony orchestra performances last week, and especially over the new concert master, Willy Hess. A leading conservative critic says: "Mr. Gericke has renewed his temperament. He is striking fire afresh. He has become elastic and even gay. The band showed all its old virtues at their clearest and fullest. Never did it seem a more responsive or flawless instrument." And again, to quote from the same authority: "Since Cesar Thomson played in America 10 years ago there has been no such display of the technique of brain and temperament in contrast to that of mere manual dexterity as Willy Hess shows." With all this fresh testimony, the first of the Boston Symphony quartet concerts at Jordan Hall tomorrow night, with Mr. Hess for leader, will be an especially marked occasion, and that the pick of the musical and society contingent will fill every seat goes without saying.

## SYMPHONY MEN RESIGN FROM UNION

Journal — Nov. 5, 1904

Twenty-Seven Musicians Said to  
Have Left the Protective Association in a Body.

### NOT RESULT OF DURESS

Union Had Excepted Famous Band  
in Regard to Playing With  
Non-Members.

There was great surprise in musical circles yesterday when it leaked out that twenty-seven members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra had resigned from the Boston Musicians' Protective Union, a local of the American Federation of Musicians. No word of affirmation for this statement could be secured, however, from President Fred Kingman of the union or Maj. H. L. Higginson, representing the owners of the orchestra. At the present time the orchestra is out of town and will be back Sunday.

President Kingman was seen by a Journal reporter yesterday afternoon. He said that at the present time he was not at liberty to say whether the men had resigned. It is always the custom for such matters to be referred to the executive committee before they come before the union as a whole. He says that if the men feel that they can better themselves they have the right to withdraw, but even if this is the case he does not think that there will be anything like a wholesale resignation of members as some say. Maj. Higginson says that this is a matter for the players to decide, and as far as he can see it is not of his business. It has not been called to his attention officially as yet.

At the present time the Symphony Orchestra has been looked upon by the union as being different from the others and union men were allowed to play with non-union men in that orchestra but not in others, but there has always been the most harmonious feeling between the members of the orchestra and the union. There are a few large orchestras, however, that offer good money that are barred by the union, and it may be that this action on the

part of the symphony players will bring about a change so that these will be recognized by the union so that union men can play with non-union men where the compensation is sufficient.

### NO TROUBLE IN SYMPHONY RANKS

Players in This Famous Orchestra Not  
Dissatisfied with Conditions Regarding  
Their Employment and Its Relation to  
Membership in the Musicians' Union

Trans. — Nov. 2, 1904

A report of trouble in the ranks of the Boston Symphony Orchestra players, stirred up, so it is said, by the Boston Musicians' Union, lacks all foundation of truth, according to Major Henry L. Higginson, who states that, so far as the management of the orchestra knows there is no unpleasantness or dissatisfaction on the part of the members. The orchestra has begun its season under especially favorable conditions, and everything points toward a continuance of these.

The report probably arose and received exaggeration from the fact that one member of the orchestra refused to join the union, and it further was told that the other members refused to continue in the orchestra on this account. So far as the management of the orchestra knows, there are few members of the orchestra now belonging to a union, at least none of the more important players belong, and if any of the less well-known players do belong they are not making the fact evident or expressing any dissatisfaction at this time.

All the men are under a strong contract made with Major Higginson, and it is improbable that any outside considerations or inducements would actuate them in breaking these contracts or resigning from the orchestra. Nowhere else, in any musical body, could they hope to be so well situated as in the ranks of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. All the men well realize this condition, and they are loyal to Major Higginson. Those best informed say that, in event of any trouble arising to affect the interests of the performers, they would not hesitate, providing they are members of any union, to withdraw from such membership rather than sacrifice their chances in the orchestra. Major Higginson knows that several members of the orchestra have resigned from the union, in which they paid annual dues and derived very little advantage or benefit from such membership.

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Vladimir de Pachmann  
29. XI. 98.

## Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1904-05.

### BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Mr. WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.

#### III. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, AT 8, P. M.

##### Programme.

WEBER,

OVERTURE to "Oberon".

BACH,

THREE MOVEMENTS.  
Orchestrated by W. GERICKE.

CHOPIN,

CONCERTO for PIANOFORTE in F minor, No. 2.  
op. 21.

- I. Maestoso.
- II. Larghetto.
- III. Allegro vivace.

JOSEPH SUK,

SYMPHONY in E major, op. 14.

- I. Allegro ma non troppo.
  - II. Adagio.
  - III. Allegro vivace.
  - IV. Allegro.
- (First time.)

##### Soloist:

Mr. VLADIMIR De PACHMANN.

The Pianoforte is a Baldwin.

There will be no Public Rehearsal and Concert next week.





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## MUSICAL MATTERS

### THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Programme.

Weber, Overture to "Oberon." *am*  
Bach, Three movements.

Orchestrated by W. Gericke.

Chopin, Concerto for pianoforte in F minor,  
No. 2.

Mr. Vladimir de Pachmann.

Joseph Suk, Symphony in E major, op. 14  
(First time).

It was in some degree a conservative concert, given entirely by an orchestra that did not exceed the classical proportions. Suk's symphony, to be sure, added trombones, piccolo and tuba, but there were none of the extra instruments with which modern colorists expand their scores. It was conservative in its forms and melodies too, until Mr. Suk became the "enfant terrible" of this happy family, and began alternately crashing and whispering in a rather sensational manner. But even he did not depart from the accepted sonata form, so that this enjoyable programme may go on record as being almost free from puzzling vagaries and ultra-modern innovations.

The overture was most brilliantly played, and we may speak a word of commendation for the clarinette work, which is fairly prominent in this composition. Weber and Mendelssohn were the real discoverers of what the clarinette could do, although Mozart introduced it first into the symphonic orchestra.

The Bach movements were calm and reposeful counterpoint scored in just the right spirit by Mr. Gericke. The first movement was the gem of the set, and the Siciliano the least important and attractive. Such music is never fully appreciated by a large audience, it is for the select few, the "cognoscenti," yet it was heartily applauded and the earnest orchestrator and conductor recalled with much enthusiasm at its end. Mr. Gericke has certainly caught the spirit of the old numbers.

The chief point of the concert was the appearance of De Pachmann. The concerto that he played is one that we do not often hear, and it cannot be given at its best in a very large hall. But in spite of handicaps the great artist made an entire success. He is the perfect master of the "rubato," of that elastic tempo which is the life and soul of Chopin, and the orchestra seconded this freedom of movement splendidly. It meant more than a perfunctory compliment when the pianist shook hands with the conductor at the end of the work, for such an ensemble was almost miraculous when the unfettered vein of the interpretation is considered.

De Pachmann was never mawkish or weakly sentimental, not even in the slow movement, where there is some danger of sugar-coating the love sentiments which Chopin here poured out to Constantia Gladkowska. The finale was brilliant and exciting. Occasionally there was more of

loudness than one is accustomed to associate with this flimsily scored work. It may be remembered that Chopin was anything but a master of the orchestra, and although the score has been tinkered at, and improved, by Tausig, Klindworth and Burmeister, the composition still remains rather a piano solo with occasional orchestral support than a true concerto, which should be first of all symphonic.

De Pachmann played from notes, a proceeding so unusual that it ought to be recorded. It is a plan which has much to commend it. Why should the pianist be forced to display his memory as well as his technique in such a performance? Placing the music on the rack is much better than placing the musician there. Many an artist is made unnecessarily nervous by the preconceived idea that he must discard reference to the printed music in his performance.

De Pachmann was recalled again and again with great and thoroughly deserved enthusiasm. It was a memorable performance.

Suk's new symphony was largely in the accepted form, yet it had its hazardous attempts at originality. The pupil and son-in-law of Dvorak once in a while imitates his leader, as in the melancholy theme of the adagio, which suggests the English horn of the American Symphony. But, on the whole, the new composer is not an imitator. He has a tendency to military grandeur and to very sharp contrasts. He serves up tender melodies alternated with fierce martial progressions. Sometimes there is great power displayed. The very free Scherzo, for example, is grotesque rather than playful, and is so intense that it might have been danced by "Sans-culottes" around the guillotine. Nor are phrases of terror wanting; terror as abject as might exist in a Russian war fleet on meeting a fishing vessel.

Without enjoying the entire symphony, the reviewer can pay tribute to its earnestness and to its greater moments. Its lack of coherent development is its chief fault, but Suk is a young composer who may go very far, and his efforts to combine modern passion with classic form deserve recognition and commendation.

Louis C. Elson.

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# THIRD SYMPHONY CONCERT IS HELD

Herold

Reappearance of Mr. Vladimir de  
Pachmann Hailed by Boston  
Music Lovers—Triumph He  
Achieved Is Overwhelming.

The programme of the third Sym-  
phony concert, given last night, under  
Mr. Gerlicke's leadership, was as fol-  
lows:

Overture to "Oberon".....Weber  
Three movements.....Bach-Gericke  
Concerto in F minor No. 2.....Chopin  
Symphony in E major.....Suk  
(First time.)

Mr. de Pachmann played last night  
at a symphony concert in Boston for  
the first time since 1891. His last visit  
here as a giver of recitals was in 1900.  
During the last four years his triumphs  
in foreign cities have been many and  
distinguished. Last night his triumph  
was overwhelming.

There is no pianist like him. There is  
no pianist who has such an exquisite,  
marvellous touch, and after all that  
may be said about intellectuality, the  
nobility of conception, astounding tech-  
nic, etc., the first and chief distinguish-  
ing characteristic of the truly great  
pianist is touch. There is no touch like  
that of this interpreter of Chopin; the  
terms "velvet," "pearl," "liquid"—there  
are here inexpressive. Tones played by  
de Pachmann are music without regard  
to any relation to the phrase. They  
haunt by their beauty. This pianist  
also excels in spontaneity and continu-  
ity of song. A phrase of Chopin, to  
borrow a fine thought of Hazlett in-  
spired by a Mozartian melody, when it  
is invoked by de Pachmann, comes  
from the air and then returns. The fin-  
gers work the spell; but when the  
phrase is heard, the effect is not as one  
produced by mortal hands.

The melancholy song—one of eternal  
passion, eternal pain—floats and is sus-  
tained; it takes its flight, and is lost;  
yet, through the mysterious artistry of  
the pianist, the hearer longs for its  
return, and in its return the song is  
still more beautiful in its expression  
of longing and sadness than before. In-  
comparable touch, continuity of heart-  
melting song—and rhythm, which, how-  
ever capricious it may seem at times,  
is as the rhythm of Nature—these qual-  
ities make the performance of de  
Pachmann pre-eminent.

But this pianist of extraordinary gifts  
and acquisitions will soon give a series  
of recitals here, and further analysis  
or eulogy—the terms in this instance are  
convertible—must be deferred for the  
present. It is enough to say that the  
performance was memorable, and that

the enthusiasm of the audience was at  
its height.

Josef Suk's symphony was played here  
for the first time, and it was played  
with extreme brilliance. The composer  
was a pupil of Dvorak, and he married  
a daughter of his teacher. It is not,  
therefore, surprising to find here and  
there the spirit of the late composer in  
this symphony; and, as Dvorak wor-  
shipped Schubert, there are also sugges-  
tions of that lyric writer, especially in  
the first movement, which is strongly  
thought and euphoniously expressed. If  
the spirit of Dvorak be in this music, it  
is the spirit of Dvorak, careful and pru-  
dent, rather than reckless and throwing  
about dance-phrases and folk-tunes as  
a madman scattering firebrands.

The second movement, a series of  
variations, is the least interesting and  
the most labored. When a modern  
symphonist comes to his variations we  
tremble for him, as Cobbett trembled  
for the user of adjectives. Such in the  
slow movement is scholastic, not imag-  
inative; while in the first and third  
movements he displays fancy, at least,  
if not the higher quality. The sym-  
phony is not one to be dismissed care-  
lessly. It has strong pages; there is  
often the expression of genuine individ-  
uality.

When Mr. Gerlicke's orchestral version  
of movements from chamber music by  
Bach was first played here, some ob-  
jected to the liberty taken with the  
old master. We doubt whether this  
objection would be made seriously to-  
day. It is now not blasphemous to say  
that Bach wrote an enormous amount  
of music, both vocal and instrumental;  
that a good deal of it is perfunctory,  
built after a fixed pattern, dull; that  
much of the music composed for solo  
voices is more effective when played  
by instruments, and that certain in-  
strumental airs might well be sung.  
All but hardened fetishists will applaud  
Mr. Gerlicke's orchestration, which is  
ingenious, mindful of the ancient  
period, effective.

The performance of the orchestra  
throughout was of a very high order of  
excellence.

The programme of the concert of Nov.  
12 will be as follows: Haydn's symphony  
in E-flat major, No. 1; Vieuxtemps' con-  
certo for violin, No. 4, in D minor (Mr.  
Hakon Schmedes violinist); introduction  
to act 1 of "Guntram," R. Strauss;  
Tschaikowsky's "Italian Caprice."

## SYMPHONY MEN RESIGN

Twenty-Seven Give Up Membership in  
Musical Union.

Twenty-seven members of the Boston  
Symphony Orchestra resigned their mem-  
bership in Boston Musicians' Protective  
Union yesterday. It is stated in musical  
circles today. President Kingman of the  
union absolutely refused to either affirm  
or deny the report that the resignations were  
presented yesterday and were accepted by  
the union. He said a statement might be  
issued by the union in a week or so. It is  
also said that every member of the union  
who plays in the Symphony Orchestra will  
resign from the union.

## MUSICAL.

Star

## De Pachman Soloist at Symphony Concert.

The soloist at the third rehearsal and  
concert by the Symphony orchestra was  
the celebrated pianist Vladimir de  
Pachmann, who played the second piano  
concerto by Chopin. The other numbers  
were three selections from chamber  
music by Bach, orchestrated by Mr.  
Gerlicke; Weber's overture to his  
"Oberon" and Josef Suk's E major sym-  
phony. De Pachmann's fame as an  
interpreter of Chopin's works rests upon  
such artistic grounds that to many  
people there is no pianist his peer in  
this particular field, and in this music  
he is at his best. To hear him play  
Chopin is to hear Chopin played prob-  
ably more satisfactorily on the whole  
than by anyone else, especially, when,  
as was the case in the second concerto,  
works in the more delicate and lighter  
mood are performed. At the concerts  
there were but few of Mr de Pach-  
mann's peculiar mannerisms and af-  
fectations shown, and as the eminent  
artist appeared to be in exceedingly  
good humor there was nothing to mar  
the effect of his superb playing.

As the concerto gives but little oppor-  
tunity for any exhibition of strong  
emotional power, being mainly written  
in a gentle and delicate vein, it was  
for many years very prominent in the  
repertory of women pianists; but it is  
in this style of composition that de  
Pachmann is specially fascinating, and  
his playing was as wonderfully crisp  
and impeccable in accuracy and celerity  
in execution as of yore, and showed no  
loss in finish of phrasing, technique,  
sweetness, exquisite tonal coloring and  
velvet-like daintiness in fingering. His  
orchestral support was very fine, espe-  
cially in the second movement, in  
which the muted strings furnished a  
beautifully shaded accompaniment. The  
audience was very cordial in its recep-  
tion of the artist.

The Bach excerpts were taken from  
sonatas for clavier and flute, flute and  
violin and flute; andante, Siciliano and  
rondeau. In his orchestration Mr  
Gerlicke has preserved admirably the  
characteristics of Bach. The first is  
rather precise in form, the second is a  
flowing melody with muted strings, ac-  
centuated strongly at times, and the  
third is a series of short dancing re-  
frains, some, of which have several  
repetitions. They are pleasing bits of  
compositions, and the orchestra gave  
them with good effect.

The Suk symphony changes in the first  
movement from pastoral to an entirely  
different tone picture at the end. The  
second part is composed of some pretty  
idyllic material, with delicate song  
phrases given to the clarinet, and  
later to other wind instruments; the  
third movement is very gay and blithe-  
some, and the final part is puzzling

in its frequent changes in rhythm,  
modulations and tonal vigor.

The symphony was generally satisfac-  
tory as far as the composer was con-  
cerned, excepting, possibly, in the final  
movement, which does not appear to be  
fully worked out. The wind instru-  
ments deserve credit for their harmoni-  
ous work in the themes allotted them  
in the first part; the clarinet and oboes  
did well their parts in the second move-  
ment, so did the cellos, and the forte  
passages by the full orchestra were  
smoothly played. The third movement  
was delightfully interpreted, joyous and  
vivacious throughout, with a capital  
scherzo. In the last part the orchestra  
handled the material scored skilfully  
enough, but the matter seemed to be  
lacking in coherency and was rather un-  
interesting. The Weber overture was  
played well, of course.

The soloist at the concerts Nov 11 and  
12 will be Mr Hakon Schmedes, who will  
play the Vieuxtemps D minor violin con-  
certo. Haydn's first symphony, intro-  
duction to act 1 of "Guntram," by Rich-  
ard Strauss, and Tschaikowsky's "Ca-  
pricio Italien" will complete the pro-  
gram.

## DE PACHMANN PLAYS TODAY.

Renowned Pianist Will Be Soloist at  
Public Rehearsal of Sym-  
phony Orchestra.

Mr. Vladimir de Pachmann, the re-  
nowned pianist, will be the soloist at  
the third public rehearsal of the Boston  
Symphony Orchestra this afternoon at  
Symphony Hall. He has not visited this  
city since the season of 1899-1900, and his  
only performance here with the Sym-  
phony orchestra was in 1891, when he  
played the concerto which he will play  
today—Chopin's in F minor.

The programme will include the over-  
ture to "Oberon"; three movements by  
Bach, orchestrated by Mr. Gerlicke, and  
a symphony by Josef Suk. The pieces  
by Bach were orchestrated by Mr.  
Gerlicke for a concert in Vienna. They  
are chosen from his chamber works.  
The symphony by Suk will be played  
here for the first time. Published in  
1900, it was performed at Prague,  
Utrecht, Berlin, and in November of  
that year it was produced in New York  
by the Philharmonic Society of that  
city. We believe it has also been per-  
formed in Philadelphia. Suk, a pupil  
and son-in-law of Anton Dvorak, is a  
member of the famous Bohemian Quar-  
tet, and lives in Prague. A suite by  
him has been played at a Symphony  
concert in Boston, and his string quar-  
tet has been heard here at an Adam-  
owski concert. The symphony is neither  
a "programme" nor a daringly radical  
work, but it has been warmly praised  
wherever it has been heard. Some find  
in the finale a departure from conven-  
tional form, while others consider the  
finale to be orthodox. There will be no  
rehearsal and no concert next week, for  
the orchestra leaves on Sunday for its  
trip to New York, Philadelphia and  
other cities.



## MUSICAL MATTERS

### THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

#### PROGRAMME.

Haydn. Symphony in E flat.  
Bruch. Violin Concerto in G minor.  
Professor Willy Hess, soloist.  
Richard Strauss. Introduction to Act I. of "Guntram."  
Tschalkowsky. Capriccio Italien.

We can congratulate Mr. Gericke upon a programme that was interesting and well-contrasted, not too great in length, and admirably performed. Perhaps exception might be made of the symphony. But even this was more modern than much of Haydn's orchestral music, and the pleasing character of Mr. Adamowski's "obbligato" in the variations, and the strong effect of the kettle-drums, not only in the opening trills but in other movements, must be chronicled.

Nevertheless there were many of the composer's formulas before the end was reached, repetitions and conventionalities which are not for the 20th century auditor. One may accept Johnson's "Rasselas," or Richardson's "Clarissa Harlowe," as masterpieces in their day, without poring long over their pages, and, in the same manner, we may realize that the "Symphony with the kettle-drum trill" may have been very exciting in its time, without being entertained by it at present.

Mr. Hakon Schmedes, who was to have appeared as solo violinist, has evidently yielded to the exigencies of our climate and taken to his bed; wherefore the Vieuxtemps Concerto was quickly changed into Bruch's beautiful G minor work and Hakon Schmedes transformed into Willy Hess. Certainly the audience was the gainer as regards the composition, for Bruch's first concerto is worth all the violin music that Vieuxtemps ever wrote.

With such a sudden change there must have been scant opportunity for rehearsal, yet the work went with an abandon and breadth that aroused great enthusiasm.

There was perhaps a little less of tenderness in the second movement than Mr. Adamowski used to invest it with, but the virile power, the lofty interpretation, were something to hold in memory for a long time. We have seldom heard the preluding of the introduction so effectively performed, and the Ossianic finale, full of the warlike ardor characteristic of Bruch, was magnificently done. The work is reminiscent of other compositions of the same pen; "Odysseus" has some phrases almost identical with certain passages in this concerto.

The audience were thoroughly aroused by the time the end was reached and the brilliant violinist was recalled four times in the midst of considerable excitement—a great Hessian victory over the Americans, even if a century or so belated.

The prelude to "Guntram" showed Strauss in the early stages of his musical

reforms. Oddly enough, the radical opera is dedicated to his father, who was a conservative of conservatives. In this work we find the Wagner influence very distinctly marked; Lohengrin has merely disguised himself as Guntram. The development of two figures (one of 3 and one of 4 notes) is entirely in the Wagnerian vein.

But there are touches of orchestration that foreshadow the Strauss of that fearful battlefield of "Heldenleben." We should have liked the second prelude also; it made a good impression under Paur, years ago, when the two were given together.

Tschalkowsky's Italian Caprice has the advantage of being really Italian, or rather Neapolitan. From the cavalry signal of the beginning, through the folk-song that forms the body of the work, up to the wild Tarantella which ends it, the auditor is in a real Naples. In the "Italian Symphony," which Strauss wrote, we are in a Naples where all the inhabitants speak only German! Even in the Tschalkowsky Caprice one wishes that there had been a less inflated character.

The Italian does not thunder out his pretty folk-tunes in such a portentous manner. Occasionally Tschalkowsky treats the pretty central theme with becoming simplicity, with thirds and sixths in simplification, such as a Neapolitan might enjoy, but sometimes also he magnifies them unduly and begins to cook his macaroni in a Samovar.

Perhaps some day the Italian will become synphonic and will possess more than a single classical instrumental composer (Sgambatti), and then we may hope to have Italian music served in the Italian manner, even in an orchestral work.

Nevertheless the Caprice was throughout interesting and it was performed in a manner that calls for renewed commendation of Mr. Gericke and his men.

Louis C. Elson.

### Symphony Hall: Symphony Orchestra

The third Symphony concert of the season was made notable by the reappearance in Boston of that famous pianist Mr. Vladimir de Pachmann. This was the programme of the concert:

Weber: Overture to "Oberon."

Bach: Three Movements, orchestrated by W. Gericke.

Chopin: Concerto for Pianoforte in F minor, No. 2, Op. 21.

Joseph Suk: Symphony in E major, Op. 14. (First time.)

Despite the fact that on the programme was a symphony by a composer of no mean talent, still unheard here, the main feature of the concert was the wonderful playing of Mr. de Pachmann. The distinguished artist, glorying in his amazing powers, dared to risk his reputation on the F minor concerto of Chopin, a work that, never of the strongest, has now grown strangely old-fashioned; indeed, it sounds quite roccoco, and only perfect playing can make it tolerable. But Mr. de Pachmann might with impunity, if he so chose, venture before an audience armed only with scales, trills, arpeggios and odd snatches of song, for tone of such entrancing beauty as his never is heard from others. It glows. It sparkles with color, like snow, now warm, as when the noon sun shines brightly, now cool, again cold, sometimes melting. Mr. de Pachmann's song is like that of a Sembrich—and when perfection has been called into comparison, no more need be said. Rhythm, too, must not be forgotten in recalling the remarkable qualities of Mr. de Pachmann. In short, the artist was at his best, in very different case from his last visit here, when his work seemed a curious mixture of the beautiful and the meretricious. At the end of the concerto he received an ovation.

The symphony, even as the concert's novelty, cannot be discussed before mention has been made of the extremely brilliant performance of the "Oberon" overture. Never before last Saturday has the supernatural character of the overture's opening pages been brought out so sympathetically, never has the quick movement rushed along with such fire and fury. This brilliancy of performance lasted all the evening, right through the symphony, as well as the Bach pieces so pleasantly orchestrated by Mr. Gericke. The playing was all a triumph. If only Mozart, Haydn and early Beethoven symphonies could always be played with the warmth, spirit and carefulness that went into Saturday's performance of the Weber overture! It was an event to be remembered.

The symphony, coming late in the evening, when nearly enough music had been heard for a single sitting, proved somewhat tiresome. The work is very melodious, logically developed and written with studied avoidance of the bizarre. For this much be all thanks! In the year 1904, however, one cannot help feeling doubtful as to the original qualities of a composer who sets out to write a four-movement symphony (Suk's symphony, to be sure, was made several

years ago). The third movement seems best, for in it are strains of Bohemia, vital and animated, and the opening allegro is not without the same character. Least interesting are the very long adagio, and the finale, both examples of conscientious effort, straightforward music that one must respect, even when their monotony becomes wearisome. However, Suk is a composer whose productions must be heard, that we may all judge for ourselves, and the symphony's performance was amazingly brilliant. Few concerts, all in all, are so satisfactory as was this third symphony concert of the year. Everybody must have been pleased, classicists and those interested in the new alike.

This week there will be no concert. On Saturday, the 12th, Mr. Hakon Schmedes is to appear as soloist, the programme of the evening being as follows: Haydn, Symphony No. 1, in E-flat major; Vieuxtemps, concerto for violin, No. 4, in D major; Richard Strauss, introduction to Act I. of "Guntram"; Tchaikovsky, Capriccio Italien, op. 45.

R. R. G.

### OUR ORCHESTRA'S SUCCESS.

NEW YORK, Nov. 3, 1904. The Boston Symphony Orchestra brilliantly opened its 19th local season at Carnegie Hall tonight. Not a vacant box or empty chair showed anywhere in the room. Mr. Gericke's list was headed by Beethoven's little known fourth symphony in B flat major, opus 60. It proved one of the most wonderfully finished pieces of playing the men from Boston have ever put to their credit here. A highly interesting novelty was Dukas' scherzo, "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," a miniature tone poem based on a ballad of Goethe. For originality of plan and deftness and novelty of orchestration this work was noteworthy.

Willy Hess, the orchestra's new concert master, is a thoroughly worthy successor of Franz Kneisel, and an artist of big attainments. The audience fairly rose to him at the end.

### SYMPHONY CONCERT PLANS.

Mr. Willy Hess Will Take the Place of Mr. Schmedes, Who Is Prevented by Sickness.

Mr. Hakon Schmedes, who was announced as the soloist at the public rehearsal of the Symphony orchestra this afternoon, is sick and will be unable to appear. Mr. Willy Hess has kindly volunteered to take his place, and he will play Bruch's violin concerto in G minor.

The orchestral pieces will be Haydn's symphony in E flat major, the one with the opening drum-role, written for Solomon's concerts in London; the prelude to Richard Strauss' singular opera, "Guntram," and Tschalkowsky's tuneful and sonorous Italian Caprice, based on Italian folk songs and composed during the composer's sojourn at Rome.



# UNION MUST LET ORCHESTRA ALONE

**Maj. Higginson Says Interference with His Plans Will Cause Symphony Organization to Perish and He Will Tell Reasons.**

*B Herald* ——— *Nov 3/04*

Regarding the statements, emanating from various sources, that the welfare of the Boston Symphony orchestra is threatened, through the demands of the Musicians' Federated Union, Maj. Henry L. Higginson said, yesterday, to a Herald representative: "Musicians' unions are good, if they are for proper motives; and proper motives seem to me charity, brotherhood, and social purposes. When, however, they adopt the 'closed door,' I am absolutely opposed to them. Whether or not the members of the Boston Symphony orchestra belong to the union is not for me to decide, providing that they live up to their bargain with me, and to the spirit of the orchestra."

"The orchestra was intended for the enjoyment and education of the public, and has been carried on by the employment of much pains and work, until it has become a very good band. By the bylaws of the union, the union men are not allowed to play with non-union men. I object to any interference with the playing of the members of the orchestra, either for the symphony concerts or for any outside work. I want the men to earn what they can, both from me and from outsiders."

"Our men who joined the union were told that they could do our work, without regard to the bylaws of the union, but the representative of the union said to me that the point was waived until explained to me. The explanation consisted simply in telling me the fact. Nobody has thought of disintegration, unless the union causes it. There is no discontent among the members of the Boston Symphony orchestra, and I don't know how many belong to the union, if any. The members now know all the facts and understand them fully."

"If allowed to carry out this work, in the original manner and spirit, I shall go on, and I expect that my death will not limit the life of the orchestra. If, however, there is an interference in my plans, which prevents unity and harmony in the orchestra, or among its members, the organization will perish, and I shall state publicly how the organization was broken up, and by whom. It has been a great joy to forward this work, and I hope that it has been worth while. It is clear, however, that I must have a free hand. I trust that the work of the orchestra may continue."

## SYMPHONY MEN ALL OUT

**Their Resignations from the Musicians' Protective Association Accepted**

President Kingman of the Boston Musicians' Protective Association, Local 9, of the American Federation of Musicians, announces that all the players in the Boston Symphony Orchestra have resigned from the union, and their resignations have been accepted. He says the orchestra has ninety-four members and of these seventy-seven were members of the union. Some of them resigned a month ago. Since then their resignations have been coming in regularly and now they are all out of the union. The reason why the union officials have declined to discuss the matter, he says, is that they did not wish to antagonize the Boston Symphony Orchestra or Major Higginson. On Thursday, Dec. 1, the union will have a meeting for the election of officers. The following-named are the nominees: President, E. A. Franklin and President F. C. Kingman; vice president, F. E. Partridge and G. E. Stevens; secretary-treasurer, J. B. Fielding and E. D. Sherburne; trustees, William Hill and A. B. Roundy. *Trans. Nov. 12, 1904*

## SYMPHONY MEN LEFT UNION.

**Orchestra Members, 27 Strong, Resigned from Musicians' Protective Organization.** *Nov 5/04*

The Musicians' Protective Union held an important meeting Thursday afternoon, when matters pertaining to the attitude of the owners of the Boston Symphony orchestra toward the union were discussed. From information given to The Herald reporter the interesting fact was developed that 27 members of the Symphony orchestra, who had become members of the union, tendered their resignations, and they were accepted.

The fact that a meeting was held Thursday afternoon, and that the resignations of some members were acted upon, is not denied by President Kingman of the Musicians' Union, but he absolutely refused to give any information regarding the action of members of the Symphony orchestra.

Maj. Henry L. Higginson did not care to discuss the matter any further. His attitude, he said, had been stated in The Herald. When told by the reporter that it was rumored that a large number of his players had resigned, he declared that it was news to him. The orchestra is out of town at present. They will return on Sunday.

## THE SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Maj. Henry L. Higginson's statement concerning the relations of the Boston Symphony orchestra to the Musicians' Federated Union shows how easy it might be to push the "closed shop" or "closed door" theory of service to a point which would cause serious public loss. The Boston Symphony orchestra was not established as a money-making enterprise, and if Maj. Higginson, contrary to his original intentions, has found a balance to the good in the annual account of this enterprise, it has been with good reason assumed that this was to be made a part of a fund out of which the orchestra was to be maintained through an indefinite future. In order to develop this idea along the lines originally laid down and thus far adhered to, of providing the citizens of eastern Massachusetts with the finest orchestral music at cost and without profit, it is necessary that those in control should select their musicians on the score of merit and without regard to such artificial restraints as any self-constituted outside body might see fit in its own interest to endeavor to impose. There is no question about the generous payment given to those who are members of this orchestra, for it is doubtful if any musicians receive as a body as large remuneration. It is only a question of whether as non-union men other musicians shall be prohibited from having professional relations with them. Maj. Higginson plainly announces that, if these barriers are to be thrown in the way of his public-spirited enterprise, it must be brought to an end, this coming as the result of what we think almost every one will concede to be entirely unwarrantable interference.

### Symphony Tickets

Evening—Front Row—Upper Balcony—Left, \$22 each. Address E.S.T., Boston Transcript. 2t(A) n 10

### SYMPHONY REHEARSAL

Alternate Fridays; one seat, Left Balcony, Row B, near stage. P.H.O., Boston Transcript. (A):

### SYMPHONY TICKETS

Two aisle seats in left lower balcony; very desirable; cheap. Address R. E. T., Boston Transcript. 2t(A): o 26

### SYMPHONY TICKET SEASON

Saturday evenings. Seats in U. 20 cents for \$15. Address F.V.S., Boston Transcript. (A):

**SYMPHONY**  
TICKETS FOR SALE in all parts of the Hall.  
WADSWORTH, 40 State St., Room 53.  
Telephone 4235-5. 5t(A): o 4

### SYMPHONY REHEARSAL

Single Seat, X No. 21, for \$45, if taken at once. Address G.E.B., Boston Transcript. (A):

### SYMPHONY REHEARSAL

In S. S. Floor; price \$10. P. O. Box 3245, Boston. (A):

### SYMPHONY SEATS

One half of two seats for Concerts for sale. Address R. F., Boston Transcript. (A):

## BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

The programme for the first two concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra at Carnegie Hall this week are as follows:

### THURSDAY EVENING.

Symphony in B flat major, No. 4.....Beethoven  
Hungarian concerto for violin.....Joachim  
Mr. Willy Hess.  
Scherzo, "L'Apprenti Sorcier".....Paul Dukas  
(First time.)  
Overture, "Tannhauser".....Wagner

### SATURDAY MATINEE.

Overture, "Oberon".....Weber  
Concerto for pianoforte in F minor, No. 2...Chopin  
Mr. Vladimir de Pachmann.  
Symphony in E major, Op. 14.....Josef Suk  
(First time.)

The novelties are the symphony in E major by Joseph Suk and the scherzo "L'Apprenti Sorcier," by Paul Dukas.

Josef Suk's first teacher was his father, an excellent musician. The son entered the Prague Conservatory in 1885, where he studied the violin under Bennewitz and composition under Dvorak, who later became his father-in-law. "A Dramatic Overture," written after study of two years, was highly praised; and a piano quartet brought from the Government a stipend. Suk has written a suite, "A Fairy Tale," made up chiefly of material taken from the entr'actes and incidental music composed by him for J. Zeyer's "Radúz and Mahulena," (produced at Prague, April 10, 1898;) a pianoforte quartet in A minor, (New York, November, 1901;) a string quartet in B flat major, an overture to Shakespeare's "Winter's Tale," a serenade for strings, a ballade and serenade for 'cello and piano, a suite for pianoforte, songs for three-voiced female chorus and pianoforte, (four hands,) &c.

Suk has always been the second violinist of the Bohemian Quartet, which made a sensation on its first appearance in Vienna in the season of 1892-93, and is now famous throughout Europe.

Paul Dukas was born in Paris, Oct. 1, 1865, and is now living in the same city. "L'Apprenti Sorcier," an orchestral scherzo, was performed for the first time at a concert of the Société Nationale, Paris, May 18, 1897. The scherzo was produced at Chicago by the Chicago Orchestra, Mr. Thomas, conductor, Jan. 14, 1899.





HAKON SCHMEDES,  
VIOLINIST.

Owing to illness, Mr. Schmedes is unable to appear,  
and Professor Hess has kindly consented to play the  
Concerto for Violin, in G minor, by Max Bruch.

## *Symphony Hall.*

SEASON 1904-05.

## BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.

### IV. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, AT 8, P.M.

#### Programme.

HAYDN,

SYMPHONY in E flat major, (B. & H. No. 1.)

I. Adagio: Allegro con spirito.

II. Andante.

III. Menuetto: Trio.

IV. Allegro con spirito.

VIEUXTEMPS

CONCERTO for VIOLIN, No. 4, in D minor, op. 31.

I. Introduzione: Andante moderato.

II. Adagio religioso,

III. Finale marziale, Andante; Allegro.

RICHARD STRAUSS,

INTRODUCTION to Act I. of "Guntram".

TSCHAIKOWSKY,

CAPRICCIO ITALIEN, op 45.

#### Soloist:

Mr. HAKON SCHMEDES.

Owing to illness, Mr. Schmedes is unable to appear, and Professor Hess has kindly consented to play the Concerto for Violin, in G minor, by Max Bruch.





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# OLD SYMPHONY FOR MODERNS

*Herald* ——— *P. Hale*

Boston's Famous Orchestra First  
Plays Works of Haydn and Bruch,  
and Then Those of Strauss and  
Tschaikowsky.

## WILLY HESS PLAYS THE CONCERTO

Performance Distinguished by Ex-  
cellent Qualities, Straightfor-  
ward, Broad, Sturdy and Full of  
Sentiment.

The programme of the fourth Sym-  
phony concert, given last night in Sym-  
phony hall, Mr. Gericke, conductor, was  
as follows:

Symphony in E flat major (B. & H., No. 1)... Haydn  
Concerto in G minor for violin..... Bruch  
Prelude to act I. of "Guntram"..... R. Strauss  
Italian Caprice..... Tschaikowsky

There are symphonies and piano con-  
certos that are out of proportion in a  
huge concert hall. They are built on  
such a scale, with a view to the orches-  
tra and the piano of the period, that  
played by a modern full orchestra or  
with a modern concert grand, they seem  
dwarfed or trifling or dull when brought  
into, say, Symphony Hall. The wood-  
wind instruments may be doubled to  
preserve the due balance with the pres-  
ent body of strings, but the effect of  
the whole is lost. There is no true inti-  
macy of thought between performers  
and hearers. The musical fluid, to use  
the phrase of Berlioz, does not enwrap  
the listener.

But let a symphony by Haydn or  
Mozart be performed by a compara-  
tively small band in a small hall, and,  
unless the music itself be one of the  
younger works of these composers,  
there is contagious enjoyment. The  
antique charm, melodic simplicity, con-  
trapuntal rush or downright gollity  
then make their way. The ideal music  
hall has two rooms: one for the dra-  
matic intensity, the roar and the bustle  
of the mighty of today; and one—it  
should be in the rococo style—for the

music that charmed cavaliers in wigs  
and noble dames adorned with powder  
and patches. It may also be said that  
the smug cheerfulness of Haydn, which  
puts one in good humor when the or-  
chestra and the hall are small, aggra-  
vates when it is proclaimed by a great  
band of players.

Richard Strauss' "Guntram" has a  
symbolical libretto, and as his stage  
characters were not creatures of flesh  
and blood, the opera quickly died. No  
opera that is purely symbolical will  
have a better fate. There are some in-  
genious persons who are prating con-  
stantly about the symbolism in Wag-  
ner's music-dramas; but the characters  
in the "Ring" and in "Tristan" are first  
of all human, often shabbily human, in  
their godlike disguises. Bruennhilde and  
Fricka and Sieglinde and Isolde are  
women; they are something more than  
mouthpieces for symbolism. "Guntram"  
is an opera of renunciation, and where  
there should be action there's nothing  
doing. Audiences are impatient with such  
librettos, and, unless the music be in-  
congruously dramatic and imaginative  
at the same time, Time smiles on the  
few months or even weeks that bear the  
work of so much labor and anxiety and  
prayer and hope to his enormous dust-  
bin.

The prelude to the first act of "Gun-  
tram," played last night, was naturally  
intended to put the opera audience into  
the suitable mood for receptivity; but  
Strauss also looked toward the concert  
hall for fame and applause, and  
thoughtfully provided an explanatory  
note for such performance. It might be  
better for a concert hearer to be let  
alone, to be unacquainted with any  
purpose of the composer as with any  
knowledge of the operatic story, so that  
listening to the music he might dream  
dreams and create the world in which  
Guntram should play the hero. The  
music itself, as absolute music without  
any thought of the tale about to be  
told, is not stamped with the individ-  
uality of the Strauss now famous, or  
according to some sensitive souls, in-  
famous.

The composer of "Guntram" had  
shaken off the influence of Schumann  
and Brahms, but he was under the spell  
of Wagner. Still here and there are  
hints at the future Strauss, as in the  
fleeting suggestion of two conflicting  
tonalities, and there are certain orches-  
tral effects that are Strauss' own. The  
work, however, is too evidently a pre-  
lude—not a sharply defined overture;  
and it is doubtful, even when it is  
played as well as it was last night,  
whether it would be effective thus taken  
from its proper place.

Tschaikowsky, ailing in mind and in  
body, sojourned in Rome in 1880 and  
found pleasure in Italian music only  
in the folk songs sung in the streets  
or sung to him by an acquaintance, a  
guitarist. He used some of these tunes,  
sentimental or passionate, in this ca-  
price. The sentiment is often charac-  
teristically Italian sentimentalism, and  
some of the tunes are characteristi-  
cally banal; but the caprice is full of  
ingenious detail; there are many remin-  
ders of the Italian opera of the fifties  
—witness the brass accompaniment  
that recalls the last scene of "La Travi-  
ata" or the "Misere" in "Il Trova-  
tore"; and the swing, the drunkenness  
of the rhythm should be irresistible.

The performance last night, while  
brilliant in mechanical detail, might  
well have been more elastic and extrav-  
agant. When a great man is coarse, his  
coarseness might as well be accentuat-



ed; there is nothing gained by endeavoring to soften or refine. And it is not too much to say that in every elemental man there must be a streak of coarseness.

Mr. Schmedes was announced as the solo violinist, but a slip in the programme book stated that he was sick, and Mr. Hess would take his place and play Bruch's concerto in G minor. Mr. Hess was warmly applauded. His performance was straightforward, broad and sturdy, rather than one distinguished by fine or overpowering emotional quality, yet it was conspicuous by reason of many excellent qualities; it was the performance of a well equipped, accomplished, experienced violinist and musician, and in the interpretation of the slow movement there was sentiment.

## MUSICAL MATTERS.

### Fourth of the Season's Symphony Concerts.

There was a change made almost at the last minute in the program of the fourth rehearsal and concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, the Danish violinist, Hakon Schmedes, pupil of Tofte, Wirth and Ysaye, who was announced as soloist, being too ill to fill his engagement, and Mr. Willy Hess, the new concertmeister, volunteering to play the lovely and always welcome concerto for violin in G minor, by Max Bruch. This noble composition was a worthy substitute for the Vieuxtemps concerto, described with much elaboration in the programs, and was never played with deeper feeling or under more perfect conditions. It is a powerfully impressive and uncommonly colorful concerto; and its evident familiarity to the members of the orchestra gave the piece a support and background which was perfection itself. The soaring melody, phrased most poetically and exquisitely bowed, was given a memorable rendering by Mr. Hess. The orchestration at times barely more than a whispered suggestion of the glowing nether-theme with which Bruch commences the andante, was given in a way that could not have failed to win praise from the composer himself. It was received, as it deserved to be, with pronounced favor.

There was variety enough to please any one in the program, which began with the dignified four-movement Haydn symphony in E flat major, opening with martial drum roll. A music student was heard explaining to one who inquired why it was always marked "R. and H. No. 1." in the programs, that it had "something to do with work done by Bach and Haydn in collaboration," he

thought! The initials allude to the Breitkopf and Hartel catalog, and the symphony's relative rank. This was the symphony's second hearing in Boston, it having been first given here in November, 1891. The massive beauty of the theme, its splendid delivery by the company of musicians playing as one man, gave the delightful impression of absolute confidence so necessary to perfect enjoyment of such a sterling number. In the crisp rendition of the menuetto movement, as well as in the majestic climax, it was worthy of the initial place it commonly receives in program-making.

But it is not to be denied that the two selections after the intermission were in some respects the most eagerly anticipated numbers of the program. Doubtless the recent appearance of Dr. Richard Strauss in this city has had much to do with his extraordinary popularity as composer. The performance of his "Introduction to Act I" of his first opera "Guntram," was of especial interest from the fact that the lady who afterward became the wife of Dr. Strauss, Pauline de Ahna, was the heroine "Freihild" of its first hearing in Weimar in 1894, and that she is personally known to many here. The piece has a strong Wagnerian trend, and yet is sufficiently individual to warrant particular praise for its poetic power. The music which aroused everybody's desire to dance was the amazing Tchaikowsky "Italian Caprice for Orchestra," with a military opening, varying from the Haydn number in that the "challenge" was by trumpets, rather than by the drums.

The composer placed at the very head of his "Caprice" this stirring reminiscence of the Roman chivalry which he admired during his visit to the Eternal City in 1879. Suggestions of Neapolitan folk-songs and dance music, wild "gitanas" melodies, and a "tarantella," full of Paganini-like capriciousness up to its startling prestissimo finale, and sufficiently vivacious to cure a dozen spider bites, are characteristic of this tuneful description of what the imaginative composer saw and heard almost in the shadow of the vatican. Its playing showed what the orchestra can do with a sprightly theme, filled with the light-some street songs of the people, threaded together with scoring which of itself was at once masterful and delightful. The more one hears of the work of this intensely emotional Russian the more his genius appears. His name is used on an increasing number of programs and his works are always well received.

Mme. Joanna Gadske is announced as the soloist at the fifth symphony rehearsal and concert on Nov. 18 and 19, singing a Mozart aria. The closing scene of Wagner's "Die Gotterdammerung"; a "first time" symphonic poem, "Penthesilea," by Hugo Wolf, and the favorite Brahms "No. 3" symphony in F major are included in the program. The special announcement is made that the concert which has been widely advertised to be given on Christmas eve will instead be given on the previous Thursday evening, Dec. 22.

### Symphony Rehearsal Seats T 4, 5

Price \$24 for each seat. Address N.W.C., Boston Transcript. (A)

## HESS STEPS INTO THE BREACH AGAIN

Takes Place of Indisposed Soloist at Symphony and Plays Bruch's Concerto.

Journal Nov. 14, 1904  
"Papa" Haydn wrote many a symphony whose tinkle is like that of a pleasant fountain, but he had his times of dry and enforced production. At such a period must have been composed the symphony in E flat which was played by the Symphony Orchestra Saturday night. It is genial, merely; containing no spark of inspiration, no compelling melody.

Such as it was, it was played carefully and with the customary beauty of tone by the orchestra. Only one may be pardoned for wondering if, even in Haydn, there could not be more of the breath of life.

Mr. Willy Hess stepped into the breach once more, and did good service. Mr. Schmedes, who had been expected to play the Vieuxtemps violin concerto in D minor, was indisposed and the concert-master took his place with the well-known Bruch concerto. This he gave with scholarly and accurate musicianship, rather than with the emotional fervor the piece demands. However, it must be said that the slow movement, that beautiful song of tenderness, was played with extreme purity and charm. The finale lacked dash and abandon.

The "Guntram" overture of Richard Strauss—an early Strauss—is, on the whole, suggestive of the earlier Wagner. There are violin passages closely akin to the swan music of "Lohengrin," and brass effects not unlike those in "Tannhauser." There is no slavish imitation, but the influence is there. On the whole, the overture is a strong and inspiring work. The overture was admirably played.

Jibes have been cast at the Tchaikowsky Italian caprice because of its frank melodiousness, its so-called "vulgarity" of themes and treatment. The criticisms are not valid. The genius of the Russian took what he found in Italy and made the folk-songs scintillate and throb by the splendor of his style. It was not interpreted with best effect, for the portion where the characteristic tune in D flat major is developed was played in a logy and wooden style. The tarantelle went much better.

### Symphony Hall: Symphony Orchestra

After their recent visit to New York the Boston Symphony Orchestra returned to town and gave a concert, the fourth of the season, in Symphony Hall Saturday evening. Owing to the illness of Mr. Hakon Schmedes, who was to have made his first appearance here as a solo player, Mr. Willy Hess very kindly offered to be the soloist of the occasion. This was the programme.

Haydn: Symphony in E-flat major (B. & H. No. 1).  
Bruch: Concerto for Violin, in G minor.  
Richard Strauss: Introduction to Act I. of "Guntram."  
Tchaikowsky: Capriccio Italien, Op. 45.

The Haydn symphony has not often been heard in Boston; why, it would be hard to tell, if ancient symphonies are to be performed at all in an auditorium like Symphony Hall, for it surely compares favorably with the orchestral works of Haydn more frequently produced. In its place, indeed, the introduction to the symphony, with its roll of drum and the sombre color of its first theme, must make a really dramatic effect. All the first movement, in fact, has much about it that charms, and so have certain of the variations of the andante; the minuet and the finale, too, stand the test of time as well as most of Haydn's minuets and closing movements. But in Symphony Hall Haydn's tone color, which is truly much varied, all is lost. It is no disrespect to the memory of a genuinely great composer to protest against the producing of his works under conditions manifestly wrong. Since Haydn and Mozart symphonies are well worth hearing, why would it not be worth while to afford Bostonians an opportunity of hearing them properly? In place of twenty-four orchestral concerts in Symphony Hall, would it not be practicable to give perhaps four in Jordan Hall or Chickering Hall, when the programmes could consist of compositions, ancient and modern, that demand, for their adequate performance, a small music room? The artistic results of such a scheme have already been partially proved. Is the plan impracticable? If so, there is no more to be said, but, at least, it is not necessary to put the old masters in a false position by attempting to play their pieces in a hall of vast dimensions. Haydn symphonies are probably put on symphony concert programmes today with the idea of pleasing certain portions of his audiences. If the audience Saturday was pleased with the symphony offered, they successfully hid their pleasure. The silence at the end of the first movement was quite as "audible" as that which greeted Hausegger's "Barbarossa," a few years ago.

The remainder of the concert demands few words of comment. The work by Strauss is a prelude to an opera that has shown itself lifeless, and the prelude is as lifeless as the opera it precedes. In it there is little to be found of the Strauss we are interested in today, although there is a very good deal of Wagner as he was



imitated by his disciples. The themes, if there are any themes, are vague and meaningless; the orchestration is not particularly effective; the composition, in short, is dull and dreary, with less vitality in its whole length than there is in one page of the gay, animated, vulgar capriccio of Tchaikovsky. Nearly all Northern composers show themselves vulgar when they attempt to strum airs of Italy, but, to write vulgarly of a vulgar subject, it is useless to try to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear. Common as it is, the capriccio can be made immensely effective if it be performed in the right spirit, with the sort of rhythm Mascagni once showed us. Mr. Gericke tried to refine Tchaikovsky's music, thereby taking away from its effect and making it sound even coarser than usual. A former performance from Mr. Gericke was far more brilliant.

The greatest enthusiasm of the evening was aroused by Mr. Hess's playing of the Bruch G minor concerto. On this, his third appearance here as a soloist, Mr. Hess strengthened the impression he made when he first played here; he is unquestionably a musician of parts, with a highly developed technique and a keen intellect. That he is a player of strong appeal, of warmth or of charm he has not yet demonstrated. On Saturday he was most cordially applauded.

There will be a symphony concert this coming Saturday evening, when Mme. Gadski is to be the soloist. The programme follows: Brahms, Symphony in F major, No. 3; Mozart, Aria; Hugo Wolf, Symphonic Poem, "Penthesilea" (first time); Wagner, closing scene from "Die Götterdämmerung." R. R. G.

Mr. HAKON SCHMEDES was born at Copenhagen, October 31, 1877. His father, a pupil of Spohr. His teachers His first appearance in public was at a Ysaye heard him in Berlin, and invited Schmedes was his pupil for two summers. In 1903 he was the second violin of Jacobson and in the course of that season he gave his first appearance before an American audience by the Philharmonic Orchestra. He has since made appearances at Brussels, and in other foreign cities. His first appearance before an American audience, is the well-known tenor of the Bayreuth (as Parsifal, 1899) and

## BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA HERE

*W. G. F. 1904*  
Nov. 4, 1904

### Superb Playing at Its First Concert in Carnegie Hall.

## PROF. WILLY HESS AS SOLOIST

The New Concert Master Makes a Highly Favorable Impression on First Appearance.

The first concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, given last evening in Carnegie Hall, was a greeting of old and well beloved friends. The hall was filled to its utmost capacity, and there was enthusiasm that signified in every way the delight that the concert gave. And, indeed, the orchestra never so fully justified or so irresistibly compelled enthusiasm as it did in its performance last evening. It is the same orchestra, with very few changes, as last year; it has recovered its greatest perfection of form after the Summer vacation, and has not yet lost the freshness that a vacation is intended to restore. Its playing seemed the very paragon and perfection of orchestral art—brilliant, mellow, of golden beauty in its tone, absolutely plastic under the conductor's hand, never for an instant faltering from the flexible precision that is the ideal of orchestral ensemble.

The symphony was the fourth of Beethoven's, one of the less familiar, yet one of the most youthfully beautiful. Mr. Gericke's rendering of it was one that showed his highest qualities. It was glowing and pulsing with life; its movement was elastic, and it was a marvel of exquisite proportion, not only in its larger outlines, but also in the adjustment of every phrase and of every instrumental value in the whole color-scheme. It had the sweep of spontaneity—yet such perfection in that of the art that conceals art. Mr. Gericke's tempo in the adagio was inexplicably fast—a tempo that robbed it of its pregnant significance; but the movement was at least made to cohere logically and stood for a definite conception.

The other orchestral pieces were Paul Dukas's scherzo, "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," and the overture to "Tannhäuser." The scherzo is a brilliant and altogether fascinating product of the modern French school. It is programme music in the more suggestive style, not slavishly depicting de-

tails, but stimulating the listener's imagination as it satisfies his sense of musical beauty. Its vein is humorous, and the wit and gallantry of the musical representation keeps pace with Goethe's ballad "Der Zauberlehrling," upon which it is based. The composer plays delightfully with the most subtle combinations of instrumental timbre, and makes each instrument yield characteristic expression. It is all done with finesse and a certainty of touch that are a delight, and it was played with a virtuoso brilliancy that was dazzling.

The concert was made especially notable by introducing the new concert master of the orchestra, Prof. Willy Hess, as a soloist, and by confirming the good reports of his skill and resource that had preceded him. Prof. Hess is a man approaching middle age, and we are reminded by his biographer that this was not his first appearance here, for he played with Theodore Thomas's orchestra in 1869 as a "wonder child" of ten. He has put away childish things long since, however, and comes as a ripe artist of authority and of uncommon technical accomplishment. He chose for his introduction, strangely enough, Joachim's Hungarian concerto, a work that must be regarded as little more than a display piece, uncomfortably long for listeners as well as player, and bristling with difficulties of every sort.

Prof. Hess can scarcely be blamed that he did not show the deepest qualities of musicianship, poesy, sentiment, passion, fiery temperament, for Joachim was little moved by these things when he wrote the work. But he showed much that stamps him as an artist of the highest rank, and one worthy to occupy the responsible post he does. Strength, solidity, and firmness of bowing, remarkable fluency and accuracy with the left hand, a fine and masculine tone, even if not, as it was disclosed last evening, always warm or capable of pregnant expression, are his. His style is vigorous and masterful, and quite without affectation; his taste is sound, his performance on the whole finely poised.

There were times last evening when his intonation was not absolutely perfect, but the masters are few who can be certain of their intonation in this piece. Yet Prof. Hess is a master—of that there was left no doubt—and there will be a general desire to hear him in music that will allow him higher flights of imagination, and that will set his remarkable technique to the service of the finer side of art.

## FOURTH SYMPHONY CONCERT

The programme of the fourth Symphony concert last evening included the following numbers:

Symphony in E flat major.....Haydn  
Concerto for violin, G minor.....Bruch  
Introduction to Act I. of "Guntram".....R. Strauss  
Italian Caprice, Op. 45.....Tschalkowsky

Hakon Schmedes, violinist, was announced as the soloist, in Vieuxtemps' concerto in D minor, but owing to illness Mr. Schmedes was unable to make his initial appearance in this city. In consequence Concert Master Willy Hess was the soloist for the second time.

His success upon the former occasion was very marked and last evening he played the familiar Bruch concerto in masterly manner. Nothing was lacking either in technique, tone or artistic interpretation, the result being all that one could well

desire. Mr. Hess was enthusiastically applauded and several times recalled.

There was nothing strictly in the way of novelties offered in the remainder of the programme, yet none of the various numbers has been heard here for some time.

The Haydn symphony, except for a drum roll, which opens the first movement, resembles in general character all the others. And also for some reason it is rarely given, the performance last evening being the second at these concerts. It made a pleasing opening number, but in any event Haydn's symphonies are better adapted for a moderate orchestra in a small hall, as they were originally intended.

The prelude to "Guntram," opera by Richard Strauss, was heard here for the first time nine years ago. The performance last evening was the second, but to many in the audience it proved to be a novelty.

The prelude as a concert excerpt conveys little impression as absolute music, for one must hear the opera to realize any meaning from the introduction. It is a brilliant piece of orchestral writing and not much else, viewed as a concert number. The performance was very effective.

The closing number was Tschalkowsky's "Italian Caprice," Op. 45, which has had two previous performances in this city. The composer wrote it nearly 25 years ago, during an extended visit to Rome and other Italian cities. The themes have more or less of the characteristics of sunny Italy, but the treatment is Russian from the first to the last, and while not among the greatest of Tschalkowsky's works, is brilliant, forceful and interesting. The performance was excellent in every way.

## MUSICIANS LEAVE UNION.

All of the Players of the Boston Symphony Orchestra Become Non-Union.

BOSTON, Nov. 12.—All of the players of the Boston Symphony Orchestra who were members of the Boston Musicians' Union have resigned. There are 94 players in the orchestra and of this number 77 were members of the union. The resignations began to come in more than a month ago. They have continued to come in gradually ever since.

"We have done nothing to prevent the symphony men from resigning," said President Kingman. "Peculiar conditions confront those men. They have been practically given to understand that Major Higginson does not wish them to belong to the union. I believe that Major Higginson has said that he gave no orders or instructions to the effect that members of the orchestra should not belong to the union, but his attitude remains the same, as I understand it. The union does not want to antagonize the symphony orchestra or Major Higginson. We do not desire to have a controversy and anticipate no trouble of any kind."



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There were times last evening when his playing was not only perfect, but so perfect that there was left little room for a general desire that will allow him to be unique to the service.

## SYMPHONY CONCERT

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for.....Haydn  
minor.....Bruch  
"Guntram".....R. Strauss  
.....Tchaikovsky  
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MME JOHANNA GADSKI, THE EMINENT OPERATIC SINGER, WHO WILL BE HEARD  
IN CONCERT THIS SEASON.

*Symphony Hall.*

SEASON 1904-05.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.

V. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

BRAHMS,

SYMPHONY in F major, No. 3, op. 90.  
I. Allegro con brio.  
II. Andante.  
III. Poco Allegretto.  
IV. Allegro.

MOZART,

RECITATIVE, "How Susanna delays!" and  
ARIA "Flown forever" from "The Marriage of  
Figaro."

HUGO WOLF,

SYMPHONIC POEM, "Penthesilea," after the like  
named tragedy of Heinrich von Kleist.  
(First time.)

WAGNER.

FINALE of "The Dusk of the Gods."

Soloist:

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**Mme. JOHANNA GADSKI.**



### Symphony Hall: Symphony Orchestra

This season of much instrumental and little vocal music was agreeably varied in its monotony by the presence of Mme. Johanna Gadske, as soloist, Saturday, with the Symphony Orchestra. This was the programme of the concert:

Brahms: Symphony in F major, No. 3, Op. 90.  
Mozart: Recitative, "How Susanna delays!" and Aria, "Flown forever," from "The Marriage of Figaro."  
Hugo Wolf: Symphonic Poem, "Penthesilea." (First time.)  
Wagner: Finale of "The Dusk of the Gods."

The programme was admirable. Not only were all the compositions played either beautiful or interesting, sometimes both, but they were judiciously arranged, with the symphony first, where surely it ought to be, and the most exciting number, in this case the "Götterdämmerung" excerpt, at the end. Mr. Gericke may not please everybody in the hall by following this scheme, to which lately he has seemed inclined, for no arrangement ever conceived will satisfy everybody, but he will undoubtedly gratify a large proportion of the audience by so doing.

The wondrous beauty of the Brahms symphony, however, must tend toward the contentment of the greater part of the music-loving world, or else nothing would. With every hearing it seems even greater than it did before. This symphony might well be called, "A Forest Symphony," for its music constantly sends the imagination a-posting off toward the vast, silent woods. The very first theme has all the sturdy strength of towering oak trees; the second episode, like Siegfried's forest music, flutters and shimmers with the tremulousness of many thousands of green leaves. The mystery that haunts ancient woods, too, is suggested by the opening theme of the finale, stealthily sung by strings and bassoons. All the music breathes of nature, the melody, the rhythm of nature, in many aspects, frowning, sunlit, serene. For such music may God be thanked!

After it, the efforts of poor Hugo Wolf to find music illustrative of the horrible tale of Penthesilea seemed pitiful. That Wolf, the unfortunate crazed genius, should have been attracted to Kleist, is not astonishing, for the poet was another such mad genius as the musician, only a far greater one. By the same token, it was only to be expected that Wolf would peculiarly fancy "Penthesilea," that nightmare of a diseased brain, from the revolting horrors of which, despite the exquisite features of the drama, most sane people have turned in disgust, preferring to remember Kleist by his powerful and singularly human portrait of Prinz Friedrich von Homburg. With all his genius, Wolf lacked both the poetical imagination and the technical skill to discover music worthy of the beauties, or of the horrors, of "Penthesilea." The din of battle he has depicted forcefully, and the love dream of Penthesilea is not without beauty. But this love dream, as well

as beautiful, must be voluptuous, passionate, sensuous. It cannot be that Wolf failed to grasp the force of the text; he must have lacked freedom of expression. Weakest of all is Penthesilea's awakening from her dream, for fury and a thousand conflicting emotions are not suggested by mere orchestral uproar. The piece was splendidly played. Since it has made the round of German concert halls the past year or so, it was necessary that we should hear it in Boston, but once will probably prove sufficient.

Between Brahms and Wolf came Mozart, Mme. Gadske singing the Countess's aria, "Dove sono," very beautifully indeed, with pure, free tone, an exquisite legato, and very tasteful phrasing. In the "Götterdämmerung" excerpt Mme. Gadske sang with the same vocal care that she applied to the aria from "Figaro," and the effect was excellent and instructive, proving, if proof were necessary, that even the late music of Wagner can be properly sung, if the singer know how. Admirable artist that she is, however, Mme. Gadske has not yet reached a height where she can give an exhaustive performance of Brünnhilde's last scene on earth. If not great, though, she was always thoroughly good.

This will be the programme for Saturday evening, when Mme. Fannie Bloomfield-Zeisler will appear as soloist: Saint-Saëns, Symphony No. 1 in E-flat major (first time); Henselt, Concerto for Pianoforte, in F minor; Liszt, Symphonic Poem, "Hunnen-schlacht"; Goldmark, Overture to "Sappho." R. R. G.

## GADSKI SOLOIST FOR SYMPHONY

Program Included a Novelty for  
Boston in Wolf's Symphonic  
Poem, "Penthesilea."

For the fifth concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mme. Gadske was the soloist, and the following was the program:

Symphony in F major, No. 3.....Brahms  
"Dove Song," from "Marriage of Figaro".....Mozart  
Symphonic poem, "Penthesilea".....Wolf  
(First time.)

Finale of "Götterdämmerung".....Wagner  
Good Master Brahms in his third symphony paid more attention to the mechanics of music than was even his wont. Ever on the point of being genial, he seems to have remembered that his reputation as a wonderful technician was threatened, and straight-



way became astutious again. The work has beauties—no Brahms composition of length could be devoid of them—but on the whole, this particular symphony is the least attractive of the four. The playing of it was pretty close to perfection. There is no man with whom Mr. Gericke seems more in sympathy than Brahms, and no music which his own quality of artistic repression better fits.

At last Boston has heard an orchestral work of that weird and unhappy genius, Hugo Wolf, who died in a madhouse after a life of bitter striving, some successes and many disappointments.

Wolf's symphonic poem, "Penthesilea," is based upon the poem of that other strange character, Heinrich von Kleist. The tale is bloody and harrowing.

For a gruesome bit of fiction, Wolf's music is scarcely poignant or horrible enough. Its tragic essence is apparent, and some of its stormy passages are genuinely impressive. But the scoring is more musicianly than flamboyant. In its moments of calm, Wolf's music is full of beauty and poetic suggestion. Other of his works will be heard with interest, especially if played with such superb virtuosity as was shown by the band on this occasion.

Mme. Gadski was in excellent voice, and her singing of Mozart aria was remarkable for purity and loveliness. In the great final scene of the "Gotterdammerung" she showed both her training and her own natural gifts.

## MUSICAL MATTERS.

Gadski the Symphony Orchestra Soloist.

"Parsifal" Will Return Next Week to the Tremont Theatre.

Concerts and Recitals in Great Number.

Glabe — Nov 20 1904

Mme Gadski was the soloist at the fifth symphony concert, singing the recitation and aria, "Flown Forever," from Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro," and Brunnhilde's music from the finale of Wagner's "Gotterdammerung." The orchestral numbers were Brahms' third symphony and Hugo Wolf's symphonic

poem, "Penthesilea," the latter for the first time here. The prima donna, who temporarily has deserted the grand opera stage, has returned to America with a voice which appears to be fuller and more resonant than when heard here last season. Not being tired by the exacting demands of opera all the vocal beauties are in evidence; the tones are almost faultless, the execution is as fluent as ever and there is an evident gain in dramatic breadth, as shown in the Brunnhilde music, which was delivered with splendid effect and was a distinct advance over her singing the same music in opera last April.

The great contrast between the Wagner and Mozart style of song enabled the singer to show the versatility of her art and the wide range of her abilities, and in the familiar excerpt from the latter composer's opera Mme Gadski achieved even greater success than in Brunnhilde's aria, the dainty legato passages being sung with exquisite beauty of tone, especially in the mezzo voice, and without an apparent effort in the highest vocal parts. It was a delightful interpretation, and the cordial welcome the great artist received on her entrance was more than duplicated at the close of her first number.

The orchestra played the Mozart accompaniments admirably, of course, and Mr Gericke made the "Gotterdammerung" music as effective as could be looked for when the makeup of the orchestra is considered. In the Brahms' symphony all the work was of the usual high standard, the fortissimo development of the finale being the most striking because of its vigorous and complicated nature.

Hugo Wolf's symphonic poem was played here for the first time. The gruesome subject chosen for musical illustration is skilfully, at times brutally, treated as the story requires, and many of the orchestral combinations are fairly startling in their presentation. All the weird, uncanny effects were characteristically set forth, and although the poem isn't very pleasing to hear, there is no denying its strength, orchestral cleverness and consistency to the sentiments of the story.

This week's soloist will be Mme Bloomfield-Zeiser, who will play Henselt's F minor piano concerto. The other program numbers will include Saint-Saens first symphony, first time here; Liszt's symphonic poem, "Hunnenschlacht," and Goldmark's "Sappho" overture.

## MUSICAL MATTERS

### THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

PROGRAMME. Nov 21 1904

Symphony in F major, No. 3, op. 90: Brahms  
Recitative, "How Susanna delays!" and Aria  
"Flown forever" from "The Marriage of Figaro" .....Mozart

Mme. Gadski.  
Symphonic Poem, "Penthesilea," after the like named tragedy of Heinrich von Kleist.....Hugo Wolf

(First time.)  
Finale of "The Dusk of the Gods".....Wagner  
Mme. Gadski.

The Brahms symphony was glorious. Such music is a bulwark against the musical hysteria that mars so much of the most recent composition. It was finely performed and at its close Mr. Gericke was recalled to acknowledge the plaudits of the audience. There was a time when Brahms was thought abstruse, but this delicate work seemed brimful of melody and was

"like an open book  
That he who runs may read."

Was it sarcasm that induced the conductor to place Hugo Wolf's symphonic poem almost in juxtaposition with this shapely symphony?

Mme. Gadski was in excellent voice, but we are not convinced that "Dove Sono" is the best number for her style of singing. She seemed more successful in the great finale to "Gotterdammerung." Nevertheless the audience became enthusiastic over the first number and recalled the singer three times.

Then came the problem of the concert, Wolf's remarkable "Penthesilea." The work plunged into "medias res" in its very first measures, with the fiercest and most forcible of chords. There was originality even in the fanfares which pictured the war-like Amazons on their way to Troy.

The episode of the Dream of the Feast of Roses is very tender and tuneful enough (in the "continuous melody" vein) to be attractive even in a piano transcription. But the final fury is the dramatic nub of the whole work and is graphic in a high degree. Its battle-scene is more intelligible than the bewildering combat of "Heldenleben," and as a whole the symphonic poem is not as labyrinthine as some of the puzzle-music of the present.

There is more in the score, however, than the ear can clearly grasp. It is another illustration of Herbert Spencer's remark that modern music often demanded physical impossibilities of the human brain, that it presented more than the mind could possibly comprehend simultaneously. Although we greatly admired some portions of the work we must admit that it is strangely unequal, that there are occasional passages of commonplace beside the loftiest thoughts.

It is quite possible that the reviewer (as every auditor) is swayed somewhat by sympathy in forming a judgment of the

composition. It is impossible to shut out from one's mind the story of the composer's pathetic career, the bitter injustice which he so often suffered, the wretched poverty, the final scourging into insanity,—one of the saddest tales in the tear-stained pages of musical history. But allowing for this favorable bias it is still quite certain that there are flashes of genius in this "Penthesilea."

Of course it was dimmed, as was all the rest of the concert, by the great finale to "Gotterdammerung." If there is anything quite as great as this scene, in "Parsifal," we have failed to perceive it. We doubt whether there is such another summing-up in music anywhere.

Mme. Gadski sang it with much dramatic fervor, although occasionally strident in the highest passages. Her artistic triumph was heartily acknowledged by the audience, which did not rush out at the end of the programme, but stayed to applaud vociferously.

The conductor and the orchestra, of course, shared in this ovation. The work is pre-eminently orchestral, and it was performed with utmost effect. Altogether then, this concert was either beautiful or interesting in every part of every number.

Louis C. Elson.

## "PENTHESILEA" DISAPPOINTING

Wolf's Symphonic Poem Given Its First Performance in Boston at the Concert of the Symphony Orchestra.

MME. GADSKI NEVER MORE SATISFACTORY

Sings Admirably Music by Mozart and Wagner — Brilliant Programme for the Coming Pension Fund Concert.

Herald — Nov. 20, 1904

The programme of the fifth Symphony concert, Mr. Gericke, conductor, given last night in Symphony Hall, was as follows:

Symphony in F major, No. 3.....Brahms



84  
Symphonic poem, "Penthesilea".....Wolff  
(First time.)

Finale of "Goetterdaemmerung".....Wagner

Hugo Wolff, who died early in 1903, after he had spent about five years in a Viennese madhouse, was from his youth an enthusiastic admirer of Heinrich von Kleist, whose powerful and horrible tragedy, based on the story of the Amazon and Achilles, urged the composer to music. Not only did Wolff read the tragedy constantly, he insisted on reading it to others. He composed his symphonic poem, his only orchestral work of long breath; his thoughts were on his "Penthesilea" during his first stay in an asylum, and he was anxious to compose an opera with the erotically cruel woman as the heroine.

The symphonic poem is in three sections: "The Departure of the Amazons for Troy"; "Penthesilea's Dream of the Festival of Roses" (it was the traditional and rigid law of the Amazons that only conquered foes should celebrate with them this feast in their own town, Themiscyra); and the third section, which Wolff wished to amplify, portrays "Combats, Passions, Frenzy, Annihilation," for after Achilles had determined to yield to her in the fight, she, suspecting his design, and her amorous frenzy turning to raging hate, slew him with an arrow, and, setting her hands on his body, tore with them his flesh and rejoiced in his blood; then, with the return to reason, she stabbed herself and fell on the mutilated corpse.

Wolff composed "Penthesilea" in 1883, when he was 23 years old. He never heard it performed except once at a slingshot rehearsal that was for the purpose of deriding him. The work was produced at Halle in November of last year, and it has since gone the round of German cities. Theodore Thomas produced it in Chicago last April.

The subject tempted Goldmark, whose overture is not wholly successful, and Felix Draeseke wrote to Kleist's tragedy a symphonic prologue which we have never heard. Did Wolff find the adequate musical expressions of the emotions that undoubtedly surged within him?

His talent, from what we know by his music and through hearsay, was lyrical, not dramatic, and in this overture the lyrical episodes are those most poetic and effective. The opening measures of the symphonic poem immediately fix the attention and the interest is well maintained in spite of certain crudities until the dream section, which is prettily sonorous and contains some beautiful measures, but the individuality of the music is not pronounced, and there is little suggestion of the wild sensuousness of the festival. The last section, which should have been strikingly dramatic, poignantly tragic, disappointed, and it did not apparently satisfy Wolff.

There are a few ingenious details in the battle music, there are tragic strokes toward the end, and the last measures are impressive, but throughout this section the composer, to borrow a homely phrase, is revealed as one sparring for wind. No doubt there was in his mind the fitting musical expression, but he had not then the ability to formulate it, and his orchestral speech was often thick and stammering.

Mr. Gericke, it was plain, had taken

85  
was sympathetic; the superb orchestra did all in its power to second him; but the music itself disappointed. Perhaps this female Sadist, this queen of masochism, whose full-length portrait deserves the place of honor in the gallery of royal perverts, will never find a supreme eulogist in music. As for poor Wolff, he was not the first composer to glow with enthusiasm over a literary work and then to fall in an attempt at transmutation.

Nevertheless, Mr. Gericke, deserves hearty thanks for acquainting us with the symphonic poem, much of which, at a first hearing, seemed ordinary or futile and both futile and ordinary; for Wolff's music has excited attention since his death; already there is a Wolff bibliography; his sworn admirers praise him preposterously; and it is always a good thing for a Symphony audience to receive impressions from a work rather than from what has been written about it.

The symphony was played with what might be called Brahms bravura. The exposition was clear, yet not coolly anatomical; the nuances were skilfully prepared and delicately contrasted; the rhythmic treatment was spontaneous, and the continuity of the long line was admirably preserved. The performance was most euphonious, and it is impossible to refrain from mentioning with special praise the work done by flutes, oboes and clarinets.

Mme. Galski reached and maintained a higher standard of excellence than ever before at these concerts, and in fact she has never sung here so well as she sang last night the music by Mozart and Wagner. In the air of the countess she displayed a beautiful quality of tone and a pure and sustained legato. Her interpretation was Mozartian, for the music of Mozart is not so emotional in its melodic thought as in the suggestion. His vocal passion has the self-restraint, the classic calm of the figures on Grecian frieze or urn.

In the finale of "Goetterdaemmerung" Mme. Galski was dramatic within the frame of the concert stage. She did not try to convert the concert hall into an opera house, yet her discretion did not choke emotion. She was a mortal Bruennhilde, a woman who had known life's joys and sorrows, not a shrieking goddess of viragoes.

## Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1904-05.

## BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Mr. WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.

### II. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, AT 8, P. M.

#### Programme.

BEETHOVEN,

SYMPHONY in B flat major, No. 4.

JOACHIM,

HUNGARIAN CONCERTO for VIOLIN.

PAUL DUKAS,

SCHERZO, "L'Apprenti Sorcier"  
(First time.)

WAGNER,

OVERTURE to "Tannhäuser."

#### Soloist:

Mr. WILLY HESS.

First appearance in America.



"Dove Sono," from "Marriage of Figaro".....Mozart  
Symphonic poem, "Penthesilea".....Wolf  
(First time.)  
Finale of "Goetterdaemmerung".....Wagner  
Hugo Wolf, who died early in 1903, after he had spent about five years in a Viennese madhouse, was from his youth an enthusiastic admirer of Heinrich von Kleist, whose powerful and horrible tragedy, based on the story of the Amazon and Achilles, urged the composer to music. Not only did Wolf read the tragedy constantly, he insisted on reading it to others. He composed his symphonic poem, his only orchestral work of long breath; his thoughts were on his "Penthesilea" during his first stay in an asylum, and he was anxious to compose an opera with the erotically cruel woman as the heroine.

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great pains in rehearsal; his reading was sympathetic; the superb orchestra did all in its power to second him; but the music itself disappointed. Perhaps this female Sadist, this queen of masochism, whose full-length portrait deserves the place of honor in the gallery of royal perverts, will never find a supreme eulogist in music. As for poor Wolf, he was not the first composer to glow with enthusiasm over a literary work and then to fail in an attempt at transliteration.

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SEASON 1904-05.

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Mr. WILHELM GERLICHE, Conductor.

### II. CONCERT.

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WAGNER,	OVERTURE to "Tannhäuser."

#### Soloist:

Mr. WILLY HESS.

First appearance in America.





Bloomfield - Zeisler

## Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1904-05.

### BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.

#### VI. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26, AT 8, P.M.

#### Programme.

SAINT-SAENS,

SYMPHONY No. 1, in E flat major, op. 2.

- I. Adagio: Allegro.
- II. March scherzo.
- III. Adagio.
- IV. Finale: Allegro maestoso.  
(First time.)

HENSELT,

CONCERTO for PIANOFORTE, in F. minor, op. 16.

- I. Allegro patetico.
- II. Larghetto.
- III. Allegro agitato.

LISZT,

SYMPHONIC POEM No. 4, "The Battle of the Huns." after Kaulbach's Painting.

GOLDMARK,

OVERTURE, "Sappho," op. 44.

#### Soloist:

Mme. FANNIE BLOOMFIELD-ZEISLER.

The Pianoforte is a Steinway.





*Bloomfield-Zeisler*

## *Symphony Hall.*

SEASON 1904-05.

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WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.

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Soloist:

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The Pianoforte is a Steinway.



Nov. 25, 1904  
**Symphony Hall: Symphony Orchestra**

Here is the programme of the sixth Symphony Concert, at which Mrs. Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler was the soloist:

Saint-Saëns: Symphony No. 1, in E-flat major, Op. 2. (First time.)  
 Henselt: Concerto for Pianoforte, in F minor, Op. 16.  
 Liszt: Symphonic Poem No. 4, "The Battle of the Huns," after Kaulbach's painting.  
 Goldmark: Overture, "Sappho," Op. 44.

The symphony in E-flat was written, it seems, when Saint-Saëns was eighteen years old. That a young musician should have written a symphony, even a young French musician, is not at all remarkable. It is extraordinary, however, that the work of so young an unknown person should have been produced in Paris at the time, and it is still more remarkable that Mr. Gericke should have thought it worth playing in Boston today—at least, the whole of it. The march-like scherzo is sufficiently animated and piquant to give pleasure at any time, anywhere, for its chief theme is attractive and the movement sounds well, but why the rest? The first movement is hopelessly commonplace, even if very well made for a novice. The adagio, which was admired in 1853, shows more signs than the rest of the mature Saint-Saëns, but Saint-Saëns in his sentimental, drawing-room mood. And the finale is noisy and dull. The early works of a genius of forceful originality, like Richard Strauss or Liszt, are worth hearing for the light they throw on their composers' development, but it is difficult to conceive how the early studies of a man like Saint-Saëns, who, despite his melodic charm, his grace, and his elegance, was never a great force in musical progress, can be of value. A juvenile drama by Shakespeare might repay study, but scarcely one by Mr. Stephen Phillips.

The "Battle of the Huns," too, is a composition calculated to inspire less delight than interest. It has been told before how Liszt was led to write it by his admiration for Kaulbach's frescos in Berlin. The subject is certainly enticing to an imaginative mind; spirits of dead warriors, conquerors and conquered, rising to fight their battle over, without the walls of Rome. As material for a symphonic poem the worth of this subject is not lessened by the fact that the Huns probably never fought a battle near Rome, at least not under the guidance of Attila. Nor will music-lovers of today be disturbed by an objection that occurred to a London critic when the work was first produced at the Crystal Palace, London: "Nor do we think that the subject agrees with modern religious doctrines." Many will object, however, to the comparative dullness of the composition. Liszt well knew how to suggest the ghostliness of atmosphere necessary for his poem; the depicting of battle cries and martial uproar lay entirely within his powers; and he could lead up to a tremendous climax. But it was long before the height was reached; listeners grew weary with waiting. In this battle-piece one can do little more than admire the composer's fertile imagination, his in-

genulty, and his cunning at writing music fifty years ago that sounds today more modern than the moderns. But Liszt wrote much better music than that of the "Battle of the Huns." The poem was grandly played.

Mrs. Zeisler did herself an injustice in electing to play once more Henselt's concerto, a work ever more noted for its consummate technical difficulties than for its intrinsic musical beauties, although, to be sure, in its day it was held high. Now, however, it sounds hopelessly old-fashioned, but, like black walnut furniture, it is not sufficiently decayed to have acquired the dignity or the fascination of an "antique." Much of it, furthermore, must have been vulgar even in the concerto's heyday of fame. It was superbly played by Mrs. Zeisler, who took the music precisely for what it was worth, not trying to make something out of nothing. In her performance there was wondrous beauty of tone, now strong and full, again sparkling coldly, sometimes as sweet and warm as Mr. de Pachmann's. Since there is no pianist at present before the public who can play a waltz with such entrancing rhythm as Mrs. Zeisler, one can pardon the common little waltz that appears in the third movement of the concerto; she did play it enchantingly. Throughout the work Mrs. Zeisler was at her best, rhythmic, brilliant, and glowing with temperament. Hers was playing of a sort too rarely heard, even from Mrs. Zeisler herself, much less from anyone else. At the end she was recalled four times.

This week there is to be another soloist: Mr. Ysaye. Here is the programme as announced: Berlioz, overture, "King Lear"; Beethoven, concerto for violin; Liszt-Mottl, Saint Francis' sermon to the birds; Schumann, Symphony No. 3, Rhenish.

R. R. G.

## SIXTH SYMPHONY SUCCESS SCORED

Famous Orchestra Plays Saint-Saëns' First Symphony—It is a Boyish Work, Performed in Boston for First Time.

MRS. BLOOMFIELD-  
 ZEISLER SOLOIST

Plays an Antiquated Concerto of



## Henselt's with Musical Intelligence and Imagination—Did Not Modernize It.

Herald — Nov. 27, 1904.

The programme of the sixth Symphony concert, Mr. Gericke, conductor, in Symphony Hall last night, was as follows:

Symphony in E flat major, No. 1, op. 2... (first time.) Saint-Saens  
Concerto in F minor.....Henselt  
Symphonic poem, "The Battle of the Huns".....Liszt  
Overture, "Sappho".....Goldmark

Saint-Saens' symphony was played here for the first time. It was produced in Paris when the composer was 17 years old, and it was produced anonymously. Some, after the performance last night—and it may here be said that Mr. Gericke and the orchestra bestowed on this work the care with which they would treat a symphony by Brahms or Bruckner—may wonder why the symphony was played at all; for the purely musical interest of this youthful work is indeed slight. The march-scherzo is pretty in its naivete, and its opening is Haydnesque; the adagio is mellifluous, and now and then escapes from the salon; but the first movement is like unto the church of the Laodiceans, and we doubt whether the entrance last night of the sax instruments added by Saint-Saens in the finale would have made the last movement any less inherently common.

It may also be said by some that it is a wrong to a distinguished composer to revive works of his young years; that he himself, if living, would gladly see them forgotten. Two of Saint-Saens' symphonies, performed in 1857 and 1860, were dropped overboard; they disappeared, as the boy Xury in "Robinson Crusoe"; but this one in E flat was revived in Paris as lately as 1896. Perhaps the composer, reversing the order, loves this work as his little Benjamin.

It should be remembered that young French composers in the fifties did not instinctively look to the concert hall for glory; they strained every effort to gain a hearing in the opera house, and, failing in that, they began with operettas. Saint-Saens was serious in his youth; his irony as revealed in the "Danse Macabre" and in "Omphale's Spinning Wheel" came later, and it has remained until some may be excused for believing that he is now ironical when most serious.

It was a surprising thing in 1853 for a young Frenchman to write a symphony; and there is much in this particular work that was then creditable to a lad. Let us not forget musical perspective. We are inclined to judge a work that is 50 years old by comparing it with some stupendous machine, "The Day of Judgment," or "Kosmos," which will be completed next year. A boy of 17 wrote in 1853 a symphony. He knew his Haydn, his Mendelssohn, and he appreciated at least Mozart and Beethoven. He did not attempt to out-Berlioz Berlioz, as some young composers of today endeavor to go beyond Richard Strauss and Claude Debussy. He remembered the traditions and he tried to do his best in the approved way. Yet here and there, not often it is true, are hints at the mature Saint-Saens, in the use of wind instruments, in a certain elegance of expres-

sion that distinguishes him from all other composers.

Mrs. Bloomfield-Zeisler gave an exceedingly fine performance of a concerto that is for the most part antiquated. When she is at her best she has few rivals in the expression of passion. Some years ago an enthusiastic admirer hailed her as the Duse of the piano—or was she the Bernhardt of the piano? She outlived this praise. She is a heroic pianist, yet not such a reckless Amazon as Sophie Menter. The color of her passion glows, it is not that of the white heat which we associate with Miss Aus der Ohe. Mrs. Bloomfield-Zeisler has warmth and strength and the nervousness of woman. To call her a virile player would be to misunderstand her, to fail in appreciation.

She chose Henselt's concerto, which has long been dear to her. She played it years ago in New York when she made her first appearance there after study in Europe. The concerto was famous in its day. It was considered in the '40s superbly romantic. Nothing is so short-lived as the modernity of romanticism. That which made Byron famous in his day and generation now makes him intolerable to many. The Byron that lives is the poet of "Beppo" and "Don Juan," the writer of the letters, not the creator of Lara, Manfred and the rest of the scowling band.

Mrs. Bloomfield-Zeisler showed her musical intelligence and imagination by playing Henselt's music in the manner of its period. She did not attempt to modernize its spirit. Her beautiful tone, her brilliant technic, her song and dash, her control of the phrase and her cunning preservation of the flowing line—all this display of rare talent almost persuaded one that Henselt's concerto still has vitality.

Liszt's "Battle of the Huns" improves on acquaintance. There is no doubt concerning the man's sincerity in composing as he did. No one can do as much as he did and be constantly a possessor in his works, his letters—Liszt was an amazing correspondent—his life. He heard the symbolical battle in his music; he saw the triumph of the cross. The mere attempt to portray such things in a symphonic poem would have staggered a lesser man of his time. That Liszt not only escapes being ridiculous, but actually makes an impression by this work is much. And how constantly composers now living are in his debt! How grateful Wagner should have been to him!

Goldmark has written several overtures, and his latest will be produced here this season. "Sappho" is unmistakably Goldmarkian; but does this music really put the little dark woman with a beautiful smile before one? To us the one overture of Goldmark is still the "Sakuntala." The most passionate and yet the most reserved, the most human of women poets, whose sex cried out in lines that have mocked the centuries, should have more rapt and growing music associated with her name.

The performance of the orchestra throughout was of the highest order.

## MUSICAL MATTERS

### THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Programme. *Nov 28 1904*  
Saint-Saens....Symphony No. 1, in E flat major (First time.)

Henselt.....Concerto for Pianoforte, in F minor  
Mme. Bloomfield-Zeisler.

Liszt.....Symphonic Poem, "Hunnenschlacht"  
Goldmark.....Overture to "Sappho"

There was no very great necessity for a hearing of Saint-Saens' first symphony. It is interesting to know that Saint-Saens was, chronologically as well as intrinsically, the first of French symphonic composers. One also feels some interest in the fact that a youth of 18 could write so good a musical work. But, in music, very young men never write important orchestral works. Bryant wrote "Thanatopsis" at 19 years; Dante G. Rossetti achieved "The Blessed Damosel" at the same age; but music is a deeper language than words, and no one who has not lived and suffered sufficiently can deliver an important message in this emotional field. In this domain, more than in any other, the words of Goethe are true:—

Who ne'er in tears hath broken bread,  
Who never through the night's dark hour  
Sat tortured, weeping, on his bed,  
He knows ye not, ye heavenly Powers!

The only musical masterpiece that we can recall as having been composed by a youth (pace, Pergolesi!) is Mendelssohn's "Midsummer-night's Dream Overture," and that deals with jollity and animal spirits, not with deep emotion.

Possibly for the same reason, the Scherzo of this symphony is the best movement. It gave our great oboist, M. Longy, a chance to display his exquisite tone, and the flute and wood-wind generally were prominent in its measures. Its dainty ending, with violin obbligato, was charming.

The Adagio, however, seemed like Mrs. Winslow's soothing syrup set to music. The conductor should here have discarded his baton and led his men by waving a lace handkerchief at them. The finale grew more heroic, in fact its chief figure and parts of its development bore close relationship to the first movement of Beethoven's "Heroic" symphony. There was also some strict counterpoint displayed here, and the symphony ended in a blare of brasses which would have been still heavier if all the Saxhorns and Cornets of Saint-Saens had been there.

If the word "virile" can be applied to feminine playing, Mme. Bloomfield-Zeisler deserved it for the immense amount of force that she put into the Henselt concerto. The piano fairly dominated the orchestra. The wrist action and double octave work was simply astounding. The concerto itself has little to say to the auditor who has steeped himself in modern progressions; all the fortissimo effects in the world cannot make Henselt's ideas massive, and in his tender and more delicate touches he is left far behind by Chopin.

Mme. Bloomfield-Zeisler played with solute mastery of every technical point, and if there was more of vehemence than of subtlety, more of technique than of poetry, in the performance, we fancy that much of the fault must be charged against Henselt himself. The pianist was recalled 4 times, responding with alacrity to the public demand.

Liszt's "Hunnenschlacht" gave the first really great example of scoring of the programme. The work is not as attractive as his great "Les Preludes," and it is scarcely one of those compositions which can appeal to the entire public. Possibly this was the first orchestral work to attempt to transcribe a painting into music. Since that time the picture gallery of the orchestra has been increased by Weingartner's symphonic poem on Boecklin's "Elysian Fields," by Hans Huber's symphony on several paintings by the same artist, by Paine's "Island Fantasy" upon a couple of paintings by J. Appleton Brown, and by other bits of pictorial music.

The introduction of the organ in the finale was very impressive and the entire interpretation was finely given. It was an especial evening for the solo flute. Before this number M. Maquarre had given some excellent obbligato passages, but in this he shone pre-eminent, the flute solo being beautifully given.

In Goldmark's "Sappho" the harp came to the front. Not once in a dozen seasons does the harp have so prominent an obbligato in an orchestral work as in this overture. Yet we imagine that the original Sappho would have been rather astonished at the effects of an Erard double action harp! Mr. Schuecker played the brilliant passages with splendid power. Few can imagine how difficult it is to make the harp effective in Symphony Hall. It was played, on this occasion, not only with the necessary freedom and elasticity, but with exactly the right degree of power.

Since this concert seemed largely made up of solo points of excellence, we must add a few words of praise for Mr. Hess' breadth and brilliancy in the violin obbligato at the end. There is not the slightest doubt that the concert-meister's chair is again well filled.

Louis C. Elson.

### SIXTH SYMPHONY PROGRAM.

The program for the sixth Symphony rehearsal and concert had for a novelty Saint-Saens' E flat major symphony, which was given for the first time here. Mme Fanny Bloomfield-Zeisler was the soloist, playing the Henselt F minor concerto for piano. "The Battle of the Huns," by Liszt, and Goldmark's "Sappho" overture completed the program. Henselt's concerto is a show piece of immensely difficult proportions, the composer having written it to suit his own abilities. He had unusually large hands and many of the chord passages, which he could finger readily, prove almost insurmountable obstacles to players whose stretch of fingers are of the average range. Mme Zeisler fulfilled the requirements in this direction admirably, playing the massive octave runs with a dex-



terity and sustained power that was really masculine, and showing a technique and finger strength very, very seldom displayed by women pianists.

In the lighter passages, such as the cantabile theme in the first movement, the melody in octaves and arpeggios in the earlier part of the second movement and in the various graceful ornamentations of the finale there was a splendid display of tonal beauty in fingering, the passages being played with a skill, delicacy and clarity that showed Mme Zeisler's well-known abilities to the greatest advantage. Very brilliant and very powerful were the bravura phrases of the first part, the octave chords and left-hand arpeggios of the larghetto and the elaborate fortissimo runs of the allegro; yet such a vast amount of piano "thunder" with but few contrasting episodes arouses wonder more than it does a sustained interest, and an auditor is liable to be more impressed by the physical than by the artistic abilities of the performer, which of course is a disadvantage to the player. All in all, Mme Zeisler gave a wide and rather unusual exhibition of the pianistic art of a woman and her interpretation won her much applause and many recalls to the stage.

The Saint-Saens symphony, his first, contains a great deal of melody, which probably will not enhance the worth of the composition in the minds of music lovers prone to advanced ideas. It should find favor though with many concert patrons, for it is skilfully scored, there is a lot of real good music in each of the four movements and the melodies are worked out and not chopped off short, as is so frequently the case in the larger compositions of the present day.

The first part impresses one as being a charming score without much depth of motive, but pleasing, rather light and of a pastoral nature, the latter being suggested, but the dainty harmonies given to the horns. In the march one simple theme is fully developed by the single instruments and afterwards by ensemble work, with possibly a touch of a Mendelssohn march in its motif. The scherzo is very delicate in its construction, gay, tripping and delicate and in fine contrast to the following adagio, which is more grave in character and contains a captivating background of united string accompaniments and quaint throbbing phrases given out at times by the brasses. One finale, in which some of the fugal writing finds parallel in Sullivan's march of the peers, in "Iolanthe," is fairly effective, but rather too boisterous in some portions of the working out.

The orchestral work was up to the usual standard. The "accompaniments" for the piano were not so vigorous as to cloud the work of the soloist, and the symphony offered no obstacles to a sympathetic and thoroughly delightful interpretation. The violin part of the third movement calls for special praise. "The Battle of the Huns" was a musical conflict which raged in a manner to please everyone, and the "Sappho" overture was given with beautiful results, all the lights and shades being splendidly preserved. Mr Hess performed his violin part artistically, and Mr Schencker deserves a good word for his playing of the harp passages, which are very prominent in the score.

The celebrated violinist, Ysaye, will be this week's soloist, playing Bach's E major concerto and the "Scotch Fantasy," by Bruch. The other selections on the program will comprise the "King Lear" overture Berlioz; "St Francis Sermon to the Birds," Liszt-Mottl, and Schumann's "Rhenish" overture.

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tively speaking he has "sawed wood" since then, and knows the fiddle from top to bottom. But who of that early date ever dreamed that the youthful fiddler would return at the head of a great organization. Time works great changes in more ways than one.

And in many respects Willy Hess has already earned his salary, for as an emergency soloist he is the real thing. At a recent concert one Hakon Schmedes, who had aspirations as a soloist, was to have waked the echoes of Symphony Hall with his dulcet strains, but when the fateful hour approached, I am informed that the aforesaid Hakon fell by the wayside with an acute disease that is popularly known as "cold feet."

Conductor Gericke, with his well known astuteness, considered this young fiddler from classic Europe a comer that would put Gsaye and Kreisler away back in the although I am told his value as a routine player is not of the phenomenal; became, so to speak, one of the elect name appeared on the list of musical binders. But when the day came for rehearsal I learn that our friend was up to it good and hard, and Mr. Gericke saw through a glass darkly. What has been kept with the greatest secrecy outcome was that Willy Hess did and trick and did it well.

And I believe that H. S. does not ride the parlor cars with Conductor Gericke, Adamonski and others of the elect orchestra makes its little monthly side he goes in the smoker with the other b transit gloria Schmedes.

The orchestra offered a good program benefit concert last Sunday evening and greatly surprised at the comparative audience. There was De Pachmann, who played as well as he ever did in his life. Then there was a new suite by Massenet, and a piece strings and organ by the Italian Sgambati, who was musically "made in Germany." Both

these numbers pleased and Mr. Gericke should bring them out at the regular symphony concerts. They are better than such things as the Hugo Wolf monstrosity and others of its kind. Let us have them again.

## SIXTH SYMPHONY CONCERT

Post. Nov. 27  
Saint-Saens' First Symphony Given as the Novelty

The programme of the sixth Symphony concert last evening included the following numbers:  
Symphony No. 1, Op. 2.....Saint-Saens  
Concerto for pianoforte, Op. 16.....Henselt  
Symphonic poem, "Battle of the Huns".....Liszt  
Overture, "Sappho".....Goldmark

Mme. Bloomfield Zeisler was the soloist. The performance of the Saint-Saens symphony was probably the first in the United States. It is a product of the composer's early thought, and written at 18 years of age. The work is of historic interest mainly, though the scherzo shows indications of that skill in orchestration that is so manifest in Saint-Saens' later productions.

But it is hardly worth a place on a Symphony programme, although the performance last evening satisfied the curiosity of many who wished to hear the early work of the most eminent among living French composers.

The other works for orchestra heard at this concert are not especially noteworthy. The overture, however, has pleasant moments, although much inferior to the composer's "Sakuntala."

Mme. Zeisler played the Henselt concerto with her old-time brilliancy and technical proficiency. The slow movement, the gem of the entire work, was played in well-nigh ideal manner, and was most enjoyable in every way. Mme. Zeisler was loudly applauded for her superb performance, and several times recalled.

The programme of the seventh rehearsal and concert this coming week will include the "King Lear" overture of Berlioz; Liszt's piano piece, "St. Francis' Sermon to the Birds," orchestra led by Felix Mottl; the third Schumann symphony, and the Beethoven violin concerto, played by Ysaye, who makes his return here after several years' absence.

## Symphony Rehearsals

for both. E. F. K., Boston Transcript.

H 24 & 25, near centre aisle; \$25 for one, \$45 for both. E. F. K., Boston Transcript. SWS(A); ja 7



The celebrated violinist, Yehudi Menuhin, will be this week's soloist, playing a major concerto and the "Serenade" by Bruch. The other items on the program will comprise Beethoven's "Egmont" overture, Berlioz's "Symphony in E-flat major," Liszt's "Symphony for the Grand Organ," and Schumann's "Rhenish" overture.

I don't know how little Willy impressed those who heard him at the time, but figura-

The orchestra offered a good program at its benefit concert last Sunday evening and I was greatly surprised at the comparatively small audience. There was De Pachmann, who played as well as he ever did in his life. Then there was a new suite by Massenet, and a piece for strings and organ by the Italian Sgambati, who was musically "made in Germany." Both

**Symphony Rehearsals** H 24 & 25.  
near centre  
aisle; \$25  
for one, \$45 for both. E. F. K., Boston Transcript.  
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**Yearsals** H 24 & 25,  
near centre  
aisle; \$25  
F. K., Boston Transcript.  
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# SYMPHONY THRONES IS CHARMED BY MME. ZEISLER.

*Boston American Nov. 27.*  
Sixth Concert Marked by a  
Program of Rare Beauty,  
and Was Finely Interpreted by  
the Soloist and Orchestra

SELECTIONS OFFERED  
STRONG CONTRASTS

By Kent Perkins.

It was a musical feast of rare and exquisite beauty that was served last night by the Symphony Orchestra to the great audience that filled Symphony Hall at the sixth concert. The melodic and harmonic beauty was of two contrasting kinds, that of the passion of love and that of religious aspiration and triumph. It was expressed through the following programme:

Saint-Saens—Symphony No. 1, in E flat major, op. 2.  
Henselt—Concerto for pianoforte, in F minor, op. 16.  
Liszt—Symphonic poem No. 4, "The Battle of the Huns," after Kaulbach's painting.  
Goldmark—Overture, "Sappho," op. 44.

Mme. Fannie Bloomfield-Zeisler was the piano soloist.

The orchestra, under Mr. Gericke's masterful leadership, never displayed more remarkable sympathy, depth and sincerity of feeling and skill in interpretation than it did throughout the above programme.

In the Saint-Saens Symphony, which was performed for the first time in Boston, the note of love was introduced. The work was written when the composer was eighteen years old and was offered for a competition in Brussels in 1853 for the celebration of the wedding of the Prince of Brabant, but was rejected.

One may readily suppose that a nuptial character was given to the work on account of the princely marriage. Preparations for a courtly wedding in Brabant can be heard through the opening adagio movement. The march-scherzo, which follows, pictures the procession entering the church. The third movement, adagio, sings beautifully with the joy of love's fruition, while the triumphal march of the final allegro maestoso splendidly closes the ceremony.

Religious aspiration appeared in the Henselt concerto, and Mme. Bloomfield-Zeisler was warmly acclaimed for her delightful interpretation of it. With a technique that merits the warmest praise and with most sensitive and delicate feel-

ing, she portrayed the alternating tenderness and depth of emotion in the work. Much of the keen pleasure given by this selection was due to the intimate sympathy apparent between the orchestra and the soloist.

Religious triumph in the victory of the Cross over heathendom was vividly portrayed in the "Battle of the Huns," to which Liszt wrote as a musical interpretation of Kaulbach's mural painting in the Berlin Museum. The ghostly rising of the slain warriors, their spectral battle, the clash of arms and the final victory in the "Crux Fidelis" theme were splendidly suggested. Battle, defeat and glorious victory filled the air, the final triumph being magnificently completed by the all-pervading tones of the organ.

Love, yearning, passionate and despairing, returned in the "Sappho" overture. Its song was sung under the cloudless skies of Hellas, with the blue Aegean flashing in the sunlight, nymphs and shepherds dancing on the hillside and the classic atmosphere of Greece filling all the melodies and harmonies. The orchestra did much of its finest work in this selection, which was marked by the exquisite playing of the first violin, Professor Willy Hess.

At the seventh symphony concert next Saturday evening the soloist will be Mr. Ysaye.

To-night the concert for the benefit of the Symphony orchestra's pension fund takes place, with M. de Pachmann at the piano.

## SYMPHONY HALL

Sunday Evening, November 27, at eight

# Pension Fund Concert

BY THE

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Mr. WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor

ASSISTED BY

# De PACHMANN

WALLACE GOODRICH, Organist

and Vocal Artists to be announced

## PROGRAM

1. OVERTURE, "Star of the North" . . . Meyerbeer
2. CONCERTO in E-flat major, for Piano and Orchestra, Liszt
3. HUNGARIAN SCENE (*First time*) . . . Massenet
4. SELECTIONS FROM "HANSEL AND GRETEL,"  
for Voices and Orchestra . . . Humperdinck
5. PIANO SOLO
6. TE DEUM LAUDAMUS, for Strings and Organ, Sgambati
7. CAPRICCIO ITALIEN . . . Tschaikowsky

TICKETS, \$2.00, \$1.50, and \$1.00, on sale at Symphony  
Hall, Monday, November 21.



Symphony Hall . Sunday Evening, November 27, 1904<sup>95</sup>  
at eight

# Pension Fund Concert

BY THE

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor

ASSISTED BY

## De PACHMANN

MRS. GRACE B. WILLIAMS, Soprano  
MRS. HELEN ALLEN HUNT, Contralto  
WALLACE GOODRICH . Organist

### PROGRAM

1. OVERTURE, "Star of the North" . . . . . Meyerbeer
2. CONCERTO in E-flat major, for Piano and Orchestra, . . . . . Liszt
3. HUNGARIAN SCENES . . . . . J. Massenet  
SECOND SUITE (First time).
  - I. Allegro risoluto.
  - II. Allegretto leggiero.
  - III. Andantino, tr s calme.
  - IV. Allegro risoluto; Andante molto sostenuto religioso;  
Allegro risoluto.
4. SELECTIONS FROM "HANSEL AND GRETEL,"  
for Voices and Orchestra . . . . . Humperdinck
5. PIANO SOLO . . . . . Chopin
  - a. Nocturne in F minor, Op. 55, No. 1
  - b. Berceuse in D-flat, Op. 57
  - c. Etude in A-flat, Op. 25, No. 1
6. TE DEUM LAUDAMUS, for Strings and Organ . . . . . Sgambati  
(First time.)
7. CAPRICCIO ITALIEN . . . . . Tschaikowsky

THE PIANO IS A BALDWIN



## PENSION FUND CONCERT.

The pension fund concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Gericke conductor, at Symphony Hall next Sunday night should crowd the hall to the doors, by reason of the purpose for which the concert is given and by reason of the programme itself. The programme will include Meyerbeer's overture to "The Star of the North," which has not been heard here for a long time; a scene from the Hungarian suite of Massenet; selections from Humperdinck's "Hansel und Gretel," for voices and orchestra; Sgambati's "Te Deum," for strings and orchestra, which was produced here by the Cecilia March 20, 1896 (the work is also known as "Andante Solenne," and when it was played at the Crystal Palace in 1894 other instruments were introduced); Tschaiowsky's Italian Caprice.

Mr. De Pachmann will play Liszt's brilliant concerto in E flat, and his performance is looked forward to with more than ordinary anticipation. He will also play solo piano pieces. Mr. Wallace Goodrich will be the organist.

It is an indisputable fact that no orchestra in the world surpasses the Boston Symphony; it is doubtful whether any European orchestra equals it in euphony of tone, in discipline, and in virtuos qualities. Perhaps we are all too much in the habit of taking the superb performances of this orchestra as a matter of course; perhaps we do not always realize what an honor this organization is to the city, what an important factor it is in the life of the town. New York and Philadelphia, cities that have their own orchestra, appreciate this band of players as highly as do Bostonians who have seen the growth of the organization founded and maintained by Maj. Higginson. What higher compliment could be paid this orchestra than the appeal made early this month to the citizens of Providence by Dr. Faunce of Brown, who asked them to show this season "the same interest in fine music and the same civic pride" as last year. "We do not ask much," wrote Dr. Faunce to the Providence Journal: "We ask only that each citizen who believes that life is more than bread and butter, who believes in the things of the spirit, shall give his patronage and his influence to this unselfish enterprise. Let every music teacher be there and interest his or her pupils. Let every serious student of music seize the opportunity. Let every man who would be a leader in the activities of our city be found there."

And now the members of the Boston Symphony orchestra give a concert that their pension fund may gain thereby. The years pass; one by one those who by their skill have given so much pure pleasure will be forced to retire through physical disability or by reason of old age. Nor does death spare players on instruments of strings, wood or brass; he sounds his pipe or beats his drum as in the mediaeval dances, and they must follow his call. This concert is given that the incapacitated, that the wives and children left behind may not suffer from material want. It is the orchestra's own concert; it is for the players and their families. Can there be any save a generous response? *Herald*

## PLAYS FOR ITS PENSION FUND

*Journal* — Nov 28 1904

The first of this season's concerts for the benefit of its pension fund was given by the Symphony Orchestra at Symphony Hall last evening, with the assistance of Mr. De Pachmann, pianist; Mrs. Grace B. Williams, soprano; Mrs. Helen Allen Hunt, contralto, and Mr. Wallace Goodrich, organist. The program was:

Overture, "Star of the North".....Meyerbeer  
Concerto in E flat major, for piano and orchestra.....Liszt  
Hungarian Scenes.....J. Massenet  
Selections from "Hansel and Gretel," for voices and orchestra.....Humperdinck  
Piano solos.....Chopin  
Nocturne in F minor, Op. 55, No. 1.  
Berceuse in D flat, Op. 57.  
Etude in A flat, Op. 25, No. 1.

Te Deum Laudamus, for strings and organ.....Sgambati  
Capriccio Italien.....Tschaiowsky

The concert was brilliant, varied, entertaining, and should have made a stronger appeal to those who could well afford to fill the best seats. But the true music lovers were out in force, and thoroughly enjoyed everything, from Meyerbeer's flowery and antiquated "Star of the North" overture to the highly spiced, sensuous and enchanting "Italian Caprice" of Tschaiowsky. This latter, by the way, was played with much more bravura and abandon than when it was given at a regular Symphony not long ago.

Between the two extremes was set a musical bill of fare to please all tastes. Chief provider, of course, was Mr. De Pachmann, who played the sparkling Liszt concerto with power and sufficient diablerie to fascinate his audience. In the Chopin pieces later he seemed not quite in the mood, although the berceuse was given with his customary beauty.

The Massenet "Hungarian Scenes" were amiable and tuneful in a commonplace way, but smacked nothing of Hungary, and had no special message of any sort. In the "Hansel and Gretel" prayer music Mrs. Williams and Mrs. Hunt sang to good effect, and the orchestral portion revived pleasant memories of the Boston performance of the beautiful operetta some years ago. Sgambati's "Te Deum" has marked beauty, simplicity and devotional spirit, and it was played delicately and well.

## THE PENSION FUND CONCERT.

If Charity covers a multitude of sins, sometimes Beneficence embellishes a number of merits. The latter was the case last night in Symphony hall. In these days, when Labor Unions are endeavoring even to rule Art, it is surely a most important matter to have the greatest artistic organization in the American orchestral field as independent as possible, and nothing can conduce more to such an independence than a well-organized pension fund to take care of the old age of the artists constituting our orchestra.

Thus much for the excellence of the cause; the excellences of the resulting concert might be given at much greater length, save for the fact that, since animadversion is prohibited at a beneficent occasion such as this, enthusiastic praise, even when thus fully deserved, loses its force. Many artists had volunteered their services. Wallace Goodrich was at the organ, Mrs. Grace Williams and Mrs. Helen Hunt appeared in a vocal number, but the bright particular star, among the artists assisting, was that pianist who is ruling Boston at present—De Pachmann. He played the Liszt E-flat concerto, and he gave it with considerable dalliance, as regards tempo and shading, but, as it is more of a Rhapsody than a concerto, this made the work more attractive than ever. The three Chopin solos that came later were exquisitely given, without any of the eccentricities and audacious alterations that we have been obliged to censure in the recent past. There were five recalls, but the pianist resolutely refused an encore.

The programme in full:—

1. Overture, "Star of the North".....Meyerbeer
2. Concerto in E-flat major for Piano and Orchestra.....Liszt
3. Hungarian Scene (First time).....Massenet
4. Selection from "Hansel and Gretel," for Voices and Orchestra.....Humperdinck
5. Piano Solos.....Chopin
6. Te Deum Laudamus, for Strings and Organ.....Sgambati
7. Capriccio Italien.....Tschaiowsky

It was a pleasant relaxation to hear a frankly popular Meyerbeer overture given by our orchestra, and the presentation of a work by the chief orchestral genius of Italy, Sgambati, was also an unusual pleasure. The "Hansel and Gretel" number was the exquisite slumber duet, and the orchestral postlude that accompanies the descent of the 14 angels. It has never yet had so perfect a performance in Boston.

The Massenet Suite was brilliant and spicy of orchestration, but we would have preferred his Suite of "Scenes Pittoresques," those dainty pictures of French village life.

The Sgambati work was a noble one and deserves an early hearing at the symphony concerts. Its melodic charm is very marked; it confines itself largely to the soft stops of the organ, and it makes excellent use of the pizzicato effects upon the contrabasses—where they sound better than upon any other orchestral instrument. *Adm. Nov 28 1904* Louis C. Elson.

## PENSION FUND CONCERT.

*Globe* — Nov 28 1904  
De Pachmann Shows Perfection of His Art at Symphony Hall—Two "First Time" Numbers Given.

The Boston Symphony orchestra laid its usual splendid tribute of music upon the altar of its pension fund last night in Symphony hall, which should have been better filled, considering the object and the rare excellence of the program. Mr. Gericke conducted with his usual grace and precision, and his reading of the imaginative scores was enjoyed by no one more than by the distinguished guest-artist, de Pachmann, who was not only on uncommonly good terms with his own artistic achievements, but made no concealment of his appreciation of the scholarly work of Mr. Gericke and his orchestra. The audience was slow in getting into the hall, a great many coming in after the overture, "Star of the North," by Meyerbeer, one of the "bright, particular" pieces of a program designed, evidently, more for the popular taste than is usual with this sterling organization's always instructive concerts.

There were two "first time" numbers in the selections offered, a Sgambati "Te Deum Laudamus," in which the organ part was skilfully performed by Wallace Goodrich, and the second suite of the strangely beautiful Massenet "Hungarian Scenes." This latter composition opens with a fantastic theme, carried mainly by flute notes, accompanied by plucked strings, and plaintive threads of under melody. The second movement, equally charming, is notable for its violin unison passages, with harp accompaniment; while the feature of the third was a melting air, full of feeling, for the first violin. It was a number one would wish to hear many times again. The "Italian Caprice," by Tschaiowsky, first produced in Boston in October, 1897, and again in a recent regular symphony program, was the most keenly enjoyable of any purely orchestra number. From the instant of its opening trumpet fanfare, down through the wild witchery of its hunting gitana and tarantella airs, full of suggestions of the Romance folk-tunes, gypsy dancing and street songs; it was a thing of weird beauty. It made a brilliant close to an uncommonly brilliant program.

The soprano and contralto, Mrs. Grace B. Williams and Mrs. Helen Allen Hunt, had little to do, but did that little with remarkable effectiveness. Mrs. Williams' tender and lovely soprano part in the romantic "Hansel und Gretel" selection, with the unexpectedly long postlude, was sung with flawless expression. As in the lamented Sig. Rotoli's "Roman Festival Mass," she lifted her part above somewhat colorless surroundings, and made it memorable, and that with a vocal method more resonant than powerful, but always clear and true.

Of De Pachmann nothing but praise can be said. His Liszt concerto, the brilliant E-flat major one, was a marvel of technique and virtuosity, but it was in his three Chopin numbers that the dainty perfection of his art was more nearly reached. The F minor nocturne was the dreamy, filmy thing of the nether-realm its composer intended it should be. The familiar "A flat Etude"



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was played with extraordinary dash and skillful regard for shading. In the lovely "Berceuse in D flat," beginning with the singular bell-chiming effect, and proceeding with the quaintly simple left-hand part while the right is soaring into all sorts of fantasies, the effect was somewhat marred by a premature unmuzzling of the great organ, which was being made ready for the next number, but the blur, while it evidently disturbed both Gericke and De Pachmann, was of only momentary duration. The appearance of the enterprising piano movers while the audience was indulging in its propensity to recall again and again the uniformly good-natured pianist, was the signal for some hissing, a rather remarkable happening for Symphony hall of a Sunday evening, rather more reminiscent of "Pop" concert nights. But the affair was a grand musical success, and all who participated in it are worthy the highest praise.

#### Symphony Hall: Pension Fund Concert

Symphony Hall was rather sparsely filled yesterday evening on the occasion of the Pension Fund concert. The programme included the overture to Meyerbeer's "Star of the North"; a suite by Massenet called "Hungarian Scenes," played for the first time; a Te Deum Laudamus for strings and organ by Sgambati, Mr. Wallace Goodrich at the organ, and Tchaikovsky's "Capriccio Italien." There were also selections from Humperdinck's "Hänsel und Gretel," in the course of which Mrs. Grace Williams sang the sandman's song (if memory serves) and Mrs. Williams and Mrs. Helen Hunt sang the evening prayer. Mr. de Pachmann contributed the E-flat concerto of Liszt, and three Chopin solo pieces—nocturne in F minor, the berceuse, and the A-flat study, Op. 25.

The feature of the evening was Mr. de Pachmann's playing. When it was not beautiful, as once in a while it was not, it was very interesting to see what Mr. de Pachmann of the limpid scales would make of the thundering chords and wickedly contrived springs of the E-flat concerto. In this work he was not always comfortably at home, but it was astonishing to hear the depth of beautiful tone he produced in chord passages when he chose to. And throughout the concerto there was much playing that can never be forgotten; Robin Goodfellow might have been by to cast his influence on the keys, so elfin-like was much of Mr. de Pachmann's music, so uncanny. The end of the concerto, by the way, was not happy. Even more beautiful still was the berceuse from Mr. de Pachmann, for, after all, emotions that are simply, broadly human are the highest. The scherzo movement of the concerto made one shiver, but the berceuse might easily have made one cry. *Trans. Nov 28, 1904.* R. R. G.

#### PENSION FUND CONCERT.

Vladimir De Pachmann's Interpretation of Chopin's Berceuse a Brilliant

*Herald* Performance. Nov 28, 1904

The first concert this season in aid of the pension fund of the Boston Symphony orchestra was given last night in Symphony Hall. Mr. Gericke conducted. The programme was of a designedly popular nature. It included Meyerbeer's overture to "The Star of the North," an overture of the pot-pourri order, which has not been heard here for a long time; Massenet's Second Suite, "Hungarian Scenes," of which the third movement is the most interesting; a scene from Humperdinck's "Hänsel and Gretel," with Mrs. Grace B. Williams, soprano, and Mrs. Helen Allen Hunt, contralto, as the praying and sleepy children in the forest; Sgambati's "Te Deum Laudamus" for strings and organ (Mr. Wallace Goodrich, organist), which was produced here some years ago at a Cecilia concert, and Tchaikovsky's "Italian Caprice."

Mr. Vladimir de Pachmann played, with orchestra, Liszt's piano concerto in E flat major, No 1, and Chopin's nocturne in F minor, op. 55, No. 1, "Berceuse," and etude in A flat, op. 25, No. 1. His performance of the concerto was characterized by beauty of song and exquisite ornamentation, though in the stormier passages the pianist was the brilliant virtuoso.

The feature of the concert, however, was his beautiful performance of Chopin's "Berceuse." Mr. De Pachmann's interpretation of this much abused, maltreated piece was as sane as it was poetic. It was more than a wondrous triumph of euphony; its tenderness was ineffable and it was so free from affectation of sentimentalism. The audience would gladly have heard him in other compositions, for he was recalled again and again after the group of solo pieces.

The audience was one of fair size, but the occasion should have filled the hall. There was much applause, especially after the excerpt from "Hänsel and Gretel," and for Mr. De Pachmann.

## Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1904-05.

## BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.

### VI. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26, AT 8, P.M.

#### Programme.

SAINT-SAËNS,

SYMPHONY No. 1, in E flat major.  
(First time.)

HENSELT,

CONCERTO for PIANOFORTE, in F. minor.

LISZT,

SYMPHONIC POEM, "Hunnenschlacht."

GOLDMARK,

OVERTURE to "Sappho."

#### Soloist:

Mme. FANNIE BLOOMFIELD-ZEISLER.



was played with extraordinary dexterity and skilful regard for shading. In the lovely "Berceuse in D flat," beginning with the singular bell-chiming effect, and proceeding with the quaintly simple left-hand part while the right is soaring into all sorts of fantasies, the effect was somewhat marred by a premature unuzzling of the great organ, which was being made ready for the next number, but the blur, while it evidently disturbed both Gericke and De Pachmann, was of only momentary duration. The appearance of the enterprising piano movers while the audience was indulging in its propensity to recall again and again the uniformly good-natured pianist, was the signal for some hissing, a rather remarkable happening for Symphony hall of a Sunday evening, rather more reminiscent of "Pop" concert nights. But the affair was a grand musical success, and all who participated in it are worthy the highest praise.

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## Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1904-05.

## BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.

### VI. CONCERT.

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SAINT-SAËNS,

SYMPHONY No. 1, in E flat major.  
(First time.)

HENSELT,

CONCERTO for PIANOFORTE, in F. minor.

LISZT,

SYMPHONIC POEM, "Hunnenschlacht."

GOLDMARK,

OVERTURE to "Sappho."

#### Soloist:

Mme. FANNIE BLOOMFIELD-ZEISLER.





Eugen Ysaye.

## Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1904-05.

### BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.

#### VII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, AT 8, P. M.

##### Programme.

BERLIOZ,

OVERTURE to "King Lear." op. 4.

BACH,

CONCERTO in E major No. 2, for VIOLIN, with accompaniment of Strings and Organ.

I. Allegro.  
II. Adagio.  
III. Allegro.

(First time at these concerts.)

LISZT,

LEGEND: "The Sermon of St. Francis of Assisi to the Birds," transcribed for ORCHESTRA by FELIX MOTTI.

(First time.)

BRUCH,

CONCERTO for VIOLIN in D minor, No. 2, op. 44.

I. Adagio ma non troppo.  
II. Récit: (Allegro moderato.)  
III. Finale: (Allegro molto.)

SCHUMANN,

SYMPHONY in E flat major, No. 3, Rhenish, op. 97

I. Lebhaft.  
II. Scherzo: Sehr mässig.  
III. Nicht schnell.  
IV. Feierlich.  
V. Lebhaft.

Soloist:

Mr. EUGENE YSAYE.

There will be no Public Rehearsal and Concert next week.





Eugen Ysaye.

## *Symphony Hall.*

SEASON 1904-05.

# BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.

## VII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, AT 8, P. M.

### Programme.

- |           |   |
|-----------|---|
| BERLIOZ,  | OVERTURE to "King Lear." op. 4.   |
| BACH,     | CONCERTO in E major No. 2, for VIOLIN, with accompaniment of Strings and Organ.<br>I. Allegro.<br>II. Adagio.<br>III. Allegro.<br>(First time at these concerts.) |
| LISZT,    | LEGEND: "The Sermon of St. Francis of Assisi to the Birds," transcribed for ORCHESTRA by FELIX MOTTL.<br>(First time.)  |
| BRUCH,    | CONCERTO for VIOLIN in D minor, No. 2, op. 44.<br>I. Adagio ma non troppo.<br>II. Récit: (Allegro moderato.)<br>III. Finale: (Allegro molto.)                     |
| SCHUMANN, | SYMPHONY in E flat major, No. 3, Rhenish, op. 97<br>I. Lebhaft.<br>II. Scherzo: Sehr mässig.<br>III. Nicht schnell.<br>IV. Feierlich.<br>V. Lebhaft.              |

### Soloist:

Mr. EUGENE YSAYE.

There will be no Public Rehearsal and Concert next week.



# SPELLBOUND BY GENIUS OF YSAYE

At Seventh Symphony Concert  
Great Virtuoso Made Music of  
Bach Take on New Beauty—  
Surpassed Triumph of Art.

## HE BEGINS WHERE TECHNIC LEAVES OFF

Face of the Violinist Transfigured  
While Playing—Great Audience  
Wished to Hear More of Such  
Wonderful Music.

The programme of the seventh concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, in Symphony Hall, last night, Mr. Gericke, conductor; Mr. Eugene Ysaie, solo violinist, was as follows:

Overture to "King Lear".....Berlioz  
Concerto in E major, No. 2, for violin...Bach  
St. Francis' Sermon to the Birds...Liszt-Mottl  
(First time.)

Concerto in D minor, No. 2, for violin...Bruch  
Symphony in E flat minor, No. 8.....Schumann

Now and then a great virtuoso-musician visits us, and the Symphony concert is merely the occasion for the display of his rare qualities. There are some who cry out against the performance of any concerto in a concert of symphonic works, and in Paris the more hot-headed hiss when violinist or pianist makes his bow.

It will be a long time before audiences are trained to enjoy concerts without a pronounced solo individuality, before they are interested only in symphonies, overtures, symphonic poems. Until that time comes, and it will not be in our day and generation, the chief care should be in the selection of the singers and of the players on instruments.

Neither Mr. Ysaie nor the audience is to be blamed for wishing to hear him play as much as possible, for such violinists are rare. Sarasate is advanced in years and it is not likely that his every tone will be heard again in our cities. Joachim is already a tradition. Lady Halle was the last of the grand old school who showed us how Spohr should be played according to the spirit of his period.

Mr. Ysaie himself talks of abandoning the virtuoso's career to devote himself to orchestral conducting for which

he has uncommon gifts. Let us then take pleasure in such artistry while we may, for Mr. Ysaie is today without a rival.

In him we find the blend of the purely classical and the ultra-modern romantic. The romanticism of his classicism is one of the most striking features of his performance, and this romanticism is by no means modernization. He does more than breathe the breath of life and beauty into old forms, into conventional figures and ornaments. By the wondrous quality of his tone, by nuances that seem as though they must have been indicated by Bach himself, in an inspired moment, by the love that the violinist himself feels for this music, that which would otherwise be a succession of formulas becomes a personal message charged with the highest poetic feeling.

Here we have nothing to do with technique. Mr. Ysaie begins where technique leaves off. In a way, he creates this music, but the creator himself does not step between the music and the rapt hearer. As the face itself of this violinist becomes illuminated with the beauty of the thoughts suggested to him by Bach, so the music itself takes on the form of beauty, and with the repetition of each formula there is a still loftier imaginative flight. The hearer is not then concerned with Bach or with Mr. Ysaie; he is conscious only of the presence of ineffable beauty, and he, too, though perhaps inherently prosaic, dreams dreams and sees entrancing visions.

This is not criticism; it is eulogy. And in this instance the eulogy of haunting impressions is the only just criticism.

This absence of the very thought of technique is the first step in the engrossing pleasure of Mr. Ysaie's performance. Whether he play music by Bach or by Bruch, the hearer is not aware of the labor of a violinist. He may remember one of the last speeches of Vieuxtemps, who, far away in enforced exile 'neath an alien sun, sighed plaintively for the sound of Ysaie's chanterelle. He may remember vaguely terms used by violinists in their discussions concerning the relative merits of the acknowledged great virtuosos, but all this is quickly forgotten. He is as absorbed as is Ysaie. The two listen to the music. The face of the violinist is transfigured, as was that of Cesar Franck when he heard celestial harmonies. Nor is the spell broken when the music ceases. Long afterward the tone, the phrase, the grace and the delicacy are remembered as by poor paralyzed Vieuxtemps in Algiers.

The word "interpretation" here seems pedantic, for the music has the spontaneity, the freedom of an improvisation. It is as though the music were for the first time called into being. Rare and flawless art! And there is that in Mr. Ysaie's performance that surpasses the triumph of art.

And here one might stop, without comment on Berlioz's "King Lear," an extraordinary work for its year, a work charged with the extravagance of the romantic period, when Shakespeare was the fetish of the revolutionaries; when Byron was a name to conjure with. The transcription by Mottl of Liszt's familiar piano piece in which St. Francis preaches to the chirping and twittering birds and turns their lightness to pious contemplation is an excellent example of imaginative scoring, and it was played with exceeding finesse. The symphony was heard by sated ears, and it is to us the least



interesting of Schumann's four. The feature of the concert was the music of Bach as recreated by Mr. Ysaye, who also raised the concerto of Bruch to a higher level than that on which it naturally rests. The accompaniment to this concerto was by no means flawless.

## MUSICAL MATTERS

### Ysaye Plays With the Symphony Orchestra.

### Melba, DePachmann and Other Noted Artists This Week.

### Cecilia Club and Kneisel Quartet Concerts.

The celebrated violinist, Eugene Ysaye, appeared at last week's Symphony concerts, playing the E major Bach concerto and the "Scotch Fantasia," by Bruch. The program opened with the "King Lear" overture, by Berlioz; the Liszt-Mottl legend, "The Sermon of Francis of Assisi to the Birds," was played for the first time at these concerts and Schumann's "Rhenish" overture closed the concert. Mr Ysaye returns with the same impressive presence, wonderful virtuosity and subordination of self that characterized his former appearances in this city. No virtuoso seems freer from vanity and self-consciousness, and no violinist of the present day invests his music with more beauty and power. The simplicity, majesty and austerity of Bach's noble concerto was shown in beautiful form, technically faultless and masterful in breadth of expression, vitality and depth of feeling. The emotional appeal of the adagio, as played by Ysaye, was unusually effective; the perfection of sympathetic interpretation and accurate intonation.

The Bruch fantasia, also a familiar number, displayed the art of the great violinist in other phases; less impressive, to be sure, than in the Bach concerto, but just as wonderful. The grace and elegance, the dash and serenity with which he played the fantasia was in absolute keeping with the spirit of the work and formed a splendid contrast to the earlier selection. An unusual tribute was paid to Mr Ysaye by

the members of the orchestra, who applauded vigorously after the second movement, which was given throughout its continuous legato with impeccable finish in phrasing, tonal contrasts and dexterous fingering. Mr Ysaye's perfect mastery of the violin needs no analysis. His superb attainments are well known and appear in no ways diminished. His reception was very cordial.

The novelty piece was the Liszt "legend," which was orchestrated by Felix Mottl and performed for the first time here. The suggestion of bird music, light, twittering and fantastic, coupled with the deeper tones of the "sermon," is charmingly shown in the score and the delicacy and joyousness of the whole piece makes it a very welcome addition to musical literature. The orchestra played the "legend" exquisitely, the bird music being sung by the lighter instruments in delicious harmony, with the "sermon" set forth with due resonance by the other contingents.

The orchestral accompaniments for Mr Ysaye's selections sounded particularly well, probably by reason of an incentive to good work aroused by the grand interpretations of the soloist. The "King Lear" overture and the Schumann symphony call for no special mention, each being up to the usual high standard expected of Mr Gericke's forces.

The next rehearsal and concert will be given Dec 16 and 17, with Mr Carlo Buonamici as soloist. The program will comprise Mozart's C major symphony, Rachmaninoff's piano concerto, suite, "Pelleas and Melisande," by G. Faure, and Wagner's "Flying Dutchman" overture.

### YSAYE WINS OVATION AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

The especial feature of the seventh symphony concert last evening was the appearance of Eugene Ysaye as the solo violinist, after an absence of several years. The programme was as follows:

Overture, "King Lear".....Berlioz  
Concerto for violin, E flat.....Bach  
Legend, St. Francis Preaching to the Birds, Liszt-Motte  
Concerto, No. 2, for violin.....Bruch  
Symphony No. 3, "Rhenish".....Schumann

It was first announced that Mr. Ysaye would play the Beethoven concerto, afterwards changed to the Bach concerto, and the Bruch Scotch Fantasia, these latter being, it is understood, played at the rehearsal of Friday afternoon. But for last evening Mr. Ysaye played the Bruch D minor concerto instead of the Fantasia, which proved a most desirable change.

Mr. Ysaye returns the same virtuoso as before, with the same exquisite tone, ease of manner and supreme artist in every way. In his general performance he illustrates perfectly the maxim that the greatest art is to conceal art. The Bach concerto was inimitable, and the Bruch concerto, not as interesting as the composer's more familiar one in G minor, was interpreted in most convincing manner. Mr. Ysaye received an immense ovation and numerous recalls.

The rest of the programme does not require extended comment. The Berlioz overture is not distinctive, and the Liszt number orchestrated by Felix Mottl, proved a very clear adaptation of a virtuoso piano piece. The Schumann symphony closed the programme. There will be no rehearsal and concert the coming week.

**FOR SALE**  
Very Desirable Symphony Rehearsal Tickets.  
H 24 and 25, near centre aisle; \$25 for one;  
\$45 for both. E.F.K., Boston Transcript.  
SWS(A): Ja 7

### Symphony Hall: Symphony Orchestra

The seventh symphony concert, at which Mr. Eugene Ysaye made his reappearance in Boston, took place Saturday evening, with this programme:

Berlioz: Overture to "King Lear," Op. 4.  
Bach: Concerto in E major, No. 2, for Violin, with accompaniment of Strings and Organ.  
(First time at these concerts.)

Liszt: Legend: "The Sermon of St. Francis of Assisi to the Birds," transcribed for Orchestra by Felix Mottl.  
(First time.)

Bruch: Concerto for Violin in D minor, No. 2, Op. 44.

Schumann: Symphony in E-flat major, No. 3, Rhenish, Op. 97.

Mr. Ysaye, having been absent from Boston since the spring of 1898, and not having played with the Symphony Orchestra for precisely ten years, Saturday's concert at once assumed the character of a "concert with orchestra by Mr. Ysaye." Many persons came only in time to hear the great violinist, thus missing the ill-sounding overture by Berlioz, which was but coldly received. Nor was much delight occasioned, to judge from the applause, by the beautiful performance of Mottl's orchestral version of Liszt's pianoforte piece "St. Francis Preaching to the Birds." Perhaps this is not to be wondered at, for Liszt's picturesque legend becomes strangely trivial when arranged for orchestra, despite Mottl's exquisite instrumentation. In orchestral dress the birds and the saint are quite too obviously depicted. Nor, again, is it surprising that many people withdrew before the symphony, although by so doing they failed to hear some very poetic and sympathetic playing; the concert was very long indeed, and before the symphony they had heard enough.

The concert was Mr. Ysaye. Of this wonderful artist's technique it is not necessary to speak, and of it, furthermore, the non-violinist has no right to speak. It is precisely to a non-violinist, however, that his technique gives pleasure, for in Mr. Ysaye's playing there are none of the disagreeable qualities often present in the work of men we are assured play admirably, that are so distressing to many musical people. His intonation is nearly always absolutely pure, a characteristic which it appears to be unreasonable to expect of most violin players. And his tone, instead of sounding harsh and scratchy, falls always on the ear as a caress. For mere sensuous beauty of sound, Mr. Ysaye is unrivalled by any violinist we have heard in Boston for years—since he was here before.

Coming to speak of his interpretations, again one must wonder if Mr. Ysaye is in the right of it, when he plays a concerto by Bach with such a succession of lovely nuances, such elasticity of rhythm, and such warm expression of emotion that a listener shivers with delight. If Mr. Ysaye's is the proper way to play Bach, making it sound as modern as Brahms, what is to be said of the dry, harsh, rigid performances of Bach which violinists so frequently praise, to the perplexity of persons who have never learnt to play the violin? Whoever may be in the right, the fact re-

mains that Mr. Ysaye's noble, dramatic, but splendidly reserved performance of Bach's marvellous adagio will not soon be forgotten; it was epoch-making. And the Bruch concerto was all very beautiful, a remarkable combination of warmth, delicate sentiment, exquisite phrasing, sharp rhythm, and brilliancy. The close was electrifying. From the audience Mr. Ysaye received an ovation.

This week there will be no symphony concert. On the 17th of the month Mr. Buonamici will appear, this being the programme: Symphony No. 34, in C major, Mozart; concerto for pianoforte, S. Rachmaninoff; Suite: "Pelleas and Melisande" (first time), G. Faure; overture to "The Flying Dutchman," Wagner. R. R. G.

## COLOR IN SEVENTH SYMPHONY CONCERT

### Eugene Ysaye's Return to Boston One of the Features.

For the seventh concert of the season by the Boston Symphony Orchestra the program was:

Overture to "King Lear".....Berlioz  
Concerto in E major, No. 2, for violin.....Bach  
St. Francis' Sermon to the Birds.....Liszt-Mottl  
(First time.)

Concerto in D minor, No. 2, for violin.....Bruch  
Symphony in E flat minor, No. 3.....Schumann

The Berlioz "King Lear" overture is seventy years old and more yet it might have been written yesterday—not by a Richard Strauss, of course, but by some modern who is "safe and sane" musically—so fresh and spontaneous and undimmed by time is the work. To be sure, it is program music only by brevet—that is, it is "King Lear," because the tragedy suggested the music, not because the music suggests the tragedy.

### Sonorous and Dignified.

But it is sonorous, dignified, nobly if simply colored, and well worth hearing as an example of one phase of Berlioz's style. It was read and played with rather square-cut precision, yet beautifully so far as its tonal effects went.

That great poet of the violin, Eugene Ysaye, returns to us after several years' absence, a trifle more portly than before, but with the same magic in his finger tips, the same perfection of tone, the same marvelously true and appropriate sentiments in his soul. He plays like no other man, and he therefore enchants his audiences as none other can. Analysis of his style and his technique is wholly needless, for what he does depends not upon any great gift alone, but upon the complete round-



ness of a musical genius in whom there is no flaw. His imposing figure and his rapt face are legitimate parts of his influence.

### Sermon to the Birds.

Felix Mottl's arrangement for orchestra of Liszt's pianoforte piece "St. Francis' Sermon to the Birds" is clever, well toned and interesting. The twitterings of the feathered songsters, their awakening to interest in the holy man's words, the solemn chant of the sermon and the rush into the air of the little auditors in full song of praise are all happily told in the music.

## MUSICAL MATTERS

### THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

*Adv* PROGRAMME: Dec 5 1904  
Berlioz—Overture to "King Lear."  
Bach—Concerto in E major, No. 2. For violin strings and organ.  
Liszt—Legend, Sermon of St. Francis of Assisi to the birds; transcribed by Felix Mottl.  
Bruch—Violin concerto No. 2, in D minor.  
Schumann—Symphony No. 3, in E flat, "Rhenish."

Soloist: Mr. Eugene Ysaye.

The overture had its points of marked excellence in solo work and in unity rather than in a graphic presentation of the tortured king. The oboe, probably a picture of the soft-voiced Cordelia, was most pathetically played, and the kettle-drums gave their important strokes very steadily. But we received the impression of a King Lear who kept cool and restrained himself, rather than of one who became frenzied with the scourgings of Fate.

Undoubtedly the chief point of the concert was the "rentree" of Ysaye, who may be called the greatest living violinist. We were delighted that he presented himself first as a musician rather than as a virtuoso. In the Bach concerto (naturally in the old form, unlike the later symphony with interwoven solo) there were no showy technical displays, there was no playing at the galleries.

Yet Ysaye modernized the work boldly and effectively. We see no reason why Bach should always be kept within pedantic lines; there are romantic touches and melodic beauties in the old master that deserve passionate treatment, and the expressive charm of the adagio and the strong contrasts of the finale were brought out finely by the great soloist.

We were less impressed with the subsequent Bruch concerto. There had been two changes made since the programme was first announced. Originally the Beethoven violin concerto was promised. We wish that this great work could have been given, for it is a long time since we have heard it in all its grandeur. Then Bruch's Scottish fantasia was substituted; and finally Bruch's D minor concerto was performed.

Bruch's first violin concerto was a mountain peak, from which the two succeeding

concertos tobogganed downward. We but recently had heard the great G minor concerto nobly played, and this less inspired work did not gain by the contrast.

All through the piece the auditor was kept waiting for a climax that never arrived. Even at the very end the composition seemed to say,—"to be continued in our next!"

The performance was masterly, especially in brilliant double-stopping and in beauty of shading, but we longed for the massive Ysaye of old; we hoped for something akin to the titanic power with which he used to give the 4 notes of the great figure in the Beethoven concerto, and this was not present in his work at this concert.

We must wait for the violin recitals which he is to give here very soon, before we can judge of the artist. We hope that the broad-toned majesty of his past performances will reappear then. We must hasten to state that if the reviewer missed something, the audience did not; for the artist was recalled over and over again.

We did not find St. Francis gaining much by his translation into an orchestral score. Those who have heard Busoni play the Liszt work on the piano need scarcely to be reminded of its superb effect. The warblings of wood-wind instruments did not enhance the beauty of the feathered congregation, although they were excellently played. But a warm tribute must be paid to the shading of the horn and the violoncello in the sermon; it was as beautifully done as anything we have heard this season. The violins were also very sure in their different high positions.

The Schumann symphony was the most satisfying part of the programme to the present writer; yet many auditors thought otherwise and left after Ysaye had finished his performance. The work has a pathetic interest in that it portrays the last gleam of happiness that came into Schumann's life. His advent in Dusseldorf, his first taste of the sunny Rhine-life, lifted up for a short time the clouds that were fast gathering over his intellect.

Glorious is that contentedly sober and serious Scherzo; loftily religious the grand organ-effects of the fourth movement, a portrayal of a scene in the great cathedral of Cologne; and best of all the chattering holiday mood that is pictured in the finale, as the multitude pour out of the church with all the geniality of a German Sunday feeling, after the religious duties of the day have been attended to.

And the work was played in the right spirit, Mr. Gericke and his men being at their best; nevertheless there was an exodus that showed that there were some with whom a star soloist could outweigh a dozen Schumanns. We can, however, lay the flattering unction to our soul that Boston is by no means alone in this standard of measurement of musical values.

Louis C. Elson.

### AN AESTHETIC SEESAW.

Ysaye, the violinist, played in Boston at a Symphony concert and delighted everybody, even the professional carpers and growlers. Eulogy was at its height. Boston had good cause to indorse the opinion of all the great European cities. But Mr. Ysaye made the gross blunder of playing this season in Boston before he appeared in New York. When he fiddled last week with the Boston Symphony orchestra in the "megapolis," the critics were sorely displeased with him. His technic never was wholly adequate, his intonation was not flawless, he blurred rapid passages, he made an excessive use of "the sliding finger," and so on through the catalogue of faults, crimes and sins. The Sun published last Sunday this amiable paragraph: "There seems to have been a pretty general consensus of opinion that Ysaye's reappearance was disappointing. But the dread cabal of fiddlers in the Boston Symphony orchestra applauded him ecstatically. A cunning lot are those cynics of the St. Botolph Club." The inference is plain. If Mr. Ysaye had played remarkably well, the Symphony violinists would not have applauded.

This is only another instance of what—to speak courteously—may be called difference in taste. Seldom does the distinguished violinist, singer, pianist, play-actor, who is eminently successful in Boston, achieve the same success in New York, if his renown is first indorsed or enlarged in this city. On the other hand, the one who is often the fashion in New York is much less conspicuous in Boston. This city is still reproached for its "coldness," its "severe intellectuality" in aesthetic matters. As a matter of fact, the highly emotional interpreter is much more appreciated here than in any other American city. When opera is performed here there is not the distraction of the stockholders' display boxes. The audience is concerned only with the opera and the performance. It has not been so Germanized that it cannot find pleasure in operas by Frenchmen and Italians. It has, as it always has had, a catholic taste, in opera and in drama. It would never have occurred to a Bostonian that Coquelin is "only a low comedian," that Mary Anderson is a far greater play-actress than Bernhardt

or Duse, that Salvini is a mere blusterer. Yet such wild-and-preposterous opinions have been expressed with extreme violence of language by the leading critic of New York and have been listened to respectfully by the inhabitants of that city.

The virtuoso who shows color, warmth, emotion, enslaves Bostonians. In New York he is accused of extravagance, eccentricity, unpardonable mannerisms, especially if he has ventured to play here first and has won applause. The prudent virtuoso should always appear first in New York. He may then come to Boston with the assurance that, if he have moving and commanding gifts, he will be a welcome visitor without reference to the verdict of the "megapolis." Whatever may be the faults of a Boston audience, it is willing to be persuaded, it gives a fair hearing, it is not swayed unduly by a cabled reputation, it thinks for itself, it is not ashamed of showing emotion, it is not material, it is not superficially cynical.

### SYMPHONY REHEARSAL

The programme of the 7th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra this afternoon includes one novelty—the familiar piano piece of Liszt, "The Sermon of St. Francis of Assisi to the Birds," which has been orchestrated by Felix Mottl. Liszt wrote the piano piece at Rome and dedicated it to his daughter Cosima. Mottl continues the line; he dedicated his transcription to Daniela, the daughter of Cosima while she was the wife of Von Buelow. In the piano piece the birds twitter in arabesques and the saint preaches with a baritone voice. These relations have been preserved by Mottl.

The other orchestral pieces are Berlioz' overture to "King Lear" and Schumann's symphony in E flat major, No. 3, known as the "Rhenish."

Mr. Eugene Ysaye, although this is his third visit to Boston, will make his second appearance at these concerts. Instead of Beethoven's concerto, which was announced, he will play Bruch's "Fantasia on Scottish Airs" and Bach's concerto in E major, No. 2, for violin, orchestra and organ. The distinguished violinist will be heartily welcomed.

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# *Symphony Hall.*

SEASON 1904-05.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.

## VIII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17, AT 8, P. M.

### Programme.

MOZART,

SYMPHONY in C major No. 34, (Köchel No. 338).

- I. Allegro vivace.
- II. Andante di molto.
- III. Finale. Allegro vivace.

S. RACHMANINOFF,

CONCERTO for PIANOFORTE and ORCHESTRA, in F sharp minor, No. 1, op. 1.

- I. Vivace, moderato, vivo, etc.
- II. Andante cantabile.
- III. Allegro scherzando; Andante espressivo; Allegro scherzando; maestoso; più vivo.  
(First time.)

G. FAURÉ,

"Pelléas and Mélisande." SUITE from stage music to Maeterlinck's Tragedy, op. 80.

- I. Prelude: Quasi Adagio.
- II. "The Woman Spinner": Andantino quasi allegretto.
- III. Molto Adagio.  
(First time at these concerts.)

WAGNER,

OVERTURE to "The Flying Dutchman."

Soloist:

Mr. CARLO BUONAMICI.

The Pianoforte is a Steinway.



# EIGHTH SYMPHONY CONCERT GIVEN

Gabriel Faure's Music to a Play by  
Maeterlinck Produced with  
Poetic Charm and Rare and  
Subtle Beauty by Orchestra.

CARLO BUONAMICI  
THE SOLO PIANIST

His Performance Glowed with Vir-  
tuoso Blood—Brilliant and Force-  
ful—Given Wreath by a Very  
Applausive Audience.

*Herald* ————— *Dec. 18, 1904*

The eighth concert of the Boston Sym-  
phony orchestra, Mr. Gericke conductor,  
was given in Symphony Hall last night.  
Mr. Carlo Buonamici was the solo  
pianist. The programme was as fol-  
lows:

Symphony in C major, No. 34.....Mozart  
Concerto in F sharp minor No. 1, op 1,  
for piano and orchestra.....Rachmaninoff  
(First time.)

"Pelleas and Melisande," suite from stage  
music to Maeterlinck's tragedy...Gabriel Faure  
(First time at these concerts.)

Overture to "The Flying Dutchman"...Wagner

Mr. John Sargent once made a draw-  
ing of Gabriel Faure and Mrs. Patrick  
Campbell. The white-haired composer  
was sketched in a peculiarly meditative  
mood. The face of the play-actress is  
seen over Faure's shoulder. She has a  
far-away expression and her eyes are  
languorous. Had the two been discuss-  
ing the question of music for her pro-  
duction of Maeterlinck's "Pelleas and  
Melisande," that tragedy of infinite  
pathos, the tragedy of poor souls in an  
unnamed land who were chosen by  
malevolent inhabitants of the air as  
the victims of wanton cruelty?

Mrs. Patrick Campbell produced the  
play in London in 1898, and Faure com-  
posed the prelude, entr'actes and inci-  
dental music for this performance.  
When she produced the play at the  
Boston Theatre, April 12, 1902, this music  
was played. Faure based the suite per-  
formed last night on this stage music,  
and the suite was played in Paris early  
in 1901, and at a New England Con-  
servatory orchestra concert in Boston  
last March.

Stage music almost always suffers  
when it is transferred from the theatre

to the concert hall. The prelude is  
no longer the quickener of anticipation.  
It cannot serve to prepare a sympathetic  
mood. It no longer contains hints and  
auroral flushes. The entr'actes become  
in the concert hall absolute music; they  
neither comment on the scene that pre-  
ceded nor prepare for that which is to  
follow. On the other hand, there is  
this compensation: the music when per-  
formed in the concert hall is heard,  
while in the playhouse it is generally  
lost in the din of assembling and in the  
chatter.

The suite is in three movements. The  
first is the prelude to the first act; it is  
simple and suggestive; there is passion,  
but it is the passion of Maeterlinck,  
which when at its height is supreme  
resignation to the will of the unseen  
who direct the action of the human  
puppets. There is no wild melancholy.  
Only toward the end is there the ir-  
resistible impression of bodement; the  
mysterious horn calls and the listening  
and the disquieted, hopeless answer.  
The second movement is entitled "Fi-  
leuse"; for at the beginning of the third  
act the curtain rises on Melisande spin-  
ning with a distaff, and Pelleas is with  
her.

The music is exquisite in its refinement;  
in the refinement of its sadness. The  
third movement is the final entr'acte,  
the prelude to the death scene. It is  
funeral music—but how far removed it  
is from commonplace and formulated  
lamentation! Perhaps in its most  
forcible expression there is the sug-  
gestion of Golaud and his importunate  
questioning of the dying woman, but  
for the most part the musical thought  
is of the old and dazed Arkel, who  
looks on with wondering sadness, and  
of Melisande herself. "She must no  
longer be disturbed. The human soul  
is very silent. The human soul likes  
to depart alone. It suffers so timidly.  
But the sadness, Golaud—but the sad-  
ness of all that one sees \* \* \* She  
wishes silence now. It was a little be-  
ing, so peaceful, so timid, and so si-  
lent. It was a poor little mysterious  
being like all of us."

The music has the shadowy charm  
and the shifting and vague beauty that  
characterize Faure. The performance  
was poetic. The work is of small di-  
mensions, but it is of rare and subtle  
beauty, one of the most imaginative and  
truly musical works that have been  
heard here of late years.

Mr. Buonamici gave a very brilliant  
performance of a brilliant concerto. The  
composition itself is fresh and interest-  
ing, a most grateful work to the pianist,  
a pleasure to the hearer. It is frankly  
a virtuoso piece, but it is neither con-  
ventional nor bizarre. There is the ex-  
otic flavor of the Russian folksong in  
certain themes, and the occasional ori-  
ental delight in changing and strongly  
accentuated rhythms is most pleasing.

Mr. Buonamici's performance was  
glowing with virtuoso blood. He has  
gained in his command of rhythm, in  
his poise, and also in quality of tone.  
His brilliance is not mere glitter; his  
force is not brute strength; his speed  
is no longer enthusiastic recklessness;  
his song is emotional, very human. He  
has learned the value of tonal con-  
trasts and gradations. All in all, his  
performance was an extraordinary one,  
and he richly deserved the applause  
and the wreath.

Mozart's symphony has more than  
historical interest. While many pages  
of it are only decorative according to  
the old formula of the Italian theatre



overture, there are passages that foretell the composer of "Figaro's Marriage" and the three great symphonies. The work was played with both the appropriate vivacity and grace. Wagner's overture brought the close to a concert that gave marked enjoyment and was not too long.

## EIGHTH CONCERT AN INTERESTING ONE

*B Journal* — Dec 19 1904  
Carlo Buonamici the Soloist at Boston Symphony Orchestra's Recital.

At the eighth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra Mr. Carlo Buonamici was the soloist and the program was:

Symphony in C major, No. 34....Mozart  
Concerto in F sharp minor, No. 1  
op. 1, for piano and orchestra,  
Rachmaninoff

(First time.)  
"Pelleas and Melisande," suite  
from stage music to Maeterlinck's tragedy.....Gabriel Faure  
(First time at these concerts.)  
Overture to "The Flying Dutchman" .....Wagner

The Mozart symphony in C, a "small and early," so to say, is a charming and joyous bit of composition, suggestive of old laces and gold snuffboxes.

### Wonderfully Artistic.

Its proper habitat is, of course, not a great auditorium, but the wonderfully artistic way in which it was played, with just the proper dynamic force to conserve its antique flavor yet make it strong enough for the hall, gave it a vital tone that delighted everyone.

How Mr. Buonamici has grown in the big and telling phases of his art his handling of the Rachmaninoff concerto gave ample evidence.

### Fine Crystalline Tone.

The boyish enthusiasm has not left him; the splendid technique and fine crystalline tone are still more marked, perhaps, than several years ago. But above and beyond those great gifts to a pianist is now the lofty and virile poise of a man who is certain of himself. The authority of the keyboard is as necessary and as effective as that of the stage or the pulpit. When to it is added other gifts like those of Buonamici's you have a great pianist, and that this young adopted citizen of Boston surely is.

### Russian Romantic School.

The concerto itself is of the Russian romance school. Not of high originality—for it pays tribute to Tschalkowsky and to Borodine at least—it is poetic in atmosphere, pensive, beautiful and

glitteringly brilliant by turns, and always highly interesting. If the art of war is proving a delusion in Russia, not so its music, for from the land of the Slav are coming those things that stir and thrill the world, and the end seems by no means near.

### Unbroken Level of Gloom.

Maeterlinck's "Pelleas and Melisande" is on an almost unbroken level of gloom and dusk, and the Faure music, written for Mrs. Patrick Campbell's production of the play, is admirably in keeping. In the first movement is the haunting suggestion of night in some weird garden full of exotic madness always repressed. And in the part depicting Melisande's passing there is much beauty, but it is the beauty of a classically cold and dead face. Such music cannot be attractive when played from the concert stage, nor was that the intent of this. Heard with the drama in the theater it must be highly effective. The playing was in the characteristic refined style of the orchestra.

A brilliant performance of the "Flying Dutchman" overture ended a concert whose quality was fine and whose length was ideal.

## MUSICAL MATTERS

### Last Night's Symphony Orchestra Offerings.

### Concert of Notable Character in Symphony Hall Tonight.

### Attractive Announcements of the Week.

*Globe* — Dec 18 1904

The eighth symphony program introduced Mr Carlo Buonamici as soloist in the F minor piano concerto by the Russian composer, Rachmaninoff. The orchestral selections were the C major Mozart symphony, suite from "Pelleas and Melisande," by Gabriel Faure, and the "Flying Dutchman" overture. Mr Buonamici, who is very favorably known in Boston, is to be commended for his ability in making a somewhat uninteresting work acceptable in parts. There is little in the first movement,

either in the orchestral or solo score, that commands attention, although some cleverness is shown in the instrumentation, until the piano is given prominence in the closing cadenza. The second part is the best of the three and is mainly for the solo instrument. The finale has some of the so-called Slav characteristics, but aside from the piano part has nothing particularly original in theme or in treatment.

Mr Buonamici displayed an admirable technique, his tone was very pleasing in the cadenzas and figurations, his pedaling being thoroughly good and not clouding his finger work, and all the rapid tempos were given with a clarity and ease which showed him to be an artist of high attainments. He lacked somewhat the thundrous vigor requisite for the fortissimo finale, but in the lighter moods his work was very fine and well deserved the favor with which he was received.

Mozart's C-major symphony opened the program, and the charmingly melodic and dainty work was played with beautiful expression, delicacy and harmony of execution. It was the gem of the evening. In the Rachmaninoff concerto the orchestra did its work conscientiously, and the Wagner overture was given with the usual verve and Wagnerian vigor and suggestiveness expected under Mr Gericke's guidance. The three movements in the Faure suite each had its characteristics vividly shown. The mysterious, plaintive air of the first, the spinning melody in the second, which is so, unlike the spinning music of "The Flying Dutchman," and the somber third movement are well contrasted and enabled the orchestra to show its excellence in ensemble work in several different ways. Beautiful phrases by the horn in the first part and the whirling figures by the lighter strings in the second movement are worthy of particular commendation.

Special attention is called to the concert this week, which will be given on Thursday evening, instead of Saturday. The rehearsal will take place as usual on Friday afternoon. Mr Charles Gilbert will be the soloist. The selections will be Goldmark's "Hiawatha" overture, Tschalkowsky's "Pathetique" symphony, "Pax Triumphant," by Van de Stucken and four vocal numbers.

## MUSICAL MATTERS

### THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

*Dec 19* — PROGRAMME. 1904  
Mozart—Symphony No. 34, in C major.  
S. Rachmaninoff—Concerto for Pianoforte.  
Soloist, Mr. Carlo Buonamici.  
G. Faure—Suite: "Pelleas and Melisande."  
First time.

Wagner—Overture to "The Flying Dutchman."  
The Mozart symphony was played with much spirit, so that the finale seemed quite fiery even to ears accustomed to "1812" overtures and "Rides to Hades." Mozart himself probably never dreamed of so per-

fect a performance of any of his orchestral works. We were glad to note the cordial applause evoked by the work. The fact that brandy punch exists need not utterly abolish claret.

And the punch aforesaid came with the Rachmaninoff Concerto; a work spicy beyond belief, and brimful of technique and displays of virtuosity. It is a modern successor to Liszt's E-flat concerto, but is not as coherent even as its predecessor. It plunged into double octaves and fortissimo chords at once, and from the first measures it was evident that bravura was to rule the day. It had as many changes of tempo as a New England spring has changes of weather, yet amidst all the bizarrerie there were those melodic touches which ("for this relief, much thanks!") the Russian composers have not yet learned to disdain. Even the cadenza was thematic and tuneful, and the first movement evoked great and deserved applause.

The second movement made but a vague impression upon the reviewer, but the finale, spite of its constantly shifting tempi and rhythms, its glittering patches and spasmodic changes, had some strong climaxes, its coda being particularly impressive.

Mr. Buonamici played the work very effectively, without any mannerisms, and with manly sincerity and power. He won enthusiastic applause and a laurel wreath. He is evidently advancing rapidly in his artistic work. He was recalled many times at the close of the performance. We may add to the sketch of his life that he was for a time a pupil of Prof. Carl Baermann.

The Faure suite made a very favorable impression. Here is a Gallic composer who is not infected with the passion for ugliness! He does not score to Brobdingnagian dimensions, and is content occasionally to use melody and to introduce beauty into his work. There is a pathetic sweetness in the Prelude which might picture the discovery of the weeping girl, by the spring in the forest, the timid one who cares not for the crown that she has dropped in the water, and there is some suggestion in it of the threatening sea which Maeterlinck has woven like a thread through all the fabric of this depressing play.

The second movement pictures that spinning scene, where Melisande is using the distaff in the dark room, with Pelleas by her side, where Yniold has the first presentiment of coming evil, and where his "little mother" sings him to sleep. Something of these things we could discern in the tender oboe melody with its tema ostinata of strings.

The death scene of the finale was of most delicate sadness, more beautiful than the sketchy play itself. Possibly the music was the stronger because the Maeterlinck work is such an outline, such a series of mere impressions.

Although one can praise the originality, the melodic charm and the brevity of the



French work, it certainly paled somewhat before the "Flying Dutchman" overture. Wagner may insist upon his theories as much as he pleases, yet the "Flying Dutchman," which was composed before he mounted his hobby-horse, will live as long as "Tristan and Isolde." It contains all the essentials of what he afterwards elaborated with extreme detail; it has continuity; its poetry and music are perfectly wedded; it has dramatic power; freedom of modulation; and it has even a graphic use of "leit-motif."

If the reader cares to compare the guiding motive of the Dutchman with the chief figure of Beethoven's 9th symphony, first movement, he will find that the earlier composer made some good use of the same figure, but upside down. The overture was performed with splendid power and was, musically, the peak of the concert, even if some mountain heights were attained in each of the other works presented. It was a programme of sustained interest and of just the right length. The public should bear in mind that this week, on account of the festivities of Christmas eve, the concert precedes its own public rehearsal, and will take place on Thursday evening.

Louis C. Elson.

#### Symphony Hall: Symphony Orchestra

Saturday's was the eighth Symphony concert of the season. The soloist was Mr. Carlo Buonamici, and this was the programme: *Trans. Dec. 19, 1904*

Mozart: Symphony in C major, No. 34 (Köchel No. 338).

S. Rachmaninoff: Concerto for Pianoforte and Orchestra, in F-sharp minor, No. 1, Op. 1. (First time.)

G. Fauré: "Pelléas and Mélisande," Suite from stage music to Maeterlinck's Tragedy, Op. 80. (First time at these concerts.)

Wagner: Overture to "The Flying Dutchman."

This concert was, in every particular, one of the most attractive of the season. The programme, to begin with, was thoroughly interesting, and also cunningly contrived, with the symphony first, and, for the close, Wagner's stirring overture, which on Saturday was grandly played, romantically and brilliantly, with exquisite work from the flutes, clarinets and oboes. The orchestra's work all the evening was singularly beautiful.

Of most moment, naturally, was the suite arranged from Fauré's incidental music to Maeterlinck's "Pelléas and Mélisande," which was played for the first time at a Symphony concert, although it had already been produced at a Conservatory concert. The behavior of Bostonians at Mrs. Campbell's production of "Pelléas" prevented the music's being heard on that occasion, when it was in its most fitting place. That an audience made up of the most cultivated people in Boston could show themselves so deaf to beautiful music as was the case at Mrs. Campbell's representation is extraordinary. To make people listen attentively, the hall mark of Symphony Concert approval seems necessary.

The music of Fauré, whenever or wherever it be heard, is well worth the hearing, for

it is superlatively beautiful. And it is steeped in the spirit of Maeterlinck, all vague, queer, but peculiarly touching. Given an imaginative audience, this prelude of Fauré's must have exercised a potent charm in attuning the mind to the strange drama that was to follow. And still more fancy-pricking is the prelude to the last act, music that breathes of tragedy, not of the declaiming, breast-beating kind, but the true, silent tragedy that hurts. These few pages of adagio are very wonderful. It is to be hoped we can hear them once more, and possibly some time we may hear them in their proper place.

While overshadowed by the genius of Fauré, the rest of the concert was far from commonplace. There was a delightful Mozart symphony, brilliantly and sonorously played, which was not the less agreeable because it contained no minuet. And there was the new Rachmaninoff concerto, a sturdy work grateful to the pianist and agreeable to hear, if not of tremendous musical worth. Mr. Buonamici's lovely liquid tone in the third movement was something to hear and remember. His entire performance, in fact, was excellent, although the end was superior to the rest. It was heartily applauded.

This week's concert will be held Thursday evening, to avoid Christmas Eve. Mr. Gilbert is to sing, and this will be the programme: Goldmark, overture to "Hiawatha"; Haydn, aria from "The Seasons"; Massenet, Elegie; Tchaikowsky, Symphony No. 6, "Pathétique"; songs with pianoforte; Lalo, Aubade; D'Erlanger, "Morte"; P. Van Der Stucken, "Pax Triumphans" first time.

R. R. G.

## BUONAMICI, BOSTON PIANIST, TRIUMPHS AT SYMPHONY.

Young Artist Wins Deserved  
Plaudits of the Great Throng  
Last Night for His Playing of  
Fine Rachmaninoff Concerto

By Kent Perkins.

ICERT.

That Boston has a pianist of the first rank was demonstrated last night at the eighth Symphony Concert, when Carlo Buonamici, accompanied by the Symphony Orchestra, played Rachmaninoff's Concerto for Piano and Orchestra in F-sharp minor No. 1 Op. 1. The audience, a more than usually large and brilliant one, was quick to recognize the young artist's triumph, and gave him round after round of heartiest applause at the close of the selection, calling him out repeatedly, and the marks of approbation reached "stern" proportions, when a huge laurel wreath was borne down the centre aisle for the hero of the moment.

Mr. Buonamici richly deserved the plaudits and the wreath. His interpretation of the great young Russian composer's work was veritably superb. The first movement, the most characteristically Russian in its harmonic coloring, with the inevitable touch of barbaric fierceness suggested here and there, was played with all-sufficient power, firmness and brilliance.

There was no lack of Russian tone in the other two movements, but it was not so obtrusively evident as in the first part of the concerto. In the second division, andante cantabile, Mr. Buonamici was at his best, and he made the lyric measures of the movement, beautiful in their melodic sweetness, sing exquisitely under his delicate and sympathetic touch. The third and last movement was played with a lightness, deftness and skill that were charming in the extreme. Every note in the fastest runs and most rapidly changing intricate harmonies received its full value, and not a shade of expression was lost. The pianist throughout gave a strong impression of possessing a reserve of ability both in execution and expression that he could draw upon whenever it might become necessary. Boston should be proud of Mr. Buonamici and make much of him.

It is to be hoped, too, that more of Rachmaninoff's music may be heard at the the Symphony concerts. The programme of the evening was as follows:

Mozart, Symphony in C major, No. 34 (Köchel, No. 338).

Rachmaninoff, Concerto in F-sharp minor, for pianoforte and orchestra, op. 1.

Fauré, "Pelléas and Mélisande," suite from stage music to Maeterlinck's Tragedy, op. 80.

Wagner, Overture to "The Flying Dutchman."

The Mozart Symphony was heard with

pleasure, though its beauty was eclipsed by the richer feast that followed it.

The "Pelléas and Mélisande" suite was exquisite in its mystic, deeply pathetic and suggestive character and it was played by the orchestra in a manner that brought out its beauties to the fullest extent. It was Maeterlinck's mysticism was successfully set to music. The suite was heard in Boston when Mrs. Patrick Campbell appeared in the play in 1902.

The "Flying Dutchman" overture was given as only the Boston Symphony Orchestra can do it and was heard with pleasure.

The next concert will take place on Thursday evening of this week, Charles Gilbert being the soloist.

NY ORCHESTRA.

RICKE, Conductor.

BER 22, AT 8, P. M.

evening.

mme.

to "Hiawatha."

"The Seasons."

No. 6, "Pathétique."

PIANOFORTE.

MPHANS."

(time.)

ist:

S GILBERT.

is a Steinway.





CLAUDE CHARLES MARIE GILIBERT

*Symphony Hall.*

SEASON 1904-05.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.

**IX. CONCERT.**

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 22, AT 8, P. M.

**Programme.**

- |                  |   |
|------------------|---|
| MENDELSSOHN,     | OVERTURE to "Camacho's Wedding," op. 10.  |
| HAYDN,           | ARIA, from "The Seasons." "With eagerness the husbandman."  |
| TSCHAIKOWSKY,    | SYMPHONY No. 6, "Pathetic." in B minor, op. 74.<br>I. Adagio: Allegro non troppo.<br>II. Allegro con grazia.<br>III. Allegro molto vivace.<br>IV. Finale: Adagio lamentoso. |
|                  | SONGS with PIANOFORTE.  |
| a) D'ERLANGER,   | "MORTE."  |
| b) LALO,         | AUBADE, from "Le Roi d'Ys."   |
| VAN DER STUCKEN, | SYMPHONIC FESTIVAL PROLOGUE, "Pax Triumphans."<br>(First time.)   |

**Soloist:**

**Mr. CHARLES GILIBERT.**

The Pianoforte is a Steinway.





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| VAN DER STUCKEN,       | SYMPHONIC FESTIVAL PROLOGUE, "Pax Triumphans."<br>(First time.)   |

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## MUSIC AND DRAMA

*Trans.* Dec. 23, 1904.  
Symphony Hall: Symphony Orchestra

The ninth symphony concert was held yesterday evening in place of tomorrow evening, before the public rehearsal, in fact, to avoid taking people from their homes on Christmas Eve. The soloist was Mr. Charles Glibert, and this was the programme:

Mendelssohn: Overture to "Camacho's Wedding," Op. 10.  
Haydn: Aria, from "The Seasons," "With eagerness the husbandman."  
Tchaikovsky: Symphony No. 6, "Pathetic," in B minor, Op. 74.  
Songs with Pianoforte—  
D'Erlanger: "Morte."  
Lalo: Aubade, from "Le Roi d'Ys."  
Van der Stucken: Symphonic Festival Prologue, "Pax Triumphans." (First time.)

Tchaikovsky's poignantly expressed fear of the charnel-house fitted ill with this gay week before Christmas, when, wherever one goes, one sees only good cheer, for even people with troubles try hard at this time to conceal them. Tchaikovsky's "Pathetic" symphony, however, proved less depressing yesterday than would have been the case ten years ago. The work was heartily applauded, in particular the third movement, but the performance was in no sense an event, to be anticipated for a week, listened to in shuddering silence, and, the next day, be discussed in terms of frantic admiration. On account of its over-emphasis, perhaps, its violence, its hysteria, the emotional quality of the "Pathetic" symphony no longer makes a potent appeal to the public, or, apparently, to the orchestra. The music now can be listened to very calmly. This being the situation, the actual beauty of the score receives closer attention than a few years ago, when persons could not listen to the music for shivering. But in this symphony there is indeed much beauty, and the perfection of workmanship as well; for many a year it will be a great pleasure to heart it, provided conductors no longer expect to wring tears with it. The performance last night was unusually beautiful.

Despite the age of the symphony, its performance was an affair of greater moment than the production, for the first time, of Mr. Van Der Stucken's piece, "Pax Triumphans," a composition for very full orchestra indeed, by means of which the composer contrived to get a tremendous body of tone, the like of which never was heard before in Symphony Hall. To be plain, the work undoubtedly would sound more in place in Haymarket square on the Fourth of July than in any hall at all. It is distinctly a piece for an occasion.

Yesterday, by the way, proved an occasion for Mr. Glibert, who was not in good voice nor yet in his most musical vein. Although he made less effect than usual, therefore, the fact remains that he sang the aria from "The Seasons" better than nearly anyone else could sing it, and

in the Lalo song he came still nearer success.

There will not be another symphony concert till the last day of December. Then Mr. Joseffy will appear, and this will be the programme: Overture to "Genoveva," Schumann; concerto for pianoforte, No. 2, in B-flat major, op. 83, Brahms; "Après midi d'un Faun" (first time), Debussy; symphony in E-flat major, No. 3, "Eroica," op. 55, Beethoven.

R. R. G.

## WAS SYMPHONY FOR DYING YEAR

At Ninth Concert of Symphony Orchestra Tschaikowsky's "Pathetic" Was Played with a Grace Seldom Realized.

*Herald* Dec. 23, 1904

The ninth concert of the Symphony orchestra, Mr. Gerike conductor, was given in Symphony Hall last evening. The programme was as follows:  
Overture to "Camacho's Wedding,"

Mendelssohn  
Aria from "The Seasons".....Haydn  
Symphony No. 6, "Pathetic"....Tschalkowsky  
Songs with piano—  
a. Aubade from "Le Roi d'Ys".....Lalo  
b. "Morte".....d'Erlanger  
Symphonic festival prologue, "Pax Triumphans".....Van der Stucken  
(First time.)

Tschalkowsky's "Pathetic" symphony is music for a dying year. As a work of purely musical art some may, with good reason, prefer the fifth of the same composer, but the emotional contents of the fifth are not so poignant, so tear-compelling. Indeed, the modernity of emotion is so striking in the "Pathetic" that many prophesied the speedy disappearance of the symphony from the repertory, and some intimated knowingly that the composer would soon share the fate of Raff.

But the "Pathetic" symphony is full of the thought of death and the grave, and men and women in all ages have been curious about death. They have said with Branchiano in Webster's tragedy of Italian horror: "On pain of death let no man name death to me; it is a word infinitely terrible;" they have mourned with Moschus the fate of those "unheard of in hollow earth," who sleep "a right long and boundless slumber from which none are aroused;" they may ask with Job: "Man dieth and wasteth away; yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?" or they may speak bravely after the manner of Henry and Walt Whitman—it matters not; there are few who are not curious about the secret of secrets.

And it may be said that supreme funeral music, or music that is shot



through and through with the thought of the tomb, does not easily disappear or in the passing of the centuries seem commonplace or out of fashion. The "Dead March" in "Saul" preserves the name of Handel's oratorio, although he used this march in other ways. The horn call of Charon still chills the blood of the hearer of "Alceste"; Mozart's "Don Giovanni" is a "gay opera," according to the title page of the autograph score, but the music of the Statue is tragic today and it will be tragic as long as there is death.

The basic emotion of the "Pathetic" is, then, universal and lasting.

Last night the performance of this familiar work, which is now 11 years old, deepened the impression made at previous hearings, although the performance was not always sustained at a highly emotional pitch. We should have liked, for instance, a less formal reading of the third movement, more animation and greater force—a force akin to frenzy—in the march. So, too, there might have been wildness in the lamentation, shuddering despair, agony unrelieved by glimmer of hope. On the other hand, there was much that was beautiful and impressive in the first movement, and the second movement was performed with a grace indicated by the composer but seldom realized in the concert hall.

Mr. Van der Stucken's "Pax Triumphans" was played here for the first time. It was composed for a special occasion, for a meeting of a Saengerbund in Brooklyn, and it was composed with a view to broad and popular effects. The scheme of its construction, its fresco character, reminds one of a Flemish out-of-door work, and the composition would undoubtedly be more effective in a great hall crowded with enthusiasts eager to join in the final choral than it was last night in Symphony Hall with the statues of ancient gods, goddesses and bards looking down in wonder. There are broad and stirring passages side by side with those that are trivial or commonplace; there are pages where episodes are too loosely connected; there is one passage that last night brought to mind the tales told of Jullien's "Fireman's Quadrille."

Mendelssohn's overture has been little played here. Although it now seems little more than a curtain-raiser, it is eminently Mendelssohnian with all the earmarks and mannerisms.

Mr. Glibert made much of Haydn's air of the husbandman, but he was heard to still greater advantage in the song by the Baron d'Erlanger and in the charming aubade from Lalo's opera. His exquisite singing of the latter song will long be remembered. It was a triumph of vocal artistry.

## SYMPHONY CONCERT.

*Globe* Dec 23/1914  
M Glibert, the Celebrated Baritone,  
Soloist of the Evening—"Pathetic"  
Symphony Splendidly Performed.

The Symphony program last evening introduced the French baritone, M Glibert, as soloist; the festival prologue, "Pax Triumphans," by Van der Stucken, was played for the first time at these concerts, and the remaining selections were Mendelssohn's overture, "Camacho's Wedding" and Tchaikowsky's "Pathetic" symphony, the latter proving to be the chief orchestral feature

of the evening by reason of its magnificent interpretation. M Glibert has established himself firmly in public favor by the uniform ability he displays in all his vocal work. His voice appears to be less susceptible to climatic influences, and last evening he sang with as much finesse and beauty of tone as at any of his previous appearances in Boston this season.

He is so thoroughly artistic and sympathetic and sings with such ease and finish that it is always a pleasure to listen to him. The aria from Haydn's oratorio, "The Seasons," was delivered with splendid verve and expression, investing the simple harmony with all its pastoral significance. Very tender was his interpretation of d'Erlanger's musical setting of Borelli's "Morte" and equally satisfactory, though in a different vein was the "serenade" from Lalo's opera, "Le Rold 'Ys." The three songs were skillfully contrasted in sentiment and again displayed the masterly abilities of this popular baritone. M Glibert's reception was very demonstrative and at the close of the Lalo number he was recalled many times to the stage. Mr Zach played the piano accompaniments with his usual good judgment.

The great symphony by Tchaikowsky was given in a manner to win hearty applause for Mr Gericke after each of the four movements. The fierceness of the different moods was vividly expressed, the entrancing dance rhythms of the second part were sung with admirable precision and buoyancy by the strings; the grim, intermittent suggestions of a tragedy were vividly shown in the peculiar drum part; in the third movement the brasses and wood winds harmonized perfectly in their combined work, and the finale, with its funereal atmosphere, showed ensemble playing as near perfection as one can reasonably expect to hear.

The "Camacho's Wedding" is a pretty, vivacious tone poem, which was played in the proper spirit. Mr Van der Stucken's festival prologue presents musical contrasts representing "lamentation," "march," "force," "despair," "peace," and closing with a choral. In short, it is a picture of war and peace in conflict, with peace the victor. The orchestration is elaborate and very, very vigorous at times and employs about all instruments of percussion known to orchestras of today. The different "points" of the composition were given with due effect, and the piece was played with the proper regard to the directions in the score, but it has no special claim to be considered more than program music of the so-called "popular" class, brilliant, strenuous and full of fortissimo passages which keep the heavier contingents of the band pretty busy.

The regular Friday afternoon performance will take place today. Next week Mr Joseffy will be the soloist, playing Brahms's second concerto for piano. The orchestral numbers will be Schumann's overture, "Genoveva," Debussy's "Apres midi d'un Faune," and Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony.

## MUSICAL MATTERS

### THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

*Adv* PROGRAMME. Dec 23/14  
Mendelssohn. Overture, "Camacho's Wedding."  
Haydn. Aria from "The Seasons."  
Mr. Chas. Glibert.

Tchaikowsky. Symphony No. 6, "Pathetique."  
Songs with piano.  
Mr. Glibert.

F. Van Der Stucken. Orchestral Prologue.  
"Pax Triumphans."

To have one's symphony concert on Thursday seemed as strange as if the Bostonian received his beans and brown bread on a Saturday afternoon! But the usual audience was present and a performance of more than usual interest was given. Rubin Goldmark's "Hiawatha" overture had been announced to begin the concert, but this was changed into the overture to Mendelssohn's operatic fiasco. The overture to "Camacho's Wedding" is the best part of the juvenile work.

In the overture-form the young Mendelssohn was quite at ease,—in the dramatic power of opera he was much at sea. The overture of the Cervantian subject is bright and dainty (the opera itself being prosy and artificial), but it does not attain the perfection that Mendelssohn had achieved at about the same epoch (his 18th year) in the "Midsummer-night's Dream" overture, which is certainly the greatest orchestral success ever won by a boy.

The performance was sprightly and dashing, even a trifle rough, and won applause, but we venture to hope that the work of Rubin Goldmark, certainly one of the most promising of the younger composers in America (born in New York in 1872) will soon come to its hearing.

M. Glibert is one of the most satisfying artists of the concert platform. He has his noble voice under the most perfect control, and can give the most massive breadth or the most delicate "nuance" with equal ease. His Haydn number was Simon's air—"With eagerness the husbandman,"—and it sounded very strange in French. It was well sung, and yet something was lacking,—possibly the quaint, archaic, old English flavor. But the long roulades at "Il germe en son sein" were perfect. There was not absolute unity between orchestra and singer.

Considering that the symphony of the concert pictured death, it was rather lugubrious to follow it with a song entitled "Morte," by d'Erlanger, and even in the next number, an Aubade by Lalo, the singer threatened death if his sweetheart did not come to him soon. These songs, with Mr. Zach at the piano, Mr. Glibert sang in his very best vein; in the first there was sorrow, in the second piquancy, and in both that exquisite taste and fitness which is the great charm of this vocalist's work.

He was recalled over and over again, and we wish he might have added a song

like Adams' "Noel," in honor of the season.

The performance of the symphony was something absolutely great. Never have we heard Mr. Gericke and the orchestra to better advantage. We wonder what is to be the verdict of posterity upon Tchaikowsky's "Pathetic Symphony"! The present writer has heard it many times and can bear testimony that it is not growing threadbare in his case. Very true it does not attain the lofty atmosphere of Strauss' "Death and Transfiguration"; admitted that its philosophy is of a much more nervous and complaining type than the German's great metaphysical suggestion; yet its melodic charm, its fine orchestration, its impressive end, ought always to make it a conspicuous number of the modern repertoire.

Its picture of happiness at the first, and its tender memories of this in the moment of dissolution; its presentation of military glory conquering against all opposition, and the graphic struggle of themes in the third movement; its remarkable achievement of an attractive 5-4 rhythm (it is really 2-4 and 3-4 in alternation) in the second movement; its effective use of deep wood-wind effects in the first and last movements and its impressive trombone chords in the finale; its intense employment of an irregular rhythm of triplets in the finale and its vivid picture of the cessation of the heart-beats at the close,—all these are strong touches even if the feminine, or even at times effeminate, character of this Chopin of the orchestra, pales before the powerful masculinity of the great German composer.

It is a grateful work for the conductor and for the orchestra, and, as already stated, Mr. Gericke and his men were alive to all their opportunities; every orchestral "coup" was made with surety and decision.

The 5-4 rhythm, strongly impressed upon the auditor by the incessant kettle-drum strokes, was especially successful, but every movement had its points of excellence. Mr. Gericke was recalled after the first, third, and last movements, the enthusiasm at the close being very marked.

The concert closed with one of the greatest of American compositions,—and a magnificent performance of it!

If Mr. Van Der Stucken celebrates triumphant peace with so much vigor, we cannot imagine what he would do with explosive war! This great American composer always paints on a large canvas; he is a master of the great modern orchestra and he works up his climaxes with a breadth that is certainly exciting.

Naturally he calls for an array of instruments that rivals Berlioz in his most ambitious moments. In this work, which was written for a Brooklyn Saengerfest in 1900, all the unusual instruments appear; bass clarinet, English horn, piccolo, contra-bassoon, gong, bells, etc., etc., and finally a chorus (absent on this occasion) and organ. Trumpets at a distance, struggles between guiding-motives, and many other devices are in evidence.



The guiding motives are very graphic and well employed. In fine contrast are the savage "brute force" figure and the tender melody which typifies "Longing for Peace," and the chief struggle is between these two themes; but still more prominent is the figure, of 9 notes, which ushers in the "Célébration of Peace," and this is ingeniously varied and led to a climax. The March of the combatants, the Plaint of suffering Humanity, the motive of Despair, are all earnest and picturesque details of the work.

But finally the great climax, the apotheosis of it all, comes with an outburst of Thanksgiving, with the grand old chorale theme,—"Nun danket alle Gott"—

"Let all give thanks to God,  
Hands, heart and voice upraising.  
His great deeds celebrate  
With gratitude and praising."

Even without the chorus this lofty theme with the organ and full orchestra made a most majestic ending to a very powerful work. It was well to give this composition with America's greatest orchestra, and it was gratifying to think that there is in the west so thorough a master of the complexities of modern scoring.

It is quite possible that many did not understand the complex work at a single hearing, but, instead of slighting it on this account, they ought to hear it again. It is distinctly a greater work than the composer's "Ratcliffe" and, spite of an occasional Wagnerian resemblance, is original.

The muted trumpets blew their part nobly and, considering the great difficulties, the whole performance was one that proved the mastery of Mr. Gericke over thorny scores.

It may go even better at the performance this afternoon, for, while the concert took place last night, the public "rehearsal" of it takes place today—which is strange but true!

Louis C. Elson.

## SEMI-NOVELTY WORTH HEARING

Mendelssohn's "Camacho" Overture  
Reintroduced by Symphony Or-  
chestra After Period of 17 Years.

A PATHETIQUE SYMPHONY

Most Profound and Significant Pure-  
ly Orchestral Work for the  
Last 50 Years.

Out of respect for the evening made notable by the advent of Santa Claus, the Symphony concert this week was given last night, instead of Saturday. The program was:  
Overture to "Camacho's Wedding," op. 10 ..... Mendelssohn  
Aria, from "The Seasons," "With Eagerness the Husbandman" ..... Haydn  
Symphony No. 6, "Pathetic," in B minor, op. 74 ..... Tschalkowsky  
Songs with pianoforte .....  
"Morte," d'Erlanger; Aubade, from "Le Roi d'Ys," Lalo.  
Symphonic Festival Prologue, "Pax Triumphantum" ..... Van der Stucken  
(First time.)

### Semi-Novelty Introduced.

The "Camacho" overture, one of the least familiar of all Mendelssohn's works, had not been played at these concerts for seventeen years, and it is interesting to conjecture the thought that impelled Mr. Gericke to drag it forth from the library again.

However, it is worth hearing as a semi-novelty, a sort of musical curiosity—although it is conventional in form and thoroughly genteel and polished in its ideas. It may be called an eminently respectable trifle, yet remarkable for a boy of sixteen.

### Pathetique Symphony.

Not so the magnificent "Pathetique" symphony, the most profound and significant purely orchestral work for the last fifty years. An eminent reviewer of Boston called it "sewer music" at the first hearing, but he afterward amply recanted. It is, to be sure, full of the horror of the ultimate destiny of man, but even in its gloom it thrills and fascinates. Tschalkowsky's strange nature here has its full outlet, and here, too, his musical genius is in most splendid flower. The performance was masterly in its technical skill, and more impetuous and fiery than any Mr. Gericke has given of this particular work.

Still, the reserve that he insists upon spreading over the symphony was sometimes in evidence. Nevertheless, it made a great effect, and was warmly applauded.

### Curious Mixture.

Mr. Van der Stucken's "Pax Triumphantum" is a curious mixture of commonplace bombast, nobility of thought and deafening noise. A theme of true beauty will be succeeded by one that a popular song composer might have written.

The struggle between "brutal force" and "longing for peace" is often a blur of meaningless sounds, while the finale of bells, gong, organ, bass drum and cymbals suggests a fire rather than an

both of peace. However, the work has its merits, and under certain conditions it may doubtless be effective.

### Gilbert's Singing.

Mr. Gilbert's singing was of the highest order of artistry. Never has the jovial old Haydn air in praise of the whistling farmer been more delightfully given in this city, while his two songs with pianoforte accompaniment were models in every sense.

1904-05.

## BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.

### X. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, AT 8, P. M.

### Programme.

SCHUMANN,	OVERTURE to "Genoveva."
BRAHMS,	CONCERTO for PIANOFORTE, No. 2, in B flat major, op. 83.
DEBUSSY,	"Après midi d'un Faun." (First time.)
BEETHOVEN,	SYMPHONY in E flat major, No. 3, "Eroica." op. 55

### Soloist:

Mr. RAFAEL JOSEFFY.

The Pianoforte is a Steinway.



The guiding-motives are very graphic and well employed. In fine contrast are the savage "brute force" figure and the tender melody which typifies "Longing for Peace," and the chief struggle is between these two themes; but still more prominent is the figure, of 9 notes, which ushers in the "Celebration of Peace," and this is ingeniously varied and led to a climax. The March of the combatants, the Plaint of suffering Humanity, the motive of Despair, are all earnest and picturesque details of the work.

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B Journal Dec 23 1904

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Songs with pianoforte .....  
"Morte," d'Erlanger; Aubade, from "Le Roi d'Ys," Lalo.  
Symphonic Festival Prologue, "Pax Triumphant" ..... Van der Stucken  
(First time.)

### Semi-Novelty Introduced.

The "Camacho" overture, one of the least familiar of all Mendelssohn's works, had not been played at these concerts for seventeen years, and it is interesting to conjecture the thought that impelled Mr. Gericke to drag it forth from the library again.

However, it is worth hearing as a semi-novelty, a sort of musical curiosity—although it is conventional in form and thoroughly genteel and polished in its ideas. It may be called an eminently respectable trifle, yet remarkable for a boy of sixteen.

### Pathetique Symphony.

Not so the magnificent "Pathetique" symphony, the most profound and significant purely orchestral work for the last fifty years. An eminent reviewer of Boston called it "sewer music" at the first hearing, but he afterward amply recanted. It is, to be sure, full of the horror of the ultimate destiny of man, but even in its gloom it thrills and fascinates. Tchaikowsky's strange nature here has its full outlet, and here, too, his musical genius is in most splendid flower. The performance was masterly in its technical skill, and more impetuous and fiery than any Mr. Gericke has given of this particular work.

Still, the reserve that he insists upon spreading over the symphony was sometimes in evidence. Nevertheless, it made a great effect, and was warmly applauded.

### Curious Mixture.

Mr. Van der Stucken's "Pax Triumphant" is a curious mixture of commonplace bombast, nobility of thought and deafening noise. A theme of true beauty will be succeeded by one that a popular song composer might have written.

The struggle between "brutal force" and "longing for peace" is often a blur of meaningless sounds, while the finale of bells, gong, organ, bass drum and cymbals suggests a fire rather than an

"apotheosis of peace." However, the work has its merits, and under certain conditions it may doubtless be effective.

### Gilibert's Singing.

Mr. Gilibert's singing was of the highest order of artistry. Never has the jovial old Haydn air in praise of the whistling farmer been more delightfully given in this city, while his two songs with pianoforte accompaniment were models in every sense.

1904-05.

## BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.

### X. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, AT 8, P. M.

### Programme.

SCHUMANN,	OVERTURE to "Genoveva."
BRAHMS,	CONCERTO for PIANOFORTE, No. 2, in B flat major, op. 83.
DEBUSSY,	"Apres midi d'un Faun." (First time.)
BEETHOVEN,	SYMPHONY in E flat major, No. 3, "Eroica." op. 55

### Soloist:

Mr. RAFAEL JOSEFFY.

The Pianoforte is a Steinway.





RAFAEL JOSEFFY.

*Symphony Hall.*

SEASON 1904-05.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.

**X. CONCERT.**

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, AT 8, P. M.

**Programme.**

SCHUMANN,

OVERTURE to "Genoveva." op. 81.

BRAHMS,

CONCERTO for PIANOFORTE, in B flat major, No. 2,  
op. 83.

- I. Allegro non troppo.
- II. Allegro appassionato.
- III. Andante.
- IV. Allegretto grazioso.

DEBUSSY,

PRELUDE to Stephanie Mallarmé's Ellogue, "The  
Afternoon of a Faun."  
(First time at these concerts.)

BEETHOVEN,

SYMPHONY in C minor, No. 5, op. 67.

- I. Allegro con brio.
- II. Andante con moto.
- III. Allegro: Trio.
- IV. Allegro.

**Soloist:**

**Mr. RAFAEL JOSEFFY.**

The Pianoforte is a Steinway.



# Symphony Hall: Boston Symphony Orchestra Jan. 2, 1905

At the tenth symphony concert, given last Saturday evening, Mr. Rafael Joseffy was the soloist, and this was the programme:

Schumann: Overture to "Genoveva," Op. 81.  
 Brahms: Concerto for Pianoforte, in B-flat major, No. 2, Op. 3.  
 Debussy: Prelude to *Stephanie Mallarmé's* Ellogue, "The Afternoon of a Faun."  
 (First time at these concerts.)  
 Beethoven: Symphony in C minor, No. 5, Op. 67.

The concert gained distinction chiefly from the production of Debussy's prelude "The Afternoon of a Faun," which composition, incidentally, had been played twice before in Boston, once by the Orchestral Club, under Mr. Longy, and once by Mr. Lang, at a Chickering Production Concert. As everyone knows by this time, the piece undertakes to reproduce musically the impressions aroused by Mallarmé's extraordinary poem of the same name, a strange work in which probably few persons can discover so much as did Mr. Edmund Gosse. Since the meaning, if there be a meaning, of this singular poem is obscure, it will be quite as well, in listening to the Debussy prelude, to forget the poem and listen solely to the music as music. With each hearing it sounds more beautiful, with a queer, shimmering, glittering beauty all its own. It makes one dream—of what, it would be hard to tell. But a listener does dream, filled with a sense of being in the presence of something beautiful, where analysis of harmonic structure and of instrumentation would be out of place. One can merely listen and enjoy. It is only to be hoped that the experience may soon be offered concertgoers again, for it is not every day that one can hear music of such strange fascination so exquisitely played.

After the prelude, a composition that no musician would at present be likely to call "great," it was interesting to listen to a work that for nearly a century has held its own for grandeur unsurpassed, the C-minor symphony of Beethoven. At the risk of being rudely pounced upon for an impudent upstart, one listener is inclined to venture the opinion that this symphony, long held as lofty, is growing old much faster than the less pretentious symphonies of Beethoven, such as the seventh and the eighth. In all times, it would seem, the reputation of the fifth symphony has rested more on its deep emotional content than on its musical beauties, remarkable as these may be. But it is emotionalism in music that ages, while musical beauty never grows old. Be this as it may, in any case the superb performance of the first two movements of the symphony in C minor aroused on Saturday but perfunctory applause, whereas the first movement of the eighth symphony, at its last production, was greeted with enthusiasm. It is all very curious; what is to become of one's standards if Beethoven's fifth symphony will not stand the test of all time?

Possibly Debussy's "Faun" prelude, which concerns itself chiefly with beauty and sonority, may live the longer.

A second feature of Saturday's concert was Mr. Joseffy's playing of the Brahms B-flat concerto, disappointing as it was to one who for years has been told of his glorious performance of the piece in 1896. Truth to tell, it is difficult to conceive of any pianist making an overwhelming effect with the Brahms concerto, a work that combines all the bad qualities his enemies attribute to Brahms. And yet Mr. Joseffy played very beautifully indeed, with wonderfully sweet tone, and with exquisite phrasing. The last two movements were far superior to the first two, and at the end Mr. Joseffy received much applause. The entire concert was one of splendid playing from the orchestra.

There will be a concert this coming Saturday evening, at which Miss Muriel Foster will sing. The programme is to be as follows: Vincent d'Indy, Symphony No. 2, in B-flat major (first time); Schubert, Song, "Die Allmacht;" Brahms, Waltzes (orchestrated by W. Gericke); Songs with Orchestra; Dvorak, Overture, "Carneval."

R. R. G.

## A Word for the Fifth Symphony

To the Editor of the Transcript:

So much has been said by the various critics of the daily papers in regard to the antiquity of Beethoven's "Fifth Symphony" which had such a glorious performance at last Saturday's concert, that a humble layman would like to raise his voice in protest against such condemnation. After all, a critic speaks but his own opinion, and surely there are hundreds in an audience of today who would no more think of assigning a work of such immortal beauty as this symphony to a side shelf than they would think of denouncing a noble and beautiful character as old-fashioned and out of place in the rushing life of today.

"What is good is permanent," in art as well as in human life, and we must never cease to be grateful for the true and the beautiful in whatever form it comes to us. We need only to point to the spontaneous enthusiasm with which the audience greeted the performance on Saturday to feel sure that this is fortunately still true. One word must be added in praise of the magnificent performance by the orchestra—it could not have been better in any way and will linger long in the memory when other trivial sounds have passed into oblivion.

Jan. 5, 1905. A GRATEFUL LISTENER

## SYMPHONY TICKET

End seat on aisle GG for FRIDAY AFTER-NOON concert. For information, telephone 811-3 Cambridge. (A)

## Symphony Rehearsals

H 24 & 25, near centre aisle; \$25 for one, \$45 for both. E. F. K., Boston Transcript. (A):



# TENTH SYMPHONY CONCERT GIVEN

Debussy's Prelude to Stephane  
Mallarme's "Afternoon of a  
Faun" Played for First Time  
by the Famous Orchestra.

## JOSEFFY NOT SEEN IN HIS BEST FORM

In Brahms' Concerto He Showed  
a Lack of Breadth, Color and Re-  
serve Force—First Movement  
Monotonous and Spineless.

Herald — Jan. 1, 1905

The programme of the 10th Symphony concert, Mr. Gericke conductor, given last night in Symphony Hall, was as follows:

Overture to "Genoveva".....Schumann  
Piano concerto in B-flat major, No. 2.....Brahms  
(Mr. Joseffy, pianist.)  
Prelude to "The Afternoon of a Faun"  
(Eloque by S. Mallarme).....Debussy  
(First time at these concerts.)  
Symphony in C minor, No. 5.....Beethoven

The name of Claude Debussy appeared last night for the first time on a Symphony programme, yet this prelude to Mallarme's poem and Debussy's "Nocturnes" have been played here in other concerts, and the performance of the prelude last evening was the third in this city. The first was at a subscription concert of the Orchestral Club in 1902; the second was at a Chickering production concert early in 1904.

Mallarme's poem is cryptic even to Frenchmen who are in sympathy with the symbolists. His aim, as Mr. Gosse puts it, was "to use words in such harmonious combinations as will suggest to the reader a mood or a condition which is not mentioned in the text, but is nevertheless paramount in the poet's mind at the moment of composition." The words serve then as a help to mind reading. The faun awakens and tries to recall his delightful experience of the previous afternoon. Did gracious nymphs visit him? The experience is now unsubstantial, vague. Perhaps he dreamed it all. Then in a dream he can again know joy. A didactic poet of a former century would have entitled these verses "Pleasures of Memory," or "Pleasures of Hope," or "Pleasures of

### Anticipation.

Debussy has been finely characterized by his colleague, Bruneau, as the "very exceptional, very singular, very solitary Claude Debussy." He is attracted by that which is extraordinary, out of the way, and his hatred of the commonplace is malignant. He is by no means a poseur, by no means a precieux. He is as sincere in his use of peculiar scales, harmonies, progressions, as was Mendelssohn in his genteel formulas of the highest orthodoxy. He hears and feels and expresses music in his own way. He shuns the harmonically agreeing crowd as he does the mob of loungers on the boulevard. Never did a composer shut himself up more resolutely in his ivory tower than Debussy dreaming musical dreams of Baudelaire, Verlaine, Maeterlinck, or Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

This prelude was composed in 1892, and it was his first purely orchestral work. The opening and unaccompanied flute melody, the chief theme of the prelude, reminds one a little of the chant of the priestess in "Aida." Perhaps one of the nymphs, having heard it in Egypt, but not wholly sure of the intervals, sang it to the faun, who tried in turn to pipe it. There is a middle section of the work that has a passing flavor of Massenet, but as a whole the music is of singular originality, both in thought and in expression. The very fact that Debussy entitled the composition a prelude shows that he did not attempt the vain task of supplying an interlinear musical translation of the poem. The music is frankly a prelude in dream-pastoral manner to create a mood in sympathy with that of the poet. The success of such impressionistic music depends largely on the poetical or generally imaginative sensitiveness of the hearer. The hearer must meet the composer half way, and he must also be in sympathy with that which inspired the musical impression, whether it be a landscape, a dream, a drama or a lyric. To him that sees in music only a rigidly formulated science this prelude must be a stumbling block, as the operas of Monteverde, the music of Bach, many of the works of Beethoven, Schumann, Chopin, Wagner were to their respective and respectable and scholarly contemporaries.

This prelude is delicious music, not merely because it is out of the common in vein of thought and in the technic of expression, but because it is highly imaginative and ineffably beautiful. Mr. Gericke is to be thanked for bringing the prelude before such a large audience. There was much that was exquisite in the performance, but the ending was marred by the poor playing of the antique cymbals. In this instance the smaller the cymbals the harder the task, apparently, to the timid and unrhythmical players.

Mr. Joseffy's performance of Brahms' concerto was generally colorless, weak and ineffective. Only in the finale was this accomplished pianist heard to his advantage. When he played the same concerto here early in 1896 he gave a memorable performance. Last night the first movement, so far as the piano was concerned, was monotonous and spineless. The second movement, the allegro appassionato, was passionless. In these two movements there was neither breadth, fire nor nobility, and there was an absence of the distinguishing Josefian qualities that have formerly enabled this pianist to work his spell at will, even when the concerto was of a heroic rather than a purely lyric char-

acter. Nor was there in the andante the consciousness of reserve force that must be behind sentiment and delicacy. In the finale the pianist was more like unto the Joseffy of old. It may be said that this concerto of Brahms is practically a symphony for orchestra and piano, and not a virtuoso concerto. This is true, but even then the piano in its solo passages should be righteously assertive not shy, ill at ease, inexpressive. Mr. Joseffy was heartily welcomed and applauded.

The overture to "Genoveva," which was played with both finesse and spirit, brings to the mind the thought of how many operas now live only by their overtures. Schumann's opera was practically stillborn, and the heroine of Brabant is known on the lyric stage only as burlesqued by Offenbach and his librettist. But Offenbach had keen stage instinct, and Schumann was purely lyrical even in a trying dramatic situation.

It was, perhaps, time for a performance of Beethoven's symphony. Such great works should be performed only at stated intervals. As Hauptmann said in substance, dwellers near mountain peaks become too familiar with them. If "The Messiah" were not to be performed again for, say, six years, the work might seem a masterpiece to even those who find little in oratorio as a form of musical art.

## JOSEFFY'S WORK AT TENTH SYMPHONY

Plays Brahms' Concerto With Skill,  
Finish and Taste.

B Journal — Jan. 2, 1905

For the tenth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra the soloist was Mr. Rafael Joseffy, and the program was:

Overture to "Genoveva," opus 81....Schumann  
Concerto for pianoforte, in B-flat major,  
No. 2.....Brahms  
Prelude to Stephane Mallarme's ellogue,  
"The Afternoon of a Faun" (first time  
at these concerts).....Debussy  
Symphony in C minor, No. 5, opus 67  
Beethoven

Mr. Joseffy played with great skill, with that finish and taste for which he has ever been marked, and he made the concerto as vital and appealing as any pianist could.

The strange Debussy's music to the weird Mallarme's poetic enigma, "The Afternoon of a Faun," is surely not at all incomprehensible. If one has the least imagination, and knows anything whatsoever of the poem, this exquisite bit of tonal fancy will be as an open book.

It is the acme of fantastic expression, the most perfect piece of imaginative writing heard in many a day. And it was played with a poetic tenderness and charm, as well as an absolute elegance of tone, that left no thought that it could be bettered. Its few brief moments are long to be remembered.

Mr. Gericke read the magnificent Fifth Symphony with more unbending, more toleration of power than he has ever before shown in this particular work.

The noble slow movement made a deep impression, and the whole symphony was eloquent and fine.

## MUSICAL MATTERS

### THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Adv. PROGRAMME Jan 2, 1905  
Schumann, Overture to "Genoveva".....  
Brahms, Concerto for Pianoforte, No. 2, in  
B flat major, op. 83.  
Rafael Joseffy, pianist.  
Debussy, "Apres midi d'un Faun,".....  
(First time.)  
Beethoven, Symphony in C minor, No. 5.....

Schumann's "Genoveva" is not the strongest of his overtures, although it is much the strongest part of the opera, in fact the only part that has survived. It is almost amusing to note this gentle composer aiming at dramatic touches that would have required a Wagner. But the work is at least comprehensible and it is melodic, and Keats has said—"Heard melodies are sweet." It is in the demoniacal parts of "Genoveva" that our Florestan fails somewhat. Nevertheless there is a sufficient climax to indicate that Virtue finally triumphs, always a comfortable thing to know. The horns might have played more smoothly; possibly those horns picture the dilemma of the unhappy heroine.

The Brahms piano concerto in B-flat is a veritable symphony; not merely because it has an extra movement, thus bringing it up to symphonic length, but because it is in its essence an orchestral work, and because its tremendous difficulties are never in the line of mere solo display. For once the great Joseffy erred on the side of reserve. Concert-goers may remember that this pianist first came to America as a meteor. He could play more notes in a given time than anybody else; he could do tricks of virtuosity that were not rivalled until Rosenthal came—much later. Then he disappeared for a long time; he lived quietly in Tarrytown, he taught splendidly in New York, but he avoided the concert platform.

When he came back to public life he was as changed as Rip Van Winkle, although not as decrepit. He had become a great musician, a man who thought first of the ensemble and last of himself, an artist to whom the success of a great work was worth more than a personal triumph.

But on this occasion the matter of self-abnegation was pushed too far! He played with a Dresden China tone that was fragile in the extreme. Possibly if the pianist and orchestra had been in Potter Hall, with a select few as audience, this might have been effective, yet even then it would not have pictured the sturdiness of Brahms; in any case it was a mistake to plant musical violets in Symphony Hall.

For all this the work was the greatest (in spite of the C-minor symphony) upon the programme, and it had some glorious moments. Mr. Gericke attended to his part of the ensemble with his usual perfect musicianship, and balanced his forces well against the extreme delicacy of the soloist.



The second movement was clear as crystal and the abstrusity, with which the work is charged, vanished. The andante was the most perfect performance of this romantic movement that we can recall. Here the whisperings of the soloist were quite in place, and one cannot exaggerate the beauty of the violoncello solo; this movement was the finest point of the whole concert.

But the first and last movements of the concerto were disappointing because of the defect mentioned above. In any case the work is a "Crux" for the public; it is so prolix, so subtle in its development, that it will never be a composition to conjure with.

Poor Debussy, sandwiched in between Brahms and Beethoven, seemed weaker than usual. We have now heard this "Afternoon of the Faun" 3 times, and can understand its beauties of orchestration, its delicate pastoral effects, its charming moments of meditation. Nor are we of those who, because there have been musical Miltons and Shakespeares, would deny the right of a tonal Keats to exist. But we cannot feel that all this extreme ecstasy is natural; it seems forced and hysterical; it is musical absinthe; there are moments when the suffering Faun seems to need a veterinary surgeon. Yet the work was much applauded and the conductor bowed his thanks.

Beethoven's "Heroic Symphony" had been announced, but was changed into the C-minor. It was a wise change, for after such a deep work as the Brahms Piano Concerto, it would have been a task to listen to so long a symphony as that in E-flat. We were not altogether delighted with the interpretation. The opening figure was roughly given. Von Bulow's plan, to count an extra measure before the attack, has its merits here. That rising sequence in the basses against the subordinate theme of the first movement might be made much bolder.

In some points there was overshadowing. We are out of sympathy with the over-editing and the excessive shading of Beethoven; with him, of all composers, a straightforward, masculine style is best.

But we must chronicle the splendid work of the contrabasses. We have never heard their difficult work in the scherzo (and the variation in the slow movement, too) go so smoothly and clearly. The concert therefore had its faults, but it had also points of exceptional merit and beauty.

Louis C. Elson.

## MUSICAL MATTERS

Joseffy Soloist With Symphony Orchestra.

### First Tucker Chamber Concert in Chickering Hall Today.

#### Other Recitals of the Week —Personal Gossip.

Globe Jan. 11, 1905

The program for the 10th symphony rehearsal and concert had for an orchestral novelty Debussy's prelude, "The Afternoon of a Faun," played for the first time at these concerts. The celebrated pianist, Rafael Joseffy, was the soloist in the Brahms B-flat major concerto. Schumann's overture to "Genoveva" and Beethoven's C minor symphony filled out the program. Brahms' concerto may not give unalloyed pleasure to all concert patrons, and much of the first and second parts may be rather precise in form and monotonous, but the third and fourth movements are so full of brilliant moments for the solo instrument, and are so light and cheery in character, that the earlier impressions are almost obliterated by the musical distinction of the last two divisions. Mr Joseffy's art is so sincere and scholarly, and his sympathy with the sentiment and spirit of Brahms is so manifest, that the compelling charm of his interpretation was warmly recognized and met with enthusiastic approval.

The simplicity of the first movement and the more fiery phrases of the second were each skilfully set forth by this master of the keyboard. The elaborate figurations and passages associated with the cello were given with beautiful effect and without any attempt at a display of technique to bring the piano into undue prominence. The brilliant and graceful finale was performed in a manner which brought out all the varied beauties of the work by his masterful mingling of tonal coloring, clearness of phrasing and delicacy of the cantabile measures. He was recalled many times at the close of his performance.

Schumann's "Genoveva" overture calls for no special notice, its interpretation being up to the usual standard of playing by the orchestra. The Debussy prelude, based upon the "supposed soliloquy of a faun resting from the sultry midday heat in the shade of a thick wood," is a peculiar musical inspiration, comprising four themes of a languorous nature, the principal one being five notes of the chromatic scale. It is clearly a fantastic bit of writing and not very interesting, except as an oddity. The somewhat disjointed work gave excellent opportunities to show the melodious tonality of the woodwinds in the orchestra, but aside from that invites no particular comment. The performance of the Beethoven symphony was superb, especially in the

andante movement, and proves the most satisfactory number on the program.

Miss Muriel Foster, the soloist this week, will be heard in Schubert's "Die Allonacht" and other vocal selections. The orchestra will play Vincent d'Indy's second symphony for the first time at these concerts, waltzes by Brahms orchestrated by Mr Gericke, and the "Carneval" overture by Dvorak.

### RAFAEL JOSEFFY PLAYS; D'INDY SYMPHONY HEARD

Widely Contrasting Music at the Boston Orchestra's Concert.

#### BRAHMS CONCERTO ON PIANO

Frenchman's Composition Shows Wonderful Harmonic Jugglery, but it Bears No Particular Message.

Wilhelm Gericke and his always precise and punctual Boston Symphony Orchestra came to town last night with two interesting things on their programme. Rafael Joseffy, one of the world's great pianists, was down for Brahms's concerto in B flat major, No. 2, opus 83, and Vincent d'Indy's symphony of similar number and tonality had a first hearing in this city. As might have been expected, the audience in Carnegie Hall was large and many a Joseffy enthusiast was on the spot. But whether the D'Indy number, one of the most extravagant pieces of tone-painting heard in this city, had exerted any special attraction may be doubted.

D'Indy is not unknown in New York. His "Foret Enchantée," an earlier work, is fresh in the memory. This Frenchman, who does not hesitate at the most ear-puzzling dissonances, has, like all modern composers, an astonishing command of orchestral techniques and is not only an expert contrapuntist, but also extremely proficient in devising strange and haunting harmonies. Could they be considered separately from the musical matter they are supposed to clothe, they would inspire much admiration. Unfortunately, however, the musical ideas within the scintillating masses of effects are almost nil, and where they amount to something are borrowed from other composers—Wagner and Liszt in particular.

#### REMARKABLE TONAL FABRIC.

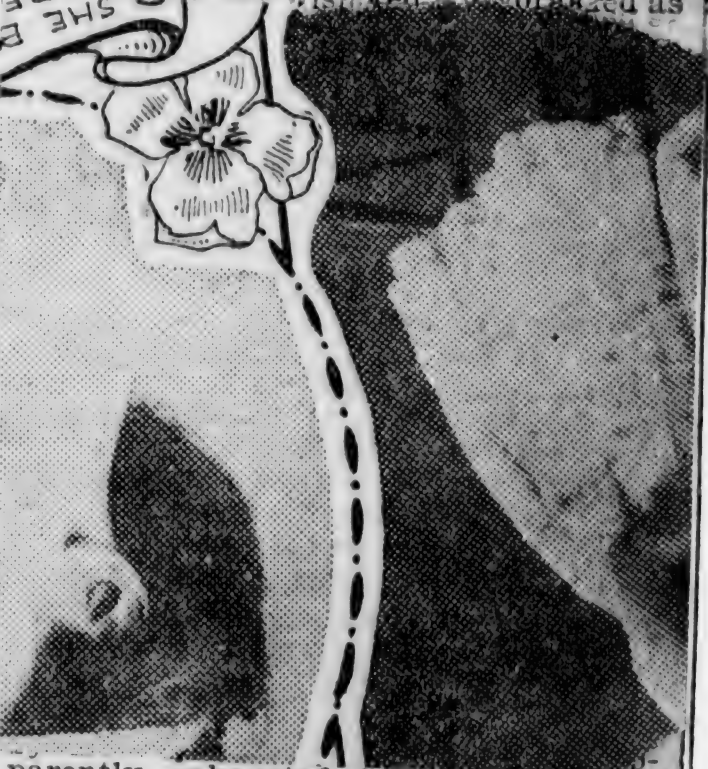
The symphony in B flat major, the author says, is not "programme music." But does the mere absence of a title make a tone-poem a symphony in the conventional sense? If D'Indy's second "symphony" is not "programme music," neither is Strauss's

"Domestica." There is not the slightest doubt this score is a remarkable tonal fabric, containing much beautiful and effective writing, hard as it is to penetrate its mazes on a first hearing. Yet it cannot be considered an important addition to musical literature. What lasting art work can mere cerebral energy and cleverness produce when there is no true message to convey to the world? D'Indy is a technical wizard and can juggle with harmonic colors with the utmost ease and often with superficially impressive results, but if there is originality of treatment and workmanship in his latest symphonic effort it is without melodic inspiration.

At the hands of the Boston Symphony Orchestra this extraordinary composition received wholly admirable treatment. Mr. Gericke not only exposed its puzzling intricacies with astonishing clearness, but worked up dramatic climaxes with far more vigor and enthusiasm than is generally his wont.

Brahms's second concerto is not one of the master's most inspired works; but certainly it could have had a more enlivening interpretation than Joseffy gave it. The pianist never rose above a mezza-forte. He actually whispered the music—this champion featherweight technician. As for heart impulse, some persons say they have discovered it in Joseffy's playing recently, but his performance last night was cold and colorless.

Instead of Schumann's "Genoveva" overture Schubert's Funeral March, orchestrated by Liszt, was offered in memory of Theodore Thomas. Perhaps some in the audience had failed to notice the slip of paper inserted in the programmes which advertised the change. At any rate the



Apparently exhausted him. We beseech him to forswear Johannes and his music. We entreat him to go back to his old favorites, Chopin and Liszt. Chopin is the one, the supreme writer for the piano, and if Mr. Joseffy still wishes to astonish, there is the elegance, there is the bravura of Liszt, and we should much prefer to hear from this pianist a Hungarian rhapsody by Liszt, the true thing, than any distorted recollection of Hungary by Brahms. Sar Peladan is not always a wholesome companion for a young man, but it was he that likened the Muse of Brahms to a gypsy woman trying to dance when tightly corseted.



The second movement was clear as crystal and the abstrusity, with which the work is charged, vanished. The andante was the most perfect performance of this romantic movement that we can recall. Here the whisperings of the soloist were quite in place, and one cannot exaggerate the beauty of the violoncello solo; this movement was the finest point of the whole concert.

But the first and last movements of the concerto were disappointing because of the defect mentioned above. In any case the work is a "Crux" for the public; it is so prolix, so subtle in its development, that it will never be a composition to conjure with.

Poor Debussy, sandwiched in between Brahms and Beethoven, seemed weaker than usual. We have now heard this "Afternoon of the Faun" 3 times, and can understand its beauties of orchestration, its delicate pastoral effects, its charming moments of meditation. Nor are we of those who, because there have been musical Miltons and Shakespeares, would deny the right of a tonal Keats to exist. But we cannot feel that all this extreme ecstasy is natural; it seems forced and hysterical; it is musical absinthe; there are moments when the suffering Faun seems to need a veterinary surgeon. Yet the work was much applauded and the conductor bowed his thanks.

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In some points there was overshadowing. We are out of sympathy with the over-editing and the excessive shading of Beethoven; with him, of all composers, a straightforward, masculine style is best.

But we must chronicle the splendid work of the contrabasses. We have never heard their difficult work in the scherzo (and the variation in the slow movement, too) go so smoothly and clearly. The concert therefore had its faults, but it had also points of exceptional merit and beauty.

Louis C. Elson.

## MUSICAL MATTERS

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#### Other Recitals of the Week — Personal Gossip.

Globe Jan. 11, 1905

The program for the 10th symphony rehearsal and concert had for an orchestral novelty Debussy's prelude, "The Afternoon of a Faun," played for the first time at these concerts. The celebrated pianist, Rafael Joseffy, was the soloist in the Brahms B-flat major concerto. Schumann's overture to "Genoveva" and Beethoven's C minor symphony filled out the program. Brahms' concerto may not give unalloyed pleasure to all concert patrons, and much of the first and second parts may be rather precise in form and monotonous, but the third and fourth movements are so full of brilliant moments for the solo instrument, and are so light and cheery in character, that the earlier impressions are almost obliterated by the musical distinction of the last two divisions. Mr Joseffy's art is so sincere and scholarly, and his sympathy with the sentiment and spirit of Brahms is so manifest, that the compelling charm of his interpretation was warmly recognized and met with enthusiastic approval.

The simplicity of the first movement and the more fiery phrases of the second were each skilfully set forth by this master of the keyboard. The elaborate figurations and passages associated with the cello were given with beautiful effect and without any attempt at a display of technique to bring the piano into undue prominence. The brilliant and graceful finale was performed in a manner which brought out all the varied beauties of the work by his masterful mingling of tonal coloring, clearness of phrasing and delicacy of the cantabile measures. He was recalled many times at the close of his performance.

Schumann's "Genoveva" overture calls for no special notice, its interpretation being up to the usual standard of playing by the orchestra. The Debussy prelude, based upon the "supposed soliloquy of a faun resting from the sultry midday heat in the shade of a thick wood," is a peculiar musical inspiration, comprising four themes of a languorous nature, the principal one being five notes of the chromatic scale. It is clearly a fantastic bit of writing and not very interesting, except as an oddity. The somewhat disjointed work gave excellent opportunities to show the melodious tonality of the woodwinds in the orchestra, but aside from that invites no particular comment. The performance of the Beethoven symphony was superb, especially in the

andante movement, and proves the most satisfactory number on the program.

Miss Muriel Foster, the soloist this week, will be heard in Schubert's "Die Allonacht" and other vocal selections. The orchestra will play Vincent d'Indy's second symphony for the first time at these concerts, waltzes by Brahms orchestrated by Mr Gericke, and the "Carneval" overture by Dvorak.

### RAFAEL JOSEFFY PLAYS; D'INDY SYMPHONY HEARD

Widely Contrasting Music at the Boston Orchestra's Concert.

#### BRAHMS CONCERTO ON PIANO

Frenchman's Composition Shows Wonderful Harmonic Jugglery, but it Bears No Particular Message.

Wilhelm Gericke and his always precise and punctual Boston Symphony Orchestra came to town last night with two interesting things on their programme. Rafael Joseffy, one of the world's great pianists, was down for Brahms's concerto in B flat major, No. 2, opus 83, and Vincent d'Indy's symphony of similar number and tonality had a first hearing in this city. As might have been expected, the audience in Carnegie Hall was large and many a Joseffy enthusiast was on the spot. But whether the D'Indy number, one of the most extravagant pieces of tone-painting heard in this city, had exerted any special attraction may be doubted.

D'Indy is not unknown in New York. His "Foret Enchantée," an earlier work, is fresh in the memory. This Frenchman, who does not hesitate at the most ear-puzzling dissonances, has, like all modern composers, an astonishing command of orchestral techniques and is not only an expert contrapuntist, but also extremely proficient in devising strange and haunting harmonies. Could they be considered separately from the musical matter they are supposed to clothe, they would inspire much admiration. Unfortunately, however, the musical ideas within the scintillating masses of effects are almost nil, and where they amount to something are borrowed from other composers—Wagner and Liszt in particular.

#### REMARKABLE TONAL FABRIC.

The symphony in B flat major, the author says, is not "programme music." But does the mere absence of a title make a tone-poem a symphony in the conventional sense? If D'Indy's second "symphony" is not "programme music," neither is Strauss's

"Domestica." There is not the slightest doubt this score is a remarkable tonal fabric, containing much beautiful and effective writing, hard as it is to penetrate its mazes on a first hearing. Yet it cannot be considered an important addition to musical literature. What lasting art work can mere cerebral energy and cleverness produce when there is no true message to convey to the world? D'Indy is a technical wizard and can juggle with harmonic colors with the utmost ease and often with superficially impressive results, but if there is originality of treatment and workmanship about

Herald Jan. 8, 1905  
The Two Joseffys.

Mr. Joseffy's performance of Brahms' second concerto at the 10th Symphony concert was a severe disappointment to many friends and admirers. It seemed as though the vitality had gone from his fingers. His tone did not carry; it was feeble. His delicacy of touch was always famous; it distinguished him; but this delicacy gave one the idea of reserve force behind it.

In former years Mr. Joseffy was conspicuous among pianists by supreme elegance in interpretation and, also by his wooing and caressing touch. Some who delight in thunder and guns used to sneer at his refined sentiment and musical discretion. Perhaps he was tired of hearing this foolish reproach. Whatever the reason, he turned toward one Johannes Brahms and began to practice diligently his piano music. This music of Brahms was the antipodes of all that had made Joseffy celebrated. But the pianist wished to be regarded as an eminently "serious" person.

We are not given to associate a man like Joseffy with Brahms, whose music needs a massive and concrete player. We like to think of a Brahms player as one of stern and rugged features, with a heavy hand, with bushy whiskers in which the birds of the air might build their nests and be at home. It is true that Mr. Arthur Whiting, who has devoted his life with an earnestness almost pathetic to spreading the piano gospel of Johannes Brahms, has a smooth face, but we are all the more inclined to put our trust in plenty of whiskers. The face of the Brahms player should be granitic. An Indian caught young and trained to this music would be an ideal player of the more solid works of the holy Johannes, and in the more passionate moments he could use tomahawk instead of fingers on the keyboard with refreshing and reassuring effect.

Mr. Joseffy, by a tour de force some years ago almost succeeded in turning this second concerto into a thing of beauty by the quality of his tone and by his rhythmic dash. The effort apparently exhausted him. We beseech him to forswear Johannes and his music. We entreat him to go back to his old favorites, Chopin and Liszt. Chopin is the one, the supreme writer for the piano, and if Mr. Joseffy still wishes to astonish, there is the elegance, there is the bravura of Liszt, and we should much prefer to hear from this pianist a Hungarian rhapsody by Liszt, the true thing, than any distorted recollection of Hungary by Brahms. Sar Peladan is not always a wholesome companion for a young man, but it was he that likened the Muse of Brahms to a gypsy woman trying to dance when tightly corseted.





## Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1904-05.

# BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

WILHELM GERICHKE, Conductor.

## XI. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 7, AT 8, P. M.

### Programme.

1 Schubert  
3 VINCENT D'INDY,

*Funeral March*  
SYMPHONY in B flat major, No. 2, op. 57.  
I. Extrêmement lent: Très vif.  
II. Modérément lent.  
III. Modéré: Très animé.  
IV. Introduction, fugue et finale.  
(First time.)

2 BRUCH,

PENELOPE'S LAMENT, from "Odysseus," op. 41.

~~BRAHMS,~~

~~WALTZES, op. 39.~~

~~(Scored for orchestra by W. GERICHKE.)~~

4 ELGAR,

"SEA PICTURES." Three Songs from a cycle of five for CONTRALTO and ORCHESTRA, op. 37.

5 DVOŘÁK,

OVERTURE, "Carnival," op. 92.

As a tribute to the memory of THEODORE THOMAS, the Orchestra will play the Schubert Funeral March.

Soloist:

Miss MURIEL FOSTER.

There will be no Public Rehearsal and Concert next week.





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## 11TH SYMPHONY CONCERT

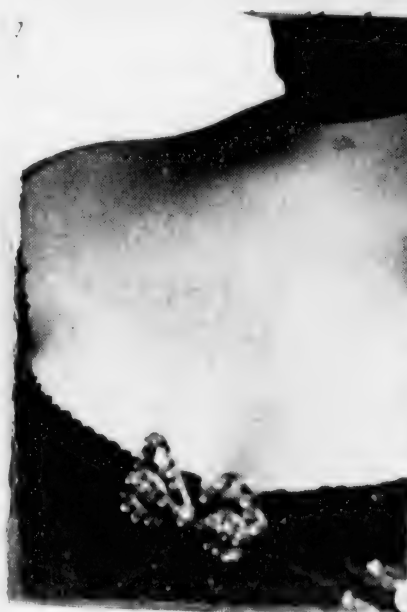
Miss Muriel Foster, the English contralto, was the soloist at the Symphony concert last evening. As a tribute to the memory of Theodore Thomas, Schubert's Funeral March was played as the first number of the programme. This necessitated a change in the order of the numbers, and the Brahms waltzes were omitted. The programme as finally given was as follows:

Funeral March ..... Schubert  
Penelope's Lament from "Odysseus" ..... Bruch  
Symphony No. 2 in B flat ..... D'Indy  
Three songs from "Sea Pictures" ..... Elgar  
"Carnival" overture, op. 92 ..... Dvorak

The symphony by D'Indy is new to Boston. It is in the regulation four movements, but is free in form and constructed melodically on what is known as the whole tone scale. This makes the work as to tonality very vague and unsatisfactory to ears that are accustomed to works founded on the usual scale, or even the chromatic twelve half-note scale used by Wagner largely in his operatic scores.

D'Indy has done many clever things as a composer, and some of his works heard here are of great interest and withal pleasing. But on a first hearing, his symphony given last evening gives little meaning. There is much elaboration and ingenious instrumentation. It would to many suggest a "guessing" piece to determine what it was all about. It was finely played, but made little impression on the audience, for it could not understand it.

Post Jan 8



One of the Beauties

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D'Indy

Miss MURIEL FOSTER was born at Sunderland, England, November 22, 1877. She is a great-niece of the late Birket Foster, the artist. She became a pupil of the Royal College of Music, London, in 1896. Her first professional engagement was on November 6 of that year, at Bradford, in Sir Hubert Parry's "King Saul." She won several prizes at the Royal College as a pupil of Anna Williams, and she studied the organ and the piano at the same institution. In 1900 she had her first Festival engagement (at Worcester); in 1901 she was with Albani's concert company in Canada; and in 1902 she sang in Elgar's "Dream of Gerontius" at the Lower Rhine Festival, Düsseldorf. She has sung at Berlin, Cologne, Frankfort, Dresden, and at other German cities, and in Holland and Russia.

She first visited the United States early in 1904, and her first appearance in Boston was at an Arbos Quartet Concert, March 28, when she sang Fontenailles' "Pensée d'Autrefois," Bizet's "Berceuse," and Brahms's "O wüsst ich doch," "Dort in den Weiden," and "Willst du, dass ich geh?" At a Symphony Concert, April 2, 1904, she sang the aria, "Che farò senza Eurydice," from "Orfeo," Dvořák's "Gute Nacht," Rachmaninoff's "Von Jenseits," R. Strauss's "Muttertändelei."

## Symphony Hall: Symphony Orchestra

In memory of Theodore Thomas, the eleventh symphony concert was prefaced with the Funeral March of Schubert, which Liszt scored for orchestra. While a more worthy tribute to the great musician would have been the Eröica symphony, it may be that there was too little time to prepare it suitably, and the march was indeed played impressively, with deep feeling on the part of all concerned. It was the greater pity, therefore, that many of the audience so far forgot themselves as to applaud the performance.

The programme of the concert was considerably changed, on account of the sad necessity for funeral music. Directly after it Miss Muriel Foster sang Penelope's Lament from the "Odysseus" of Bruch, and then came the first performance in Boston of D'Indy's second symphony, in B-flat, op. 57. The Brahms waltzes being omitted, Miss Foster next sang three of Elgar's "Sea Pictures," and the concert was ended with Dvorak's "Carnival" overture.

Interest, of course, centred chiefly on the new symphony by d'Indy. Many works by this famous composer having been received in Boston with enthusiasm, notably the symphony for orchestra and pianoforte, this new symphony was looked forward to with keen pleasure. But the hearing of it proved a burden to nearly everybody. And after this single hearing the wiser part would undoubtedly be to say nothing about the composition, the apparent ugliness of which is only dazing. We have already seen that Vincent d'Indy is a man of tremendous individuality, with a musical personality that is forbidding, austere, without patience for the pretty trifles, the tender nothings that go so far toward making life agreeable. But with all its characteristics of harsh roughness, the music of d'Indy has possessed a potent charm, a fascination not unlike that exercised by vast sweeps of naked sand dunes, or by pine forests in winter, or yet again by breezy country uplands in the chill days of spring—a compelling fascination, if dreary and without touch of human kindness.

This new symphony seems remote and inhuman, like the most of what d'Indy has written, but, at least at first, it casts no spell over listeners. Two contrasting themes, we are told, form the basis of the work, themes which scarcely anyone would recognize at all, so undefined are they, so vague. And these two themes are manipulated through four very long movements, in which the composer, according to his wont, has been at slight pains to secure sonority of orchestration. Many pages, in truth, sound needlessly, uncouthly discordant, to be followed, on the other hand, by passages of amazing beauty. Staggered as a listener might be by the symphony, he could not fail to recognize the beauty of the first movement's close, the charm of the opening pages of the third movement, and the grandeur of the ending of the symphony. Mr. Gericke deserves warm thanks for giving us a hearing of this work, which it would be scandal for us not to have heard in Boston,

but, in very truth, one performance of such a composition is of little avail. In justice to concert-goers, the symphony should be played again within a week or two. In justice to a composer of the power of Vincent d'Indy, also, his admirers should not be allowed to retain the idea, if the idea can be dispelled by further acquaintance, that his latest work is less a thing of beauty than of ugliness.

Miss Foster, the soloist of the concert, displayed a contralto voice of wonderfully beautiful quality, velvety and smooth. Unfortunately Miss Foster has not learned to use this splendid organ well, nor is she a singer of fine musical or rhetorical intelligence. She was most successful in the third Sea Picture, "The Swimmer." If a contralto were wanted to sing at a symphony concert there are several singers in Boston far more artistic than Miss Foster.

This week there will be no orchestral concert. Next week there will be two soloists, Mr. Adamowski and Mr. Gebhard. This will be the programme: Haydn, Symphony No. 2, in G major, "Oxford;" Wieniawski, Concerto for Violin, No. 2; Converse, Two Poems for Orchestra and Pianoforte; Wagner, Centennial March.

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The "Symphony" is melodically built on the whole-note scale system, over which just now the French composers, also Charles Martin Loeffler and Homer Norris have gone dotty, and are working the scheme to the limit. It is a case of abuse, not the use, for a succession of whole tones can often be employed with effect if done judiciously and wisely. D'Indy has done many excellent things, but in this symphony he was everywhere and nowhere. When he has something to say, as Peter Tschaikowsky had, then look for something that will be understood and well written, but the trouble in this latest thing of his is, he wrote notes without the something to say to the world. D'Indy should try again and be himself. Dec 14, 1905

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The news of the death of Theodore Thomas changed the programme that had been announced. The Funeral March of Schubert, written, we believe, in memory of Alexander I. of Russia, and orchestrated by Liszt, was played as a tribute to the great conductor. The waltzes by Brahms, which Mr. Gericke has orchestrated, were omitted, and the order of the remaining pieces was somewhat changed. Some thought that a nobler dead march might have been chosen, but there was no time for thorough rehearsal, and the march that was last played in memory of Gov. Wolcott was heard last night. Either some in the audience took it to be the first movement of the symphony, or the habit of showing pleasure by the clapping of the hands is such a confirmed one that applause followed the tribute, at which an intelligent visiting foreigner might have justly wondered.

The symphony by d'Indy was produced in Paris Feb. 28, 1904. The first performance in America was a week ago last night in Philadelphia by the orchestra of that city.

There is probably no dispute concerning the great technical skill of Vincent d'Indy as master of harmony, counterpoint and orchestration. Technical skill, however, is not all; it must be supplemented by emotion or imagination if the work is to make its way, if it is to be enduring. This symphony is a remarkable example of constructive skill.

Two themes are presented at the beginning; they are developed separately or together throughout the work; they are opposed to each; they war violently against each other; themes of lesser importance are derived from them; at the end of the finale one of them conquers and in the peroration soars triumphantly above the defeated and fettered rival. In this lies the dramatic action of a symphony that is without a programme.

The symphony undoubtedly bored many beyond endurance; it perplexed sincere admirers of the d'Indy known to them by his preceding works; it gave unalloyed pleasure to very few, if any; yet the symphony is beyond doubt and peradventure a work of uncommon strength and importance; it contains pages of marvellous beauty; there are deep musical thoughts, there are intensely dramatic passages; the peroration is one of the most striking and the noblest to be found in purely symphonic works.

But d'Indy has little by little shaped a most peculiar idiom of expression. He is not a born melodist in the common acceptance of the word. His emotion is cerebral rather than sensuous. His loftiness is as the austere peaks and the rarified air of the mountain chain that has been so dear to him from boyhood. His dislike of the commonplace has led him, perhaps unconsciously, perhaps deliberately, to the avoidance of anything that would be immediately accepted by the average audience as beautiful. His melodic thought is seldom a flowing line, and in its angularity there is none of the piquancy that distinguishes an unconventional melody by Chabrier. He occupies today a pontifical position in Paris, and he is constantly pontifical in this symphony.

He has shaped for his use an idiom that is a blend of strange and, at first hearing, unnecessary dissonances, of progressions without apparent logic either in the continuity or in the contrast, of unexpected or irritating orchestral effects, of abrupt, jolting rhythms. This idiom is often used, and when he lapses into even what might be called the

vernacular or the ultra-modern French school it is only for a moment, and he suddenly resumes his idiom as one who blushes on account of a solecism.

A most serious work in such an idiom is played before an unprepared audience, an audience of hearers who are unacquainted with the score, who have not been able to hear rehearsals, who do not see the themes expressed in notation in the programme book. No wonder that a musical argument in this peculiar idiom seems to some the jargon of a distracted composer of talent, to others vain babbling. If an author is cryptic in his style, the words on the printed page have at least some meaning. The musician's idiom is in sounds, and there is no specific meaning in the sounds when the musical sentence is not understood. It is the custom in Paris to present essentially the same programme at two successive concerts. Here a work difficult to perform and not easy for the hearer to grasp is produced at a concert and it is then neglected for two, three or a half-dozen years. The labor of preparation seems to be lost. The hearer, with or without technical knowledge, dismisses the work with a sneer, with faint praise, or with the commonplace: "I didn't like it. It may be great music, but I know what I like."

In spite of its often forbidding character, in spite of what now seem to be wilful extravagances in obscurity and debauches in austerity, there is much in the symphony that leads one who remembers the steady development of taste and the changing forms of musical expression to recognize the inherent grandeur and the lofty beauty of page after page. It is not a work to be discussed jauntily while smoking a cigarette or waiting on the corner for a street car.

Let us remember that the scherzo in Beethoven's fifth symphony was mocked by some of his contemporaries, that even such a composer as Weber could not understand Beethoven's idiom in works that now seem to us simple and transparent. There was a time in this country, and not so many years ago, when the prelude to "Lohengrin" was considered revolutionary music.

Mr. Gericke deserves the warmest praise for the courage, the intelligence, the grasp and the comprehension shown in his reading of the symphony. There were a few times when the orchestra did not respond to his wishes, but the performance as a whole was impressive and brilliant.

When Miss Foster sang here about a year ago she had just recovered from a long indisposition, and her vocal failings were excused. Last night she was apparently at her best. She has a superb voice; she is a striking apparition on the stage. It is the more, then, to be regretted that she has not mastered the elementary principles of the art of song.

The programme for the concerts of Jan. 20, 21 will include Haydn's "Oxford" symphony; two poems for piano and orchestra by Converse; Wagner's "Centennial March." Mr. T. Adamowski will play Wieniawski's violin concerto No. 2.

## MUSICAL MATTERS

### THE SYMPHONY CONCERT,

Programme, Jan 9 1905  
Schubert.....Funeral March  
(In memory of Theodore Thomas.)  
Bruch...Penelope's Lament. From "Odysseus."  
Soloist, Miss Muriel Foster.  
Vincent d'Indy...Symphony in B-flat, No. 2, Op. 57.  
Elgar...Sea-pictures, For Voice and Orchestra  
Miss Foster.  
Dvorak.....Overture, "Carnival," Op. 92.

It is but proper that every orchestra in the United States should pay tribute to the memory of Theodore Thomas, for no man, living or dead, has done as much to advance the orchestral music of America. We should have preferred the loftier Funeral March from the "Heroic Symphony" as a more fitting tribute, for Thomas was a warrior, an earnest pioneer, such as Beethoven portrays in his great work. Many of the audience misapprehended the purport of this first number and loudly applauded it! This was about as fitting as it would be to applaud the clergyman's remarks at the funeral!

We notice that Nikisch, from abroad, suggests Mr. Paur as the successor of Thomas. This would be an excellent idea were Mr. Paur attainable; but his contract in Pittsburg extends for some years yet. Mr. Gericke, of course, belongs to Boston. Far more feasible would it be to bring over Felix Weingartner as a new factor in American orchestral music. There is, besides this orchestral master, another most thorough and progressive musician who is perfectly fitted for the Chicago position—Mr. Fritz Scheel of Philadelphia.

This conductor, although he has been in America but a short time, has already won his spurs and proved his right to the highest orchestral position. He is not too conservative, an essential point with an orchestral conductor of the present. But this is parenthetical; to return to our concert:—

Miss Muriel Foster has some rich and velvety tones in her voice, but the utter wretchedness of her vocal method is apparent in every broad number that she undertakes to sing. We can only express astonishment at her trans-Atlantic reputation. Her interpretation of the Lament was vehement but not broad; many of her outbursts of grief, like Macbeth's "amen," stuck in her throat. But the dramatic number at least prevented the melodious Funeral March from burying d'Indy.

d'Indy's symphony (???) was so utterly shocking to us that we hesitate to express our frank opinion. It is evident that harmony books are now mere waste paper, that there are no more rules, that there is to be an 11th commandment for the composer—"Thou shalt avoid all beauty!" There is certainly no further use of a key-signature in some of this modern music. There is a constant endeavor to bring forth some hitherto unknown scale, especially one that shall consist altogether of major seconds, of

whole tones.

We know very well that there are many scales that produce fine results yet are not recognized by our limited key-system; the pentatonic, the hexachordal, the Dorian, the Byzantine, the Hungarian minor, the "modo Lidico" which Beethoven used, the old Church modes—one would think that there is enough scope for originality in some of these, but no! the ultra-modern seeks something more hideous, more cacophonous.

We may at once concede ingenuity to d'Indy. If we could study this work over and over, in time we should see design and subtle plan, and the labyrinth would take on some proportion; but it would still be a subtlety that proceeded altogether from the head and not in the remotest degree from the heart; and it would not be that chaste intellectuality that is in Bach, nor the glorious interweaving that appeals to the mind from the works of Brahms. When the riddle is solved, when the skein is disentangled, the plodding investigator will not have discovered anything to grow enthusiastic over.

That we may not appear to be only "advocatus diaboli" in this hideous matter, let us speak of every good point that we could discover. There was a remarkable continuity of figure development, and the figures employed were generally so vitriolic that they burned themselves easily into the mind. There were short moments of melody, as the harp theme of the second movement, the flute melody in the same, the viola bit in the third movement; we imagine, however, that these by themselves would not sound extraordinary, but that they merely become attractive by the extreme ugliness of their context. The fugal exposition of the finale shows skill and occasionally the musician's feet touched solid ground in the course of this last movement.

But at the end of all this searching for merit one feels like begging this modern horde of invaders of the realm of music to at least spare the symphony! Let the torrent of misapplied Wagnerism invent its own form or shapelessness, but, since Brahms has so recently proved to the world that classic form is not a mere musical mummy but a beautiful and living thing, let the iconoclasts refrain from distorting that! After the infliction one must thank Mr. Gericke for the earnest and careful manner in which he carried through a task in which we are certain he could have found no pleasure. It was modest of him, also, to omit his own arrangement of the Brahms' Waltzes in order to make room for the Funeral March.

The Sea Pictures, by Elgar, were very beautiful and graphic. The orchestral accompaniment was very effective and proved this composer a most fluent writer; but his works sound anything but English.

Dvorak's fiery "Carnival" ended the concert festively but noisily. Here one found plenty of melody and plenty of spirit too. Just a suspicion of Wagner, and the "Tannhauser overture," occasionally, but brilliant from the very first measures. The orchestra played it with so much dash that we suspect that they liked it.

Louis C. Elson.



# SYMPHONY PLAYERS PAY TRIBUTE TO THOMAS' MEMORY.

*Post-American Jan 8, 1905*  
Schubert's Funeral March Is  
Giver. at Eleventh Concert,  
Out of Respect to the Memory  
of the Dead Orchestra Leader

MISS MURIEL FOSTER  
CHARMS WITH SONGS

By Kent Perkins.

In memory of Theodore Thomas, a great wreath of laurel with a bow of purple ribbon hung on the front of the organ at the rear of the platform in Symphony Hall last night at the eleventh concert of this season. The Symphony Orchestra, as a tribute to Mr. Thomas's memory, played with intense and deep feeling Schubert's Funeral March. So beautifully was this masterly musical thanatopsis performed that a large portion of the audience, forgetful of the occasion, applauded. Mr. Gericke paid no attention to this.

The rest of the programme was as follows:

Bruch...Penelope's Lament, from "Odysseus," op. 41  
Vincent d'Indy,  
Symphony in B flat major, No. 2, op. 57.  
Elgar,  
"Sea Pictures." Three songs from a cycle of five for contralto and orchestra, op. 37.  
Dvorak.....Overture, "Carnival," op. 92

The special features of the concert were the remarkably beautiful singing of Miss Muriel Foster, contralto, and the D'Indy symphony, which had its first performance by the Symphony Orchestra. Miss Foster sang the "Penelope Lament" with finely appropriate dramatic force and intensity of expression. Her voice showed ample power, richness and beauty of tone, a pleasing method and unusually effective sympathy. In the "Sea Pictures" she had a wider range of feeling to portray than in the "Penelope," and she made excellent use of these opportunities.

That the audience was extremely well pleased with Miss Foster's voice and her use of it was shown by the hearty applause showered upon her.

The D'Indy Symphony was played with marvelous skill by the orchestra, but it was coldly received and no wonder, for one could not help being puzzled to know why it was performed at all. The pamphlet of the concert said the work had "no program of any sort," which was a self-evident fact. It was a confused jumble of incoherent and inconsequential themes,

a hash of broken melodies and a hodge-podge of chopped-up harmonies.

It is said of D'Indy that "in painting he prefers the masters of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and he confesses frankly that he experiences a greater and more artistic stimulus in the presence of Assyrian art than in that of the art known to Pericles." Without doubt! And this symphony should be placed in some secluded museum alongside the Assyrian bas-reliefs of impossible horses and lions with wings and slab-sided kings with stovepipe tiaras on their heads. It would then be in harmonious environment, which it lacked in the presence of the Greek statues of Symphony Hall.

Dvorak's "Carnival" overture was played with spirit and appreciation that brought out its multitude of charming beauties.

The next concert, the twelfth, will take place on January 21, Timothee Adamowski being the soloist.

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# MUSICAL MATTERS

Muriel Foster Soloist at  
Symphony Concert.

Recitals by Mme Sembrich,  
Fritz Kreisler and Others.

Busy Week in Store for  
Music Lovers.

*Globe Jan 8 1905*

The English contralto, Miss Muriel Foster, was the soloist at the Symphony concerts last week, singing Penelope's Lament, from Bruch's "Odysseus," and three songs, "In Haven," "Where Corals Lie" and "The Swimmer," from Edward Elgar's "Sea Pictures." As a tribute to the memory of the late Theodore Thomas, the orchestra played the "Funeral March" by Schubert, instead of the Brahms' waltzes, as originally announced, and at the rear of the stage was placed a handsome laurel wreath decorated with purple ribbons as a mark of respect to the great conductor, whose name will ever be associated with the development of orchestral music in this country. The other selections were D'Indy's B-flat major symphony given for the first time here, and the "Carnival" overture by Dvorak.

Miss Foster, who made a very favorable impression at concerts here last season, sang the Bruch except with excellent dramatic expression, although her voice is hardly big enough to make the tragic lament thoroughly impressive. She was more satisfactory in the lighter group by Elgar, which were given with beautiful tonal coloring and warmth. The second aria, "Where Corals Lie," calls for special praise, the combination of her rich, melodious voice with a singularly effective orchestral accompaniment making the number one of great melodic beauty. The singer was received with many expressions of favor by her auditors.

The Schubert "Funeral March" was given magnificently, the circumstances attending its addition to the program probably affecting both players and audience and making the work specially impressive. The Dvorak "Carnival"

overture went well, the different Slav characteristics and varying pictures of mirth, passion, love and pastoral joys being shown with the usual skill by Mr Gericke's men.

The symphony by D'Indy shows the work of a musical scientist who knows the orchestra thoroughly and takes daring liberties in progressions, cross harmonies and modulations and juggles chromatics, ascending and descending, in a way to grieve the ear of the average concert attendant. It is so full of "musical surprises" that there is little continuity of theme in any one of the four movements. But the skill shown in orchestration is wonderful. In the more sane moods of the composer he has given some exquisite measures in the first part to the clarinets and flutes; a brilliant motif in the second part to the smaller strings, and also a dainty scherzo in staccato for the lighter woodwinds, and near the close of the third movement a series of resonant measures for the strings and brasses. But the main part of this movement is chaotic, so too, is the last movement, which contains broad fortissimo effects of a deafening character. The work of the orchestra was admirable in its precision and following of Mr Gericke's baton and the performance was interesting as a whole, but a single hearing does not enable one to grasp clearly all the subtleties of the stupendous work.

The orchestra will be away from Boston this week. Mr T. Adamowski will be soloist Jan 20 and 21, playing the second Wieniawski violin concerto. The other selection will be Haydn's "Oxford" symphony. Mr Converse's two poems for orchestra and piano, Mr Gebhard playing the piano part, and Wagner's "Centennial" march.

## TRIBUTE PAID TO THEODORE THOMAS

*Journal Jan 9 1905*  
At the Symphony concert on Saturday night tribute was paid to the late Theodore Thomas by a great wreath upon the organ and by the playing of solemn music at the beginning. On that account the Brahms waltzes were omitted, and this was the program:

Funeral march.....Schubert-Liszt  
Penelope's Lament.....Bruch  
Symphony in B-flat major, No 2.....D'Indy  
"Sea Pictures," (First time.)  
Nos. 2, 4, 5.....Elgar  
Overture, "Carnival".....Dvorak

The beautiful funeral march was played with great tenderness and feeling, and many an eye grew moist at the memory of the noble figure of Theodore Thomas and his single-hearted devotion to art.

Miss Muriel Foster, the soloist, made a better impression than when she last sang in Boston. She is perhaps more beautiful than ever and her voice is as ponderous.

The D'Indy symphony must be heard again before any valid opinion can be given upon it by anyone.

From beginning to end it is one long stretch of ugliness, a single piece of weird tonalities, hideous progressions, barren wastes of mechanism.

After the tedious expanse of D'Indy's scholasticism, the brilliant lightness of Dvorak's "Carnival" overture was like a burst of sunlight. The work is not great nor an example of Dvorak's best genius. But it seemed a very smiling and beautiful part after the Frenchman's storm.



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CHARMS WITH

By Kent Per

In memory of Theodore Thomas, a wreath of laurel with a ribbon hung on the front of the rear of the platform in last night at the eleventh season. The Symphony Orchestra tribute to Mr. Thomas's memory with intense and deep feeling. Funeral March. So beautifully masterly musical thanatology that a large portion of the grateful of the occasion, Mr. Gericke paid no attention.

The rest of the program follows:  
Bruch's Penelope's Lament, from Vincent d'Indy's Symphony in B flat major, No. 2.  
Elgar's "Sea Pictures." Three songs for contralto and orchestra.  
Dvorak's "Carnival" overture.

The special features of the remarkably beautiful Muriel Foster, contralto, symphony, which had its first by the Symphony Orchestra sang the "Penelope Lament" appropriate dramatic force of expression. Her voice power, richness and beautiful pleasing method and sympathy. In the "Sea Pictures" a wider range of feeling in the "Penelope," and she use of these opportunities. That the audience was pleased with Miss Foster's use of it was shown by the showered upon her.

The D'Indy Symphony marvelous skill by the orchestra, but it was coldly received and no wonder, for one could not help being puzzled to know why it was performed at all. The pamphlet of the concert said the work had "no program of any sort," which was a self-evident fact. It was a confused jumble of incoherent and inconsequential themes,

...of broken melodies and a mass of chopped-up harmonies. It is said of D'Indy that "in painting he prefers the masters of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and he confesses frankly that he experiences a greater and more artistic stimulus in the presence of Assyrian art than in that of the art known to Pericles." Without doubt! And this symphony should be placed in some secluded museum alongside the Assyrian bas-reliefs of impossible horses and lions with wings and slab-sided kings with stovepipe tiaras on their heads. It would then be in harmonious environment, which it lacked in the presence of the Greek statues of Symphony Hall.

Dvorak's "Carnival" overture was played with spirit and appreciation that brought out its multitude of charming beauties. The next concert, the twelfth, will take place on January 21, Timothee Adamowski being the soloist.

Muriel Foster, the English contralto, was the soloist at the Symphony Concert last week. This was not her first appearance, for she sang here last year, with indifferent results. I wonder just how Miss Foster became the leading alto of England. If she is the best there is over there, the supply must be exceedingly limited, and we have many over on this side who can sing infinitely better. Miss Foster has a commanding stage presence, a big voice in volume, but she has not yet mastered the elementary principles of vocal art. If she had the right method she would be as great as any of them. But as it is, I can not figure how she takes so well with the British public, although I am told that under certain conditions anything goes over there.

Besides Miss Muriel's attempts at vocalization, I heard a new symphony by Vincent D'Indy, a learned French composer, who has quite a company of disciples over in Paris just now. Fritz Scheel produced this work in Philadelphia, December 31, with his orchestra for the first time in the United States. I wonder what the wise ones in the Quaker City thought of it? And after hearing it the other evening, and observing the expression on the faces of the audience, it looked like a case of "What did the woggle bug say," or something equally as vague.

# MUSICAL MATTERS

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Globe

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(First time.)  
"Sea Pictures," Nos. 2, 4, 5.....Elgar  
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*Symphony Hall.*

SEASON 1904-05.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.

**XII. CONCERT.**

SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, AT 8, P. M.

**Programme.**

HAYDN,

SYMPHONY in G major, "Oxford."

I. Adagio: Allegro spiritoso.

II. Adagio.

III. Menuetto: Allegretto: Trio.

IV. Presto.

WIENIAWSKI,

CONCERTO in D minor, No. 2, for VIOLIN and ORCHESTRA, op. 22.

I. Allegro moderato.

II. Romance: Andante non troppo.

III. Allegro con fuoco; Allegro moderato, (à la Zingara.)

CONVERSE,

TWO POEMS, "Night and Day," for ORCHESTRA and PIANOFORTE, op. 11.

(First time.)

Pianoforte, Mr. HEINRICH GEBHARD.

WAGNER,

CENTENNIAL MARCH.

**Soloist:**

**Mr. T. ADAMOWSKI.**

The Pianoforte is a Mason and Hamlin.



# OXFORD SYMPHONY OF HAPPY MEMORY

*Journal Jan. 23, 1905*  
At Symphony Orchestra's 12th Con-  
cert Mr. Gericke Read Haydn  
Number Most Artistically.

For the twelfth concert of the Sym-  
phony Orchestra the program was:  
Symphony in G major, "Oxford".....Haydn  
Violin concerto in D minor, No. 2.....Wienlawski  
Two poems, "Night" and "Day," for piano  
and orchestra, op. 11.....F. S. Converse  
(First time.)

Centennial March.....Wagner  
The happy old "Oxford" symphony  
went in the best possible style. Nothing,  
save its last movement, is of any es-  
pecial value or great charm, but that is  
marvelously piquant, fresh and brilliant  
even today. Mr. Gericke read the  
whole work with sympathy, and when  
he does that he is a most artistic inter-  
preter.

## The Converse Poems.

The "pieces de resistance" were Mr.  
Converse's two poems for orchestra and  
pianoforte. With their lines of Whit-  
man's describing "Day" and "Night,"  
they are not altogether in consonance.  
Mere difference in mood, in tempo, in  
rhythm, in musical thought does not de-  
pict the enormous imagination of the  
"good gray poet."

In fact, the two pieces are, to all prac-  
tical purposes, movements of a piano-  
forte concerto. Mr. Converse disclaims  
this, but the musical result is the  
strongest test. He would have the  
pianoforte part seem to be merely one  
of many instruments of the orchestra,  
but as he has written it and as circum-  
stances surround it, that is not pos-  
sible.

## Pianist to the Rear.

The pianist comes on and bows to the  
applause. He sits at the very front of  
the platform, and his playing invites at-  
tention. Would not the purpose have  
been better served had he been in the  
rear, screened by the others? The two  
movements are musicianly, cleverly or-  
chestrated and generally interesting, the  
first being the better. Heinrich Gebhard  
played the pianoforte part with large  
artistry in expression and fluency in  
technique.

## Adamowski's Elegance.

Mr. Adamowski gave the beautiful  
Wienlawski violin concerto with his  
usual suave elegance, slightly marred  
now and then by little, but suggestive  
imperfections in technical art. Are

these rifts growing in his lute? It is  
to be hoped not.  
The famous—and by some considered  
infamous—march, which Wagner wrote  
for the Philadelphia Centennial (for  
\$5000) changes no impression of it.  
It is much beneath Wagner's ordinary  
genius and is often pompously empty.  
But it is to be doubted if any American  
composer could have written a better  
for the purpose in 1876.

## 13TH SYMPHONY CONCERT

The programme of the 13th Symphony concert  
last evening was as follows:

Overture, "Barber of Bagdad".....Cornelius  
Concerto for 'cello in A minor.....Volkman  
Symphonic prelude, Op. 11.....Caetan  
Symphony, "Fantastic".....Berlioz

Rudolf Krasselt was the soloist.  
The symphonic prelude by Caetan was the  
novelty presented, being for the first time in this  
country. The composer is the second son of the  
Duke of Sermoneta, well known at Rome. He  
has written pieces for orchestra, besides chamber  
music and smaller works. The prelude heard last  
evening is written in a conservative manner, ef-  
fectively scored, and proved to be a pleasing  
work, if not one of much distinction. The per-  
formance was admirable and the work was well  
received.

Cornelius' effective overture has seldom been  
heard at these concerts, and to many it was a  
decided novelty. It wears well and continues  
to be an overture of interest that should be  
heard more frequently.

Berlioz's great symphony received a masterly  
interpretation. It still remains as modern as  
anything of the present day, although more than  
70 years old. It holds its own as one of the  
finest examples of programme music existing in  
the orchestral repertory.

Mr. Krasselt played Volkman's concerto with  
superb technic, beautiful tonal quality and with  
an authoritative interpretation that left nothing  
to be desired. The artist was several times re-  
called and presented with a wreath.

The soloist for the 14th rehearsal and concert  
this week will be Eugen D'Albert, the distin-  
guished piano virtuoso, who has not been heard  
here for 12 years. He will play a concerto of  
his own composition.

## MUSICAL MATTERS

### THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

*Adm -* PROGRAMME. *Jan 23 1905*  
Haydn.....Symphony No. 2, in G major, "Oxford."  
Wienlawski.....Concerto for violin, No. 2.  
Violin, Mr. T. Adamowski.  
Converse.....Two poems for orchestra and  
pianoforte.  
Pianoforte, Mr. Gebhard.

Wagner.....Centennial March.  
"Oxford, No. 2" sounds like a telephone  
call, but it is a symphony, and one that  
has not faded out yet, although it was  
written over a century ago. It was played  
exquisitely, the work of the wood-wind,  
(especially the oboe and flute) in the Ada-  
gio, being remarkably excellent. The Min-  
uets of these old symphonies, however, be-  
come somewhat tiresome, with their many  
repeats and unchanging 3-4 rhythm. Even  
Mr. Gericke's spirited interpretation could  
not galvanize this movement into life.

The Wienlawski concerto for violin is a  
grateful work, since it displays the solo  
instrument technically and emotionally.  
The long "tutti" for orchestra, before the  
violin enters, is rather a blemish, however,  
for it gives the soloist an excellent chance  
to get nervous while waiting for his "cue."  
Mr. Adamowski played the first movement  
very finely. He gave pure intonation,  
broad bowing, and even in the furiously  
difficult passages of double-stopping, he  
was perfectly true and quite clear. His  
sympathetic tone in the Romance was also  
effective.

Altogether, in these 2 movements he gave  
some of the best playing that we have yet  
had from him. In the finale we might  
have demanded more power. The Gypsy  
theme was scarcely fiery enough, and it  
seemed as if there were some fatigue pres-  
ent. Nevertheless the 4 recalls that fol-  
lowed were well-earned, especially by the  
brilliance of the first movement.

Persons familiar with Lecocq's "Le Jour  
et la Nuit" found, in Mr. Converse's 2 or-  
chestral movements, that vastly different  
thoughts could be derived from the same  
title. Yet we feel that the "Two Poems"  
would have been stronger without the la-  
bel. One is always sure to find, in Mr.  
Converse's compositions, good orchestra-  
tion and an avoidance of that ugliness  
that seems a "sine qua non" for the mod-  
ern composer.

The composer evidently tried to avoid the  
concerto vein, both in the number of move-  
ments and their style, for he does not use  
the piano chiefly as a solo instrument.  
During the first part of the work the in-  
strument is made an integral part of the  
orchestra, just as Glinka, Berlioz, D'Indy  
and St. Saens have used it. It plays arpeg-  
gios, accompanying figures, and in general  
subordinates itself to the rest of the tonal  
organization.

We scarcely think the instrument a suc-  
cess in this subservient role. It is more

in its domain when developing themes or  
acting as a foil and contrast to the body of  
the orchestra. It does not submerge itself  
nor coalesce with strings, wood-wind or  
brasses.

There were 2 soloists in this programme,  
and Mr. Gebhart's work was not made  
easier by its not being continuously in the  
foreground. This young artist is very re-  
liable and intelligent. He certainly brought  
out the composer's idea very clearly in the  
2 contrasted movements. He was recalled  
together with the composer, with consid-  
erable enthusiasm.

As regards the composition itself, we pre-  
fer the first movement, "Night," to the  
second, which pictures "Day." Walt Whit-  
man's 2 lines express the thought in-  
tended:—

Night—"This is thy hour, O Soul, thy free flight  
into the wordless."

Day—"Day full-blown and splendid—day of the  
immense sun, action, ambition, laughter."

The first thought conveys a succinct idea  
that the composer can seize, but the sec-  
ond is so manifold in its expression that  
it goes far beyond the scope or possibility  
of a single movement. The music of the  
first movement was tender, sympathetic,  
dreamy, and could in some degree empha-  
size the thought of the poet. The second  
was fragmentary, full of very sharp con-  
trasts, but had a powerful climax at the  
end. Occasionally the composer allowed the  
piano to step into its sovereign rights, and  
there was a solo passage of some length  
in both movements, perhaps corresponding  
to the cadenza of a concerto.

Then came Wagner at his worst. The  
American Centennial March, since we  
cannot get our money back, ought to be  
shelved as a very bad investment. Amer-  
ica should not be held responsible for this  
noise, for it supposed that a great genius  
could rise to any occasion, whereas it only  
received a \$5000 "pot-boiler."

Wagner knew nothing about us at the  
time he wrote the work,—not even "Yankee  
Doodle." Had he but known he could have  
pictured Tammany Hall, political caucuses,  
trust inflations, stock exchange panics,  
and a host of other national eccentricities  
that would have thrown the myriad voices  
of his "Waldesweben" in the shade, and  
would have been "fortissimo" throughout.  
Louis C. Elson.

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# SYMPHONY PLAYS TWO NEW 'POEMS'

Works of Converse, with Mottoes  
from Walt Whitman's "Leaves  
of Grass" on "Night" and "Day"  
Performed for First Time.

MOTTO STANDS IN WAY,  
ONE EXPECTS TOO MUCH

Music Does Not Rivet Attention—  
Thought of Hearer Is on How  
Pianist Is Playing—Haydn Sym-  
phony Is Well Played.

Herald — Jan. 22, 1905

The programme of the 12th Symphony  
concert, given last night in Symphony  
Hall, Mr. Gerlicke, conductor, was as  
follows:

Symphony in G major, "Oxford".....Haydn  
Violin concerto in D minor, No. 2.....Wienlawski  
Two poems, "Night" and "Day," for piano  
and orchestra, op. 11.....F. S. Converse  
(First time.)

Centennial March.....Wagner

The two poems by Mr. Converse were  
performed for the first time. Lines from  
Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass"  
serve as mottoes. Thus, "This is thy  
hour, O Soul, thy free flight into the  
wordless" expresses, Mr. Converse says,  
the mood which he has tried to create  
in his music. The motto for "Day" is  
"Day full blown and splendid—day of  
the immense sun, action, ambition,  
laughter." Such mottoes are of value in  
acquainting the hearer with the mood  
of a composer, for night and day are  
terms that do not suggest inevitably the  
same thing to the men and the women  
in an audience or at large in the town.  
To Whitman himself the night meant  
various things: he apostrophized it as  
"huge and thoughtful," and again, in  
one of his most famous passages, he  
imagined night as the great amorist:  
"I call to the earth and sea half-held  
by the night. \* \* \* Night of the large  
few stars! Mad, naked summer night!"  
So day is a term of individual applica-  
tion. To many its symbol is a factory  
whistle; but Whitman's line sums the  
matter up.

Mr. Converse, to express his musical  
thought, added a piano to his orches-  
tra. "The piano," he says, "is treated

as an although very import-  
ant part of the orchestral scheme, and  
whatever technically important mo-  
ments it may have grow naturally out  
of the emotional contents, and not from  
any desire of virtuosity." Such was the  
honorable intention. There is this risk  
in the use of the piano with orches-  
tra when a tone-poem is performed: the  
pianist sits in the accustomed seat of  
the virtuoso, and however the com-  
poser may intend and however closely  
the pianist may follow the composer's  
intention, the chief thought of the au-  
dience is concerning the performance  
of the pianist. "How did he play? Did  
you like him?" are questions asked be-  
fore there is any inquiry concerning the  
piece itself. It may here be said that  
Mr. Gebhard played extremely well and  
his part was by no means an easy one  
either technically or aesthetically; but  
there seemed to be no more question  
concerning the pianist's performance  
than about that of Mr. Hess, of Mr.  
Maquarre, of Mr. Longy, or of Mr.  
Rettberg. They are all players in en-  
semble.

And it seems to us that Mr. Converse  
himself is responsible in a large mea-  
sure for this undue interest in the piano  
part. When Mr. Bauer played the  
piano part in d'Indy's "Symphony on a  
Mountain Folk Song," there was little  
or no thought of Mr. Bauer, for the  
piano part, while it was important, was  
so constructed that even the most care-  
less listener was aware that the instru-  
ment was for the time being only  
orchestral.

Put together the explanation given  
by the mottoes concerning the aesthetic  
contents of the music and the dominat-  
ing thought of the pianist, and the re-  
sult is this, the pieces seem as though  
they were any prelude and allegro, or  
nocturne and allegro designed as a con-  
cert piece for piano and orchestra, and  
what should have been the controlling  
thought, the transfiguration into tones of  
characterization of night and its sym-  
bolical reminders, was in the back-  
ground. Perhaps it would have been bet-  
ter, then, if the mottoes that served  
as arguments had been omitted.  
"Night" and "Day" would have been  
enough, for after all, to go back to  
Walt Whitman, music is what awakes  
from you when you are reminded by  
the instruments.

You cannot find in music anything defi-  
nite that is not already in your mind.  
That which is inarticulate may be sug-  
gested by the music, provided you your-  
self have imagination equal or superior  
to that of the composer. Mr. Converse  
probably realized this when he chose  
the motto "thy free flight into the  
wordless." And so a seesaw is easily  
established between the expediency or  
the in expediency of any sort of a pro-  
gramme.

The first of the poems is musically  
poetic. There is the nocturne charac-  
ter, and there is the suggestion of the  
night that leads to contemplation. As  
a musical illustration of a phase of  
night it is successful; but this night of  
Mr. Converse is not so huge as it is  
thoughtful. There is no suggestion of  
the elemental shudder that oppresses  
when the winds are still and the stars  
are nearest; the shudder recalling the  
saying of the old philosopher that the  
earth itself is an animal; the stillness  
that hints at mysterious voices threat-  
ening to speak; nor is there the sug-  
gestion in this music of the infinite  
space peopled as in Mr. Wells' fantas-  
tical tale of the stolen body; nor is  
there soaring flight, though the flight  
be "free." But to express, or rather

to suggest, "the psychological mean-  
ing" of night in music would require a  
composer of Whitman's sweep and  
thought.

As an Allegro, the second poem is  
often interesting; but again the motto  
stands in the way and invites one to ex-  
pect too much. The opening measures  
are particularly effective. The world  
is awakening to activity, but after  
these measures the programme fades  
away, and there is the thought of a  
concert piece for piano and orchestra,  
a piece very episodic, without any cen-  
tral and controlling idea, such as domi-  
nates an entitled symphonic poem.  
There are pleasant pages; there are  
pages that are more than pleasant, but  
the music does not rivet the attention  
of the hearer. This is not the allegro  
of the world, the terrible allegro of  
daily life, with its ambitions, failures,  
successes, laughter that is too often  
ironical or maniacal. As an allegro for  
piano and orchestra it is episodically  
effective.

The Haydn symphony was played in  
admirable fashion, and the reappear-  
ance of the Centennial march reminded  
some of the year when many Ameri-  
cans—and all American composers—  
groaned at the thought of Wagner re-  
ceiving \$5000 for such trash.

Mr. Adamowski was most successful  
in the Romance of the concerto, for his  
song was often appealing. His perform-  
ance as a whole was not one that added  
to his reputation, for it lacked distinc-  
tion and it was at times technically  
faulty. Mr. Adamowski has true vir-  
tuoso blood, he has many natural gifts.  
He at times plays with inspiration. His  
performance is often engrossing. It is  
a pity that a violinist of such natural  
parts does not devote himself wholly  
and rigidly to self-improvement.

Globe — Jan 22 1905

Last week's Symphony program had  
for a novelty two "poems" by F. S.  
Converse, entitled "Night and Day,"  
written for piano and orchestra. Mr.  
Heinrich Gebhard played the piano  
part. The D minor violin concerto by  
Wienlawski was given with Mr Timo-  
thee Adamowski as soloist, and Hay-  
dn's "Oxford" symphony and Wagner's  
"Centennial March" completed the list.  
Mr Converse has taken lines of Walt  
Whitman which suggested moods the  
composer wished to express by the titles  
"Night" and "Day"; poetical fancies,  
purely symbolical and not illustrating  
any physical characteristics of the time.  
They are musical creations which ex-  
press the writer's ideas in a pleasing  
and intangible form to an imaginative  
auditor; tone pictures which are cleverly  
handled in orchestration and are  
admirable examples of this style of po-  
etic composition. The form is so free  
and unconventional that it is difficult  
to describe. The general effect is what  
might be called soothing to one's nerves,  
for Mr Converse has not attempted re-  
productions of "sounds from nature,"  
but has merely let his musical genius  
wander at will in depicting moods and  
not characteristics. Mr Gebhard  
played the piano part in a thoroughly  
sympathetic manner, and the orchestra  
performed its share of the work in a  
way to make the whole interpretation,  
taking the two poems as one number,  
one of interest and enjoyment. Mr Con-

verse has scored the poems with his  
usual well-known skill and the young  
American composer is to be congratu-  
lated upon the musicianly quality of the  
somewhat fantastical work.

In the Wienlawski violin concerto Mr.  
Adamowski again made evident his  
splendid qualifications as an artist, and  
with the exception of a little uncertainty  
in execution in parts of the first move-  
ment his interpretation was admirable.  
The beautiful melody in the second part  
was played with exquisite phrasing and  
tonal expression and the gypsy theme in  
the finale was given with a brilliancy and  
dash that deserves favorable comment.  
He was very cordially applauded at the  
close of his performance.

Haydn's "Oxford" symphony may be  
old-fashioned in spots, but the second  
and closing movements show few marks  
of age, and as played by the orchestra  
give plenty of enjoyment to even the  
average musical ear. Wagner's "Cen-  
tennial March" was given with the re-  
quired pomposity and resonance.

This week's program will have Rudolf  
Krasselt as soloist in Volkmann's A  
minor cello concerto. The orchestral  
pieces will be the overture, "Barber of  
Bagdad," Peter Cornelius; a symphony  
prelude by R. Caetani, and the "Sym-  
phony Fantastique" by Berlioz.

Symphony Hall: Symphony Orchestra

The Symphony Concerts are now half  
over for this season, the twelfth concert  
having been given on Saturday evening.  
Mr. Timothée Adamowski was the soloist,  
and this was the programme:

Haydn: Symphony in G major, "Oxford."  
Wienlawski: Concerto in D minor, No. 2, for  
Violin and Orchestra, Op. 22.  
Converse: Two Poems, "Night" and "Day," for  
Orchestra and Pianoforte, Op. 11. (First  
time.) Pianoforte, Mr. Heinrich Gebhard.  
Wagner: Centennial March.

In regard to Mr. Converse's poems for  
pianoforte and orchestra, it will be well to  
let the composer speak for himself. "This  
is thy hour, O Soul, thy free flight into the  
wordless." This expresses quite completely  
the mood which I have tried to create in  
my music. Of day Whitman says, 'Day of  
full bloom and splendid—day of the im-  
mense sun, action, ambition, laughter.' As  
far as it goes, this describes my poem very  
well, but the real essence is lacking, al-  
though it was the best and most fitting quo-  
tation I could find for a motto. The moods  
of action, ambition, laughter, and of love,  
too (for the erotic mood is suggested in the  
music), are all there, but strung upon and  
incident to the one predominant and in-  
sistent theme of the struggle of life. This  
restless, striving, eternal energy, this  
struggling conscience, is the main stream of  
the poem and the other emotional phases  
are eddies momentarily emerging from it,  
but always being absorbed again in it, until  
at the end the tragedy of it becomes ap-  
parent and dominant. This is what I have  
tried to express.

"As to the technical side of the poems:  
they are free in form and might be de-  
scribed in a broad way as prelude and  
allegro, if one desires to fall back upon the  
conventional expression of such things. The  
piano is treated as an integral although  
very important part of the orchestral



scheme, and whatever technically important moments it may have grow naturally out of the emotional contents, and not from the desire for a display of virtuosity. The piano part must appeal to the pianist's power of intelligent, poetic interpretation, in which virtuosity is the servant, not the master, rather than to anything else. This I believe to be the future field for the piano in combination with the orchestra, and I believe it to be in sympathy with modern feeling in musical expression."

It has been wise to quote Mr. Converse at some length, for, after all, the artist himself knows best the nature of the message he has wished to convey. After reading his words, however, a listener must feel that the composer has made rather more of the pianoforte part in his poems than, from the reading, one would have been led to expect. In short, after hearing the pieces Saturday night, it may be questioned if the first topic of conversation among neighbors were not the merits of Mr. Gebhard's performance, which, incidentally, was a very beautiful performance, indeed, showing the willingness of the genuine artist to keep his place in the instrumental scheme, ability highly to color pianoforte tones, and real poetic feeling. But Mr. Gebhard, despite his honorable intentions and artistic effacement of self, from the nature of things, was bound to attract attention. If Mr. Converse desired to suggest Whitman through orchestral music he would have been wiser had he dispensed with so much service from the pianoforte; something less of the instrument—far less—might possibly have proved effective.

The Whitman mottoes, also, were less a help than a hindrance. Why have mottoes at all, especially when, as Mr. Converse says, they do not precisely express the essence of his music? And Whitman, in particular, must always be a stumbling-block till there comes a musician of his own breadth and grandeur. There is Mr. Converse's first poem, for instance, a short few pages of music charmingly melodious, exquisitely scored, poetically imaginative, a delicately, tenderly felt impression of the gentler aspects of night, or, more seemingly, of twilight. More genuine, spontaneous, poetic music we seldom find written today. But does it in any way suggest Whitman's bald, forceful, elemental pictures of night? Mr. Converse's music suffers only when one recalls his motto.

The poem of "Day" seems less happy than that of "Night." It notably lacks the fresh sweep, the virile strength of Whitman, being episodic, involved, complex. And as music pure and simple it is not, at first hearing at least, so beautiful as the impression of "Night." Beautiful pages there are, undeniably, and many delightful episodes, but throughout it all a listener has difficulty in following the composer's meaning. Why, for instance, should there be three distinct and well-reached climaxes? At a second performance, perhaps, they will seem more reasonable than they did Saturday. It will be to the regret of everybody

if these poems are not repeated, for they are not of the order of music to be dismissed after a single hearing. The first poem it would be a pleasure to listen to once more, and the second we would gladly become further acquainted with. The works were very cordially applauded.

About the other numbers of the concert one could write with pleasure. Mr. Adamowski, in fine fettle, displayed to advantage the temperament that makes listening to him a different matter from listening to violinists who, perhaps, play better. His tone on Saturday was unusually sweet and pure, the cantilenas of the concerto were exquisitely sung, and about it all were a warmth, a sentiment, and a brilliancy that made his performance notable. The execution of technical passages, while much better than that of last year, was still unequal to the best Mr. Adamowski is capable of. The artist was applauded heartily, being recalled four times.

Even the Haydn symphony gave much pleasure, to such people as came sufficiently early to hear it. The best symphonies of Haydn are a constant surprise, one is always finding in them such unexpectedly beautiful arrangements of orchestral color. The symphony on Saturday was so carefully played that these color combinations showed forth in all their charm, and only when the strings played their loudest did the tone sound harsh. It is manifest, therefore, that even a Haydn symphony in a large hall can be made agreeable if only adequate pains be taken. The orchestra played admirably throughout the evening.

Mr. Krasselt is to play next time. This will be the programme: Overture to "Barber of Bagdad," Peter Cornelius; concerto for violoncello, in A minor, Volkmann; Prelude Symphonique, No. 5, op. 11 (first time), R. Caetani; Fantastic Symphony, Berlioz. *Jan. 23, 1905* R. R. G.

## THE SYMPHONY IN NEW YORK

Boston Players Enthuse Big Audience with Programme Brilliantly Performed.

[Special Dispatch to the Boston Herald.]

NEW YORK, Feb. 16, 1905. It was a programme of unusual interest, brilliantly performed, that marked tonight's concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Carnegie Hall, before a large and enthusiastic audience. Cesar Franck's D minor symphony headed Mr. Gericke's list. This was followed by Strauss' tone poem, "Don Juan," and Goldmark's overture, "In Italy," opus 49. This latter number was a novelty locally, as was also Max Bruch's serenade for violin and orchestra, in which Marie Nichols, violinist, made her reappearance as the soloist of the occasion.

Both Mr. Gericke and his men were in fine feather and roused the house to enthusiasm with their interpretations. Miss Nichols met a warm welcome, well deserved by her finished and effective playing. Mr. Hess, the concert master, conducted her number and supplied an admirable accompaniment for it.

## THREE TRIUMPHS AT THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

*Boston American Jan. 22, 1905*  
Soloist Adamowski, Composer Converse and H. H. Gebhard, Pianist, Are Showered With Most Enthusiastic Plaudits

By Kent Perkins.

One of the most thoroughly enjoyable and inspiring concerts ever given by the Symphony Orchestra was that of last night at Symphony Hall, the twelfth of this season. It was characterized by the pervading consistent beauty of the music performed, the spirit and artistic finish of the orchestra's work and the personal triumphs scored by the soloist of the evening, Tino Adamowski; Frederick S. Converse, whose two symphonic poems, "Night" and "Day," for orchestra and piano, received their first performance, and by Heinrich Gebhard, who was at the piano.

The program was as follows:  
Haydn, symphony in G major, "Oxford,"  
Wieniawski, concerto in D minor, No. 2, for violin and orchestra, op. 22.  
Converse, two poems, "Night and Day," for orchestra and pianoforte, op. 11. (First time.)  
Pianoforte, Mr. Heinrich Gebhard.  
Wagner, "Centennial March."

The Haydn symphony, called "Oxford" because it was performed at the University of Oxford in 1791, when the composer received his degree of Mus. Doc. there, was given with the orchestra's most remarkable power of delicate shading and expression, particularly in the hymnlike, spiritually exalted second movement.

Mr. Adamowski fairly outdid himself in the bewitchingly beautiful Wieniawski concerto, with its enchanting melodies that sing of the free, passionate, tender and warm blooded gypsy life. It was a close contest between the soloist and the orchestra for the honor of the nearest approach to perfection in portrayal of the thrilling emotion of this work, and it was impossible to tell which won. Mr. Adamowski was showered with enthusiastic plaudits and was called out again and again.

Mr. Converse's two "poems" are works of the highest order of musical art. They were composed in 1904. Lines by Walt Whitman serve as mottoes for "Night" and "Day"—for the first: "This is they hour, O, Soul, thy free flight into the wordless," and for the second: "Day full blown and splendid—day of the immense sun, action, ambition, laughter."

No attempt is made to express physical characteristics of night and day. The composer has striven only to figure in music the emotions and spiritual suggestions of the times of darkness and of light—and he has done so most admirably. In the first poem there are felt the obscurity, the mystery, the witchery of night and the blight

of the untrammelled spirit under the stars into realms where words are meaningless. With daylight the clear, open harmonies flood the scene with the feeling of sunlight, and the awakening of the senses. Then come action, struggle, ambition, love, tragedy and the strenuous vigor of full life. The orchestra entered with the keenest zest upon the task of giving these poems adequate expression, and succeeded to the highest degree. The piano's portion of the compositions was beautifully conceived and most artistically executed by Mr. Gebhard.

Both the composer and the pianist were called forth repeatedly by the enthusiastic audience to acknowledge the veritable ovation that was given to them.

The Wagner "Centennial March," which

## 12TH SYMPHONY CONCERT

The programme of the 12th Symphony concert last evening was as follows: *Post Jan. 22*

Symphony, G major, "Oxford".....Haydn  
Concerto for violin, No. 2.....Wieniawski  
Poems, "Night and Day," for piano and orchestra.....Converse  
Centennial March.....Wagner

T. Adamowski was the solo violinist, and the piano part of the Converse number was played by Heinrich Gebhard.

The two orchestral poems, by F. S. Converse, suggested by verses of Walt Whitman, were played at this concert for the first time. The poem "Night" is a sort of free prelude, the piano being employed as an orchestral instrument. The second suggests an abbreviated concerto, with the piano more of a solo instrument. The first appears the most interesting of the two, but both are well written and show much talent on the part of the composer. Mr. Gebhard was fully adequate in the piano part, and both pianist and composer were recalled at the close of the performance.

Mr. Adamowski played the familiar concerto of Wieniawski in admirable manner, and this popular artist received a well-merited ovation and several recalls.

The orchestra gave a good performance of the Haydn symphony, and Wagner's Centennial March, written for the Philadelphia exposition of 1876, recalled to many the days of long ago, when the composer was less appreciated here than at the present time.

Rudolf Krasselt, cellist, will be the soloist at the rehearsal and concert this coming week.

The musical critic of the New York Sun pays Mr. Gericke and his orchestra a glowing tribute in writing of their last concert of this season in New York. He says: "Mr. Gericke has never played with so much of the emotional and dramatic quality of a great conductor as he has in the season now closed. Nor has the orchestra ever shown more of the sheer beauty of tone, more of the perfect ensemble which means flexibility, the finest adjustment of color values and dynamic effects, and the broad sweep of line. The exquisite perfection of the wood-wind players was shown at its highest in the 'Faust' overture, and for this enjoyment New York music lovers are particularly beholden. It is something that is not offered them at home." *Mar 20 1905*



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*Symphony Hall.*

SEASON 1904-05.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.

**XIII. CONCERT.**

SATURDAY, JANUARY 28, AT 8, P. M.

**Programme.**

PETER CORNELIUS, OVERTURE to the Opera "The Barber of Bagdad."

VOLKMANN, CONCERTO in A minor for VIOLONCELLO and ORCHESTRA, op. 33.

R. CAETANI, SYMPHONIC PRELUDE in A minor, No. 5, op. 11.  
(First time.)

BERLIOZ, FANTASTIC SYMPHONY, No. 1, in C major,  
op. 16 A.  
I. DREAMS.—PASSIONS. Largo. Allegro agitato e appassionato assai.  
II. A BALL. Waltz: Allegro non troppo.  
III. SCENE IN THE FIELDS. Adagio.  
IV. MARCH TO THE SCAFFOLD. Allegretto non troppo.  
V. DREAM OF A SABBAT. Larghetto. Allegro.

**Soloist:**

**Mr. RUDOLF KRASSELT.**

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## MUSICAL MATTERS

### THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

PROGRAMME, Jan 30 1905

Peter Cornelius—Overture to the Opera "The Barber of Bagdad."

Volkman—Concerto in A minor for Violoncello and Orchestra, op. 33.

Soloist, Mr. Rudolf Krasselt.

R. Caetani—Symphonic Prelude in A minor, No. 5, op. 11. (First time.)

Berlioz—Fantastic Symphony, No. 1, in C major.

Almost every part of this programme called for a large modern orchestra. Cornelius' overture had, we believe, Liszt's orchestration, which was brilliant and attractive throughout. The themes themselves were bright and well-contrasted, while they were developed with clearness and logic. It is astonishing how melodious those old radicals, who were deemed utterly abstruse and involved 50 years ago, seem to us today. This ought to teach a lesson to the cock-sure reviewers of the present; music has no fixed laws whatever; it may be that our children will find D'Indy's second symphony too simple and melodic! In this overture there was some excellent woodwind playing, and the sly humor of the bombast of the beginning and end (which Hanslick thought quite out of place) was charming.

When Mr. Krasselt came forward to play the violoncello part of the Volkman concerto, he was greeted with such continued applause that it was quite evident that the audience were awake to the fact that he is one of the great artists of our orchestra. He played with a beautiful tone, broad and powerful in the prominent C-string passages, sweet and sympathetic in A-string work; always sure in intonation, and brilliant enough in the cadenza.

This cadenza had some very fine double-stopping, many skips and arpeggios, chromatic runs galore, and some catchy harmonies, which are always more difficult upon the violoncello than upon the violin, because of the thicker strings. The only fault to be found with the young artist was in the recitative passages, where he exaggerated somewhat and became too sentimental. But this sentimentality was as much a fault of the composer as of the performer, for the concerto was frequently caught whispering sweet nothings to the auditor.

It is not as lofty a work as either of the 2 symphonies, or the "Richard III." overture. Mr. Krasselt certainly made all that was possible out of it and was recalled several times after the conclusion of his task, receiving also a very large laurel wreath.

A white blackbird! One ought to welcome an Italian symphonic composer with especial warmth, for Italy has as yet not enough of these to crowd a telephone booth. There is Sgambati, Martucci, Bossi, and one or two more, but of these only the first-named has achieved a stan-

dard orchestral work; one single symphony from the country which has been rightly called "the mother of music!"

We listened therefore, with something akin to anxiety, to the new Symphonic Poem by Caetani. He was an Italian, and that made one doubtful; he was of noble family, which made one more doubtful still; and the work began quietly and conventionally, as if it had nothing much to say. But it was melodic, for which we are always grateful, since we are of that rear-guard which holds tune to be an essential element of music; we love the melodic beauty of Wagner as much as his great harmonies.

Very soon, too, it was evident that the composer was writing naturally and fluently. There were fine climaxes worked up without too much bombast. The work had dramatic touches which were somewhat operatic in flavor, and had perhaps a smell of the footlights attached to them, but none-the-less everything was straightforward and intelligible. Caetani used the great modern orchestra without abusing it. The work received some applause and deserved more. This pupil of Sgambati may yet excel his master.

Then came Berlioz's double-headed love-letter to Harriet Smithson and Camille Moke, one of the most important pieces of programme-music in existence, for all that Strauss has done in this field in recent times. It is a fine study of thematic development for the laity, since every intelligent auditor can identify its love-theme and much of its treatment. It is also a most popular lesson in orchestration, all of the instruments being passed in review in an identifiable manner.

In the first movement Berlioz is no more in the domain of programme music (instrumental picture-painting) than was Beethoven in the first movement of his "programme symphony," the "Pastoral." The young lover sighs and rages, but the movement is a portrayal of emotions, not a picture of objects or events. But in the second movement, "The Ball," the young man returns to the World, the Flesh, and the Development of the "love-theme." Only Tschalkowsky and Berlioz have succeeded in making the waltz a good movement in the symphony. The harp, played by Mr. Schuecker, was a charming element of this graceful picture. Mr. Gerleke made a success of the swing of the waltz, as a true "Wienerkind" ought to do.

Paris itself will never hear the dialogue between English horn and oboe better given than it was at this concert. Messieurs Longy and Lenom covered themselves with glory, and especially those final phrases, where the shepherd calls in vain for his lost love, were memorable. But there was too much of conservatism in the thunder-storm. Where was the thunderbolt that killed the shepherdess? It was too mild a storm to suggest even an umbrella, far less a tragedy.

The "March to the Guillotine" is really great music! Here the musical Edgar Allen Poe was on his native heath. Herodotus somewhere tells us of a march which



the Spartans played when they took culprits to execution,—the Nome of Kradias,—which inspired terror in every auditor. Such a march has Berlioz achieved. The powerful pizzicato effects of the contrabasses, the strange muttering duet of the bassoons, (picturing the footsteps of the crowd, just as Dickens pictured them in "The Tale of Two Cities") were strokes of genius.

Although there was loudness enough in the march, we could not find in the interpretation the full intention of the composer. It was conservatism at just the wrong place. The culprit was very timidly beheaded with a dull axe. The orchestra seemed almost apologetic when it interrupted the solo of the clarinette!

The same conservatism was noticeable in the finale, which was loud without being at all furious. The parody of the love-theme might have been screamed out far more wildly. When Berlioz found the shrill imp of the orchestra, the piccolo, insufficient for his purpose, and added that squealer from the military band, the E-flat clarinette, to the orchestral forces, it meant something. But the technical points of the work were finely brought out,—and how many there are! They extend even to rapping the violin strings with the back of the bow ("coll' legno") and to a final stroke of cymbal with a drumstick! Praising all the technical perfection which was there, we must yet deplore the lack of the morbid power which is the soul of the last 2 movements.

Louis C. Elson.

## LAUREL WREATH TO SYMPHONY 'CELLO SOLOIST.

Rudolph Krasselt and His  
Colleagues Showered With  
Honors at the Thirteenth  
Concert of Present Season

*Boston American Jan 29 1905*

By Kent Perkins.

It was the Symphony Orchestra's own night at the thirteenth concert of the season in Symphony Hall last night. The hall was crowded, the audience enthusiastic and the programme was of a character to give full scope to the musicians to exhibit the wide variety of their high abilities. All the honors—and the evening was replete with them—went to the orchestra, for, while there was a soloist, he only appeared in one selection, and the huge laurel wreath that was bestowed on him was added to the organization's rewards, as he was Rudolf Krasselt, the violoncello player, and a member of the orchestra. This was the programme:

The Cornelius overture, bubbling with humor, saturated with passionate melody and tinged throughout with an "Arabian

Nights" spirit, was played with inimitable gracefulness and appreciation.

Mr. Krasselt drew from his 'cello in the Volkmann concerto tones of such remarkable sweetness, purity and overpowering tenderness as are rarely heard. That the audience recognized a master and appreciated the ravishing sounds with which he filled the hall was proved by the storm of applause that burst forth when the last exquisite note died away. He was recalled a half dozen times and his associates joined heartily in the tribute given to him.

Overture to the opera, "The Barber of Bagdad".....Peter Cornelius  
Concerto in A minor for violoncello and orchestra, Op. 33.....Volkmann  
Symphonic prelude in A minor, No. 5, Op. 11 (first time).....R. Caetani  
Fantastic symphony, No. 1, in C major, Op. 16A.....Berlioz

Caetani's Symphonic Prelude, heard here for the first time, and rich in pathetic, passionate and yearning harmonies, was given with admirable delicacy of shading and splendid fullness of spirit and power. The astonishing Berlioz Symphony brought out the extreme capabilities of the orchestras. It has a definite programme explained by the composer and represents a hopeless lover who in despair takes opium to end his misery. The dose is not fatal; it gives the youth only fantastic dreams, through all of which there floats a melody into which his vision of his sweetheart has been transmuted.

The work is in five parts, portraying dreams of his loved one: a brilliant ball, where she dances; a pastoral scene in which shepherds' pipes, the love-melody and several thunder storms are mixed together; a dream where the youth thinks he has killed the girl and sees himself marched to the scaffold for it, and finally a Walpurgis night's dream that is a veritable witches' cauldron of harmonic and melodic extravagance.

The many beauties of the piece were fully displayed by the orchestra, and the sensational episodes were produced with the utmost skill and effectiveness.

At the fourteenth concert, next Sunday evening, Eugen d'Albert, the famous pianist and composer, will be the soloist.

### Symphony Hall: Symphony Orchestra

Mr. Rudolf Krasselt was the soloist for the thirteenth symphony concert, of which this was the programme:

Peter Cornelius: Overture to the opera "The Barber of Bagdad."  
Volkmann: Concerto in A minor for Violoncello and Orchestra, Op. 33.  
R. Caetani: Symphonic Prelude in A minor, No. 5, Op. 11. (First time.)  
Berlioz: Fantastic Symphony, No. 1, in C major, Op. 16A.

This season there have been few if any symphony concerts without one work ticketed "first time," a state of things for which the public should be duly grateful to Mr. Gericke. On Saturday last the new composition was a symphonic prelude by one Roffredo Caetani, who, it seems, is a Roman of noble birth, no less a personage, in short, than the second son of the Duke of Sermoneta. Little is known here of this aristocratic musician beyond the facts that he has studied with Sgambati, in Germany, and in Paris, and that he has already written several pieces for orchestra and the small concert hall. The conditions under which he has learned his art would, on the face of it, give one pause, for Sgambati, the Italian musician of parts who sold his birthright for a mess of German and Lisztian ideas, cannot be regarded as the happiest choice of a master for a youthful Italian. But Caetani, despite his training, remains Italian. Although he has learned to use the full modern orchestra skilfully, contriving a constant succession of very beautiful sounds, he has not turned his back on melody, that great gift of the Italian musical nature. His prelude, while dignified, and as well made as though it were the work of a most respectable German, is based on genuine themes; it has melodies that possess a long curve and sweep, even if they are not of the most distinguished order. The composition has its dull moments, when the composer seems not to know just what he would do, but it is far from being one of those awful works where themes are avoided as vulgar, where detached motives of no significance whatever are banded about and twisted and turned till all the audience is bewildered. For the most part the prelude is admirably fresh, direct, and vigorously conceived, with a dramatic force and a warmth of passion all Italian. It would be worth our while to hear more works by this young writer who has had a sufficiently level head to learn much in Germany without becoming ambitious to pass, musically, for a German. The prelude was splendidly played.

The remarkable symphony by Berlioz one would gladly have heard earlier in the evening, for it is rather discouraging when an hour-long work begins its performance at nine o'clock. In connection with this symphony it is interesting to read these words of Berlioz: "If the symphony is played separately at a concert—the programme does not absolutely need to be distributed among the audience, and only the titles of the five movements need be printed, as the symphony can offer by itself (the composer hopes) a musical interest independent of all

dramatic intention." Exactly so. To this day the musically intelligent are like to admire the musical content of this work, in which Berlioz, as a discoverer of interesting themes, rose above his own level, the exquisite poetical quality of its orchestral dress, the genuine poetry of the pastoral picture, the distinguished grace of the ball scene, the devilish cunning with which the effects of the march to the scaffold and the pandemonium of the witches' sabbath are contrived. It is all wonderful, music to be listened to with sincere respect and hearty admiration. But is it possible to take the symphony seriously as the expression of a soul's experience, a musical impression of an "episode in the life of an artist?" It seems not so. Berlioz was a rabid romanticist; and romanticism, like Pan, is dead. Such efforts of Byron, Victor Hugo, Dumas, and the others of that remarkable time, as now live, live despite their romanticism, not on account of it. So it is with Berlioz. His fantastic symphony, as he himself trusted, "can offer by itself a musical interest independent of all dramatic intention." One may prophesy that for years to come concertgoers will listen to periodical productions of this symphony, from which they will derive both pleasure and profit, but it is much to be doubted if the symphony will ever again stir an American audience to the depths of the soul. How, after a few years, will it be with Tchaikovsky's "Pathetic" symphony?

A delightful feature of Saturday's concert was the charming playing of Mr. Krasselt, playing tuneful, elegant, and of fine sentiment. Although there was no immodest display of virtuosity, Mr. Krasselt's performance was technically brilliant. The artist was recalled many times. All the evening the orchestra played admirably.

Mr. Eugen d'Albert will play with the orchestra this week. The programme has been arranged thus: Goldmark, Overture, "In Italy," op. 49 (first time); d'Albert, Concerto for Pianoforte, No. 2; Weber, "Invitation to the Dance"; Rimsky-Korsakoff, Symphonic Suite, "Scherazade," op. 35.

*Trans. Jan. 30, 1905 R. R. G.*

*Blabe Jan 29 1905*

Mr. Rudolf Krasselt, the young cellist of the Boston Symphony orchestra, was the soloist at last week's rehearsal and concert, playing Volkmann's A minor concerto, op. 33. The other numbers on the program were the Cornelius overture to "The Barber of Bagdad," a symphonic prelude by Caetani and the "Fantastic Symphony" by Berlioz. Mr. Krasselt's performance of the concerto was masterly and again gave evidence of the good judgment shown by Mr. Gericke in securing this young artist as a successor to the position so long and creditably filled by Mr. Schroeder. The immense difficulties of the Volkmann work seemed to offer but few obstacles to the performer, the runs, double stoppings and four-finger chords



were made as perfectly as it upon a keyed instrument and the beautiful tone production was not varied throughout the piece, whether in harmonics or in the sweeping fortissimo passages, where one frequently hears a rasping sound.

The first theme was exploited in the upper register with the effect of a violin and the subsequent development and elaborations, sometimes passionate, sometimes of a sweeter nature, were each played with a clarity of tone and breadth of execution which deserve the highest praise. The cadenza, which was a somewhat remarkable exhibition of finger work, was the one written by Klengel, with whom Mr. Krasselt studied. The interpretation was most heartily enjoyed and the young artist received evidences of appreciation from the audience and his associate players which must have been most gratifying, for he was recalled to the stage at least a half dozen times by tumultuous applause.

The Cornelius overture to "The Barber," a merry, whimsical composition, with a succession of varying themes and rhythms, was delightfully played. The trumpet, clarinet and oboe sang the "Rose" melody in splendid unison, vying with the work of the strings in the same theme, and the repeated phrases of the same air in sustained chords by the brasses, backed by tremulous accompaniments in the heavier strings, in harmony with another motif by the woodwinds, were admirable examples of the perfect ensemble work of the orchestra. The Caetani prelude made a pleasing impression. The lighter portions of the piece contained some excellent melodic material, skilfully orchestrated, and although many of the heavier passages displayed the influence of Wagner's methods, they were not reproductions but more like reflections of the great master. The orchestra in the Volkmann concerto gave Mr. Krasselt splendid support.

The five divisions of the Berlioz symphony were given with a thoroughly sympathetic understanding of the various scenes. The "Ball Scene" was notably suggestive in its delicacy of treatment in the dance themes; the plaintive nature of the third movement was admirably intoned by the woodwinds, and the wild, fantastic characteristics of the fourth and fifth parts were given with thrilling effect.

Mr. Eugen d'Albert will be the soloist at this week's concert, playing his second piano concerto. The other numbers will be Goldmark's overture, "In Italy"; Weber's "Invitation to the Dance" and the symphonic suite, "Scheherazade," by Rimsky-Korsakoff.

## CAETANI'S WORK IS PLAYED HERE

Symphony Orchestra, for Its 13th  
Concert, Gives First Performance  
of the Young Italian's Delight-  
ful Prelude.

MR. KRASSELT PLAYS  
THE CELLO ADMIRABLY

Great Fantastic Symphony of Ber-  
lioz, His Own Love Tragedy Put  
Into a Poem, Charms Hearers—  
Orchestra Wins Favor.

*Herald* Jan. 29, 1905

The programme of the 13th concert of the Symphony orchestra, given in Symphony Hall last night, Mr. Gericke conductor, was as follows:

Overture to "The Barber of Bagdad"..... Cornelius  
Concerto for violoncello..... Volkmann  
Symphonic Prelude op. 11, No 1..... Caetani  
(First time.)

Fantastic Symphony..... Berlioz

It would be interesting to know how much Liszt had to do with this overture, which was composed long after the production of the opera; for the original overture was a very different affair in structure, spirit and tonality, and Liszt frankly told his friends that it was not in keeping with the opera itself. Cornelius died before he had scored this second overture, and the task was performed lovingly by Liszt, who said in a letter to his Princess Carolyn that he had also made alterations.

The overture as it stands is delightful music, melodious, piquant, now animated and now sensuous, full of life and at times sparkling and brilliant. When the opera was performed last July at Weimar at the Cornelius festival, not only was the score presented in its original form and without Felix Mottl's changes and additions, but the original overture was played. It might be worth while to perform it here.

Don Roffredo Caetani is a composer little known, even by name, in this country. It is said that he is the second son of the Duke of Sermoneta, a noble Roman, head of the family of

Caetani; that he studied with Sgambati at Rome, and afterward in Germany and at Paris. He is evidently a seriously-minded young man, for his first published work was a string quartet, and he has composed a set of symphonic preludes, the first of which was played in New York at a Philharmonic concert in 1902; an orchestral suite and some chamber music. This prelude in A minor was performed here for the first time. Brahms once said, that one should speak well of music by a prince, for one could not tell who might have written it, but Caetani is, no doubt, his own composer. As a pupil of Sgambati, he was taught to look beyond the Alps, to study the methods and the spirit of Liszt and Wagner. Did Caetani in crossing the Alps give up his inestimable birthright of free and sensuous melody? It is a pleasure to say that this prelude shows that a young Italian can be earnest and at the same time melodious; that he can use the modern romantic dress of Germany to clothe effectively his own Italian thoughts.

Had Caetani a programme in his mind? Is the work a prelude to some play, as Pierre de Breville's "Overture to a Drama" was composed as a prelude to one of Maeterlinck's dramas, but without thought of necessary connection with an actual performance of the play? Surely the ending of Caetani's prelude hints at tragic emotions and the fall of the black curtain. The work is not of constantly sustained merit; there are moments when there is too apparent labor, when there is the thought of one experimenting; but as a whole the music shows true invention, no little command of orchestral expression, and more than once an individual and poignant stroke of imagination.

The "Fantastic Symphony" of Berlioz is now nearly 75 years old. It is both historically and inherently a marvellous work. To think that when it was produced Beethoven had not been dead four years, and that Wagner was still a student at Leipzig! On the other hand, how boldly imaginative the music seems today! The year 1830 that gave it birth has been called the '93 of the arts. It was a strange period of wild romanticism, the years immediately before and after, and Berlioz was not only a man of the future, he was a revolutionary of revolutionaries. His "antediluvian hair" that rose from his forehead was as much of a symbol as was the flaming waistcoat worn by Theophile on the memorable first night of "Hernani." We smile now at the eccentricities and the extravagancies of the period, but we owe the perpetrators a heavy debt of gratitude. They made the art of today possible.

It is easy to call Berlioz a poseur, but the young man was terribly in earnest. He put his own love tragedy into this symphony; he was the man; he suffered; he was there; and so the music did not pass away with the outward badges of romanticism, with much of Byron's poetry, with plays and novels of the time. The emotions he expressed are still universal and elemental. There is always a Henrietta Smithson, and there is from time to time a Berlioz, who in amorous frenzy dreams his ghastly dream march to the scaffold and would fain see the once beloved unclean at the blasphemous revel. Then he marries her and is profoundly unhappy.

Mr. Krasselt gave an admirable display of pure art by his performance of the concerto. He did not attempt to enlarge, to modernize, the music; he accepted it at its face value, and then by

full and rounded and unaffected artistry he made it beautiful. And for once there was no thought of a player seeing between sentimental and cloying melody and unmeaning and buzzing bravura.

The orchestral performance for euphony and brilliance was of the highest order. The first three movements of the symphony were the most effective; the march might well have been played in still more nightmare spirit, and the bassoons that have been likened to ghostly advisers muttering dismal things in the ears of the victim as he nears the scaffold were too far away from him and their whispers were almost reassuring.

*Trans.* Don Roffredo Caetani Feb. 2, 1905

To the Editor of the Transcript:

Some genealogical data bearing on don Roffredo Caetani whose prelude was played at last week's Symphony Concert may interest a few of your readers.

This young composer, born in 1871, is half English; his mother being Ada, daughter of colonel the honorable E. B. Wilbraham. His paternal grandfather, don Michael Angelo Caetani duca di Sermoneta, principe di Teano, etc., etc. (1804-82) was a well-known Dante scholar and an intimate friend of Longfellow who thus writes of him in a letter to George W. Greene, under date, Rome, 1869:

"The most sympathetic and cultivated man I have found here is the duca di Sermoneta; about my age, but totally blind. He can repeat the Divina Commedia from beginning to end. We have long conferences together."

This duke's second wife was an Englishwoman: the honorable Harriet Ellis daughter of the sixth lord Howard de Walden.

And, finally, the first cousin of Longfellow's duke, don Francisco Caetani, married, in 1860, the famous prima donna Maria Piccolomini who may thus be reckoned, Breton fashion, grand-aunt-by-marriage to our young composer don Roffredo.

Don Roffredo's connections with Anglo-Saxondom may, then, be summed up under four heads, to wit:

1. His mother was English.
2. His step-grandmother was English.
3. His paternal grandfather was a friend and correspondent of Longfellow.
4. His grand-aunt-by-marriage (Breton fashion) was Maria Piccolomini-Artemas Ward's "Picklehominy" who created such a furor among the operagoers of England and America in the 1850's.

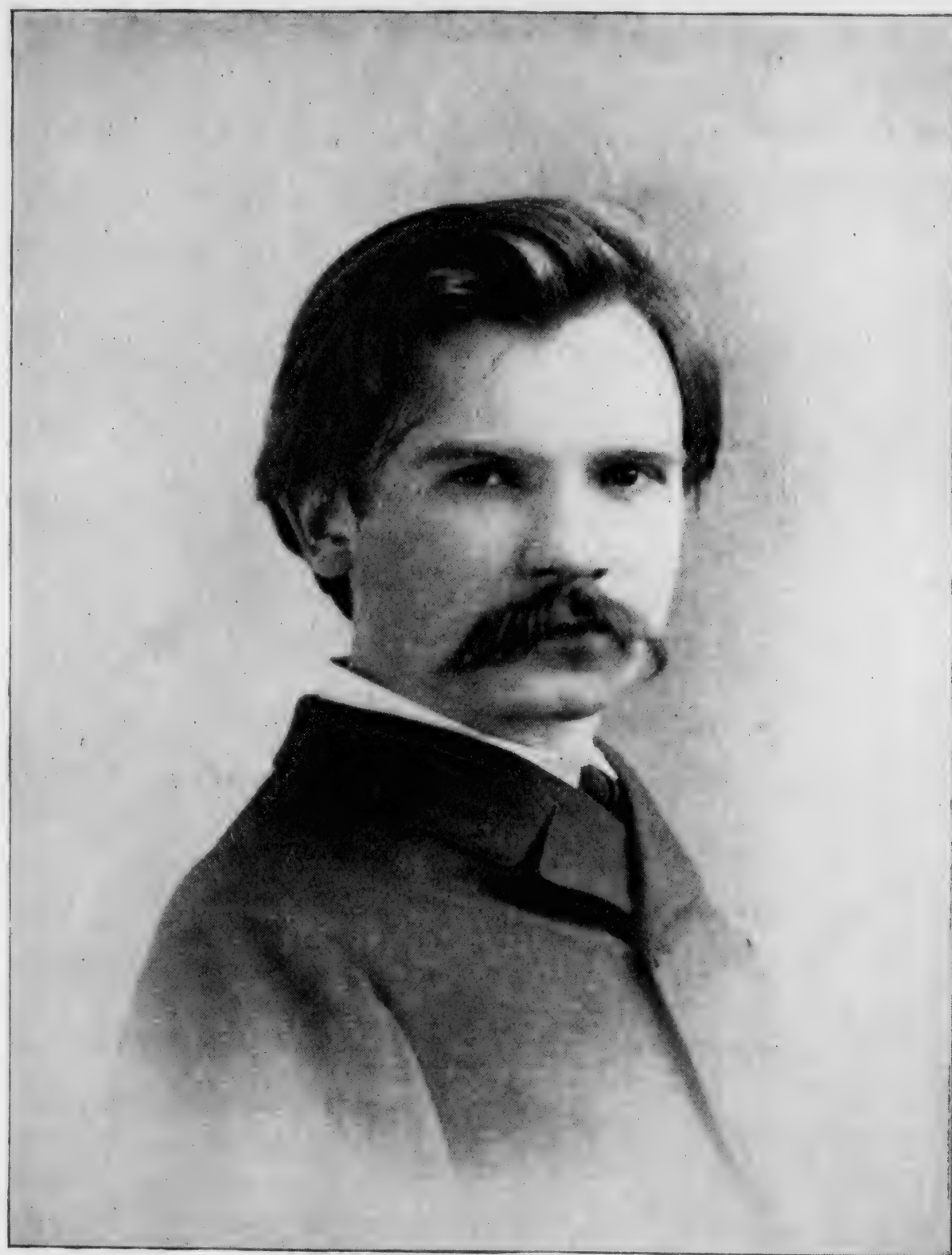
Piccolomini, herself, was not without ancestral connection with America; she was a descendant of Cortez the Conqueror of Mexico.

(To such persons as are unfamiliar with the term "Breton fashion" it may be explained that in Brittany a parent's cousin-german is commonly referred to as uncle or aunt; thus the great engineer de Lesseps was known to the empress Eugénie as uncle, he being first-cousin to the contessa di Montijo the empress's mother.)

STANISLAS KENELM D'AUBUSSON  
(Genealoger).

4 Howland street, Boston, Jan. 31.





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## *Symphony Hall.*

SEASON 1904-05.

# BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.

## XIV. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4, AT 8, P. M.

### Programme.

GOLDMARK,

OVERTURE, "In Italy," op. 49.  
(First time.)

D'ALBERT,

CONCERTO for PIANOFORTE, in E major, (in one movement) No. 2, op. 12.  
(First time.)

WEBER,

RONDO BRILLIANT, "Invitation to the Dance."  
(Orchestrated by HECTOR BERLIOZ.)

RIMSKY-KORSAKOFF, SYMPHONIC SUITE, "Scheherazade," op. 35.  
(After "The Thousand Nights and a Night.")

- I. The Sea and Sinbad's Ship.
  - II. The Story of the Kalandar Prince.
  - III. The Young Prince and the Young Princess.
  - IV. Festival at Bagdad. The Sea. The Ship goes to pieces against a Rock surmounted by a bronze warrior.
- Conclusion.

### Soloist:

Mr. EUGEN d'ALBERT.

The Pianoforte is a Knabe.



Trans. Feb. 6, 1905  
Symphony Hall: Symphony Orchestra

At the fourteenth Symphony concert Mr. Eugen d'Albert made his reappearance in Boston after an absence of many years. This was the programme:

Goldmark: Overture, "In Italy," Op. 49. (First time.)  
D'Albert: Concerto for Pianoforte, in E major (in one movement), No. 2, Op. 12. (First time.)  
Weber: Rondo Brilliant, "Invitation to the Dance." (Orchestrated by Hector Berlioz.)  
Rimsky-Korsakoff: Symphonic Suite, "Scheherazade," Op. 35. (After "The Thousand Nights and a Night.")

Although it looked amazingly promising on paper, the programme of the last Symphony concert proved somewhat dull. There was the new overture by Goldmark, of course, which was bound to stir the interest of all music lovers, for who can forget the splendors of "Sakuntala" and of the "Queen of Sheba"? But now Goldmark is already an old man, and there are few musicians like Verdi who write better at eighty years than at forty. In his last work, furthermore, Goldmark deserted the gorgeous East, which his genius once held in fee, to dally with Italy. Like most Northerners, when he came to be Italian he became merely trivial. In his overture there is much rich coloring, a wealth of beautiful sounds, but the florid imagination that made remarkable the earlier works of Goldmark is distressingly lacking. Perhaps it would be the kindlier part to refrain from producing the compositions of musicians past their prime.

As for the second novelty of the concert, Mr. d'Albert's concerto, it caused bitter regrets that its composer preferred playing it to a Beethoven concerto, which he can present in greater manner than any other living pianist. The piece by Mr. d'Albert is of inexplicable meaning, speaking both musically and dramatically. There are no themes to be discovered in a single hearing, the various episodes bear no apparent relation to one another, there is no striking beauty of orchestration. In the place of these requisites of a musical composition there is but a succession of surges of sound, frantic climaxes not worked up to nor descended from, mere furious outbursts. Had any other pianist than the composer played the solo part, the effect of the work is not to be imagined. With Mr. d'Albert at the pianoforte, however, there was a massiveness about the concerto, a brutal exhibition of passion, that worked impressively upon the audience. Mr. d'Albert displayed great brilliancy. Beyond this statement it is impossible to go in considering his playing until he has come before an audience with something really to play. He was much applauded.

And then there was the "Invitation to the Dance," which was listened to with somewhat more of amusement than of delight. Since dance music, fortunately, is regarded as permissible at a symphony concert, why not play from Delibes' ballets, or even a Strauss waltz? If the Weber piece was chosen for old sake's sake, perhaps the

"Battle of Prague," orchestrated by a man, would give as much pleasure.

By far the best of the concert came at the last, when Mr. Gerlicke gave a very brilliant and sympathetic performance of Rimsky-Korsakoff's charming suite "Scheherazade." This work wears well. With its brilliancy of orchestration in nowise dimmed its rare imaginative qualities seem more remarkable than ever before. This surely is the best type of programme music, for, although there is no very close following of the titles of the various movements, the work as a whole, beside charming by its spontaneously attractive melodies and by its sparkling scoring, has the power to set one at once a-thinking of the "Arabian Nights," that book which, in one's youth, enchanted by its very mysteriousness, with its dervishes, calendars, veiled ladies, magnificent underground abodes and mendicants, which last it proved disappointing to learn were plain beggars. But beggars in Bagdad must have been different! All the charm of that queer world is contained in the Russian's suite. Unlike Berlioz, in his "Fantastic Symphony," Rimsky-Korsakoff has found, for his Scheherazade theme, which appears in all four movements and, at the close, in most poetic wise, a motive that lingers in the memory. It will be a disappointment if we do not soon hear this delightful composition again.

Miss Marie Nichols will be the soloist this week. The programme is as follows: Mozart, Overture, to "Marriage of Figaro;" Bruch, Serenade for violin and orchestra (first time); Richard Strauss, "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks"; César Franck, Symphony in D minor.  
R. R. G.

## THE SYMPHONY'S 14TH CONCERT

Eugen d'Albert Makes His Reappearance with His Own Concert No. 2, a Concerto Made Expressly to Suit the Pianist.

GOLDMARK'S NEW  
OVERTURE AGREEABLE

Rimsky-Korsakoff's Version of "The Arabian Nights" Constantly Pic-



turesque, Highly Imaginative and  
Glowing.

Herald Feb. 5, 1905

The programme of the 14th Symphony concert given last night in Symphony Hall, Mr. Gericke conductor, was as follows:

Overture, "In Italy".....Goldmark  
(First time.)  
Piano concerto in E major, No. 2.....d'Albert  
(First time.)  
"Invitation to the Dance".....Weber-Berlioz  
Symphonic suite, "Scheherazade".....  
Rimsky-Korsakoff

Goldmark's new overture, which was produced at Vienna a year ago last month, is an excellent work for a popular concert. It will not enlarge his fame, for it is far below the overtures to "Sakuntala," "Prometheus," "Sappho," in imagination and in workmanship. Italy is something more than a matter of tainbourline, 12-8 tempo and duets in thirds. There is a suggestion of the old Goldmark in the second section of the slow episode, but the suggestion is in the expression of the thought than in the thought itself, which is feeble, as though coming from a tired or empty brain. There are pretty effects here and there, and they are chiefly effects of color or of rhythm, but there is little or no spontaneity in the gayety, and the nobler sensuousness of Italian life is not even hinted at. The overture might be compared to a second-rate stage curtain, with peasants dancing in the foreground, a cavalier and his love conversing sentimentally on a fallen marble column, and Vesuvius in the distance. Let us forget this overture and remember the composer of "Sakuntala," and the prelude, the ballet music and the temple scene from "The Queen of Sheba," in which there is true imagination as well as impressive or gorgeous orchestration.

Mr. d'Albert has not visited Boston since 1892. He first came here with Sarasate, and he was in his storm and stress period. His admirers then spoke of his right hand as the paw of a lion, but to calmer souls it resembled more closely the blow of a pile driver. He was as a young giant rejoicing in his strength. Force and fire and speed were his distinguishing characteristics, and in the fury of his performance the composer too often suffered with the audience. Even then there was the flame of genius burning brightly amid the smoke and devastation.

This was in 1899. When he came the second time he had more repose and his playing was the more authoritative. He gave a memorable performance with the Symphony orchestra of Beethoven's concerto in E flat, a performance distinguished by nobility and grandeur as well as by brilliance.

Some regret that he did not play such a work last night. Mr. d'Albert, perhaps wearied with the laurels of the virtuoso, became demented with the mania of composing things. Since the production of "The Ruby" in 1893 he has written six operas that have been performed, one that is soon to be performed, and much music of a less ambitious nature. The concerto he played last night was composed in the summer of 1892. It is interesting while it is being played by such a pianist. The hearer is pleased with the themes, he is stirred by the rhythmic swing,

the sonorous orchestral waves, the demoniacal intensity of the pianist. When it is all over, and the pianist has made his bow and the final wreath has been handed up, there is chiefly the remembrance of a task performed with a dashing display of indisputable muscularity. There is also a grateful remembrance of the opening measures for the piano in the slow section of the work, which were played with such quiet and dignified breadth that they impressed at the time and thereafter.

As Mr. d'Albert will play in a chamber concert tomorrow night, and as he will give recitals here, a more detailed examination of his art may be deferred. It is enough to say that in spite of his devotion to composition he may still be ranked among the leading pianists.

It was a pleasure to hear Rimsky-Korsakoff's suite again. The music is constantly picturesque, it is at times highly imaginative. There are some, we are told, who think the wondrous "Thousand Nights and a Night" only foolish tales, even with the improving and educational notes of Sir Richard F. Burton. It is not likely that such persons will find enjoyment in this Russian music. What to them is Scheherazade or Sindbad, or the three shaven and one-eyed Kalandars, or the loadstone mountain crowned with the warrior on his steed of yellow copper?

Others perhaps are disconcerted because the composer, an accomplished contrapuntist, here prefers to make his effects solely by melodic, harmonic, and rhythmic transformations. These movements of the suite are glowing pictures. Each tale vaguely suggested by the programme which serves as preface is bathed and steeped in oriental atmosphere, whether it be that of cradling or angry sea, blazing sun, the voluptuous perfumes of the harem, or the bazaar with the crowd listening to the wild stranger. And Scheherazade with her haunting theme evokes and dismisses the scenes with their actors. Could not Mr. Gericke be persuaded to let us hear the same composer's "Spanish Caprice" which led Tschaiakowsky to write to Rimsky-Korsakoff: "You can consider yourself the greatest contemporary master"; or the "Fairy Tale," which lately delighted Paris?

## MUSICAL MATTERS

### THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

PROGRAMME. Feb 6 1905

Goldmark, Overture, "In Italy," op. 49.

(First time.)

D'Albert, Concerto for Pianoforte, No. 2.

Soloist, Eugen D'Albert.

Weber, "Invitation to the Dance".

Rimsky-Korsakoff, Symphonic Suite, "Scheherazade," op. 25.

Goldmark may soon earn the title of The Last of the Melodists, for he is almost the only one among the great composers of the present who writes very tunefully. Yet he contrives to express sufficient passion and emotion in spite of his melodies. There were sharp contrasts in his overture, the slow episode making an excellent foil against the hurly-burly which preceded and followed it. The confusion of festivity was in the work also; not in the graphic style of Wagner's "Meistersinger" prelude, but rather in the frenzied manner of Berlioz's "Carnaval Romaine." This was especially noticeable in the furious ending.

The form of the work was quite clear—also an unusual thing in modern composition. The overture was finely performed, Mr. Gericke's reading being brilliant and effective and the orchestra seconding his intentions perfectly.

Mr. D'Albert, or Mr. MacAlbert, as a British reviewer (determined that he should not renounce his Scottish origin), recently called him, has gained in breadth and nobility of performance since his previous appearances in Boston. As he is a Beethoven specialist we would have preferred to have heard him in the fourth or fifth concerto, but his own concerto was an interesting work nevertheless. Its 4 movements are continuous, but are sufficiently well-marked to be easily followed. At the beginning the composition has some of the brusquerie of the "Flying Dutchman" overture, against which its slow movement becomes doubly attractive.

This latter was the most poetic and best part of the whole work. The Scherzo (or what corresponded to it) had not very much to say for itself, but the finale roared forth its power in "King Cambyse's vein," making a strong climax in which the pianist was able to display his mastery of chord work, double octaves, and all kinds of wrist and fore-arm bravura in most effective fashion.

Without descending to any meretricious effects the climax was worked up in a manner that would appeal to musical and non-musical auditors alike, and the artist-composer reaped his reward in many recalls and a laurel wreath as large as himself. The tribute was deserved by the playing and by the composition, for there was much good development in the work even if it may not take rank with the masterpieces. We shall await Mr. D'Albert's appearance tonight, in chamber music, with much interest.

That delightful dialogue in music, the "Invitation to the Dance," charmed everybody. Berlioz has scored it most daintily and effectively. "Can you honor me with the next waltz, Mademoiselle?" asks the violoncello. "Oh, Monsieur, I am charmed to give it to you," responds the woodwind. Then they glide through the measures of what has been denounced as "hug-gling set to music." Sorrowfully the violoncello takes leave of his partner when the dance is done.

He has bidden her "Good Bye" and gone to the door, when he comes back for just one more final word. And that absolutely extraneous coda tripped up a number of auditors, as usual, who began to applaud before the young man made his "positively last appearance." We found the waltz a trifle rigid. It would gain by giving it more of a 6-4 effect.

The Russians have captured—a Boston audience, reviewers and all! The engagement began with a bombardment of full orchestra, under cover of which the woodwind advanced on the right. The violins, led by Gen. Hess, now made a brilliant sortie on the left flank of the main body. It was a magnificent charge; at one time Gen. Hess was quite alone, but his cavalry soon rallied around him. A furious volley of kettle-drums followed, while Gen. Gericke brought up the trombone reserves and the remaining brasses. At this the entire audience—including some very big guns—surrendered.

In all seriousness we believe that, in music, the Russians are upon the right path, while France and Germany are struggling in the brambles. Here is a work that presents all the modern development of orchestral tone-coloring, yet is quite intelligible; that gives rich harmonization, yet presents recognizable melodies, even folk-music. In short, a composition that unites the best of the old and the new. We need a modern Bach today, who shall reconcile 2 schools that at present are turning their backs on each other. Russia is the country where the composers are attempting to do this.

The suite had many obligato passages, some of which amounted to good-sized and important solos. Mr. Hess played the violin obligati very finely, and we must also record the charm of the oboe work by M. Longy. The Oriental flavor was splendidly attained, especially in the Scheherazade passages. Every point of modern orchestration was represented, even to muted trumpets. The Oriental festival of the finale was of exceptional brilliancy.

The telling of these stories in musical form has an advantage over the literary original; it is not necessary to expurgate it in its cis-Atlantic presentation. Yet we would not have objected to an occasional "cetera desunt" in the 2d movement. The story of the Kalandar Prince was rather long. We fancy that if it were made thus prolix to the Sultan Schahriah, that potentate would have shortened the tale by a few sentences, and the narrator by a few inches.

Louis C. Elson.



# MUSICAL MATTERS

## D'Albert Plays at the Symphony Concert.

Cecilia Club, Symphony Quartet,  
Ysaye and Other Events.

## Announcement of the Grand Opera Season.

*Globe Feb 5 1905*

The famous pianist and composer, Eugen d'Albert, who has been a stranger to this country for a dozen years, made his reappearance here at last week's Symphony concert, playing his own E major piano concerto. Goldmark's overture, "In Italy," given here for the first time, opened the program, which also contained Weber's "Invitation to the Dance" and "Scheherazade." Rimsky-Korsakoff's symphonic suite, "The Piano Concerto" is practically in one movement, the divisions are so slight, and is evidently written to display the more vigorous features of his artistic powers, for nearly all the sections are thickly strewn with forte and fortissimo passages in four-finger chords. The great fervor shown by the artist plainly indicated the general tone of the big composition and his performance, although a little uneven in spots, gave the impression of a vitality which expressed perfectly the ideas of the writer by the art of the performer. He indulged in strong tonal contrasts, the piano part in some of the lighter passages being hardly audible above the orchestra; but in the many exceedingly brilliant portions of the work the splendid qualities of the artist were shown in glowing colors. Mr d'Albert was received with great enthusiasm and was recalled to the stage many times. At his recital in a few weeks it is to be hoped that he will include some of Beethoven's works, in which the pianist is said to excel as an interpreter.

The Goldmark overture, "In Italy," heard for the first time, is a charmingly brilliant piece and characteristic of the composer's fondness for novel effects in which the instruments of percussion are liberally used. It is one of those light, joyous, rol-

licking works which please the ear and keeps one in good humor, and it was played with great spirit and dash by the orchestra. The odd crescendos were exquisite bits of tonal quaintness and deserve special mention.

The orchestra gave d'Albert perfect support in the piano concerto and Weber's rondo, "Invitation to the Dance," also went with a swing that was almost irresistible to those who indulge in the mazy. Sinbad's journey and other stories, according to the musical ideas of the Russian composer. Rimsky-Korsakoff, were illustrated in the usual skilful manner and being familiar, call for no detailed comment.

This week's program will have for soloist the young violinist, Miss Marie Nichols, who will be heard in Bruch's serenade for violin and orchestra. The remaining selections will be Mozart's overture, "Marriage of Figaro"; "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks," Richard Strauss and Cesar Franck's D-minor symphony.

## D'ALBERT PLAYS AT THE SYMPHONY

Little Giant of the Keys Interprets  
His Works With Massive  
Brilliancy and Effect.

*Journal Feb 6 1905*

Two novelties were offered at the fourteenth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, each fine and highly interesting in its especial way. The new Goldmark overture, "In Italy," first on the program, was charming for its frank simplicity of melody and treatment. But two main themes are there, one bustling, sunny, suggestive of the free, out-of-door life of the Italian populace; the other gravely sweet and spiced with the romance of warm-breathed night.

### Little Bits of Color.

Each is treated with delightfully clear and unhackneyed orchestration, with an occasional bit of the color that made the composer of the "Sakuntala" and "The Queen of Sheba" a man of greatness. If this overture is neither profound nor highly poetic, it is at least gaily beautiful and satisfying. It was played with sparkling virtuosity.

The other work new to Boston was D'Albert's pianoforte concerto in E major, played by the composer himself. Thirteen years have elapsed since this little giant of the keys has been heard here. Time has played tricks with his hair, which has receded from his forehead and vanished from another point, but otherwise he seems no older. And he plays with all the massive bril-

liancy of old, with even more astonishing shading and with the same swing that carries the sympathetic listener off his feet.

What he now does in the more delicate phases of virtuosity must be found out later, for the concerto of Saturday night gave no test of that sort of thing. It is big with sound, almost pompous in character, yet never blatant, never merely empty phrasing. D'Albert had something to say, and he said it as a giant might exult in his strength.

### Audience Deceived.

Of the Berlioz transcription of Weber's "Invitation to the Dance" it is only necessary to observe that it is not so interesting nor so beautifully colored as that of Weingartner. It is amusing to find that even a Symphony audience is deceived by the well-known pause just before the final slow measures and that the usual applause broke in at the wrong time.

A highly effective performance of Rimsky-Korsakoff's wonderful tonal story, "Scheherazade," based upon portions of the "Arabian Nights," made a noble conclusion to a very interesting concert.

## D'ALBERT, PIANIST, WINS LAURELS AT SYMPHONY.

*Boston Transcript Feb 5 1905*  
Famous Artist and Composer  
Plays a Work of His Own  
Brilliantly, Reappearing After  
an Absence of Thirteen Years

## THREE FEATURES OF A NOTABLE CONCERT

### By Kent Perkins.

Three special features made memorable the fourteenth Symphony Concert of this season, at Symphony Hall, last night—first, the reappearance of Eugen d'Albert, the famous pianist and composer; secondly, the performance by him of his own piano concerto, in E major, No. 2 op. 12, this being its first production in Boston, and lastly, the first performance here of Goldmark's overture, "In Italy."

Mr. d'Albert was welcomed with great warmth by the big audience. The people expected a treat from the concerto, and

they were not disappointed. The piece is in one movement and is divided into four sections, separated only by slight pauses, and bound together by the continuity and identity of the principal themes. These are for the most part buoyant, jubilant, triumphant, and the whole work is the virile song of a man who is elated with the consciousness of strength and success, and is at all times sure of himself and his merit. The themes are worked out with beauty of melody and rich harmonic development, while the occasional lapses into sentiment are pleasing in contrast with the stronger appeal of the composition as a whole.

The composer-pianist played with vigor, brilliance and an ever-present manner of self-confidence that was in entire harmony with the triumphant note of the music. The orchestra assisted most ably in the interpretation of the work. At the close Mr. d'Albert was repeatedly called to the platform by continued applause and a laurel wreath was given to him.

The Goldmark overture, which had its initial performance in January, 1904, in Vienna, sang clearly and with varied beauty an imaginative Teuton's ideals of Italy—its romance, its art, its loveliness, its vivid and picturesque life, its struggle and its times of martial triumph. The wide range of imagery in the piece was vividly portrayed by the orchestra.

Weber's "Invitation to the Dance," orchestrated by Hector Berlioz, was played with exquisite delicacy and delicious rhythm, and its story was so clearly told by the orchestra that the programme's explanation of the dancer's approach, and invitation, the lady's hesitation, his urging, her consent, the dance itself, the finale and her thanks was not needed for the most casual hearer's complete understanding of the scene.

Rimsky-Korsakoff's symphonic suite "Scheherazade," Op. 35, based on the "Arabian Nights Tales," closed the programme, and was produced with the orchestra's utmost care and skill. It is in four parts: 1. The Sea and Sinbad's Ship; 2. The Story of the Kalandar Prince; 3. The Young Prince and the Young Princess; 4. Festival at Bagdad, the sea, the ship goes to pieces against a rock, surmounted by a bronze warrior: conclusion.

There are characteristic themes for the sea, Sinbad's ship, the Kalandar and the Prince and Princess, while through it all runs a delightful melody that belongs to Scheherazade. There is a wealth of Oriental imagery and romantic arabesques in the work, and vivid picturing of Bagdad, the ocean and the magnetic mountain that tears the ship to pieces, while bolts and nails clatter and ring against the mountain. All is expressed with melodic beauty and suggestive charm.

### TWO FRIDAY SYMPHONY TICKETS

In Row X-12-13, are for sale for the remainder of the season for \$25.00 each. Address E.D.S., Boston Transcript. (A)

### SYMPHONY REHEARSAL SEATS, BALCONY

B-13-14-Right, are for sale. Price \$26.00 for remainder of season. Address O.B.T., Boston Transcript. (A)

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For the balance of season, may be secured at \$17.00 each by addressing C.O.H., Boston Transcript. (A)

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EVENING; two aisle seats, cost \$65; will sell for \$35.00. Address O.F.W., Boston Transcript (A)





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## *Symphony Hall.*

SEASON 1904-05.

# BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.

## XV. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, AT 8, P. M.

### Programme.

MOZART,

OVERTURE to the Opera "The Marriage of Figaro."

BRUCH,

SERENADE in A minor for VIOLIN and ORCHESTRA.  
op. 75.

I. Andante con moto.

II. Allegro moderato, alla marcia.

III. Notturmo. Andante sostenuto.

IV. Allegro energico e vivace.

(First time.)

RICHARD STRAUSS,

TONE POEM, "Don Juan." op. 20. (after N. Lenau.)

CÉSAR FRANCK,

SYMPHONY in D minor.

I. Lento: Allegro non troppo.

II. Allegretto.

III. Allegro non troppo.

### Soloist:

Miss MARIE NICHOLS.

There will be no Public Rehearsal and Concert next week.





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Marie Nichols, the Famous Boston Violinist

## SUPERB PLAYING OF SYMPHONY

For Its 15th Concert Famous Orchestra Performs Cesar Franck's Work in D Minor Impressively, with Exquisite Detail.

### FRANCK CONTRASTED WITH HIS DISCIPLES

Miss Marie Nichols Plays the Violin Well in Bruch's Dull Serenade on Her First Appearance with the Orchestra.

Herald Feb. 12, 1905

The programme of the 15th Symphony concert given in Symphony Hall last night, Mr. Gericke, conductor, was as follows:

Overture to "The Marriage of Figaro".....Mozart  
Serenade in A minor, for violin and orchestra.....Bruch  
(First time.)

"Don Juan," tone poem (after Lenau).....R. Strauss  
Symphony in D minor.....C. Franck

They that believe in a symphony concert without the intrusion of a solo singer, violinist, pianist, cellist, might argue from the programme of last night. The symphony by Cesar Franck, or any symphony of like nobility and grandeur, should logically have come first, when the attention of the audience was undivided, before the distraction of an individual performance and the gossip of the intermission. But the performance of this symphony would have killed the effect of any soloist coming after. Given a solo performer, and the programme maker's task is doubly difficult; he is often obliged to arrange the programme with reference to the calibre of the soloist and the character of his selection. Yet the programme might thus have been arranged: Franck's symphony, intermission, Bruch's serenade, Strauss' "Don Juan," and this programme would have been long enough.

The feature of the concert was the eminently satisfactory and impressive performance of the symphony. Mr. Gericke's reading was sympathetic and masterful. The long lines of Franck's musical thought were not lost sight of in the care for the exquisite details; the polyphonic structure was clearly indicated, but not in the mere spirit of the professional analyst; the tonal gradations were observed with seeming spontaneity; the instrumental song was flowing and appealing; the orchestral forces were prepared and massed skillfully for irresistible effect. Never before has this symphony of Cesar Franck seemed so supremely beautiful in its tenderness, its pathetic entreaty, its glorious triumphant chant.

Listening to the performance one could not help reflecting on the inferiority of Franck's disciples, ingenious as some of them are. Compare this symphony, for instance, with that of d'Indy, played not long ago. The latter is a composition not to be mentioned without a tribute of respect to the workmanship displayed in it, but how labored are the effects, and what distressing anxiety there is in the continual attempt to avoid that which might be considered simple or conventional! These disciples speak, in a way, the language of Franck, but in a small, dry way. Their music lacks the intense humanity, the sweeping vision, the elemental force, the serene nobility of their master's. They are not to be blamed because they do not have his genius. They may justly incur the reproach, however, of an affected musical speech based on his natural and manly form of expression. The unpretentious, quiet courage, the sublime devoutness of Franck the man found expression in his music, and without his own consciousness. Much as we admire the earlier works of his disciple, d'Indy, heartily as we are in accord with his pure devotion to art and to artistic ideals, we find in his latest works a peculiar self-consciousness that may be fatal to their long life.

Mr. Gericke and the orchestra are also to be congratulated on the spirited and dramatic performance of "Don Juan," a work which, pleasing and thrilling on first hearing, has not lost in sensual pomp and pride through repetition. If there be such a thing as character portrayal in music without the aid of dramatic action or minute explanatory programme, Strauss has succeeded admirably in painting the hero of Lenau's poem.

Bruch's "Serenade" was composed in 1899, and it was first performed in public by Joseph Debroux at Berlin Nov. 30, 1901, when the composer conducted. Mr. Willy Hess played it at Cologne the next year. The performance last night was the first in Boston, and Miss Nichols made her first appearance with the Symphony orchestra. There was a rumor that this work was composed originally with the thought of Sarasate; that the "Serenade" was to have been dedicated to him; that he was not much pleased with the music and therefore was not the violinist who produced it; but Bruch in a letter which we have seen denies the truth of this report and states that he had already paid his tribute to the great Spanish violinist by his dedication to him of the second concerto and the "Scottish Fantasia."

The "Serenade" is in four movements. The first, an andante con moto, is suavely and mildly interesting in spots. The second movement, an allegro moderato alla marcia, is dry and dull. The following nocturne is pretty for a time, but its prettiness is without distinction, and the end is welcome. The finale, based on themes of Spanish character, is inconspicuous. The pleasantest feature is the manner in which the chief theme and mood of the first movement are introduced near the close.

It is much to be regretted that Miss Nichols chose such a drab and jejune



composition for her first appearance with the orchestra. She is a young violinist of much more than ordinary talent and taste. Interesting in music that is uninteresting to the verge of discouragement, she succeeded in holding the attention of the audience and in winning its hearty applause by the modest display of her technical and musical accomplishments. With more experience she will undoubtedly develop a freer and broader style; she will get farther and farther away from New England and rejoice musically in frank expression of art and womanhood. Mr. Hess conducted the concerto with care.

#### FIFTEENTH SYMPHONY PROGRAM.

Miss Marie Nichols, a young woman who has achieved an enviable reputation as a violinist, was the soloist at last week's Symphony concerts, playing the Bruch A minor serenade, for violin and orchestra, the first performance here. The complicated work is in four movements, the third and fourth parts being the more pleasing half of the group, the former because of the skill with which the solo score is written and the latter for the piquant character of the dance themes. Some portions of the orchestration in the first two movements appear thin and disjointed, as if the composer had merely sketched and not finished his work and although the solo instrument is admirably treated there is lacking the homogeneity displayed in the last two movements. Miss Nichols played with a skill and confidence which was very pleasing, and her interpretation as a whole merits warm praise.

She is very graceful in bowing, her fingering, single and in chords, is true and as deft as the phrases require, all her legato is smooth and flowing, and save the absence of masculine vigor in fortissimo work she was highly satisfactory and richly deserved the applause which greeted her efforts. The florid passages in the second movement were very skilfully executed. The almost continuous legato of the third part was notably sweet and appealing and the strongly accented dance themes of the finale, if they had been given with a trifle more abandon, would have been equal in merit with the two before mentioned. Following so quickly those giants of the violin, Kreisler and Ysaye, Miss Nichols' success was the more marked and vastly to her credit.

Concert Master Hess, who was familiar with the serenade, having played it at a concert in Cologne three years ago, conducted in place of Mr. Gericke. The orchestra acquitted itself well, providing efficient support for the soloist. Mr. Gericke led the other numbers, which were the overture to Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro," Richard Strauss' tone-poem, "Don Juan," and Cesar Franck's D minor symphony.

The Strauss selection was given with the requisite effects, the contrasts of the elaborate orchestration being observed with due care, but the Franck symphony is worthy of the greater commendation, this, to many minds, master-work showing the orchestra at its best. The familiar Mozart overture calls for no special comment.

The orchestra will be away this week. Next week's program will have for soloist Mr. Ernest Schelling, who will play the Liszt-Busoni "Spanish Rhapsody." The other numbers will be Sinding's suite in F major, first time here, and Brahms' C minor symphony.

## MARIE NICHOLS AND WILLY HESS

Violinist and Conductor Please the  
Audience at the Fifteenth  
Symphony Concert.

*Journal* ————— *Feb 13/1905*

The fifteenth Symphony concert was graced by the charming presence of Miss Marie Nichols, a violinist who has already won high favor here. She is a young woman of ability as well as a player of excellent technique, and she might have achieved a far greater effect had she played some better work than the Bruch serenade in A minor, which was heard here for the first time.

Mr. Willy Hess conducted for Miss Nichols' performance, and did it with care and comprehension. This innovation is said to be part of a plan, outlined some time ago, to relieve Mr. Gericke from a few of the less important works.

The purely orchestral part of the concert was of more than ordinary variety and beauty. Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro" overture, that remarkable expression of pure musical gaiety, was played with consummate finish. Symphony Hall is still supreme in this sort of thing, no matter what may be said of the quality of our storm and stress.

Did anyone ever think Richard Strauss' "Don Juan" tone-poem abstruse, revolutionary and hard to comprehend? History says so, and memory indorses it. But now how clear, how fascinating, how thoroughly melodious the work appears. One more D'Indy symphony, and Strauss will seem to be a Mendelssohn. The vibrant, splendid work had a worthy performance, full of unwonted fire and emotion.

Another massive and extraordinary composition, but in totally different fashion, is the D minor symphony of Cesar Franck. Lofty in thought, artistic in expression, full to overflowing with the spontaneity of a rich musical nature, it holds spellbound all those who find in music something deeper than mere pleasant sound. And yet how lovely, how free from austerity it all is. If that last eloquent movement is to be taken as praise to man's maker it is worthy the subject, for no purer paen of exultation has ever been told in music. The playing matched the work, for it was superb.

#### Symphony Hall: Symphony Orchestra

At the fifteenth Symphony concert Miss Marie Nichols made her first appearance as soloist, the programme being as follows: Mozart: Overture to the opera "The Marriage of Figaro." Bruch: Serenade in A minor for Violin and Orchestra, Op. 75. (First time.) Richard Strauss: Tone Poem, "Don Juan," Op. 20 (after N. Lenau). Cesar Franck: Symphony in D minor.

This concert, the fifteenth, was remarkable for a wealth of beautiful music offered, the pity of it being that there was somewhat too much of it. A work of the calibre of Cesar Franck's symphony can be properly listened to and appreciated only when the musical mind is fresh. On Saturday the symphony came so late in the evening that many persons withdrew before the last moment, which surely would not have happened had the great work been presented earlier in the evening. When this composition is to be played all else must give way before it, that it may be afforded the worthiest conditions of performance possible to be attained. For its like has not been written in many years. With each hearing the symphony sounds more beautiful than before, a mighty product of a great genius. Its performance on Saturday was one of wonderful sympathy and appreciation. Dwelling lovingly on each individual phrase, that the audience might enjoy its exquisite beauty of form and color, Mr. Gericke at the same time gave vent to the deep human emotion of the music, never allowing the minuteness of detail to smother the broad, fresh sweep of the work as a whole. The symphony, indeed, can only be compared to a play of Shakspeare, in its combination of mighty strength of human feeling and in its amazing fancy of imagery. In thus appreciating so keenly the beauty of the parts and the grandeur of the whole, Mr. Gericke gave the composition a reading such as it has never before enjoyed in Boston. To listen to such music so played is an experience that fully repays one for many vain visits to concert halls.

But, incidentally, why should a music-lover expect to hear a masterpiece grandly performed every time he runs to a concert? In the countless picture exhibitions that are held in Boston every season, how many really remarkable paintings are there brought to view in the course of a year? There is much admirable and interesting work, of course, but how many pictures are there that will be talked about and highly regarded in ten years' time? Of the grist of new novels that reach a reviewer's desk during the year, how many of them can be considered seriously as a genuinely artistic work of fiction? Read the reviews by competent literary critics and discover. And now, to turn to music, why should the public expect the conditions to be more favorable than in the other arts? Is it a simpler affair to dash off a masterly symphonic poem than to write a novel or paint a landscape? Or is it easier to play

Beethoven's E-flat concerto as Mr. d'Albert has proved it can be played, if proof were necessary, than to portray the character of Juliet on the stage? Precisely at this moment there are few novelists turning out works that make one forget "Diana of the Crossways." Painters are not common who are likely to make Degas uneasy as to his laurels. As to the stage, there is not much offered today that causes thrills of delight in the hearts of experienced playgoers. But in music there would seem to be a different standard. Let the music managers set before the public the poorer works of Beethoven, sonatas, quartets, symphonies alike, let them be well or ill performed, the public and the press must display frantic enthusiasm, or the cry of pessimism is raised. Young composers present their works of indifferent value, and if they are not extolled the question is at once raised, "Why? You can't expect Beethoven!" A young singer with a pleasant voice twitters through an aria that Mme. Sembrich would devote two years to learning. But the singer must not be condemned, for she is young.

It is, in very truth, hard to be enthusiastic over the average programme and performance that is offered to concertgoers. But let one hear a production of Cesar Franck's D-minor symphony such as that of last Saturday, and enthusiasm will run riot.

The playing of Strauss' "Don Juan" was no less beautiful, in its more robust way. The tone poem wears well, perhaps better than will some of the later creations, when Strauss had become more "individual." Be this as it may, in "Don Juan" we have pages of passionate music glowing at a white heat, succeeded by measures that painfully express the end of everything, the taste of ashes in the mouth. Although the character of Lenau's Don Juan is portrayed as plastically as it is possible for music to portray character, this poem would work a potent spell were it without a name. It is possible that here and in "Tod und Verklärung" Richard Strauss is at his best and greatest. The performance was invigoratingly dramatic and intense.

In contrast with this magnificent poem the memory of Bruch's new serenade is but shadowy. While Miss Nichols is to be commended for trying to bring forward something new, she cannot be felicitated on the success of her attempt. The serenade is very dull music, ill-sounding in the two quick movements, sentimental and tiresome in the introduction and the nocturne. The greater Miss Nichols's ability, therefore, since, with such poor material, she could make her way with the audience. Miss Nichols is indeed a violinist of much charm. She plays with a pure and sweet, if rather small tone, with delightful phrasing, with a very sweet sentiment, and, in technical passages, with considerable brilliancy. In listening to Miss Nichols one has constantly the feeling that she could play



more emotionally if she chose. Evidently of a nature not cold, Miss Nichols has only to overcome a slight degree of self-consciousness to become an artist of high rank. Already, in both technique and musicianliness, she stands well above the other young violinists we have heard here in recent years.

This week there will be no concert. On Saturday, the 25th, this will be the programme, Mr. Ernest Schelling, soloist: Sinding, Suite in F major (first time); Liszt-Busoni, Spanish Rhapsody; Brahms, Symphony No. 1, in C minor.

Jan. 13, 1905.

R. R. G.

## MUSICAL MATTERS

### THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

adw PROGRAMME. Feb 13 1905  
Mozart—Overture to "Marriage of Figaro."  
Bruch—Serenade for Violin and Orchestra.  
(First time.)—Miss Marie Nichols.  
Richard Strauss—"Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks."

Cesar Franck—Symphony in D minor.

There was a great deal of novelty in the concert of Saturday, and it was in some respects the most interesting concert of the season. It began, however, in the conservative, classical vein, with Mozart's concise little sonata-allegro, the "Marriage of Figaro" overture, which was given with much spirit.

Then came a new work, a new violinist and a new conductor. Of these the last shall be first. Prof. Hess, at the recent Ysaye concert, showed clearly that he is a conductor of much ability. His beat is decisive and intelligible, his reading is musicianly, and he does not yield to any extravagance of gesture or excess of individualization. Mr. Gericke did well to commit the direction of the Bruch Serenade to him.

Bruch has won a front rank among composers for violin and orchestra by his G minor concerto. A little less great, but still an important work is his Scotch Fantasia for the same combination. His 2d and 3d violin concertos show a decided falling-off, and we fear that this Serenade must also be classed with his second-rate compositions. We have heard the 2 excellent works above mentioned superbly given in Boston in very recent days, and the contrast shrivels up the Serenade. Of course, we remember that the Serenade is less ambitious than the concerto, and generally more mellifluous than the Suite. But just this sweetness, which was characteristic of the instrumental "Serenata" of the 18th century, is very cloying to the auditor of the 20th. We change and music changes with us!

We have become accustomed to Bruch as a musical Tyrtaeus; his "Arminius," "Fair Ellen," "Flery Cross," "Frithjof," his 2 violin works first mentioned, are all expressive of the muse militant. We have come

to expect even his slumber songs and serenades to have the clangor of arms. Wherefore we were uneasy under his more saccharine spell.

Besides this, we have had such great violinists here recently that a good, intelligent player, like Miss Nichols, is handicapped. She played correctly, with good intonation, with tenderness, but no better than a half-dozen of the violinists who sat behind her could have done. She was recalled 3 times at the end of the prolix work. When Mr. Hess resumed his seat as concert-meister, after directing the work, the applause burst forth loudly again, but he modestly declined noticing it, while the soloist came out and bowed once more!

Strauss' "Don Juan," after this "linked sweetness long drawn out," was like brandy after vanilla soda. It was brilliantly played, although we would much rather have heard "Till Eulenspiegel," which was originally announced. But the more one hears Strauss' later tone-poems the more one is impressed with the absolute surety with which he makes his effects and works up his climaxes.

When he wants melody he is able to invent it, too, as witness the beautiful love-theme upon the oboe, which was exquisitely played. The violin obbligato was also effectively given.

Richard Strauss commits an error in his programme music by not giving complete details of his meaning. There ought to be no halfway confidences in this field; either an instrumental work is "absolute music" and appeals only to the emotions, or it represents some definite objects or events. In the latter case (since the tonal language is far less definite than words) it is best for the composer to state just what he means, or there is a likelihood of even the most careful reviewers dilating with the wrong emotion.

The powerful figure of the 4 horns in unison, for example, was mistaken for a picture of noble heroism by many analysts, and it certainly conveys that impression. But no! Strauss intended it for a portrayal of the half-drunken Don Juan plunging onward in his mad career:—

So long as youth lives on with pulse afire,  
On to the chase! To conquests new aspire!

In the same manner it would be dangerous to speculate on the gigantic "Sinfonia Domestica." Some of the outbursts might typify the hero hurling a flat-iron at his spouse and her coming back at him with a rolling-pin, or they might mean a honeymoon at Niagara Falls, or half-a-dozen other widely separated ideas. There are only 2 roads possible with such music: a full and explicit explanation of the composer's intention, or a judgment of the work as pure music without any ulterior meaning whatever. To give merely an indicative title, or a poem or motto at the beginning, is to invite the imagination of the auditor into pitfalls and errors.

The glory of the concert, the triumph of Mr. Gericke and of the orchestra, was in

the performance of the last number. Never have we heard a work by Cesar Franck so superbly given as the symphony was at this concert.

Cesar Franck is sometimes called "the French Schumann," and so he is, in the sense that he broke the fetters of the young Gallic composers and opened up greater freedom of expression for them. But in such a work as this symphony we recognize a French Brahms; a man who combined intellect with emotion, with a preponderance of the former, just as the German symphonist did.

The work is an apotheosis of figure development. At the very first there comes a figure of 3 notes, which is nothing more nor less than the "Fate-motif" of Wagner's trilogy with its last interval expanded into a fourth. Franck does not once achieve the richness of Wagner's harmonization of this remarkable figure, but he develops it in a manner that is masterly nevertheless. By contrary motion, by contraction, by expansion, by diminution, by rhythmic change, by every device known to the composer this figure interweaves itself not only through the first movement but into the finale. Against this there is developed, with the greatest effect, a longer figure of 12 notes, resolute and with bold skips of sixths and sevenths.

The slow movement is perhaps less mighty than the opening allegro, but the finale is yet greater. Beethoven, in his 9th symphony, inaugurated the plan of bringing back figures from preceding movements in the finale. Brahms, carrying this idea further, made the finale of his C minor symphony (which we are to have in the next concert) a grand epitome of the entire work. Thus also, does Franck make of his last movement a culmination and an interweaving of all the important thoughts of his entire symphony.

Of course this is intellectual in a high degree; of course it must be studied or at least heard often before the gigantic scheme can be comprehended; but once acquired it will be appreciated and loved just as the subtleties of Bach or Brahms are loved by those who have penetrated beneath the veil. This is the language that the pupils of Franck are striving for and cannot reach. They give ugliness and dryness where their master achieves power and loftiness.

They might notice, and take it to heart, that in this great work Franck does not jump into different rhythms every few measures, that he does not think it necessary to have 3 or 4 different rhythms going on simultaneously, in short that he remains intelligible in the midst of subtlety and that his complexity unravels into beauty.

And if any are inclined to deny the powers of Mr. Gericke we would recommend a hearing of his work in this symphony. No conductor in the world could have surpassed the results he achieved.

Louis C. Elson.

## CESAR FRANK

### IS IN THIS WEEK'S SYMPHONY PROGRAMME

The Composer's Birth and Early Musical Education at Liege—His Brilliant Successes at the Paris Conservatory—A Glance at Some of His Principal Works and at the Man Himself

Trans.

Feb. 8, 1905.

In front of the church, where César Frank was organist for a quarter of a century, work has been going on for some time to prepare for the inauguration of his statue, which took place a short time ago. The church is Ste. Clotilde. The inauguration was followed by the interpretation of his religious works in the church. All the distinguished organists of Paris had asked to be allowed to take some part in the ceremony, either to perform on the organ or to direct the choirs. It was a most beautiful and imposing ceremony. Around the statue could be seen his pupils, his friends and his admirers, through the efforts of whom the statue was dedicated to his noble memory.

The French Society of Concerts have given his name the first place on their programmes to honor him, thus showing their admiration for the great master. Monsieur Chevillard opened his season by giving the Symphony in D minor and Mr. Colonne gave his first concert, composed entirely of César Frank's works. He repeated the symphony in D minor, Variations Symphoniques for piano and orchestra, the Poem of Psyche, and the third act of "Hulda." César Frank's compositions have been written about many times, and all musicians know them, but the commemoration seems to give one a good opportunity to consider him and the ensemble of his life and his work.

César Frank was born in Liège in 1822. One must not lose sight of his origin, for although he passed almost all his life in France, and desired to belong to France by becoming naturalized, his art is united to France by the time and the surroundings in which it was written—by the influence it had, although, in certain phases of his art, the Belgian characteristics show themselves, and, therefore, we must see in César Frank, not a musician of pure French extraction, but, as is the case with several of the masters of the Renaissance, we must see in him a Franco-Flemish musician; resemblance which is not without honor, and which connects, although centuries back, a pretty glorious musical alliance.

He studied music at first at the Conservatory of Liège; then he became a pupil at the Paris Conservatory, where he had unusual success. At the competition for piano, he received the "first prize of honor," which appellation was created on purpose



for him by an enthusiastic jury. For the Fugue competition, he received the first prize, which created great excitement among musicians, on account of the extraordinary merits of the piece, which had been the means to get it. César Frank seemed to have been destined to conquer all the official rewards, and the "Prix de Rome" was the next prize to win, when his father called him back to Belgium. He returned to Paris some years after, when he revealed himself to the Parisian public by a coup d'éclat. On Jan. 4, 1846, in the hall of the Paris Conservatory, a concert was given where his oratorio by the name of "Ruth" was performed. At that time the State owned the hall, and allowed certain musicians to use it, in order to have their works heard. The success of "Ruth" was phenomenal. It is an easy matter to realize how it was appreciated by the critics of the time, when they compared it to the then recent success of the "Desert," and asked for César Frank the half of the triumphal crown offered to Félicien David. What is rather surprising is, that neither the public nor the critics of that time made a mistake about the true qualities of an art then so new to them. The recitations, firm and full, not spoiled by any form of a commonplace character, were applauded; the nobility of his music was appreciated; its character, its dignity, without pride, its naïveté without triviality, its gravity, gentle and touching; its chaste serenity, its sincere sensibility; the soothing charm of its simplicity—all was enthusiastically applauded.

The young composer was hailed as one of the great hopes of modern art. The Journal des Debats says that Meyerbeer and Spontini, who were at the concert, gave at different times marks of the greatest approbation. The Duke of Montpensier sent for César Frank after the concert and congratulated him in the warmest terms. That was a triumph such as those which usually are the forerunners of great destinies. This young man, twenty-four years old, unknown the day before, had become in one minute the equal of great masters: future and glory were his! But, alas, he did not take advantage of his opportunity! After that superb success he kept by himself, isolated himself and quite disappeared. The critics and the public had requested a second edition of "Ruth," but in vain. It took place, but after an interval of twenty-six years, in 1872. During all that time he published but little; a few pieces for harmonium, a few melodies: that is all. This young musician upon whom Fortune had smiled at the début of his career, and who could depend upon the public's support for everything he would write, became silent. Strange inaction—extremely surprising from the fact that it stands almost without parallel. Many young artists fall back into obscurity after a first success, but it is because force and true creative power are wanting, or else they become oppressed by life itself. Not so with César Frank, for in his ripe and even in his old age he gave proof enough that with him the creative

faculties and strength were not wanting; and life, although always hard for him, had never crushed him! His activity and his silence remain therefore a singular fact in the history of music. One single event survives in his quiet existence: in 1858 he was appointed organist at Ste. Clotilde, where he was destined to remain till his death. Then came the War of 1870, and after it that renaissance of French music in which he took part: Georges Bizet, Edward Lalo, Saint Saëns, Massenet. Was it others' renewed activity that stirred up César Frank? Perhaps it was. He joined the musicians at the head of whom he had been long ago by a precocious success, and returned to musical life as one returns to a beloved home after a long absence.

"Ruth," resurrected, had at last its second performance, and to the masterpiece of his youth César Frank added the works of his mature years. He stopped writing no more, and produced works which must be considered, as a whole, as the most important ones of our time: "Redemption," "Les Beatitudes," "La Symphonie," "Le Quintette," "Le Quatuor la Sonate." Life was hard for César Frank. He had to teach almost all day, and could give his compositions only rare hours of leisure. The public as a whole ignored him or misunderstood him. He, whom in his youth, so far behind him now that it seemed to him like another life, had had great success, was now destined to receive almost nothing but indifference or hostility. His art, serious and noble, bored the public. Rivals, unworthy of him, were successful. He remained obscure, notwithstanding his masterpieces. His love of music, however, was so strong and so disinterested, the kindness of his heart so simple, his character so loyal and so pure, that he never became soured, not even despondent by the mediocrity of his position: even the peace of his soul was never altered by his misfortunes. He never conceived a sentiment of envy towards his most fortunate rivals. To the end he led a life of austere labor, without knowing any other joy but that of creating beautiful works in retirement; that was sufficient for him. His face, placid and thoughtful, like that of some good old Artisan's of other days, never lost its expression of naïveté and of serenity. He met worries, deceptions, and misfortunes with a sweetness of spirit almost heroic; admired by all who came in contact with him. He was most indulgent for the music of others, and always found some excuse, even for the poorest modern compositions. The indulgence he had for others he never used for himself. He would never allow himself the least license, weakness or concessions he so willingly granted to others: such was the integrity of his character and of his life.

A prey to the injustice of the public, when the only griefs against him were his severity and his high ideals, it was hard to bear, for had he chosen, knowing better than anyone else the resources of his art,

he could have come down to the public's level, and written to suit its taste; but nothing on earth could induce him to write a page, a line, not even a single measure, that was not the sincere expression of his innermost feelings, a realization as pure and as perfect as possible of what he conceived to be beauty, goodness, and truth. These principles of conduct he did not translate into phrases, but put into action without giving them a thought, so natural was it to him. He was sustained in his life's struggle by two admirable qualities: a faculty for illusion, which smoothed the hardship of his fate; his faith in music, so profound, so religious, that it became almost ecstasy; it was so universal that it extended to music in general, to his own, as well as that of the masters; he made no difference between his own ideas, if he thought them beautiful, and that of his beloved masters; or rather, let us say, that his ideas appeared to him, as independent of him, and they moved him, just as if they had come from someone else. There are many instances where these peculiar characteristics are revealed so naively! Two of them are personally known to one of the writer's intimate friends.

One day at the Cirque d'Hiver a concert had been given composed entirely of his works. It had been a failure: the hall was nearly empty; hardly any applause. After the concert a few of his faithful friends were waiting for him outside wondering what they would say to him when he came out. To their surprise he came to them radiant, a happy smile on his peaceful face, shook heartily all the hands extended to him and with that penetrating accent, which was his very own, said to his astonished followers: "What excellent execution; splendid audience, and what a welcome they gave me!" Through the illusion of the music by which he was surrounded, he had seen neither the empty seats, nor had he felt the cold reception he received from the audience. He had the rare enjoyment to hear his work performed, and, candidly, he imagined his own enjoyment to be felt by everyone else there. Another day a friend met him on a train; he was then at work on his symphony. He talked with his friend about his work and when he came to speak of the Andante, he expressed himself thus: "At that point, my dear child, a marvellous idea came to me, a heavenly idea, a truly angelic idea." No one would have thought of smiling, in listening to him, expressing himself thus, for there was no vanity in his language, and he did not think of himself in talking in such a way. The idea which had come to him had delighted him with its beauty, had penetrated him with emotion, ecstasy, faith. It was that faith and ecstasy he told about in his naïve, artless way. His life was filled with mediocre duties to the last in order to live, but when he retired within himself, then the spare time he had he employed always in creating noble works. To the end he was ignored and misunderstood by the public at large, remaining always the same, how-

ever, true to his ideas of righteousness and of serenity. When he died in 1890, a few musicians realized what his death meant! The French Government whom he had honored in choosing it as his own hardly realized the great loss which had befallen French music.

Whatever neglect César Frank endured during his life has been well made up, and time has taken his revenge. César Frank, almost unknown or obscurely celebrated, is glorious now. Death has made up the wrongs of Life.

EMÉLIE ALEXANDER MARIUS

## SYMPHONY CONCERT

Miss Marie Nichols, the Violinist,  
Makes First Appearance

Post. Feb. 12, 1905  
Miss Marie Nichols, violinist, was the soloist at the Symphony concert last evening, and the programme was as follows:

Overture, "Marriage of Figaro".....Mozart  
Serenade, for violin and orchestra.....Bruch  
Tone poem, "Don Juan".....Strauss  
Symphony in D minor.....Frank

The overture to Mozart's familiar opera, "The Marriage of Figaro," made an enjoyable first number, being finely played.

Richard Strauss' "Don Juan," the earliest of his series of orchestral tone poems that made him famous, becomes more intelligible with further acquaintance, and one enjoys the work now, when formerly much in it appeared vague and abnormal. Perhaps his later works will also become interesting as time goes on.

The "Don Juan" was given a highly finished interpretation, and was well received.

César Franck's symphony, heard a few years ago for the first time, is another work that grows upon the listener as the many pages of surpassing strength become more familiar.

Miss Nichols appeared at these concerts for the first time and made an exceptionally good impression. She played the Bruch Serenade for the first time in the United States, a work that is not particularly striking, judged by a first hearing. The solo part is subjective, and there are but few chances for brilliant displays of virtuosity, although it demands artistic qualities of a high order from the performer which the average audience would not fully appreciate.

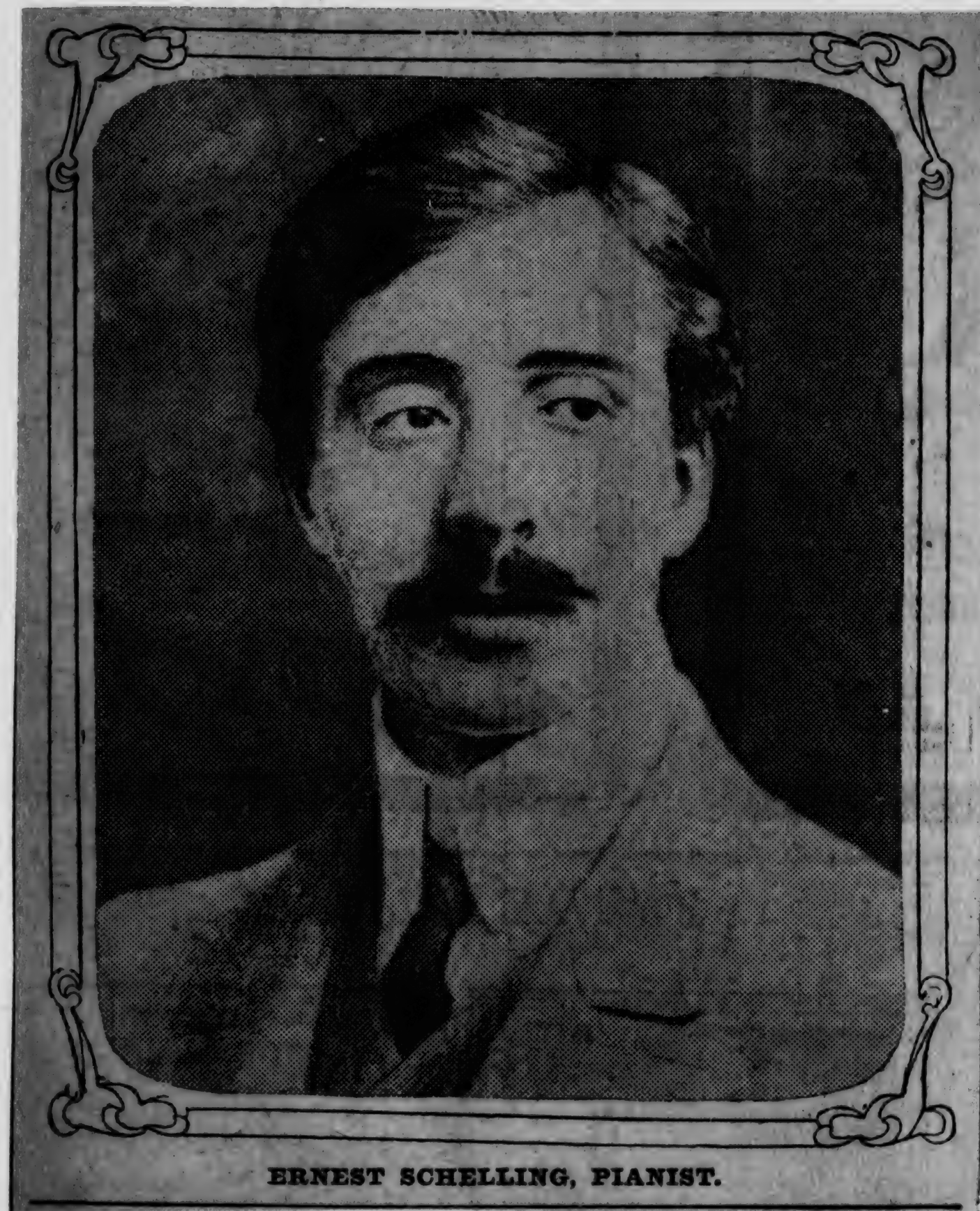
Miss Nichols interpreted the work with much intelligence and refinement, with superb technique and beautiful tone, that made her performance one of great pleasure. She was much applauded and recalled.

Mr. Hess conducted the performance of the concerto admirably, and his first appearance at these concerts in this capacity was a decided success in every way.

There will be no rehearsal or concert this coming week.

One of the unhappiest men in New York the other day was a musical critic who is noted for his razor-edged wit. He heard the Boston Symphony Orchestra play Wagner's stormy "Flying Dutchman" in a way that reminded him of Mendelssohn's "Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage." In the hurry of writing his criticism he forgot to put this in, and now he is in sackcloth and ashes. N.Y. Post Jan 22 1905





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*Symphony Hall.*

SEASON 1904-05.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.

XVI. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 25, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

SINDING,

EPISODES CHEVALERESQUES, SUITE in F  
major for ORCHESTRA, op. 35.

- I. Tempo di marcia.
- II. Andante funebre.
- III. Finale. Allegro moderato.  
(First time.)

SCHUMANN,

CONCERTO for PIANOFORTE in A minor, op. 54.

- I. Allegro effettuofo.
- II. Intermezzo: Andantino graziofo.
- III. Allegro vivace.

BRAHMS,

SYMPHONY No. 1, in C minor, op. 68.

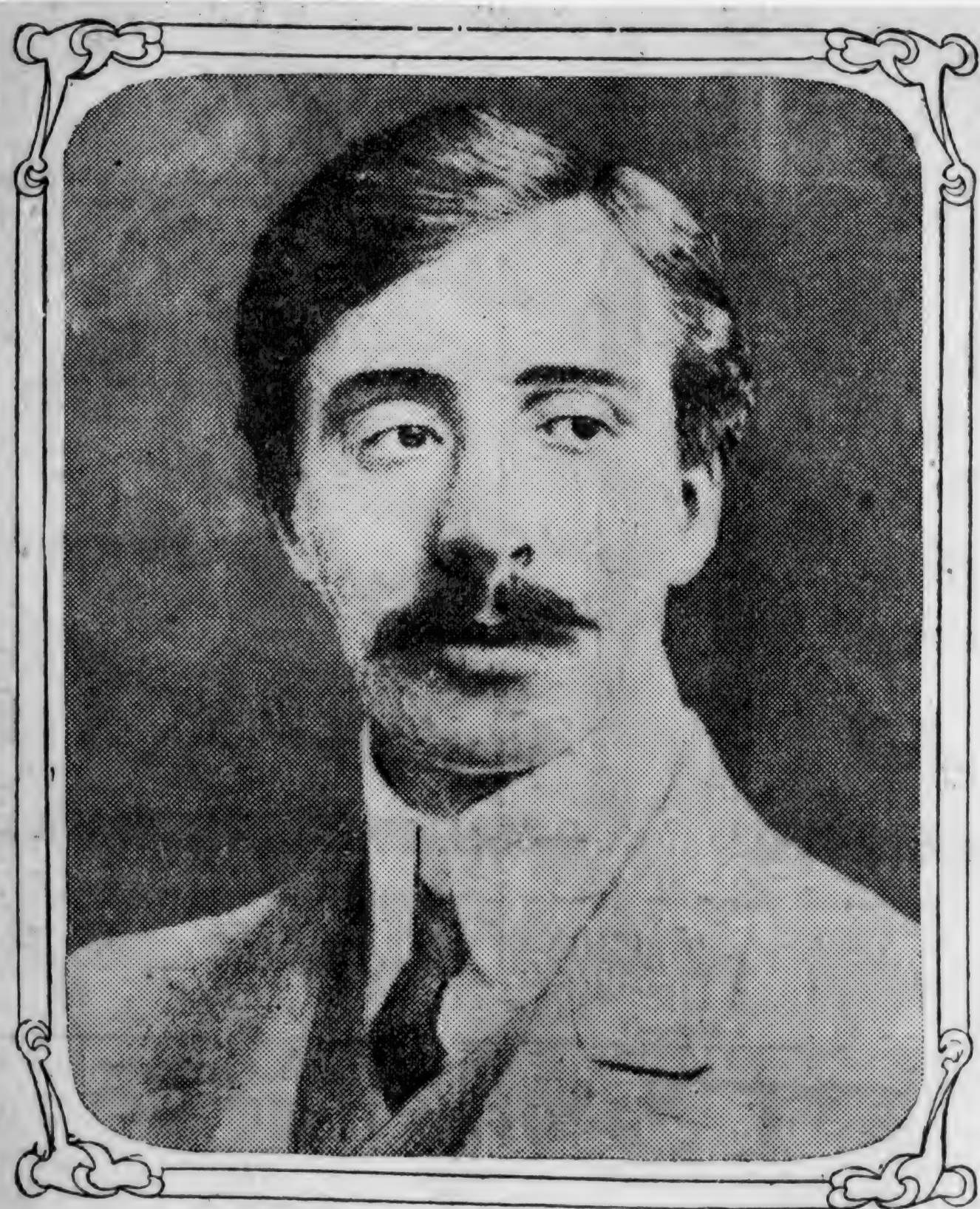
- I. Un poco foftenuto: Allegro.
- II. Andante foftenuto.
- III. Un poco allegretto e graziofo. L'effeffo tempo.
- IV. Adagio: Allegro non troppo, ma con brio.

Soloift:

Mr. ERNEST SCHELLING.

The Pianoforte is a Mason and Hamlin.





ERNEST SCHELLING, PIANIST.

*Symphony Hall.*

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- I. Allegro effetuoso.
- II. Intermezzo: Andantino grazioso.
- III. Allegro vivace.

BRAHMS,

SYMPHONY No. 1, in C minor, op. 68.

- I. Un poco sostenuto: Allegro.
- II. Andante sostenuto.
- III. Un poco allegretto e grazioso. L'estesso tempo.
- IV. Adagio: Allegro non troppo, ma con brio.

Soloist:

Mr. ERNEST SCHELLING.

The Pianoforte is a Mason and Hamlin.





ERNEST SCHELLING, PADEREWSKI PUPIL.

Mr. ERNEST SCHELLING, pianist, was born near Philadelphia about thirty years ago. His first teacher was his father, Dr. Felix Schelling. The boy at the age of five appeared in public to show his technical proficiency and his unusual sense of pitch. He entered the Paris Conservatory when he was nine years old, and continued his studies at Basle with Hans Huber. As a lad he played in London, Paris, and in cities of Germany, Switzerland, Sweden, and Denmark. Paderewski became interested in him, and taught him for some time. During the last four years Mr. Schelling has appeared as a virtuoso in cities of Europe and South America. He is court pianist to the Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin. The list of his compositions includes a symphony, "Symphonic Legends" for orchestra, a fantasia for piano and orchestra, chamber music, and piano pieces.

## MUSICAL MATTERS

### THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Adv- PROGRAMME. 46271905  
Sinding—Episodes. Chevaleresques. Suite for Orchestra. Op. 35. (3 movements.)  
Schumann—Concerto for Piano. A minor, Op. 54.  
Soloist, Mr. Ernest Schelling.  
Brahms—Symphony No. 1. C minor. Op. 68.

This was a fine programme, a presentation of some of the best phases of modern composition, without any puzzle-music of any kind. Sinding's Suite, given for the first time, was lofty and earnest, and presented many modern orchestral effects without attempting either the wild metaphysics or the ascetic ugliness of some of the 20th century music. It was not "programme-music," for it did not tell a definite tale, but it was a divine stimulant to the poetry and imagination lying dormant in each auditor; and this is one of the highest functions of instrumental music.

Although the orchestration of the work was very advanced, its form was clear, and there was beautiful melody in the Suite as well.

Some of the modern composers imagine that tune must be a weakening of musical composition, since in its primary elements a melody is usually merely a presentation of tonic, dominant and subdominant harmony. But these radicals forget that there are many other scale-forms besides our own major and minor, and that these are almost virgin soil to the latter-day composer.

Instead of telling a definite story Sinding presents 3 contrasted emotions around which each auditor is at liberty to wreath his own narrative. The first movement is a lofty march, suggesting the pomp and military splendor of knighthood; the second a funeral march and a lament; the last a dashing and courageous sort of finale.

There is enough of counterpoint in the work to make it interesting to the musician, but it is also comprehensible to the laity. The finale shows a falling-off from the power of the first 2 movements. The work was greatly applauded and is evidently popular music in its best sense.

Schumann's orchestration, and that of Brahms as well, suffered a little by comparison with that of the modern Norwegian. The thoughts of the 2 German composers are imperishable, and, in their field, unrivalled, but Schumann could not, and Brahms would not, use the modern orchestra in its full kaleidoscopic power.

The pianist of the concerto was warmly welcomed and much applauded. Mr. Schelling is an American, and we have not many natives who hold their own as composers and performers in Europe. It was a delight to bathe in the melodies of this romantic concerto. But we found far more of Florestan than of Eusebius in the interpretation of Mr. Schelling. Everything was performed with clearness and surety, the ensemble was always correct, but we missed the ineffable tenderness of Schumann,—his dreaminess and subtlety.

Nevertheless there was much to praise in the performance and we must hear the young artist in other schools before summing up his abilities. That these are worthy, however, is beyond any question. He was twice recalled at the conclusion of the concerto.

Then came a Brahms feast! The C minor symphony is a severe test for any but the initiated Brahmsites. Its first movement is a veritable jungle of development of themes. The man who says that he loves this movement on a first, or second, or third hearing, is deceiving himself or others. Its depth is not to be lightly fathomed. But, once understood it wears forever, like Bach's fugues.

The work grows easier of comprehension as it advances. The second and third movements are almost popular. But the crowning glory is in the finale; here we have a more modern Beethoven. It is built upon the lines of the finale of the ninth symphony, but without the screaming vocal effects. It is an epitome of the entire symphony, reproducing material from the 3 first movements, as the ninth symphony does. It has a popular melody as its core, as the Beethoven work has. But it achieves more than the older classic. Instead of a Dionysiac frenzy of joy its measures give the utmost loftiness. Its climax is as great as any in the entire symphonic repertoire.

Mr. Gericke achieved an absolute triumph in this movement. His reading was something to grow ecstatic over. The orchestra was at its best; all played commendably, although horns, flute and pizzicato strings call for a word of especial praise. We doubt if this finale could have been better played by any orchestra existing.

We wish that the D'Indy symphony could have been heard with this, as an object lesson, an awful example, an "abschreckendes Beispiel"! It was a delight to see that the audience appreciated the height attained, for the public, instead of rushing for coats, wraps and trolley cars, remained to give most hearty applause.

Louis C. Elson.

### PERSONAL.

The Herald publishes today a portrait of Mr. Ernest Schelling, a pianist, who will play for the first time in Boston this season. He will play with the Symphony orchestra here and in other cities. A pupil of Paderewski, he has already appeared in public with success in Germany, France, Russia, England, and he is now in South America. He is in the early thirties, and he has been conspicuously before the public for some three or four years. Mr. Schelling has written a symphony, chamber music and piano pieces. He is said to be a pianist who is at the same time emotional and intellectual, one free from disturbing mannerisms, a master of technical difficulties.



## SYMPHONY CONCERTS.

The American pianist, Ernest Schelling, appeared as soloist at last week's Symphony concert, playing Schumann's A-minor concerto, Sinding's suite, "Knightly Adventures," and Brahms' C-minor symphony were the other numbers. The Sinding suite was played for the first time at these concerts, and but three of the four movements were given. Throughout the work there is a peculiar blending of precise rhythms with a sort of scampering accompaniment which gives a pleasingly unique touch to the composition suggesting the movement of mounted warriors and fitting the title of "Knightly Adventurers." The idea of marching is carried through each movement, and very skillfully, too, for the melodic combinations are very charming, love motives are mingled with chivalric episodes in the closing part, and the whole work seems to illustrate vividly the traditional accomplishments of the armored knights of old. The peculiar tross arpeggios of the opening movement immediately arrests attention, the various developments are full of odd twists in Sinding's orchestration, there is a wealth of beautiful harmonies for all the lighter instruments, and to the heavier ones the composer has given many undulating measures rich in melodic material. It is a work of grand proportions and specially interesting by reason of its marked originality in treatment.

The orchestra performed the suite in splendid style, the immense amount of staccato playing being perfect in time and crispness of execution. The brasses had plenty of work, and they did it with the usual harmony of phrasing and tonality, their parts in the second movement being specially good. The woodwinds deserve mention, too, for they work in the finale. The ensemble playing by all the string contingents revealed anew a unanimity and precision that seems to be about faultless.

Mr. Schelling's interpretation of the Schumann concerto was masterly. His finger dexterity is of the highest order, he plays with an air of authority that is very convincing, he does not make any fuss about his work either in fortissimo of the more delicate passages, and he evidently has all the difficulties of the keyboard under excellent control. The cadenza in the first movement was played with a deftness and clarity which was repeated in the closing movement, showing that Mr. Schelling was physically able to cope successfully with Brahms' lighter moods, even after the strenuous demands of the intervening intermezzo. In the second part the romantic style was carefully observed, the "dialogues" between the orchestra and piano were very charming in presentation and in the third movement the chord passages in fortissimo were executed with a technical ability of the highest order. The whole interpretation was a fine example of pianistic skill and the performer's reception was of the most demonstrative nature. The accompaniment by the orchestra left nothing to be desired and Mr. Gericke's men closed the program with a magnificent performance of Brahms' great C minor symphony.

# SYMPHONY PLAYS SINDING'S SUITE

New and Disappointing Music Is  
Sombre, Austere and in Certain  
Ways Forbidding—Not Much  
That Is Strong in It.

## SCHELLING APPEARS FOR THE FIRST TIME

Plays in Frank, Straightforward  
Manner Rather Than with Fi-  
nesse—Von Vecsey Gives Third  
and Last Recital Here.

Herald Feb. 26, 1905

The programme of the 16th Symphony concert, given last night in Symphony Hall, Mr. Gericke, conductor, was as follows:

"Episodes Chevaleresques," suite, op. 35, Sinding  
Concerto in A minor for piano, Schumann  
Symphony No. 1 in C minor, Brahms

The suite by Christian Sinding, the Norwegian, was played here for the first time, and the third of the four movements was omitted. The composer is known here chiefly by his symphony in D minor, played here six years ago, a piano quartet, a piano trio and a few piano pieces. The symphony, as we remember it, is an austere, granitic work, in certain ways forbidding, and much of the music, to those who would fain be lulled by mellifluous strains, is as downright ugliness. The sombreness is that which we have learned to associate, perhaps without good cause, with Norwegian scenery and music.

The scherzo is grim, and grimness is the pervading characteristic, for Sinding in this symphony is not a man of contrasts. He is an earnest Norwegian, well versed in the traditions and formulas, a man who speaks with his own voice; he is not content with his little parish; he screams his thoughts so that the world may hear, while Grieg, however charming his expression may be, is essentially a man satisfied with a narrow horizon and a quiet life, unlike Sinding, who is a radical by nature, with decided views on art, politics, economic questions, and a leaning toward Socialism. Such a one is the Sinding of the symphony.

The suite appeared first, we believe, as a piano composition for four hands, in 1898. Whether it was composed originally for piano or orchestra we do not know. There is no programme, there are no mottoes. The title, "Knightly Episodes," or "Knightly Adventures," is enough. The first movement, which is in the nature of a march, is striking at the opening, both in thematic structure and in orchestral dress, but there is little said after this opening. The trumpet solo is melodically conventional, and the invention throughout the movement, and in fact throughout the work, is not conspicuous. The funeral march of the second movement is a lamentation of the type that is immediately popular and soon forgotten. The old device of thematic repetition with strongly marked rhythm and a constant crescendo to a crashing climax works its customary effect. But neither here nor in the finale is there much that is truly strong or individual. The suite is far inferior to the symphony, though it will at one hearing win the applause which would be denied the more powerful and characteristic work.

Mr. Ernest Schelling played for the first time in Boston. He was born near Philadelphia—some say in Pennsylvania, others in New Jersey, and Mr. Schelling, we hear, is inclined in his belief toward the latter state. As a child he played in public, and then he studied in European cities and has for some years appeared with success as a virtuoso in Europe and in South America. He chose Busoni's arrangement of Liszt's "Spanish Rhapsody," and the composition was announced for performance, but Mr. Schelling changed his mind and played Schumann's concerto. This latter work is music of an intimately romantic nature and is more effective in a small hall. There are some who go so far as to say that the concerto is for ladies only, a sneer to which we cannot say Amen; but it is not a concerto that favors a virtuoso in a great hall. Like Chopin's concerto in E minor, it should be brought close to the audience.

Mr. Schelling played in a frank, straightforward manner, rather than with finesse, and his performance was in black and white, not in colors. His interpretation was not to us romantic, nor was it any way engrossing. His technique was adequate; it was, indeed, fluent, and it was displayed with modesty and ease. He will give a recital this week, and there will then be a better opportunity to examine the precise nature of his artistry. Last evening he was apparently at his best in the first movement. He was heartily applauded by the audience.

The first symphony of Brahms, a work which has been both over-praised and unduly disparaged, with its tragically intense first movement and its triumphant close, was welcome to many. The orchestral performance throughout the evening was of a high order of excellence.

The programme of the 17th concert will be different from that announced on the music page of today's Herald. As changed, it will be as follows: A Faust overture, Wagner; Bach's transcription of a prelude, adagio and gavotte by Bach; Schubert's symphony in C major. Mr. Campanari, baritone, will sing an aria from Mozart's "Cosi fan tutti" and an air by Gluck.

## Symphony Hall: Symphony Orchestra.

At the sixteenth symphony concert the soloist was Mr. Ernest Schelling, a young American pianist who made his first appearance in Boston. This was the programme: *Trans. Feb. 27, 1905*

Sinding: Episodes Chevaleresques, Suite in F major for Orchestra, Op. 35. (First time.)  
Schumann: Concerto for Pianoforte in A minor, Op. 54.

Brahms: Symphony No. 1, in C minor, Op. 68.

The production of a novelty, in this case Sinding's suite called "Episodes Chevaleresques," was once more attended by ill-luck. No one seemed to care for the composition at all. From Sinding one expects a work of interest. The man has already proved himself a musician of a certain consequence, with a gift of melody, a grotesque sort of grim humor, fine skill in orchestration, and a distinct originality. Perhaps these "episodes" produced Saturday evening would prove more interesting than they did if they were furnished with a programme. As it was, they left the impression of three rather irrelevant movements in a not strikingly knightly vein. The first, a march, sets out stirringly with a theme that at once seizes the attention. But the interest does not hold. Pleasant music follows, there being an abundance of melody, all dressed out in charming orchestral array, only no bit of melody bears any very apparent relation to the next bit. Some of it, furthermore, in particular the solo for trumpet, is more commonplace than could be looked for from Sinding.

The second movement of the suite is funeral music, agreeable, to hear, but in no way noteworthy, and the third, a brilliant piece, again causes wonder as to the reason of the title "knightly." The composer, in short, would have done better to call his work simply a suite, or else to have written out a few words of guiding programme. As the composition now stands, it keeps one wondering just where in its somewhat vague measures deserve their title. Except for the last movement, the episodes apparently gave little pleasure.

It cannot be regarded as a wise policy for a pianist to come before a strange public with the Schumann concerto. Schumann, although he made use of the old term concerto, was far from disposed to write a piece through which a pianist might dash for the glorification of his prodigious technique, accompanied the while by full orchestra. On the contrary, Schumann antedated Mr. Converse by some sixty years in writing a poem for orchestra and pianoforte, or Vincent d'Indy in his symphony for pianoforte and orchestra. Brilliant piano players, of course, misunderstanding Schumann, have performed the concerto as distinctly in the solo vein, as though it were the Liszt E flat, but they have thereby ruined the effect of the work. And some artists have fittingly effaced themselves, notably Miss aus der Ohe—with a dishearteningly dull result. At this last performance of the concerto, Mr. Schelling



had better luck than Miss aus der Ohe. Artist enough to recognize the pianist's place in Schumann's scheme, Mr. Schelling made no effort to put himself forward, nor was he yet so unduly modest as to make the pianoforte part seem insignificant. In fact, he made manifest a sense of proportion that showed a true artist. For the rest, it will be wiser to postpone comments on Mr. Schelling's pianoforte playing till he has appeared in recital. That he has an excellent technique and that he is thoroughly musical is clear. Qualities of romance and imagination he showed less distinctly. The orchestral accompanying of the concerto was exquisitely beautiful.

All the evening, indeed, the orchestra played superbly. One could have wished, however, to hear the great Brahms symphony earlier in the evening. There are people who do not admire Brahms. To bring home to them their strange lack of appreciation, they should be given opportunities to hear the great master's works under the most favorable conditions. Now even the most devoted worshippers of Brahms will admit that the first symphony is of heavier calibre than a Moszkowski suite—they would probably have expressed it as "profounder," but it comes to much the same thing. For the benefit, then, of those who love Brahms, and for the education of such persons as love him not, let a Brahms symphony, in especial the first, be presented early in the evening, before the ears and mind are exhausted with music.

At this week's concert Mr. Campanari is expected to sing. The programme of orchestral works will be as follows: Wagner, A Faust overture; Bach-Bachrich, prelude, adagio and gavotte; Schubert, symphony in C major.

R. R. G.

## ERNEST SCHELLING SYMPHONY SOLOIST

Artist Who Has Spent Much Time  
Abroad Heard Here Saturday.

*Journal Feb 27 1905*  
The 16th concert of the season by the Symphony Orchestra was given Saturday evening. The orchestral novelty of the program, the Sinding suite, "Episodes Chevaleresques," is not very likely to become much less of a novelty, for its claims to frequent place in orchestral lists are, to say the least, not compelling. The composition is brilliant rather than strong, and musical individuality is not especially conspicuous. The finale is the most impressive of the three movements that were played.

The soloist, Mr. Schelling, is a newcomer to the concert field of this city, for although he is an American, he has spent most of his time abroad since the days when he was a youthful phenomenon. His choice of the Schumann concerto in A minor for his debut was, in a sense, unfortunate.

its indisputable beauties demand closer relations between interpreter and audience that are possible in a great auditorium. Save for occasional passages, the piano is almost subordinated to the orchestra. Mr. Schelling demonstrated taste and technique, and further manifestation of the extent of his powers will be received with interest. The orchestra played the Brahms symphony with brilliancy and power, the last movement being especially strong in appeal by reason of the breadth of its interpretation and execution.

The program for this week's rehearsal and concert has been modified and now stands as follows: A Faust overture, Wagner; Bachrich's transcription of a prelude, adagio and gavotte by Bach; Schubert's symphony in C major. Mr. Campanari, barytone, will sing an aria from Mozart's "Così fan tutti" and an air by Gluck.

## CHIVALRY OF HIGH IDEALS HEARD IN SYMPHONY.

*Boston American*  
By Kent Perkins.

A program of remarkable distinction and elevation was splendidly played by the Symphony Orchestra last night at the sixteenth concert of the season at Symphony Hall. Both the music and the work of Mr. Gericke and the orchestra were received with warm manifestations of appreciation by the audience. The program was as follows:

Episodes Chevaleresques, Suite in F Major for Orchestra, op. 35.....Sinding  
(1) Tempo di Marcia.  
(2) Andante Funebre.  
(3) Finale. Allegro Moderato.  
(First time.)

Concerto for Pianoforte in A Minor, op. 54.....Schumann  
(1) Allegro Effettuoso.  
(2) Intermezzo, Andantino Grazioso.  
(3) Allegro Vivace.  
Symphony No. 1, in C Minor, op. 68.....Brahms  
(1) Un Poco Sostenuto: Allegro.  
(2) Andante Sostenuto.  
(3) Un Poco Allegretto e Grazioso. L'es-  
tesso Tempo.  
(4) Adagio: Allegro non Troppo, ma con  
brio.

The main interest of the evening centered naturally in the first performance in Boston of the "Knightly Episodes" suite, composed by Christian Sinding, who was born at Kongsberg, Norway, in 1856, and is still flourishing at Christiania. The work is full of romantic and inspiring beauties and will bear many repetitions. Mr. Gericke and his players were in full sympathy with the spirit of high chivalry that permeates the composition, and they gave it an interpretation of appreciative feeling and power.

Chivalry, imbued with its most exalted ideals, marches upon the scene in the first movement. The Knights are on horseback; you hear the prancing steeds; you see the waving plumes on helmets with visors closed. They file through forests, dim and

spectral, and across shining plains. There is grim business afoot, and the troop is off on adventures of high emprise. In the second movement there is a funeral march for dead heroes of the band, while in the finale there is a more glowing, joyous strain; the glittering tourney, with banners aloft on a field of cloth of gold; passionate love episodes, and a final burst of splendid triumph.

Ernest Schelling, who was born near Philadelphia about thirty years ago, and is now court pianist to the Duke of Mecklinburg-Schwerin, was the soloist. He played the glorious Schumann concerto with glowing spirit, deeply appreciative sympathy and rare brilliance of execution. His manner gives satisfying evidence of repose, refinement and abundant reserve force, together with pleasing lack of posing that enables one to listen for and find all the beauties of his music without being disturbed by the sight of gymnastic struggles or gyrations. May he have many imitators in this respect!

The Brahms Symphony, rightly called "heroic" by admiring critics, was played with noble spirit and the finest shading and was greeted with hearty applause.

At the seventeenth concert next Saturday evening the soloist will be Signor Campanari.

enthusiasm which engulfed the local musical public last year. It is to be hoped that before the present season's activities are over Mr. Gericke's example will be followed by other conductors. Last night the men from Boston gave a vivid and sonorous reading of Strauss's tonal version of Lennau's hero—an interpretation unusual for its breadth, virility and warmth of coloring.

Coming immediately after it, the new overture by Goldmark, "In the South" (played under Theodore Thomas in Chicago shortly before his death), sounded perfunctory and uninspired, though it is scored richly and contrived ingeniously, and has an undoubted, though somewhat hackneyed, effectiveness. Mr. Gericke read it with care and spirit. *N. Y. Press Feb 17 1905*

KE, Conductor.

NCERT.

## FRANCK'S SPIRIT AT CONCERT

*Press Feb 2-17*  
His D Minor Symphony Dominates the BER 26, AT 8, P. M.  
Boston Orchestra's Concert.

Brooding over the concert given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra last night in Carnegie Hall was the spirit of Cesar Franck. Mr. Gericke had selected for his programme, besides the D minor symphony of Franck, Richard Strauss's tone poem "Don Juan," a new overture by Goldmark, "In Italy," and Bruch's serenade for violin, played by Miss Marie Nichols. Despite the brilliant effectiveness of Strauss's glowing tone picture and the colorful picturesqueness of Goldmark's fantasy, the noble beauty and dignity of the Franck work dominated the mind. This symphony, composed sixteen years ago, and, if we are not mistaken, hitherto unperformed in New York, is a most lovable and delightful work. It has all of Franck's large simplicity, sincerity and essential fineness of substance. One feels in it, at times, an almost Beethoven-like nobility and seriousness of content, particularly in the second movement, despite the fact one comes upon surprising Wagnerian coincidences, as in the harmonization of the chromatic theme of the first movement and the "Mimi"-like suggestion in the second. The symphony was played admirably.

It is a pity Miss Nichols' choice lighted upon so uncommonly conventional and tedious a composition as the Bruch serenade. It is Bruch at his worst—stereotyped in idea, barren of thought or imagination. Miss Nichols lavished skill and feeling upon it. She played with commendable discretion and intelligence and with more than occasional beauty of tone. Her intonation was too frequently at fault, however, and her style lacked something of freedom and elasticity.

The performance of Strauss's tone poem was chiefly noteworthy in that it was the first orchestral work of the Munich revolutionary to be played in New York this season—a fact which indicates, doubtless, a reaction from the unbridled wave of Strauss

mmme.

No. 1, in E flat major.  
(time.)

for PIANOFORTE, in F. minor.

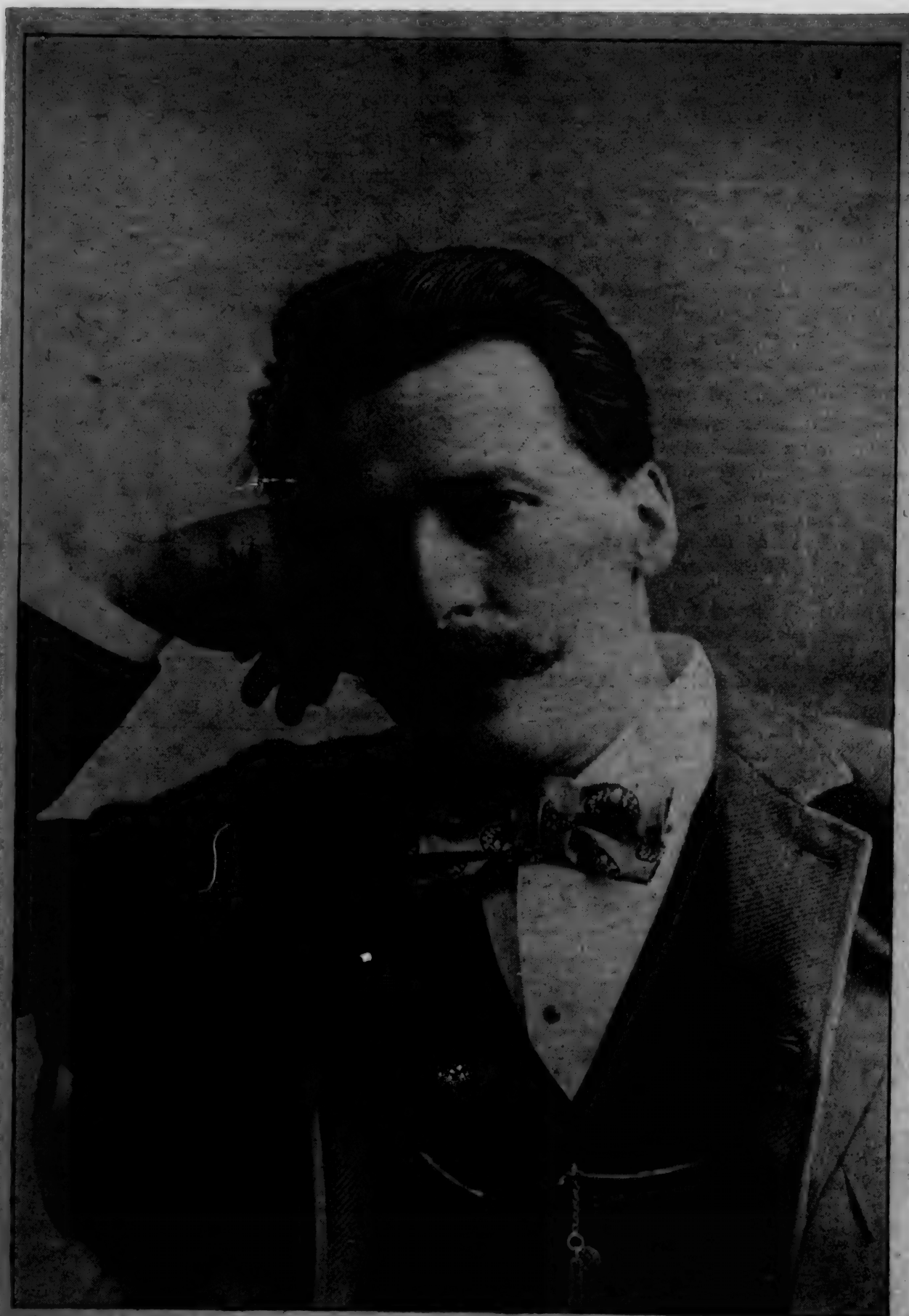
IC POEM, "Hunnenschlacht."

to "Sappho."

dist:

OMFIELD-ZEISLER.





SIG. CAMPANARI.

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## *Symphony Hall.*

SEASON 1904-05.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.

### XVII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, MARCH 4, AT 8, P. M.

#### Programme.

WAGNER,

A FAUST OVERTURE,

GLUCK,

RECITATIVE, "The Gods have foreshown me the future," and ARIA, "Foreboding Fear of Ill," from "Iphigenia in Tauris."  
(First time at these concerts.)

BACH,

PRELUDE, ADAGIO and GAVOTTE, in Rondo form.  
(Arranged for Strings by SIGISMUND BACHRICH.)

MOZART,

ARIA, "Turn your glances on him." from "Cosi fan tutte."  
(First time at these concerts.)

SCHUBERT,

SYMPHONY in C major, No. 9.  
I. Andante: Allegro ma non troppo.  
II. Andante con molto.  
III. Scherzo: Allegro vivace. Trio.  
IV. Finale: Allegro vivace.

Soloist:

Mr. GIUSEPPE CAMPANARI.





SIG. CAM PANARI.

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I. Andante: Allegro ma non troppo.  
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IV. Finale: Allegro vivace.

Soloist:

MR. GIUSEPPE CAMPANARI.



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Symphony Hall: Symphony Orchestra

This was the programme of the seventeenth symphony concert, at which Mr. Giuseppe Campanari was the soloist:

Wagner: A Faust Overture.

Glück: Recitative, "The gods have foretold me the future," and Aria, "Foreboding Fear of Ill," from "Iphigenia in Tauris." (First time at these concerts.)

Bach: Prelude, Adagio and Gavotte, in Rondo form. (Arranged for strings by Sigismund Bachrich.)

Mozart: Aria, "Turn your glances on him," from "Così fan tutte." (First time at these concerts.)

Schubert: Symphony in C major, No. 9.

The feature of this admirable concert was the absolutely perfect performance of the great Schubert symphony, that work which, often times, seems great chiefly on account of its proportions; although Schumann spoke fervently of its "heavenly length," it is not always easy to accept his opinion as final. After last Saturday's performance, however, the beauty of which cannot be forgotten, one can only believe that if the work prove tiresome it is because it is not well read and executed, or because it is not properly placed on a programme. Even at this last concert one might have wished the symphony to come first, but, at all events, it had not been preceded by a long programme of heavy character.

The ever-recurring delight aroused by sympathetic performances of Schubert's most notable works would seem to prove once and for all that melody is the chief stay of music. A musical composition may be dramatic to the core, in its very essence quivering with emotion, as witness the most characteristic works of Tchaikovsky. Their very qualities of emotionalism make them grow old. And so with harmony. Many is the piece now written that enchants the connoisseur by the piquancy and originality of its harmonic progressions, without much else in its favor. Since harmony constantly changes its fashions, the unusual of today becoming the usual of tomorrow, what is to be the fate of a composition, that depends for its worth on original harmony alone? Brilliant orchestral color, too, will soon cease to be of avail, unless it be supported by other qualities, for nowadays every music student, apparently, can produce a score that glows with color, just as every conservatory pupil, at present, can develop a pianoforte technique that would have made Mozart stare.

And Schubert, who is not known to have had novel views on the subject of harmony and who was reproached with ignorance of counterpoint, was able to set music on paper that today delights the world. The man possessed the gift of melody to a degree almost unequalled before or since his time, and he likewise was blessed with a feeling for form second only to that of Mozart. A subtle sense of rhythm, too, was one of his most valuable assets. With such an equipment, why should he not write music to live, as indeed he has?

But music like Schubert's needs a per-

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fect production, if it is to convey its entire message. In the C major symphony, on Saturday, Mr. Gericke did a piece of conducting of which he must surely feel proud, and by which Boston must feel itself honored. With such perfection of detail that each little solo or duet was an exquisite delight, with a fineness of rhythm no less than entrancing, and with an understanding of the color scheme of the score that made Schubert seem as much a master of color effects as Debussy of the twentieth century, Mr. Gericke at the same time read the work with a breadth that possessed infinite grandeur. It was a wonderfully poetic, noble interpretation of a noble poem, and as such it will be long remembered.

The remainder of the concert demands few words. The familiar pieces by Bach, in their orchestral garb, gave much pleasure, especially the gavotte, which so tickled the audience that they were quite determined to have it over again. Mr. Gericke, on the other hand, equally determined not to break the admirable rule of Symphony concerts in regard to encores, motioned to the orchestra to rise in acknowledgement, a proceeding which had to be repeated. In these days of lukewarm enthusiasm such applause at a pianoforte recital would have meant at least three encores. The excitement was easy to understand, however, for the Bach pieces were indeed brilliantly played.

Mr. Campanari, to turn to the soloist, was not happy in his selections. The noble measures from Glück's "Iphigenia" mean little when wrested from their surroundings, and, furthermore, Mr. Campanari sang them as though he had learnt them especially for the concert. The gay comedy of Mozart, too, away from the stage, made comparatively little effect, although much applause was given Mr. Campanari's musicianly, artistic singing. As an interpreter of Mozart Mr. Campanari has few superiors.

The soloist at the coming concert will be Mr. Kreisler. The programme is as follows: "Manfred" Symphony, after Byron's poem, Op. 58, Tchaikovsky; concerto for violin, Brahms; overture, "Leonore," No. 3, Beethoven.

R. R. G.

## FINE PLAYING BY SYMPHONY

Three Well Known Works Given—

Wagner's "Faust" Overture Is  
Interpreted with Impressive Dramatic Force.



## CAMPANARI SINGS UNFAMILIAR AIRS

Mr. Kreisler Gives His Last Violin  
Recital—Hearers Marvel at  
Wonderful Technique of the  
Musician—Music Notes.

Herald ———— *March 5, 1905*

The programme of the 17th Symphony concert given last evening in Symphony Hall, Mr. Gericke conductor, was as follows:

A "Faust" overture.....Wagner  
Recitative and Air of Thoas from "Iphigenia in Aulis".....Gluck  
Prelude, Adagio and Gavotte.....Bach-Bachrich  
Aria from "Cosi fan tutte".....Mozart  
Symphony in C major.....Schubert

The orchestral numbers were finely played. The overture by Wagner was interpreted with impressive dramatic force, with true intensity. How the original score, composed in 1839-40, compares with the present version (1854-55) we have at present no means of knowing. Wagner himself said that he had rewritten the instrumentation throughout, made many changes, given more importance to the middle section. It is the one purely orchestral work by him that leads the hearer to think that Wagner might have been a great composer without any reference to the opera house, a great composer in symphonic form.

As remodelled, there are suggestions of the influence of Liszt, and, strange to say, there are passages that might have been written, as far as the mood is concerned, by Schumann, who, however, could not have woven the orchestral dress. It would be interesting to hear the two versions in the same concert, just as it would be interesting to hear the "Polonia," "Columbus" and "Rule Britannia" overtures of Wagner, dated respectively 1835, 1836 and 1836-37, which preceded immediately the "Faust."

The Herald spoke a month or so ago of a performance of the three in a concert at London early in the year. It is a singular fact that whereas Wagner in his younger days was a good deal of a sensualist—he played the part with indisputable success for many years thereafter—and was deliberately and aggressively sensual in his opera founded on "Measure for Measure," there is in the "Faust" overture hardly a trace of the peculiar and glowing sensuousness that plays a dominating part in his important stage works. Whatever passion there is in the passing musical thought of womanhood, as typified by Gretchen, is cerebral. The struggles here depicted are mental, and the hero is the baffled and despairing philosopher.

The transcription of Bach's violin music was performed with such verve that the applause was unusually hearty and long continued. It was the applause that rewards a favorite virtuoso, and, as The Herald has often hinted, this orchestra is always the true virtuoso assisted now and then by some singer, pianist, violinist. Mr. Gericke called upon the players to acknowledge the applause and twice were they com-

pelled to rise and bow. The same tribute might justly have been paid the wind players after the second movement of the symphony. Such beauty of tone, such phrasing and such accuracy of ensemble are seldom heard in any European orchestra. Perhaps we are all too much accustomed to the uncommon skill and musicianship of the various choirs in this band of players.

The symphony was read and played with marked taste and gusto, and the music, as always when heard under such conditions, made its way straight to the heart of the hearer. When this work, with its sustained gush of melody, its infinite wealth of beauty, seems too long, then it is the fault of the conductor or of the players. As it was performed last evening, no one would have had the symphony shorter. The audience in such a performance shares the intoxication of the composer, the divine drunkenness that comes from drinking deep of beauty, the drunkenness of Nature rejoicing in a perfect day.

Mr. Campanari sang two arias of widely contrasted character which depend, however, for effect on the dramatic situation, on what has preceded and on what is anticipated. In the theatre the noble strains of Gluck, strains charged with bodement, follow immediately the lament of Iphigenia, the priestess, and of the attendants exiled with her. The goddess saved her, yet the fates are not yet satisfied. The strangers will arrive, and Thoas the king will fall a victim to one of them. The solemn stage scene and the awful atmosphere prepare the hearer for Thoas' confession of dread.

But put the King of Tauris in concert dress and let him suddenly begin his recitative, and what is Thoas to the audience, or it to Thoas? So, too, the unfamiliar aria of Mozart demands imperatively the comic situation, the sight of the lovers now disguised tempting the fidelity of their sweethearts. The aria needs not only the scene, the presence of the women, but the action of the comedian, the gestures, the pose, the dramatic exaggeration. Put Leporello with his famous song on the concert stage without the mocked Donna Elvira and the long roll that contains the names of Don Juan's abandoned loves and the effect is gone. So with this aria. When sung in concert it is merely a song, a song cast in the Mozartian mould; the music is no longer hypocritically sentimental, ironically descriptive, malicious in spirit.

This is too often the fate of the operatic artist when he appears in concert. It is a pleasure to hear Mr. Campanari's voice, to note his free delivery, his vocal animation. We remembered the dramatic force and finesse of his Ford in "Falstaff," the part in which he attained a truly dramatic height, and while he sang this air from "Cosi fan tutte" we could not help thinking how admirably he might say the words and interpret the spirit of this fine instance of Mozart's dramatic power in a stage representation of a delightful work.

## MUSICAL MATTERS

### THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

PROGRAMME. *March 6, 1905*

Wagner—A Faust Overture.

Gluck—Recitative, "The Gods have foreshown me the future," and Aria, "Foreboding Fear of Ill," from Iphigenia in Tauris.—(First time at these concerts.)

Mr. G. Campanari.

Bach—Prelude, Adagio and Gavotte, in Rondo form.—(Arranged for Strings by Sigismund Bachrich.)

Mozart—Aria, "Turn your glances on him," from "Cosi fan tutte."—(First time at these concerts.)

Mr. G. Campanari.

Schubert—Symphony in C major, No. 9.

The "Faust Overture" by Wagner wears well. It grows better with repeated hearings, and much that was unclear becomes beautiful or dramatic with familiarity. The Faust that is here pictured is a profoundly dissatisfied gentleman, somewhat like the pessimistic Don Juan that Richard Strauss has introduced to the concert-room. The overture was very finely interpreted.

"Coming events cast their shadows before." The concerts given by the symphony orchestra last night and Saturday intimated the fact that an opera troupe was somewhere in the vicinity, or at least that an operatic season was in the air. At the present concert the operatic star, Giuseppe Campanari, was the artist. His selections were not well chosen. In his first number he evidently desired to leave the modern emotional school which has been his "metier" in these concerts for some years.

Instead of the Prologue from "Pagliacci" we had one of the tremendously majestic Gluck numbers, in which our favorite baritone seemed like a cat in a strange garret. There was effort apparent and even an occasional aberration from true intonation. Mr. Campanari was better in the Mozart aria, but even this did not display him at his very best, although he was twice recalled at its close. Mr. Hess, who is henceforth to conduct all the solo numbers, led the orchestra with excellent effect, in both the Mozart and Gluck selections.

It is astonishing how much people are digging out of Bach in these latter-days! Gounod set the fashion by exhuming an "Ave Maria" out of the first prelude; lesser composers have brought to light romances and reveries that were buried in the other preludes of the "Well-tempered Clavichord" (whose temper must be sorely tried by some of them); Liszt has discovered great fortissimo displays of double octaves and heavy chords, in some of the other fugues and preludes; the famous Chaconne has been served with various kinds of sauce piquante; and at this concert we had some of the violin solos made into a fine display piece for the string orchestra.

The discoverers are quite right! There are more things in Bach's music than are dreamt of in our philosophy. It would be easy to make an Irish folk-song out of the Fugue in F major ("Well-tempered Clavichord," Book 2, No. 11,) and Jensen's romantic "Murmuring Breeze" is but a rhythmic change from Bach's "My heart ever faithful."

The 3 numbers of the little Suite were splendidly played, the first violins doing what was practically solo work.

In the finale Bach discarded the Musette (bagpipe) Trio which he often employed in Gavottes and used, instead, the old Rondo form, in which one chief theme is served over and over again, with layers of counter themes between. Padre Martini's famous Gavotte (originally called "Les Moutons") has this antiquated form. It requires an especially attractive chief theme to make it bearable, and this it possessed in the Gavotte.

It may seem incredible, but Bach in this arrangement made the hit of the concert and aroused such a furore that Mr. Gericke, after bowing and bowing again, caused his orchestra to rise and bow, which they were forced to do twice, and even after this it seemed as if the public had determined to force an encore.

Then came another feast for those old fogies who believe that music should not be all ugliness and noise, in the shape of Schubert's C major symphony. One might wonder at such a work being performed nowadays! In the first place it has melodies, real tunes, which, of course, have no business in a musical work. Then also it has beauty! Instead of stunning his audience with dissonances Schubert actually proceeds to charm them. One would actually imagine that the composer believed it to be right to please his auditors.

Another fearful defect was that the work was symmetrical and shapely; it had a tangible form that was as definite as the architecture of the Parthenon. Of course it is ludicrous to suppose that emotion can be expressed without casting all form to the winds. Poor Beethoven tried to do this by preserving symmetry in his Sonata Pathetique and Sonata Appassionata, but every modern knows how much better emotional power is expressed by D'Indy or Loeffler or even some of our resident cacophonists.

The chief defect of the work was that it did not deliver any puzzles for the auditor to riddle out. When every one had braced himself for a severe task, for a strenuous mental labor, this puerile work caused the brows to unbend, the scowls to disappear, and it actually rested and refreshed the public! We need not repeat, we trust, that this is not the purpose of music; the highest function of the modern art is to perplex, to puzzle, to make the auditor work, and, if possible, to make him miserable. This symphony does none of these things, therefore one may hope that it will be laid upon the shelf from which Schumann and Mendelssohn never should have rescued it.

Dvorak once wrote that he considered



Schubert's genius to be best displayed in his orchestral and instrumental works. One almost agreed with this radical statement after hearing the excellence of the interpretation of this symphony. The horn played nobly in the opening introduction, and the trombones made much of their phrases in the coda—the first really characteristic trombone passage that was ever written in a symphony. The wood-wind were exquisite in the second movement and in the subordinate theme of the first. The orchestra gave those mighty figures of 4 strokes each (perhaps Schubert borrowed this idea from Beethoven's violin concerto) with magnificent power. The concert therefore came to an end in a blaze of glory. Louis C. Elson.

### Gluck AT THE SYMPHONY. Mar. 5 1905

Giuseppe Campanari, the popular baritone, appeared as soloist at yesterday's Symphony concert, singing a recitative and aria from Gluck's opera, "Iphigenia in Tauris," and an aria from Mozart's unfamiliar opera, "Cosi fan Tutte." Wagner's "Faust" overture, Bachrich's arrangement of three movements from the E major and A minor violin concertos by Bach and Schubert's C major symphony completed the program. The Bachrich arrangement for string orchestra was a novelty which proved to be the feature of the concert and its performance doubtless would have pleased Kreisler greatly, for he played the E major violin concerto at a concert here recently and the work of the orchestra was an example of ensemble playing such as is not often heard except in organizations of this standard. The three parts, prelude, adagio and gavotte, are in rondo form, and to have each contingent perform its part with a unanimity of tone production seemingly like one instrument was a notable achievement, even for Mr. Gericke's men. The precision of execution, the attack and delicate shadings throughout the suite were all very skilfully managed and the spontaneous enthusiasm of the audience which each movement evoked was indisputable evidence of deep appreciation of an exceptionally artistic performance.

Our tried and true Campanari was in his usual excellent form, and the favorite baritone sang with his accustomed success. The Gluck excerpt calls for no special comment. The Mozart aria was delivered in the delicious buffo style of his Figaro, and it is almost needless to say that his second contribution found much greater favor with his auditors than did the more somber air by Gluck.

Wagner's "Faust" overture received a masterly interpretation, the tragic import of the story so vividly transcribed in musical form being given due effectiveness by the orchestra. The heavier contingents were admirably proportioned in their relative ensemble work, the basses not being too loud or harsh for the strings in fortissimo passages. The whole performance was in the proper spirit, dignified and impressive.

The four movements of Schubert's noble symphony were played in the usual style—a grand and sympathetic exposition of one of the greatest works of a musical genius.

Fritz Kreisler will be this week's soloist, playing Brahms' violin concerto, Tchaikowsky's "Manfred" symphony and Beethoven's "Leonore" overture, No. 3, will complete the program.

*The Herald* Mar. 5 1905  
The programme of the 17th Symphony concert given last evening in Symphony Hall, Mr. Gericke conductor, was as follows:

A "Faust" overture.....Wagner  
Recitative and Air of Thoas from "Iphigenia in Aulis".....Gluck  
Prelude, Adagio and Gavotte.....Bach-Bachrich  
Aria from "Cosi fan tutte".....Mozart  
Symphony in C major.....Schubert

The orchestral numbers were finely played. The overture by Wagner was interpreted with impressive dramatic force, with true intensity. How the original score, composed in 1839-40, compares with the present version (1854-55) we have at present no means of knowing. Wagner himself said that he had rewritten the instrumentation throughout, made many changes, given more importance to the middle section. It is the one purely orchestral work by him that leads the hearer to think that Wagner might have been a great composer without any reference to the opera house, a great composer in symphonic form.

As remodelled, there are suggestions of the influence of Liszt, and, strange to say, there are passages that might have been written, as far as the mood is concerned, by Schumann, who, however, could not have woven the orchestral dress. It would be interesting to hear the two versions in the same concert, just as it would be interesting to hear the "Polonia," "Columbus" and "Rule Britannia" overtures of Wagner, dated respectively 1835, 1836 and 1836-37, which preceded immediately the "Faust."

The Herald spoke a month or so ago of a performance of the three in a concert at London early in the year. It is a singular fact that whereas Wagner in his younger days was a good deal of a sensualist—he played the part with indisputable success for many years thereafter—and was deliberately and aggressively sensual in his opera founded on "Measure for Measure," there is in the "Faust" overture hardly a trace of the peculiar and glowing sensuousness that plays a dominating part in his important stage works. Whatever passion there is in the passing musical thought of womanhood, as typified by Gretchen, is cerebral. The struggles here depicted are mental, and the hero is the baffled and despairing philosopher.

The transcription of Bach's violin music was performed with such verve that the applause was unusually hearty and long continued. It was the applause that rewards a favorite virtuoso, and, as The Herald has often hinted, this orchestra is always the true virtuoso assisted now and then by some singer, pianist, violinist. Mr. Gericke called upon the players to acknowledge the applause and twice were they compelled to rise and bow. The same tribute might justly have been paid the wind players after the second movement of the symphony. Such beauty of tone, such phrasing and such accuracy of ensemble are seldom heard in any European orchestra. Perhaps we are all too much accustomed to the uncommon skill and musicianship of the various choirs in this band of players.

The symphony was read and played with marked taste and gusto, and the music, as always when heard under such conditions, made its way straight to the heart of the hearer. When this work, with its sustained gush of melody, its infinite wealth of beauty, seems too long, then it is the fault of the con-

ductor or of the players. As it was performed last evening, no one would have had the symphony shorter. The audience in such a performance shares the intoxication of the composer, the divine drunkenness that comes from drinking deep of beauty, the drunkenness of Nature rejoicing in a perfect day.

Mr. Campanari sang two arias of widely contrasted character which depend, however, for effect on the dramatic situation, on what has preceded and on what is anticipated. In the theatre the noble strains of Gluck, strains charged with bodement, follow immediately the lament of Iphigenia, the priestess, and of the attendants exiled with her. The goddess saved her, yet the fates are not yet satisfied. The strangers will arrive, and Thoas the king will fall a victim to one of them. The solemn stage scene and the awful atmosphere prepare the hearer for Thoas' confession of dread.

But put the King of Taurica in concert dress and let him suddenly begin his recitative, and what is Thoas to the audience, or it to Thoas? So, too, the unfamiliar aria of Mozart demands imperatively the comic situation, the sight of the lovers now disguised tempting the fidelity of their sweethearts. The aria needs not only the scene, the presence of the women, but the action of the comedian, the gestures, the pose, the dramatic exaggeration. Put Leporello with his famous song on the concert stage without the mocked Donna Elvira and the long roll that contains the names of Don Juan's abandoned loves and the effect is gone. So with this aria. When sung in concert it is merely a song, a song cast in the Mozartian mould; the music is no longer hypocritically sentimental, ironically descriptive, malicious in spirit.

This is too often the fate of the operatic artist when he appears in concert. It is a pleasure to hear Mr. Campanari's voice, to note his free delivery, his vocal animation. We remembered the dramatic force and finesse of his Ford in "Falstaff," the part in which he attained a truly dramatic height, and while he sang this air from "Cosi fan tutte" we could not help thinking how admirably he might say the words and interpret the spirit of this fine instance of Mozart's dramatic power in a stage representation of a delightful work.

### WELL BALANCED SYMPHONY CONCERT

Although Minus Novelty, It Charmed Heart as Well as Ear.

*Journal* Mar. 6 1905

The seventeenth concert of the Symphony Orchestra was a fine example of a well-balanced, interesting musical recital. Though without novelties and lacking any highly-colored or dissonant "tour de force" of the ultra-moderns, it said its message with beautiful clarity, and charmed the heart as well as the ear.

Wagner was there, yet not the Wagner of the intense and tremendous music-dramas. His early "Faust" overture is almost classic in form as compared

with his later expression, and it shows the genius of the man in purely orchestral writing.

The Bach transcriptions aroused the audience to a very unusual and probably quite unexpected pitch of enthusiasm. At the end of the familiar gavotte in E major a tremendous salvo of applause burst forth, so long and hearty that the players twice rose in a body to acknowledge it.

Mr. Campanari is always a welcome figure on our platforms, and it is pleasant to find that his noble voice is yet as fresh and melodious as ever.

The ever-lovely Schubert symphony in C major was the benediction, and a very impressive one it was. Rarely has it been played, even by our own orchestra, with such superb poetry and abso-

### CAMPANARI THE SOLOIST

Orchestra Concert Includes Two Symphony Numbers by the Celebrated Baritone

*Post* Mar. 5 1905

The 17th concert of the season was given by the Symphony Orchestra last evening, with Mr. Giuseppe Campanari as the soloist. The programme was as follows:

A "Faust" overture.....Wagner  
Recitative and Aria.....Gluck  
Prelude, Adagio and Gavotte.....Bach  
Symphony No. 7.....Schubert

The overture, so different from Wagner's usual style, so lacking in something usually associated with the works of Wagner, was very well given, but not received with much enthusiasm.

As the soloist, Mr. Campanari was accorded the hearty reception to which he has been accustomed in Boston since the days when he first left the ranks of the Symphony players to sing in opera. He was in excellent voice last evening—his round, full, melodious tones filling the hall apparently without the slightest effort on his part. He gave two numbers, the first a recitative, "The Gods Have Foreseen Me the Future," and aria, "Foreboding Fears of Ill," from "Iphigenia in Tauris," both by Gluck, and the second Mozart's "Turn Your Glance on Him," from "Cosi fan Tutte." Mr. Campanari was forced after the second number to bow his acknowledgments several times to long continued applause.

The symphony, by Schubert, in C major, is very fine, especially the first movement, but, as a whole, it seems just a little long drawn out and a bit monotonous as well. There was nothing in the programme, however, that showed so well Gericke's marvellously perfect control over the body of splendid musicians under his direction.

Mr. Fritz Kreisler will be the soloist at the next rehearsal and concert.



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SYMPHONY HALL  
Sunday Evening, March 5, <sup>1905</sup> at 8 o'clock

Concert in aid of its  
**PENSION FUND**

BY THE  
**Boston Symphony Orchestra**

WILHELM GERICKE, *Conductor*

**Wagner Programme**

*Assisting Artists*

**Mme. GADSKI**  
**Mr. THEODORE VAN YORX**  
**AND A SMALL CHORUS**

INTRODUCTION, ACT I., "LOHENGRIN"

FIRST PART OF ACT III., "LOHENGRIN"

ENTR'ACTE, DANCE OF APPRENTICES, PROCESSION OF THE MASTERSINGERS,  
AND HOMAGE TO HANS SACHS, FROM "THE MASTERSINGERS  
OF NUREMBERG," ACT III.

SECOND PART OF ACT I., "DIE WALKÜRE"

"TRISTAN AND ISOLDE," INTRODUCTION AND LOVE-DEATH

MME. GADSKI

THE MASON & HAMLIN LISZT ORGAN USED



# CONCERT GIVEN FOR PENSION FUND

## Symphony Orchestra Gives Wagner Programme

*Post* — *Mon 6 1905*  
At Symphony Hall last evening, the Boston Symphony Orchestra, M. Gericke, conductor, and Mme. Gadski, soprano, and Mr. Theodore Van Yorx, tenor, assisting, gave a concert in aid of its pension fund.

It was an all-Wagner programme, but went outside of the stock Wagner concert numbers, and gave long excerpts from two of the music dramas. The Lohengrin prelude was followed by the entire first scene of the last act, with Mme. Gadski as Elsa and Mr. Van Yorx as Lohengrin, the bridal chorus being sung by a small chorus off the stage.

Four excerpts from "Die Meistersinger," the entr'acte, dance of apprentices, the procession of the mastersingers and the homage to Hans Sachs, were played by the orchestra alone.

With Mme. Gadski as Sieglinde and Mr. Van Yorx as Siegmund, the last part of the first act of "Die Walkure" was given, and the programme was completed by the orchestral prelude and Isolde's love death from "Tristan und Isolde," Mme. Gadski singing Isolde.

Mr. Gericke is not a fervid interpreter of the Wagner scores, but his wonderful command over his players, the splendid instrumental work of the band, and the perfect technic of the performance make up for any lack of temperament.

Mme. Gadski's greatness in the Wagner roles is everywhere conceded, and even in concert, her Elsa, Sieglinde and Isolde were dramatic to a degree. In the Lohengrin and Walkure numbers she sang without a score, and was able to interpret the music with all attention to dramatic effect. She was in splendid voice, and her work was enthusiastically applauded.

Mr. Van Yorx is a lyric tenor, with a voice of splendid quality, good range and considerable power. But he is not a Wagner tenor, and with the additional handicap of being obliged to sing from the score, fell short of a really forceful reading.

Yet, strangely enough, his Siegmund was far better than his Lohengrin. He gave the Spring Song with splendid intelligence, and even the difficult sword music was not without dramatic power.

There was a large and appreciative audience and the pension fund must have realized a good, round sum.

### THE PENSION FUND CONCERT.

Our symphony orchestra gives to Boston better orchestral music than can be heard in any other city of the United States. Its members are cut off from such benefits as accrue to those who are members of the Musicians' Union. It is therefore the duty of every musical Bostonian to see to it that the pension fund, the chief guarantee of the permanency of the organization, does not languish. The large audience present yesterday proved that our public are not insensible to the charms of such a beneficence when combined with a fine concert.

The concert was a "Wagner programme," and gave some interpretations of the master's works that the opera company will have hard work to equal during the coming week. Madame Gadski and Mr. Theo. Van Yorx were the soloists, and the programme culminated with the "Love-death" from "Tristan and Isolde," in which Mme. Gadski sang the part of Isolde with that nobility and power which she always manages to impart to such passionate scenes.

One may alter the old Latin proverb into "De beneficentia nil nisi bonum," for we may speak nothing but good of a beneficent concert such as this. But were the strictest judgment applied the concert would still merit only laudation. It was a most enjoyable occasion with the added zest of helping a worthy cause.

The orchestra has never given a more interesting, a more brilliantly performed Wagner concert.

The 3d act of "Lohengrin" was given with a small chorus to sing the "Bridal Chorus," and the 1st act of "Die Walkure" from the monologue of Siegmund (before the hearth) to the end.

Mme. Gadski was in her best voice, and Mr. van Yorx again surprised us by his surety in the most trying numbers. It is seldom that one hears the tenor part of a Wagnerian opera sung with such musical security and perfect intonation.

The audience was very enthusiastic, especially after the Sieglinde music and the Isolde number, and the enthusiasm was deserved; it was a triumph for solo artists, for Mr. Gericke and for our orchestra.

*Adv - Mon 6 1905* Louis C. Elson.

### Symphony Hall: Pension Fund Concert

The second concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in aid of its pension fund was given in Symphony Hall yesterday evening, before an audience moderately large in size, very brilliant in appearance, and demonstratively enthusiastic. With the assistance of Mme. Gadski, Mr. Theodore van Yorx and a small chorus, the following programme of Wagner excerpts was presented:

Introduction, Act I., "Lohengrin."  
First Part of Act III., "Lohengrin."  
Entr'acte, Dance of Apprentices, Procession of the Mastersingers, and Homage to Hans Sachs, from "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg," Act. III.  
Second Part of Act I., "Die Walkure."  
"Tristan and Isolde," Introduction and Love-Death.

Mme. Gadski.

Although it is a constant irritation to Bostonians that, despite their musical culture, they are forced to hear their Wagner in concert hall, or, if they have good luck, massed in one week at the opera, they may thank their stars that they are given the opportunity of listening to Wagner readings such as those offered last night at Symphony Hall. The high repute of Mr. Gericke in Vienna as an operatic conductor is well known here, and so often as Mr. Gericke places on his programme an excerpt from an opera, Wagner in particular, one longs to hear him conduct the entire work in the theatre. To comment on yesterday's programme in detail would take an undue amount of time, but, none the less, one cannot pass the occasion by without remarking on the poetical, finely felt reading of the "Lohengrin" prelude, and on the majesty and strength of the Homage to Hans Sachs, not to mention the humorous fun of the Apprentices' Dance. Mr. Gericke is manifestly a Wagnerian conductor of poetry, dramatic warmth and authority such as we are not accustomed to in America, since the visit of Mr. Mottl was all too short. We are not likely to be fortunate enough to hear Mr. Gericke conduct an opera: it would be the more agreeable, therefore, if, once in a way, he would include Wagner excerpts in symphony concert programmes. The prospect of hearing the third act of "Siegfried" well sung at a symphony concert would pack Symphony Hall to the very doors.

In addition to the animated and brilliant playing by the orchestra, there was beautiful singing from Mme. Gadski. In her best voice, she sang the dramatic measures of Sieglinde quite as carefully and nicely as she did the music of Mozart's Countess one year ago, and with superb effect. Her rehearsal of the story of the sword was thrilling. Mr. van Yorx, while not an opera singer, did well with his task, in Siegmund's Love Song, presenting a beautiful example of lyrical singing that again might serve as an object lesson to most heroic tenors. The whole concert, in fact, was so enjoyable that one can only wish it may be an earnest of other concerts to come. *Wed. 6. 1905* R. R. G.

## WAGNER'S POWER TO CHARM ALL POTENT

Splendid Audience, Both in Size and Quality, Hears Symphony's Pension Fund Concert.

*Journal* — *Mon 6 1905*

The power of Richard Wagner, first to draw people together, and then to charm and excite and satisfy them by his music, was well exemplified at Symphony Hall last night, when a splendid audience, both in size and quality, listened to the concert in aid of the pension fund of the Symphony Orchestra.

The program was Wagnerian throughout, including selections from "Lohengrin," "Die Meistersinger," "Die Walkure" and "Tristan und Isolde." Mr. Gericke conducted, and the soloists were Johanna Gadski and Theodore Van Yorx.

### Gericke's Fine Surprises.

Rarely has better purely orchestral interpretation of Wagner's music been heard in this city. Mr. Gericke himself, as if shaking off his regular Symphony conservatism, displayed more fire, more genuine emotionalism than he has yet vouchsafed to Boston.

To say nothing of the exquisite beauty of the "Lohengrin" prelude—for that was to be expected—he gave such a reading and the orchestra gave such a performance of the "Meistersinger" dance, procession and homage to Sachs as one might travel this or any other country and not match.

### No Rivals to Be Feared.

And the orchestral background of the "Walkure" excerpt was extraordinary for its clearness of tints and sonorous beauty of tone. When it plays as it did last night, this orchestra of ours needs fear no rival whatever.

The "Lohengrin" dialogue of the third act between Elsa and the knight of the swan, sung by Mme. Gadski and Mr. Van Yorx, does not lend itself well to concert. It is very long, it loses from absence of stage effects and the music is not of sufficient variety to hold the attention.

Nor were either of the singers at their best in it. Gadski's voice showed occasional worn spots, while Van Yorx seemed ill at ease and was not always true to pitch.



### They Appear to Advantage.

The magnificent scene in the first act of "Die Walkure," where Siegmund and Sieglinde plan the escape from Hunding, was on a far nobler plane, and both artists appeared to better advantage. Gadski's thorough knowledge of the role was evident, and she was vocally fine and inspiring. Mr. Van Yorx regained confidence and sang with ease, purity and dramatic strength. He made the "spring song" both manly and musical, and in other ways acquitted himself like an artist. Gadski's singing of the "Tristan" love-death was full of emotion and was musically noble as well.

## CONCERT AIDS PENSION FUND

Symphony Orchestra Presents Wagner Programme to Large Audience with Mme. Gadski and Mr. Van Yorx as Soloists.

### PECUNIARY SUCCESS FOR WORTHY CAUSE

Fine Performance as a Whole, and Soloists Deservedly Acclaimed—Tenth Sunday Chamber Concert in Chickering Hall.

*Herald* — *Dec. 6, 1905*

The second concert this season in aid of the pension fund of the Symphony orchestra was given last night in Symphony Hall. Mr. Gericke conducted, and Mme. Johanna Gadski, soprano, Mr. Theodore van Yorx, tenor, and a small chorus assisted. The programme was made up wholly of excerpts from operas by Wagner and was as follows: Prelude to "Lohengrin"; first part of the third act of "Lohengrin" (entr'acte, bridal chorus and duet); entr'acte, dance of apprentices, procession of the mastersingers and homage to Hans Sachs from "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg"; second part of act I of "The Valkyrie"; prelude and love-death from "Tristan and Isolde."

This concert was of a more festal character than the preceding one of the season. The programme was more absorbing, the orchestra played with greater enthusiasm, the audience was larger; more brilliant and more respon-

sive. The soloists were warmly applauded; the purely orchestral selections met with almost equal favor. It is a pleasure to add that the pecuniary results were gratifying.

The benefit of the fund and of the concerts given in aid of this fund is not solely to the orchestra itself. Inasmuch as the association for a charitable object brings the members themselves into a closer union and in a large measure aids in maintaining the pride of membership, the subscribers to the concert and the general public gain thereby. Music lovers should aid this fund generously if only from selfish motives.

Even if there had been no thought last evening of contributing to a worthy cause, the character of the concert itself would have given much pleasure. Mr. Ernest Newman remarked not long ago that Wagner was more and more known in England and better appreciated by concert performances than by the comparatively few and expensive performances of the music-dramas themselves. In Boston of late we have had comparatively little of Wagner either in theatre or in concert hall. It is true that "Parsifal" has had due attention paid it, but, with the exception of this work, there have been few wholly adequate performances of "The Mastersingers," the "Ring" and "Tristan," or even of the minor operas. There was one memorable performance last season, that of "Siegfried" as conducted by Mr. Mottl, and reports from New York lead one to anticipate the coming performance of "The Mastersingers" with more than ordinary pleasure. But the music of Wagner is not judiciously distributed throughout the year; there is the short opera season, with here and there a Wagnerian performance, or there is a Wagner concert. To quote the old saw, it's either a feast or a famine. No sane person demands that Wagner should monopolize the stage either in theatre or in concert hall, but it is fair to infer from the interest and enjoyment shown last evening that the Symphony audience and general concert-goers would welcome Wagnerian excerpts on other occasions and in concerts of a miscellaneous programme.

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## Music and Politics.

A Letter to The Musical Courier Discussing Some Musical Conditions in Boston.

Boston, December 15, 1904.

To The Musical Courier: Dec 28 1904

**T**HAT the article relating to the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which you printed last December, under the title of "That Ox," was not relished by Mr. Gericke and the backer of the orchestra, Mr. Higginson, was clearly shown by the virtual discharge of a certain 'cellist, who only retained his place by giving his "word of honor" to Mr. Gericke that he had nothing to do with the article in question. In order that the musical public of the country may thoroughly understand the conditions as they have existed in the Boston Orchestra and still exist, it will be necessary to apply the probe deeper and to speak still more plainly than before. It will be shown that, instead of the "lofty ideals" and "artistic aims" with which Mr. Higginson and the members of his orchestra are supposed to be imbued, it is after all a matter of business, and the "almighty dollar" "rules the roost."

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Of course it was not good business policy to allow Mr. Paur at the time to show what he could do while Mr. Gericke was "at the helm" in Boston.

This may be all right, but how about art and high artistic ideals? That, Mr. Editor, has to take second place



### They Appear to Advantage.

The magnificent scene in the first act of "Die Walkure," where Siegmund and Sieglinde plan the escape from Hunding, was on a far nobler plane, and both artists appeared to better advantage. Gadski's thorough knowledge of the role was evident, and she was vocally fine and inspiring. Mr. Van Yorx regained confidence and sang with ease, purity and dramatic strength. He made the "spring song" both manly and musical, and in other ways acquitted himself like an artist. Gadski's singing of the "Tristan" love-death was full of emotion and was musically noble as well.

## CONCERT AIDS PENSION FUND

Symphony Orchestra Presents Wagner Programme to Large Audience with Mme. Gadski and Mr. Van Yorx as Soloists.

### PECUNIARY SUCCESS FOR WORTHY CAUSE

Fine Performance as a Whole, and Soloists Deservedly Acclaimed—Tenth Sunday Chamber Concert in Chickering Hall.

*Herald* ————— *Dec. 6, 1905*

The second concert this season in aid of the pension fund of the Symphony orchestra was given last night in Symphony Hall. Mr. Gericke conducted, and Mme. Johanna Gadski, soprano, Mr. Theodore van Yorx, tenor, and a small chorus assisted. The programme was made up wholly of excerpts from operas by Wagner and was as follows: Prelude to "Lohengrin"; first part of the third act of "Lohengrin" (entr'acte, bridal chorus and duet); entr'acte, dance of apprentices, procession of the mastersingers and homage to Hans Sachs from "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg"; second part of act I of "The Valkyrie"; prelude and love-death from "Tristan and Isolde."

This concert was of a more festal character than the preceding one of the season. The programme was more absorbing, the orchestra played with greater enthusiasm, the audience was larger, more brilliant and more respon-

sive. The soloists were warmly applauded; the purely orchestral selections met with almost equal favor. It is a pleasure to add that the pecuniary results were gratifying.

The benefit of the fund and of the concerts given in aid of this fund is not solely to the orchestra itself. Inasmuch as the association for a charitable object brings the members themselves into a closer union and in a large measure aids in maintaining the pride of membership, the subscribers to the concert and the general public gain thereby. Music lovers should aid this fund generously if only from selfish motives.

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1916  
here when it comes to business.

Many in the orchestra are glad that the reign of a certain person, closely related to Mr. Kneisel, has come to an end, as in the past he has given himself all the airs and graces of a ward politician, and assumed to dictate to the rank and file and extra men in many ways that were, to say the least, extremely arbitrary. He was a shining example of "graft," and to such an extent that in very desperation members took things into their own hands and complained to Mr. Higginson.

The party who now has charge of the outside business of the orchestra has also been known to have fine business qualifications.

It may be interesting to learn that there are two classes in the orchestra that have been dubbed "prima donnas" and "deck hands." The former, a class that act as though they were of a higher order of beings than the balance of the members; and the other, the unfortunate local musicians that are engaged from time to time to play extra parts, and are supposed to be always at the beck and call of the orchestra at \$6 per concert and \$2 or \$3 per rehearsal, and only draw that half the time, or less.

The same management that squanders thousands of dollars on inferior foreign musicians will haggle for hours over a \$5 note with a local man, who, as he is a local man, is supposed, no matter what his talent, to play for any price offered.

The story is told about an extra Melba matinee during the time of Paur, when Music Hall was packed to the doors, at which a second violin was offered \$3 for the concert, and a bass clarinet \$5, and a "fight" had to be made to get more.

Today there is a local 'cellist in the orchestra, a young man of talent who has spent years of study abroad, but he was only allowed to enter the ranks after the season had been in progress some weeks, and by reason of the failure of an imported player to appear, and even then he was only paid \$30 per week, when all the other 'cellists got \$35.

It is reported that Mr. Higginson was very angry with the Kneisel Quartet for resigning from the orchestra, on the ground that they did not give him "notice" enough. But they gave just as much "notice" as he ever gives anyone, and a good deal more than he usually gives. He evidently did not like the "taste of his own medicine."

Some of the orchestra additions lately are very singular, to say the least. What is the "pull" that keeps a certain first bassoon in the orchestra? This season the third bassoon was obliged to play the first part in the fourth symphony of Beethoven.

Why, again, is a youth of twenty years imported and given the place as first clarinet in such a noted orchestra, and given an opportunity to learn orchestra routine and draw \$50 a week while so doing?

Is it true that breathing the air of the Paris boulevards makes a man an artist musician?

1917  
Of course, we do not now expect Mr. Hale, our noted critic, who is usually so caustic and severe, to tell the truth about the very management that pays him, it is said, a goodly sum per week to compile the programs of the concerts.

Is not independent criticism out of the question under such circumstances?

How he would have made "mince meat" of Mr. Arbos last year, or Mr. Grisez this season, had they been unlucky enough to have appeared in Boston without the prestige of the Boston Symphony Orchestra to support them!

In his criticism of both of them we have the spectacle of Mr. Hale making excuses for their shortcomings.

The question is often asked: Do any of the critics attached to the great Boston newspapers really dare to write the truth? Why do they allow misstatements to appear all the time?

The first flutist of the Boston Symphony Orchestra has almost as great a talent in musical politics as in flute playing. He gets his brother to come to Boston, also a flutist, and secures him an engagement at the Somerset Hotel at \$15 per week, till such time as he can "pull wires" enough to make a place for him in the orchestra, which he succeeded in doing at the end of the season by having a local man left out. The latter, C. K. North, an artist of high rank, good enough to travel for several seasons with Melba, playing her obligatos, is discharged, and on his writing a note to Mr. Gericke, to ascertain, if possible, the reason, was told that his work was entirely satisfactory, but that he (Mr. Gericke) was obliged to make a place for the brother of the first flutist. It would be very interesting to know what was the influence that obliged Mr. Gericke to discharge an artist, about whom no fault could be found in any way, either personally or musically, to make room for a stranger because he had a brother who wanted him engaged?

How can there be a proper esprit de corps when such injustice is practiced? The singular part of the affair is that the orchestra has such a reputation for such methods that Mr. North actually expected just such treatment, as well as the orchestra in general.

This same flutist, as soon as he had succeeded in placing his brother, had to go to France on a "vacation," and tried to secure his full salary (but without success) while absent, which he passed at a summer resort in France, it is said, playing in an orchestra.

The following season he "discovered" that he could not remain longer in the orchestra without extra pay, and must leave. The "bluff" is said to have been successful, and he is now one of the "prima donnas" at, it is said, \$65 per week.

Last season there was a vacancy in the first violins, for which several local men applied and played for Mr. Gericke, hoping to be accepted; but about the commencement



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of the season a young man who had married a Boston lady and was here on a visit heard of the vacancy, and, "wise in his day and generation," armed himself with a letter from a society lady, and was accepted at once and given a much higher salary than most of the first violins. He was announced this season as soloist at a concert, and at the rehearsal of his solo his playing was so mediocre that Mr. Gericke would not allow him to appear, and the announcement was made that he was ill, and Mr. Hess, the new concert master, would play in his place. By the way, Mr. Hess is said to draw a salary of \$6,000 per season, which is almost twice what Mr. Kneisel had. While Mr. Hess is an excellent artist, and is very satisfactory in the place, it is a question whether any violinist in an orchestra is worth almost three times as much as the solo woodwind players. In the European orchestras the solo clarinet, flute and oboe are paid almost as much as the solo violin, and this is as it should be. Such an artist as Mr. Longy is far more difficult to replace than Mr. Hess, Mr. Kneisel, or any other concert master.

Several local musicians have, it is true, been taken into the orchestra the past few years, but the fact that two of them, a trumpeter and a clarinetist, had letters to Mr. Gericke from prominent society ladies was well known and commented on. The reputation that both had as artists would not have gained them a hearing, much less an engagements, without such society influence.

As I have before written you, society, which is really most unmusical, has been led to think that all members of the Symphony Orchestra must be artists and all outsiders necessarily inferior, not knowing that there are quite a number of "weak members," notably in the second violins.

Fierce competition exists in Boston in the orchestral business, and for that Mr. Higginson, by his system of importing musicians, is primarily to blame. Let us go back a few months and invite Mr. Higginson to take a stroll some evening in the Back Bay. In the Hotel Vendome he will find Mr. Hoffmann or Mr. Strube, with other members of his orchestra, making an "honest dollar." At the Lenox he will find Mr. Mahn, at the Somerset Mr. Fritzsche, and so on in other places. Only recently the Copley Square Hotel advertised a Thanksgiving dinner with "music by Symphony players," and last week the Hotel Victoria announced in the society column of the Boston Herald that "on account of the absence of the Symphony Orchestra on their trip, a combination of violin, harp and 'cello will play during the dinner hours."

This is from the "sublime to the ridiculous," and it must be highly pleasing to Mr. Higginson to learn that his artists are so engaged. He has at the present time almost 100 men engaged, of whom about eighty have been imported under contract, and, as I have before remarked, are paid much higher salaries than the local men whose places they take. The same men soon commence to play outside engagements at current rates, or lower, but never

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higher, to add to the fixed income already assured them. Is it any wonder that the general public fails to see why it should be called on to support a "pension fund" for a body of men, mostly foreign, who have been getting the "cream" of the general business for many years, as well as the salary paid them by Mr. Higginson, and by unfair competition in some cases have lowered the rates paid in many departments of orchestral work?

Is it any wonder that at least two of the so called "pension fund" concerts have been given at a loss? Cannot Mr. Higginson see the "handwriting on the wall" in the decreased interest in the orchestra as indicated by the sales this and last season, and in the lack of attendance at the "pension fund" concerts?

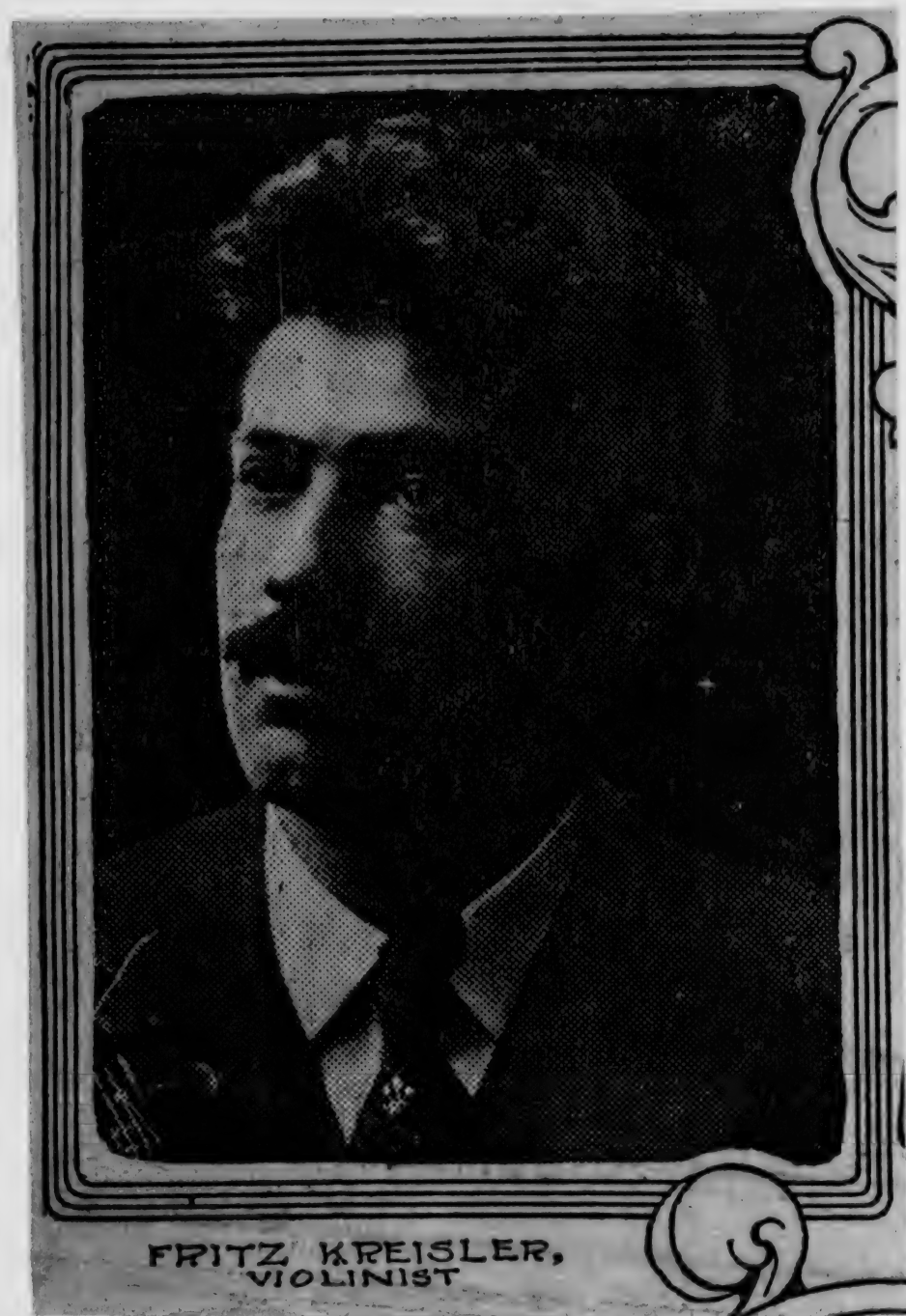
Has the American born musician, citizen and taxpayer no moral claim on Mr. Higginson, or is he forever to be a "stranger within the gates"?

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, as now conducted, crushes all ambitions. Let us look at the method in France or Germany when a vacancy occurs in an orchestra. To begin with, the fact of the place being vacant is advertised, and artists are invited to a trial before a committee for the position, and, other things being equal, members of their own nationality have the preference. Here it is the reverse, as a rule. Then, again, abroad one has a chance to advance, if talented, from a second part to a first, or, in other words, one has a future; but here the method is just the opposite, the custom being to put the artist from a first part to the second, and to bring in a newcomer as the first, who, in many cases, does not know the orchestral repertory, and in others is of only moderate ability, and the entire orchestra must rehearse for his benefit. The imported artist comes here with a contract in his pocket, bringing in his instruments free of duty, but the local man must pay a duty of 45 per cent. on the same instruments when he buys them, and then he is practically barred out from the most desirable orchestral business. Mr. Higginson is said to be a Republican and protectionist, but he evidently is a believer in "free trade" in musicians. His attitude toward the American Federation of Musicians has caused much comment recently, but that matter, not being the subject of this article, will not be discussed. SUBSCRIBER.

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Seymour was at the Boston Symphony concert of last Saturday and has drawn his impression of Schelling on page 26. Asked what he thought was the most remarkable thing about Schelling's performance, Seymour replied: "His eyes and his walk." Seymour is not musical.





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*Symphony Hall.*

SEASON 1904-05.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.

XVIII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, MARCH 11, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

TSCHAIKOWSKY,

"MANFRED" SYMPHONY, op. 58, after Byron's  
Dramatic Poem.

I. Manfred's Wanderings and Despair.

Lento lugubre.  
Moderato con moto.  
Andante.

Andante con duolo.

II. The Fairy of the Alps.

Vivace con spirito.

Trio: L'istesso tempo.

III. Pastorale. Andante con moto.

IV. The Palace of Arimanes; Invocation to Astarte;

Manfred's Death.

Allegro con fuoco.  
Andante con duolo.  
Tempo primo.  
Largo.

BRAHMS,

CONCERTO for VIOLIN, in D minor, op. 77.

I. Adagio non troppo.

II. Adagio.

III. Allegro giocoso, ma non troppo vivace.

BEETHOVEN,

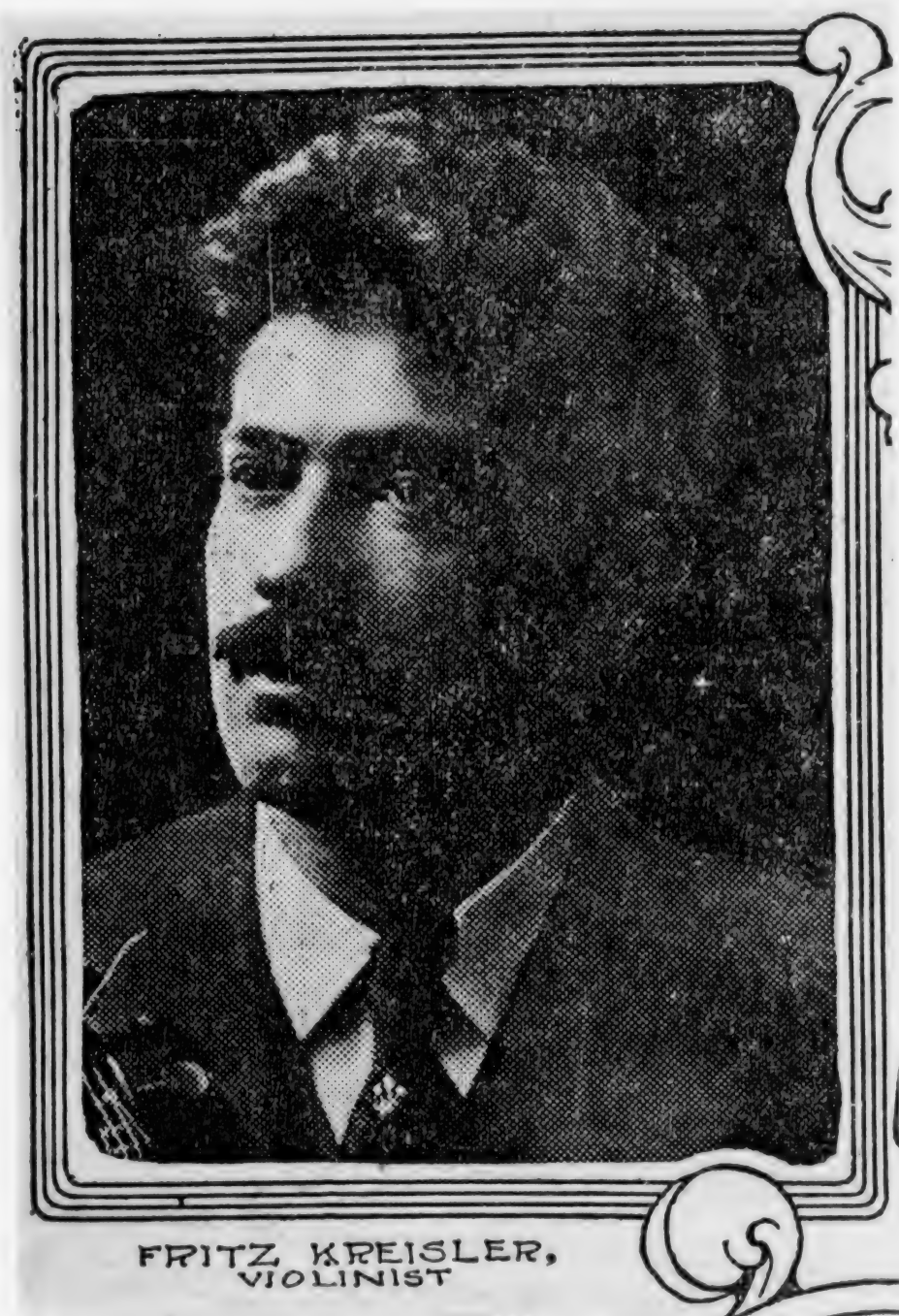
OVERTURE to "Leonore" No. 3, op. 72.

Soloist:

Mr. FRITZ KREISLER.

There will be no Public Rehearsal and Concert next week.





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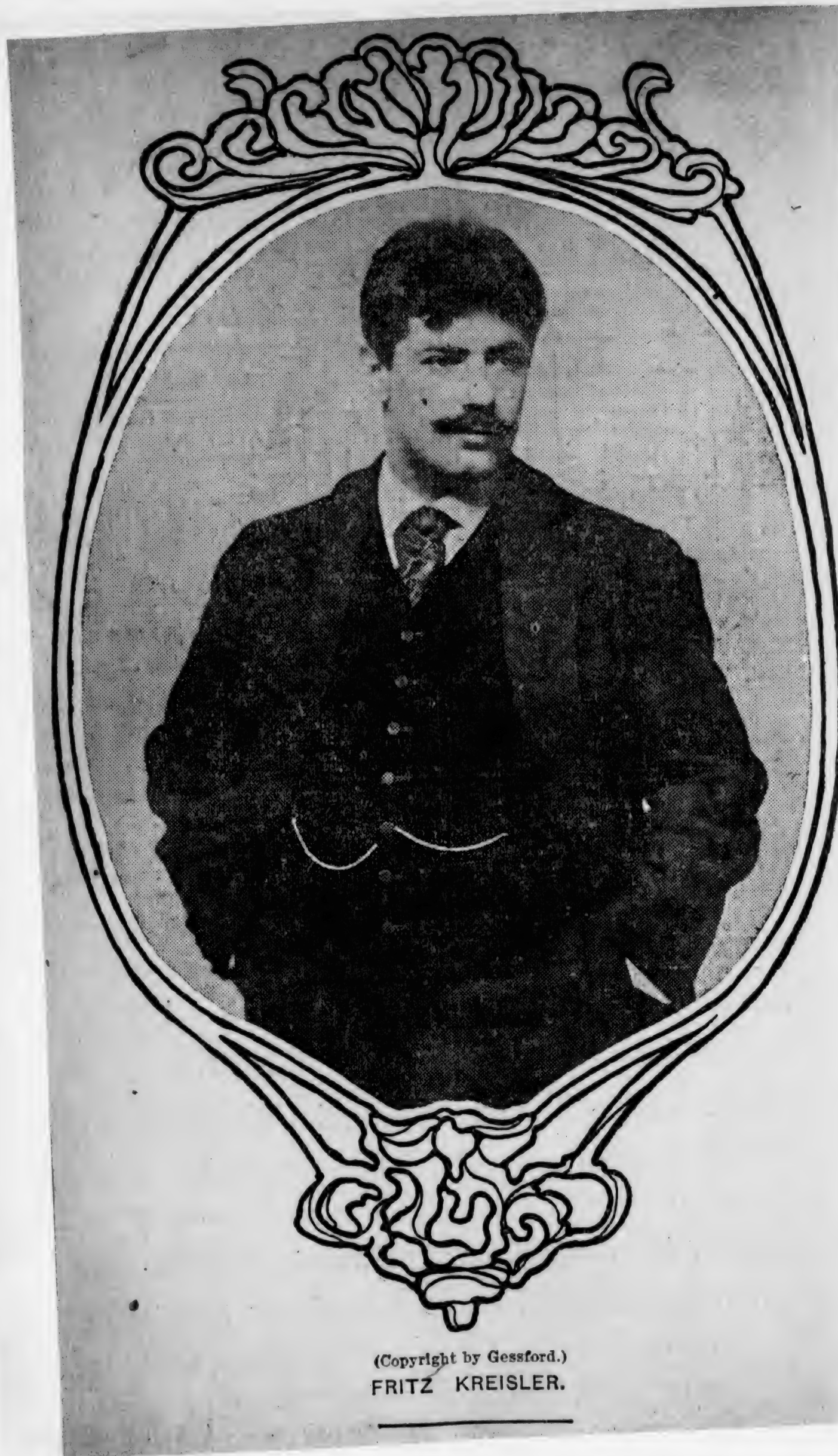
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FRITZ KREISLER.

## MUSICAL MATTERS

### THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

*adv* PROGRAMME. *Nov 13/1905*  
Tchaikowsky—"Manfred" symphony.  
Brahms—Concerto for violin.  
Mr. Fritz Kreisler, soloist.  
Beethoven—Leonore overture, No. 3.

The reviewer tried the experiment of ubiquity on Saturday and found that the art of being in two places at the same time is remarkably convenient during the opera season. It was a pleasant contrast to hear Mr. Gericke's conservative orchestral balance after Mr. Hertz's instrumental fury of the past week, and the poetic fervor of Tchaikowsky and the classical purity of Brahms had redoubled power after the blatant "Huguenots" or the mentally unbalanced "Lucta."

The "Manfred" symphony is one of Tchaikowsky's strong works. It could not be otherwise when the composer himself was a species of torture Manfred, although without any Astarte. In this symphony Tchaikowsky makes as many innovations of instrumentation as Richard Strauss does in his most modern orchestration. Everything that can be imported into the orchestra, from bells and gong to organ, is present.

Yet the weakest orchestral master, Schumann, has written a "Manfred" that throws this heavily-scored pessimist in the shade. Schumann's "Manfred" overture gives the dignity which one associates with Byron's hero, but Tchaikowsky makes him frenzied, shrieking, groaning, roaring: This Manfred is not the man who said "Grief should be the instructor of the wise," and who found knowledge in sorrow.

Very beautiful is Tchaikowsky's second movement, the appearance of the fairy of the Alps in the rainbow underneath the waterfall; it is iridescent in every measure. But here again the poetry of Schumann overtops the graphically of the Russian. In the scene in the hall of Ahrimanes also one may prefer the Schumann dignity of treatment. Nevertheless, if we put Schumann's masterpiece out of mind, this symphony may stand as a work of genius. Perhaps the chief accusation that can be brought is that Tchaikowsky wrote rather from inner feelings than from a full comprehension of Byron's play.

In one point both composers missed the Byronic idea. The poet pictured Manfred as standing far apart from religion, and he emphasizes this in the contrast between the pious Abbot and the dying hero. Schumann, however, dragged in a very skilful and ugly double canon "Requiem" by the heels, at this point, and Tchaikowsky brings in the organ, to suggest the rites of the church, at the end. Both are about as much in place as an "Ave Maria" in a synagogue. Whether there are such good contrapuntists in Hades as the fugal work of the finale suggests is a point that we leave for theologians to determine.

As the symphony was given less than a year ago, and was fully reviewed at that time, it is unnecessary to give much detail at present, but we may be allowed to grow enthusiastic over the performance. Familiarity with the work discloses new beauties, and a composition of such greatness deserves to be heard once a season. There was great enthusiasm manifested by the audience, so that, after bowing a couple of times, Mr. Gericke caused his orchestra to rise and bow their acknowledgments.

Mr. Kreisler also won a triumph by his solo work. He has been doing great deeds in the violin field, in his recent recitals, and this was a fitting culmination. When the list of violin masters is made it is very possible that Kreisler may be a species of Abou Ben Adhem and find his name heading all the rest. We did not hear the finale of the concerto, nor the Beethoven overture. Our apology for this sin of omission may be found in the fact that Wagner's greatest opera was being given on the same evening.

Louis C. Elson.

### "MANFRED" BY SYMPHONY.

Concert Was One of Most Interesting and Impressive of the Season—

Kreisler Praised.

*Herald* *Nov. 12, 1905*  
The programme of the 18th Symphony concert, given last night in Symphony Hall, Mr. Gericke conductor, was as follows:

"Manfred" symphony.....Tchaikowsky  
Concerto in D major for violin.....Brahms  
Overture to "Leonore," No. 3.....Beethoven

It is not too much to say that this concert was not only one of the most interesting and impressive of the season; it was one of the noblest exhibitions of orchestral and virtuoso skill that have been given in the series for some years. The programme was well arranged. The performance was continuously engrossing.

Tchaikowsky's "Manfred" is now familiar to the Symphony audiences. We learn from the composer's correspondence how hard he found the task imposed on him by his friend Balakireff, how often he was tempted to put it aside. He wrote to Mrs. von Meck: "The work is so difficult and complicated that I myself am for the time being a Manfred." The hearer is often tempted to find Tchaikowsky of the tortured soul in this dramatic symphony, Tchaikowsky in Manfred's garb. He himself was doubtful about the future of this composition: "My 'Manfred' will be played once or twice, and then it will disappear; outside of a handful who go to the symphony concerts, no one will happen to hear it. It is only the opera that brings us nearer to the people." There was opera in Boston last week; but how often were dramatic operatic effects as striking as those worked by certain pages of this symphony, effects the more poignant because they were without the addition and also the distraction of scene and situation and human beings playing to the eye?

The symphony has its weak spots, no doubt, and it would be easy to say this or that about them; but when all has been said, it is the work of a great man. It is not the equal of Tchaikowsky's fifth symphony, which is to us his masterpiece, a work of higher



and more sustained imaginative light than the now more popular "Pathetic"; nor is it to be classed with the "Romeo and Juliet" fantasia. But the best portions of it are very human and of tragic intensity. Mr. Gericke's reading was unusually dramatic and stirring, and the orchestral performance was one to be remembered. This may also be said of the performance of Beethoven's overture.

Mr. Kreisler's playing of Brahms' concerto is to be placed by the side of his performance of Beethoven's concerto four years ago, and there is no higher praise. Whoever wished before this concert that Mr. Kreisler had chosen another work forgot immediately his disappointment or his prejudice. The violinist's artistic individuality and his rare gifts and attainments vitalized and glorified the music that to some is for the most part dull and inert.

## MUSICAL MATTERS

**Kreisler the Symphony Concert Soloist.**

**Mr Tucker's Concert Today—Kneisel Quartet.**

**Recitals and Minor Events of Interest.**

*Globe* Nov 12 1905

Mr Fritz Kreisler, the Austrian violinist, was the soloist at the Symphony concert last evening. Mr Kreisler has made himself very favorably known in Boston since he first appeared here in December, 1900, yet his performance last evening added materially to the respect and esteem in which he is held by local musicians and Symphony audiences. For the violinist showed more force, vigor and breadth than even his admirers have heretofore credited him with, and he also demonstrated an even greater facility of execution.

His solo was that composition which presents such variety of opportunity for pure violin virtuosity—Brahms' concerto in D major. To those who have heard Mr Kreisler play before, his interpretation of this master work for the solo violin carried the conviction that never had they shown just appreciation of the marvelous capabilities of this young artist. To those who

had never heard the modest, unassuming musician before, his work was amazing. None could gainsay him worthy to interpret this masterpiece of technical exaction dedicated to and first performed by the great Joachim.

Mr Kreisler played the first movement with the delicacy of sentiment that he has led his hearers to expect, but in the coda he rose to the extreme virility demanded of the soloist. As he played the unaccompanied cadenza the accuracy and brilliancy of fingering and the marvelous bowing effects brought both audience and members of the orchestra forward in their chairs in rapt attention. As he paused at the close none was more demonstrative in applause than Willy Hess, who conducted, and the men of the orchestra.

The second movement, the adagio, showed Mr Kreisler once more to be a finished artist in phrasing and exquisite tone shading, and the emotional passages were played with dignity and charm. But, of course, the opportunity for the virtuoso is the finale. With bars of double-stopping, demanding accuracy of fingering, brilliant runs and florid arpeggios, the closing movement is the test of the technical skill of the artist. In this movement every exaction of the composer was fulfilled with consummate art.

Mr Kreisler's dexterity, the precision of his fingering and the breadth and vigor of his bowing were shown in his playing of the vivid passages of the finale of the concerto.

With fine self-control, yet the violinist is not lacking in enthusiasm, and even in these days of acquaintance with many masters of the violin there is that element in Mr Kreisler's playing of the difficult Brahms concerto that has made him distinctive among his fellow artists. His performance merited the pronounced approval which insisted upon his reappearance three times after he retired at the end of his solo. Commendation is due Mr Hess for his direction of the orchestral parts of the concerto.

The orchestra, under the direction of Mr Gericke, played the Tchaikowsky symphony "Manfred," which was given once during last season. Mr Gericke's reading of this work of the Russian composer is with a palpably high and sympathetic purpose.

There is little to be added to the praise of the presentation of this composition which previous performances have merited. The tone coloring of the last part of the first movement, depicting Manfred's wanderings and despair, was especially inspiring, and the orchestra, notably the strings, was extremely impressive in the largo, the finale of the symphony.

As the concluding number the orchestra played Beethoven's overture to "Leonore" No. 3. The overture was in distinct contrast to the symphony and the Brahms concerto, and the buoyant as well as the pathetic emotions were represented with the usual versatility. In the impetuous passages the work of the strings was especially brilliant.

There will be no concert this week as the orchestra will be absent on tour.

**SYMPHONY REHEARSAL SEATS**  
G. 30-31 may be secured for \$28.00 each by addressing T. F. V., Boston Transcript. (A)

### Symphony Hall: Symphony Orchestra

Many people must have been attracted by "Die Meistersinger" last Saturday evening, or there could not have been so comparatively slender an audience at the eighteenth Symphony concert, one of the most interesting of the season. Mr. Fritz Kreisler played, and this was the programme:

Tchaikovsky: "Manfred" Symphony, Op. 58, after Byron's Dramatic Poem.  
Brahms: Concerto for Violin, in D minor, Op. 77.  
Beethoven: Overture to "Leonore," No. 3, Op. 72.

To find oneself in a minority regarding a musical composition of great consequence is not an agreeable position. When all the world, seemingly, finds itself stirred to the soul by Tchaikovsky's "Manfred" symphony, the emotional measures of which rack most people's hearts, it is not pleasant to sit by cold and unmoved, wondering what ails one. Since the most competent judges the world over, in Europe and America alike, hold the hearing of "Manfred" a musical experience, it is by no means pleasant to find oneself listening attentively in a vain effort to discover the grandeur claimed for the work, all ready to be moved but remaining ever unmoved. It must be admitted that to some people the "Manfred" symphony seems hopelessly dull, bombastic, consciously emotional, lacking in beauty, and not genuinely dramatic. Exception must be made, naturally, to the superb moment at the end of the first movement, when the "Manfred" theme is thundered out by full orchestra, as well as to some of the delicate descriptive music of the scherzo by the waterfall, and to the pretty music of the pastorale. As for the orgy of the finale, is it much else than a not too strong imitation of Berlioz? Not to admire "Manfred" makes one feel as crude in taste as it would if one did not, today, fancy Maeterlinck, but the fact remains that to some persons at least the symphony seems to be chiefly a case of nerves set to music and orchestrated. Detached from a body, nerves have but a short lease of life. How is it possible to compare for an instant "Manfred" with the fifth symphony of Tchaikovsky, or with the Pathetic Symphony? And yet, many do so. Mr. Gericke, at all events, did his best to galvanize the nerves into life; his reading of the symphony was very great.

So was Mr. Kreisler's playing of the Brahms concerto. Although one might have wished Mr. Kreisler had chosen to play something else, after hearing his performance one can only be grateful to him for setting a standard for this concerto which all musicians must live up to or else be held hopelessly wanting. Not only did Mr. Kreisler play with all the warmth of style which one would expect from him, and also with his own ripe musicianliness, but he gave the concerto a charm, he made it agreeable to hear. The Brahms concerto from him was a musical event.

This week there will be no symphony concert. Here is the programme for March 25, when Mr. C. Rubner will be the soloist:

Mozart, Symphony in D major, No. 38 (K. 505); Grieg, Concerto for Pianoforte; Rimsky-Korsakoff, Tableau Musical, "Sadko" (first time); Richard Strauss, Introduction to Act II, "Guntram." R. R. G.  
Trans. Mdr. 13. 1905

## NOTABLE CONCERT BY THE SYMPHONY

Tschaikowsky's "Manfred" and Fritz Kreisler Combine to Make It Memorable.

*Journal* Mdr. 13. 1905

The eighteenth concert of the Symphony season at Symphony Hall Saturday night was made the most notable of the series by the performance of Tchaikowsky's "Manfred" and appearance of Mr. Fritz Kreisler, violinist. Tchaikowsky considered his work in "Manfred" his masterpiece, yet it is not included in the list of symphonies from his pen, being classed as program or descriptive music. It was first performed in this country in 1886, under Theodore Thomas, and its first reading in Boston was under Mr. Gericke, April 27, 1901.

It is the gloomy, moody, yet intensely dramatic setting to Byron's poem of the name, and might be termed a marvel in orchestral coloring, groupings of rare daring frequently being resorted to in picturing scenes of the story. Every resource of the orchestra is called into play, and Mr. Gericke, who was in an extremely gracious mood, was lavish in liberality, encouraging the superb brass choir to unexpected effort.

### Whole Band Inspired.

Mr. Gericke's enthusiasm inspired the band as they have been inspired but seldom, and while the characteristic refinement of tone was not sacrificed one iota, the four f's were overwhelmingly powerful illustrations of what this great orchestra has tucked away up its sleeve, so to speak, ready for the call. Seemingly technical impossibilities of score are as nothing to Mr. Gericke's men and no better testimony of their superiority in the instrumental world could be desired than Saturday night's performance.

The second movement, "The Fairy of the Alps," marvelous in color and rhythm, is, as the program states, most ingenious in kaleidoscopic effects. The whole is of vast musical beauty, a most picturesque presentment of the natural and fantastic world, and given an inspired reading. A most enthusiastic reception caused Mr. Gericke to divide honors with the men, the whole orchestra rising and acknowledging the applause.



## Kreisler, the Artist.

Mr. Kreisler played Brahms' D major concerto, an orthodox work for violin and orchestra. His performances are familiar to the Boston concertgoer, but Saturday night, with the advantage of a superb band behind him, into whose hands the accompaniment could be safely intrusted, he appeared to the greatest advantage.

He is the artist throughout, and the technical demands in double-stopping, florid running passages and arpeggios were performed with the authority of a master. His original cadenza in the first movement was a marvel of skill. Beethoven's "Leonore" overture, No. 3, closed the program.

## BOSTON BAND HAS TO BOW AFTER PLAYING 'MANFRED'

Tschalkowsky Symphony Stirs

Audience in Carn

KREISLER IN A BR

Plays Concerto with F

Orchestra. Under H

Almost Perfect S

*N. J. Press*

One of the most enthusiastic the season greeted Mr. C. Boston Symphony Orchestra evening concert in Carnegie. After Tschalkowsky's 10 symphony, the conductor was front repeatedly. Mr. Gerl oned to his men to rise, a of virtuosos stood up the with bravos.

It was not Tschalkowsky beautiful as it is in moment greatest pleasure of the eve violin concerto, played by with Hess, the concert Gericke's place at the co proved the real climax of t exceptionally noble and b sition had an inspired p seemed those who say they this work must have been beliefs last night. Kreisler sweep, intensity and emot hardly has equaled before t playing at the same time h nical mastery in the racking composer had piled up.

Kreisler's success was due no doubt, to the almost per had from the incomparable tra under the inspiring lead Hess. Mr. Hess proved him ductor's stand, a man of expe ity and fine sensibility. He admirably in hand, defined c

by gesture his demands, and infused into their playing an added zest and enthusiasm. Tschalkowsky's symphony, which is a free musical interpretation of Byron's "Manfred," is acclaimed by some as one of the composer's greatest productions. It certainly is in length, for it occupies close to an hour. To our way of thinking there are few works of the Russian which bear so clearly the marks of labor and want of true inspiration. There is much to arouse admiration in the workmanship, and certain portions of the first movement—"Manfred's Wanderings and Despair"—and the last, which illustrates his visit to the palace of Arimanes, his invocation to Astarte and his death, reach moving climaxes. But on the whole the musical effects are on the surface.

Beethoven's "Leonore" overture, No. 3, ended the programme. At the Boston Orchestra's last concert of the season, to-morrow afternoon, the programme will comprise Wagner's "Faust" overture; Bach's Prelude, Adagio and Gavotte in Rondo Form, arranged for strings by Sigismund Bachrich; Liszt's piano concerto, No. 1, in E flat major, and Brahms's Symphony, No. 1, in C minor, opus 68. Ernest Schelling will be the soloist.

## BOSTON SYMPHONY CONCERTS.

Debut of Ernest Schelling.

AT the last Boston Symphony matinee of this season, Carnegie Hall, Saturday afternoon, March 18, the chief attraction was the New York debut of Ernest Schelling, a pupil of Paderewski, and a pianist of renown in the musical cities of Europe.

Schelling chose the Liszt concerto in E flat as the medium for his debut, and he played it con amore. The influence of Paderewski was very apparent in Schelling's incisive attack, in his excellent pedaling, and in his predilection for warm and varied tone colors. He avoids dynamic extremes, a propensity which enables him to play forte without pounding and pianissimo without drooling. Schelling's finger technic is unusually fleet and crisp, and in the chord and octave passages, if he showed less precision than in the rapid runs and cadenzas, at least he did not use them as the media for brawn display, but kept them well within the musical picture. Age does not seem to wither or custom to stale the infinite charm of the Liszt E flat concerto, except when some players use it as an athletic field and convert their fists into 16 pound hammers. Fortunately, Schelling represents a much higher musical type, and his performance never savors of the merely mechanical. In the slow movement (or section) of the concerto he revealed a poetical conception and a mellow, rich tone, which he used with real art. The finale proved Schelling possessed of temperament, and he encompassed a brilliant and convincing climax. Altogether, this newcomer is a most welcome addition to the few pianists of the season, and displayed such exceptional qualities as promised well for his recital appearances here, which, according to report, are to be made very soon. Schelling was received with enthusiasm, and recalled so many times that an encore became

imperative, but was not given.

The orchestra played Wagner's "Faust" overture in clean cut but unromantic fashion. This work does not improve with age, as some Wagnerians are beginning to admit. Three Bach excerpts (in the Bachrich arrangement) and Brahms' C minor symphony ended the program. The afternoon was excessively hot, and one listener remarked aptly after the Brahms symphony, "That is winter music." Leader Gericke seemed to think so, too, for he gave the work a winter reading, heavy, labored and cold.

The Thursday evening concert, on March 16, will linger in the memory because of the magnificent performance of Fritz Kreisler, who played Brahms' violin concerto like a master, and easily carried off the chief honors of the evening. Kreisler has played many times here this winter, and he has always played well, but there was something about his performance of the Brhams concerto which made the work and the reading seem almost transcendental. Kreisler was a tower of strength in the mighty first movement, a poet in the lovely andante and an impassioned son of the Puszta in the fiery Tsigane finale. He has never played with more breadth and authority, or "sung" with more soulful and melting tone than last Thursday. In the cadenza (Kreisler's own) his technic reached the highest flights of virtuosity. No wonder that the audience rose at the player and showered him with its most demonstrative plaudits. Better violin playing than that of Kreisler will not soon be heard in New York, if ever. Willy Hess, the concertmaster, led the orchestral accompaniment and achieved a fine piece of work. It would not have been a bad idea if he had continued and led the rest of the program, which consisted of Beethoven's "Leonore" overture No. 3, in the familiar stilted interpretation of Gericke, and the "Manfred" symphony, by Tschalkowsky, which was conducted by the orchestra, and made a splendid impression. The players took the bit in their teeth, figuratively speaking, and ran away from the director, with the best results imaginable. For once the performance of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was vital, human and without a semblance of marionette mechanism.

Among the most interested auditors when Kreisler played were Mr. and Mrs. Paderewski.

Soloist:

Mme. FANNIE BLOOMFIELD-ZEISLER.

CHESTRA.

stor.

T 8, P. M.

major.

, in F. minor.

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## BOSTON BAND HAS TO BOW AFTER PLAYING 'MANFRED'

Tschaikowsky Symphony Stirs Audience in Carnegie Hall.

## KREISLER IN A BRAHMS WORK

Plays Concerto with Fine Sweep, and Orchestra, Under Hess, Lends Almost Perfect Support.

*N. J. Press* — *Mar 17 1905*

One of the most enthusiastic audiences of the season greeted Mr. Gericke and his Boston Symphony Orchestra at their last evening concert in Carnegie Hall last night. After Tschaikowsky's long "Manfred" symphony the conductor was called to the front repeatedly. Mr. Gericke finally beckoned to his men to rise, and as that body of virtuosos stood up the house resounded with bravos.

It was not Tschaikowsky's tone poem, beautiful as it is in moments, that gave the greatest pleasure of the evening. Brahms's violin concerto, played by Fritz Kreisler, with Hess, the concert master, in Mr. Gericke's place at the conductor's desk, proved the real climax of the concert. This exceptionally noble and beautiful composition had an inspired performance. It seemed those who say they are unmoved by this work must have been shaken in their beliefs last night. Kreisler played with a sweep, intensity and emotional depth he hardly has equaled before this season, displaying at the same time his amazing technical mastery in the racking difficulties the composer had piled up.

Kreisler's success was due in great part, no doubt, to the almost perfect support he had from the incomparable Boston Orchestra under the inspiring leadership of Willy Hess. Mr. Hess proved himself, at the conductor's stand, a man of experience, authority and fine sensibility. He kept his men admirably in hand, defined clearly to them

by gesture his demands, and infused into their playing an added zest and enthusiasm.

Tschaikowsky's symphony, which is a free musical interpretation of Byron's "Manfred," is acclaimed by some as one of the composer's greatest productions. It certainly is in length, for it occupies close to an hour. To our way of thinking there are few works of the Russian which bear so clearly the marks of labor and want of true inspiration. There is much to arouse admiration in the workmanship, and certain portions of the first movement—"Manfred's Wanderings and Despair"—and the last, which illustrates his visit to the palace of Arimanes, his invocation to Astarte and his death, reach moving climaxes. But on the whole the musical effects are on the surface.

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## PRESS NOTICES. 'S.

Reading, Duluth, St. Paul.

Here are some notices:

It was like coming in from son, we say too much about her the with which heaven has blessed the soared triumphantly, gloriously, tel- chorus, which was the gem of the and ran:

w lost in the distance, le- emed as she listened, u- beseeching, imploring, u- uld not extinguish. n- ng and she took the high B at c- rio and chorus at the end, with ic d God, and His faith shall not e in ensemble not to be forgotten e

favor of Reading's music lovers 2 r parts. She sang with much 1 rle the music was particularly strength and power of her voice, eably, rang out remarkably clear

— rteen numbers at Steinway Hall ne Matinee Musicale, completely as a wonderful voice, rich, warm, perfect intonation and a sympathy deep.

rm and a fascinating little way when beginning to sing which fellowship to each individual. which the soft qualities of her d she sang each number straight ho understand music and to those e" and was frequently paid the

ational, but she had sung only a ew that the glorious jewel song s of feeling, its light and shade, e became

imperative, but was not given.

The orchestra played Wagner's "Faust" overture in clean cut but unromantic fashion. This work does not improve with age, as some Wagnerians are beginning to admit. Three Bach excerpts (in the Bachrich arrangement) and Brahms' C minor symphony ended the program. The afternoon was excessively hot, and one listener remarked aptly after the Brahms symphony, "That is winter music." Leader Gericke seemed to think so, too, for he gave the work a winter reading, heavy, labored and cold.

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*Symphony Hall.*

SEASON 1904-05.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.

**XIX. CONCERT.**

SATURDAY, MARCH 25, AT 8, P. M.

**Programme.**

MOZART,

SYMPHONY in D major, "without minuet," (K. 504)

I. Adagio: Allegro.

II. Andante.

III. Finale: Presto.

GRIEG,

CONCERTO for PIANOFORTE, in A minor, op. 16.

I. Allegro molto moderato.

II. Adagio.

III. Allegro moderato molto e marcato.

RIMSKY-KORSAKOFF,

"SADKO." a Musical Picture, op. 5.  
(First time.)

RICHARD STRAUSS,

INTRODUCTION to Act II. of the opera "Guntram"

**Soloist:**

**Mr. CORNELIUS RUEBNER.**

The Pianoforte is a Steinway.

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# "SADKO" PLAYED BY SYMPHONY

Herald ———— Nov. 26.

Rimsky-Koraykoff's Musical Picture,  
a Pretty Fancy, Highly Colored,  
Is Given for the First Time in  
Boston.

## ORCHESTRA TOO LARGE TO PLAY IT PROPERLY

Cornelius Ruebner, Pianist of the  
Occasion, Plays Grieg's Roman-  
tic Concerto Unromantically and  
Uninterestingly.

The programme of the 19th Symphony  
concert given last evening in Symphony  
Hall, Mr. Gerlicke conductor, was as  
follows:

Symphony in D major (K. 504).....Mozart  
Piano concerto in A minor.....Grieg  
"Sadko," a musical picture. Rimsky-Korsakoff  
Prelude to Act II of "Guntram"....R. Strauss

However well this little symphony of  
Mozart may be played as regards eu-  
phony, proportion, general finesse—and  
it was played exceedingly well last  
night—the work is nevertheless ineffec-  
tive in Symphony Hall. It would un-  
doubtedly be a pleasure to hear it, and  
works of a like nature, performed by a  
small but carefully chosen band of  
players in a hall no larger than, say,  
Chickering. Then the old music would  
have more than a historical interest. It  
is true that large orchestras were as-  
sembled occasionally in Mozart's period  
for special occasions—orchestras of 200,  
and even of 400, were not wholly un-  
known in Vienna—but these conditions  
were rare, chiefly in aid of a pension  
fund for musicians. The orchestra of  
the opera house in Prague, where this  
symphony was probably first performed,  
included only six violins, two violas and  
two basses. No doubt other strings  
were added for concert purposes, but  
the symphony was designed for a small  
orchestra in a comparatively small  
room.

Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Sadko" was  
played here for the first time, and we  
have been unable to find any record of a  
previous performance in this country.  
It is one of the composer's earliest  
works. Written about 1867, it was played  
in Germany as early as 1876. The com-  
poser revised it in 1891. When it was  
performed in Vienna, at a time when  
Rubinstein was held to be the great

Russian composer, the only one worthy  
of consideration, good Dr. Hanslick  
wrote a violent article against it. He  
found bombs and nihilism and the gen-  
eral upheaval of society, law and order  
in this little piece, which now seems to  
us all fanciful and pretty.

A composer of rare gifts once said to  
us that he was born hating Weber;  
Hanslick was born for the purpose of  
hating programme music in general and  
Russian programme music in particular.  
"Sadko" is by no means a great or im-  
posing work. Rimsky-Korsakoff him-  
self does not probably take it so se-  
riously; but the music is fanciful, high-  
ly colored, characteristic, a picturesque  
illustration of an old legend of Nov-  
gorod.

The work is simply a picture; the  
thematic contents are in themselves of  
slight value, there is little or no at-  
tempt at any development; the picture  
is impressionistic. The piece was played  
in the appropriately fanciful spirit and  
Sadko thrown overboard, and Sadko  
playing on his gusli, that the Sea King  
and his guests bidden to the wedding  
might dance, and the roar of the there-  
by excited Ocean, the bridegroom of  
the Sea King's daughter, were all  
brought vividly before the sympathetic  
hearer. It is not unlikely that any one  
who finds "The Thousand Nights and a  
Night" a bore, and legends of any  
country foolishness will wonder why  
this musical picture "Sadko" was pro-  
duced here at all after so many years.  
The music last night gave pleasure to  
many and Mr. Gerlicke was obliged to  
bow his acknowledgments.

The piano concerto by Grieg is still  
one of the concertos worth playing and  
hearing, for, unlike some of Grieg's  
music, it has more than a parochial in-  
terest and it has breadth and haunting  
sensuousness. It should be played in a  
most romantic spirit, often as though it  
were an improvisation. Mr. Cornelius  
Ruebner, who made his first appearance  
in Boston, is now at the head of the  
music department of Columbia Univer-  
sity. Is it possible that he was chosen  
as the pianist of last night's concert ex-  
officio? Mr. Ruebner was at the head  
of a music school in Karlsruhe before  
he was called to Columbia; he taught  
the piano and he composed music. He  
may be a prudent pedagogue; his music  
is no doubt written in approved ortho-  
dox fashion, but he is not the man to  
play Grieg's concerto. His technic was  
evidently acquired in the black walnut  
period of the art, and it is now warped  
and cracked.

A technic that is not always fully ade-  
quate may be sometimes forgiven when  
there is a fine exhibition of aesthetic  
feeling or of a prevailing poetic spirit.  
Mr. Ruebner's interpretation was in-  
herently unromantic, matter of fact,  
prosaically uninteresting. Seldom have  
we heard such an uninspired and jejune  
performance of a beautiful and imag-  
inative work. Mr. Ruebner was cour-  
teously welcomed and applauded.

*A. Hale*

### TWO FRIDAY SYMPHONY TICKETS

In Row G, 30, 31, may be secured for \$30.00  
each. Address S.P.W., Boston Transcript.

(A)

### SYMPHONY REHEARSAL SEATS—EE 20-31

Are for sale for the season. Price \$21.00 each.  
Please address R.M.J., Boston Transcript.

(A)



## Symphony Hall: Symphony Orchestra

The nineteenth symphony concert took place last Saturday evening, the soloist being Mr. Cornelius Ruebner, and this the programme:

Mozart: Symphony in D major, "without minuet" (K. 504).  
Grieg: Concerto for Pianoforte, in A minor, Op. 16.  
Rimsky-Korsakoff: "Sadko," a Musical Picture, Op. 5. (First time.)  
Richard Strauss: Introduction to Act II. of the opera "Guntram."

The leading feature of the concert was the exquisite and brilliant performance of the Mozart symphony, a work which, in the hearing, proves none the less delightful because it lacks a minuet; three movements of Mozart or Haydn at a sitting are quite enough. Although every lover of Mozart must wish that his orchestral works might be heard in Jordan Hall played by a small, well-balanced orchestra, the last few performances of Mozart symphonies from Mr. Gericke has conclusively proved that these works, if treated with sufficient care, can sound exceedingly well even in Symphony Hall. On Saturday evening there were few harsh noises in the course of the D major symphony, but, on the contrary, a lively play of charming tone color, a wealth of most delicate phrasing, and also inspiring animation. The hearty applause that greeted the finale of the symphony showed that people are not tired of Mozart when they hear his music played as well as is possible even under not the most favorable circumstances. To hear this same symphony from Mr. Gericke and a chosen band in Jordan Hall or Chickering Hall would be an event of consequence. By the way, are there not musical people in plenty who would buy tickets to hear a concert of Mozart music in Jordan Hall, or Chickering Hall, the programme to include the never-performed finale to "Don Giovanni"?

The second feature of Saturday's concert was the first performance in Boston, and probably in America, of Rimsky-Korsakoff's musical picture "Sadko." This composition, it appears, was written as early as in 1867, although it was revised by the composer in 1891. It is a musical illustration of the old Russian tale of Sadko, a noted player on the gusli, a musical instrument once popular in Russia. This musician, while on a voyage, is becalmed on the high seas; to propitiate the Sea King, he is thrown overboard by his fellow-passengers. Sinking into the depths of the sea, he comes upon a merry revel, for the Sea King is marrying his daughter to the Ocean. To make the guests more contented, Sadko plays upon his gusli, to the sounds of which all the Sea-world dance, more and more wildly, the waves becoming ever stormier and stormier. Sadko breaks the strings of his instrument; the dancing comes to an end, and the sea grows still and dark.

One reading this legend with the memory of "The Thousand and One Nights" suite ringing in his ears, expects more from the musical picture "Sadko" than he finds in it. Despite its comparatively recent revision, "Sadko" remains the work of an un-

tried hand, infinitely less skilful than that which wrought the brilliant "Scheherazade." Taking it for what it is, however, the piece played the other night is attractive music, an example of rather more naive programme music than we often hear—the composer, apparently, having attempted actually to suggest material conditions and happenings, instead of the thoughts and feelings inspired by them. In the main, he surely met with success, for in his music one can follow closely the course of the story of Sadko. Although Rimsky-Korsakoff's picture of a becalmed sea is neither so strongly felt nor so cleverly expressed as Mendelssohn's in the overture "Meerstille und glückliche Fahrt," on the whole his setting of the story is both imaginative and picturesque, the orgy of the dancing guests being especially well done. If far from great, the work is so agreeable that one must wonder at its not having been produced in America before now, since agreeable music is not too plenty. The performance was admirable.

Mr. Ruebner, the head of the music department at Columbia University, did wrong to attempt to play the Grieg concerto, a work of singular charm, beauty and romance, which, while not of extraordinary technical difficulty, yet demands an interpreter of fine feeling for color, of poetry and of romantic disposition. In his place Mr. Ruebner is probably very well, but his place is distinctly not that of soloist at a symphony concert.

The programme for Saturday's concert will be as follows, the soloist being Mr. Karl Barleben; Tragic Overture, Brahms; Concerto for violin, Tchaikovsky; Italian Serenade (first time), Hugo Wolf; Symphony in E minor, Hans Huber.

R. R. G.

## "SADKO" HEARD FOR THE FIRST TIME

Ruebner's Performance of Grieg's Concerto Lacking—Band Too Big for Symphony.

The nineteenth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was wide in its variety and full of genuine interest. From Mozart to Richard Strauss is an enormous gulf, filled up in this case by Grieg and Rimsky-Korsakoff. Thus we had early German and late German, Norwegian and Russian flavors in one large musical dish, and the total result was appetizing.

The pure and fragrant Mozart sym-

phony in D major, like most other small gems, needs a smaller casket than that afforded by Symphony Hall. Expanding it merely distorts its true meaning, and, although the performance was appreciative and fine, its effect was not great.

### Grieg's Lofty Genius.

There are those who believe that Grieg is merely a maker of sadly sweet Scandinavian tunes, that "Peer Gynt" is his highest achievement, and that all that he has done will soon fade from the world. A rehearing of his larger forms of composition does not bear them out. To say nothing of his exquisitely fascinating quartet for strings, his A minor pianoforte concerto gives evidence of Grieg's lofty genius, and proves that he is not destined to immediate extinction at any rate. It is full of haunting themes, backed by a gloriously colored orchestration; it is spontaneous and it is well rounded, if not always well joined together, in its beauty.

Mr. Cornelius Ruebner, who played the pianoforte part, is a Dane with German polish, and he is now at the head of the department of music at Columbia. As a Scandinavian, he might have been expected to interpret the Grieg music with feeling and poetic charm. He exhibited no romanticism, however. His playing was hard and dry, nor were the mere technical demands it made always met by him.

### Orchestra Wanting.

It was a mediocre performance, and the orchestral portion, led by Mr. Hess, was often boisterous and unimaginative.

Although Rimsky-Korsakoff's tone poem, "Sadko," nearly forty years old, it had its first Boston performance last Saturday evening. One can imagine the howls of anguish it must have called forth from the German classicists of its day. It is program music, pure and simple, depicting the submarine experiences of a celebrated gusli player and his reception by the sea king.

### Tempestuous Ending.

It is very effective, beautiful and stormy by turns, the final catastrophe, being a tremendous outburst of brass, drums, cymbals and gongs. The whole was played magnificently.

After this bit of strenuousity, Richard Strauss' introduction to act II. of "Guntram" sounded quite orthodox and melodious. It is, in fact, a somewhat conventional thing, yet scored with that richness that marks Strauss as the greatest master of orchestration of his day.

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## MUSICAL MATTERS

### Echoes of Yesterday's Symphony Concert.

### Interesting Program for the Recital by Paderewski.

### Events of the Week and Personal Gossip.

Globe Nov 26 1905

Cornelius Ruebner, the piano soloist at yesterday's Symphony concert, is at the head of the department of music at Columbia college, New York, and is the successor of Edward A. MacDowell to that position. Mr. Ruebner played the solo part of Grieg's A minor piano concerto, the other numbers on the program being Mozart's D major symphony, "Sadko," a musical picture by Rimsky-Korsakoff, given for the first time here, and the introduction to the opera "Guntram," by R. Strauss. The Grieg concerto is not very familiar to concert patrons, for it does not offer the pianist many opportunities to shine in solo work, the orchestration being so abundant in passages for the heavier instruments and so vigorous in tone in two or the movements that the piano part has but little prominence, except in the adagio, where there are many brilliant bits of melody.

A peculiar phase of the work are the repetitions of phrases given to the orchestra and piano, or vice versa, which doubtless is the reason why the concerto has been termed by some musicians and critics as "patchwork." It does not show Grieg at his best, although there is a mass of splendid material skilfully handled by the composer. Mr. Ruebner played his part admirably, like a sincere and earnest artist, but there was little chance to judge of his full equipment of ability through his chosen medium. His style of work is very pleasing, he is unaffected in manner and certainly he played the fortissimo passages with splendid vigor and celerity. All the florid fingering of the second movement and the finale, when it could be heard above the orchestra, was distinct, smooth and of beautiful quality. The tremendous climax to the closing movement prevented any appreciation of his skill in arpeggios and chord passages, for the piano was al-



most inaudible. Mr Ruebner was received with great favor.

The Rimsky-Korsakoff picture, "Sadko," which was played for the first time here, is a hurly-burly of tonal effects, weird, fantastic and vigorous as a rule, with a charming Slav dance theme running through the movement up to the climax, which is a mournful and delicate melody fading away into pianissimo. The orchestra gave the Grieg accompaniment in excellent style and in the "Sadko" the barbaric melody and dance were played with the necessary dash and abandon, the strings deserving special praise for their ensemble work.

Mozart's symphony, aside from the somewhat antiquated form of the opening movement, proved thoroughly enjoyable. Very daintily was the second part in exploitation and the rondo of the closing movement was executed with exquisite grace of expression. The Strauss number was given with good effect.

This week's program will be as follows: "Tragic" overture, Brahms; concerto for violin, Tchaikowsky; "Italian Serenade," first time here, Hugo Wolf and Hans Huber's E minor symphony. Karl Barleben will be the soloist.

## SYMPHONY REHEARSAL.

The programme of the 19th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra in Symphony Hall this afternoon, Mr. Gericke, conductor, will include a symphony in D major by Mozart, composed in Prague and without a minuet; Grieg's familiar but always interesting piano concerto—the piano part will be played by Mr. Cornelius Ruebner, a Dane by birth, but of German descent, and now at the head of the music department of Columbia University; Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Sadko," a musical picture, and the introduction to act 2 of Richard Strauss' "Guntram."

"Sadko" will be performed here for the first time, and we are inclined to think for the first time in America. It is programme music, illustrative of an old folk legend of Novgorod. Sadko, a famous gusli player, become rich, voyages to Asia for the sake of merchandise. The ship on its return home is becalmed, and lots are drawn as to who will be a propitiatory offering to the sea king. Sadko is chosen by fate and thrown overboard with his gusli. He sinks to the palace of the king of the sea, who is celebrating the marriage of his daughter to the ocean. The king commands Sadko to play on his gusli. The music sets them all dancing, and the sea rises and roars, till ships go down. Then Sadko breaks the strings of his gusli, and there is again a calm. The work is one of Rimsky-Korsakoff's earliest, but he revised it in 1892. The prelude to act two of "Guntram" is of a festival nature.

## MUSICAL MATTERS

### THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

PROGRAMME. *Nov 27 1905*

Mozart—Symphony in D major, No. 38 (K. 505.)  
Grieg—Concerto for Pianoforte.

Soloist: Mr. Cornelius Ruebner.

Rimsky-Korsakoff—Tableau Musical, "Sadko."  
(First time.)

Richard Strauss—Introduction to Act II., "Guntram."

We were glad to see the Mozart symphony receive enthusiastic and long-continued applause. The public seem to mark, in a very significant manner, their appreciation of the clear-cut, intelligible, classical music, which some reviewer would persuade us should be laid altogether upon the shelf. Yet it must be confessed that some parts of Mozart's symphonies have faded greatly. Haydn's works in this form (if we except Mozart's G minor and "Jupiter" symphonies) wear better, probably because he does not attempt to become heroic or heavily dramatic.

It is in the attempts at dramatic power that Mozart's symphonies become tame to modern ears, firstly because we are accustomed to cyclones and cataclysms in this direction at present, and secondly because Mozart's effects were never intended for a Symphony Hall. If the orchestra were heard in Jordan Hall the effect of the finale of the symphony of this concert might become impressive.

Once upon a time the sforzando effects, the bursts of kettledrums, and trumpets, and the secondary seventh chords, which appear in this symphony, must have been regarded as excessively powerful, but we use as ponderous effects as these in modern lullabies and slumber songs!

There was some good flute work in the finale, which is rather astonishing, for Mozart did not like the flute—in spite of his having written a concerto for harp and flute. Even in the "Magic Flute" there is but little flute-playing.

Columbia College runs to pianists. After having had a solo pianist, Mr. MacDowell, as head of its musical department for some years, it now has another in Mr. Cornelius Ruebner. This latter gentleman played steadily and sturdily through the Grieg concerto, succeeding in the heroic touches and failing in the subtler and more tender ones. He made no errors except that of appearing in this subtle and romantic concerto. In the finale his power and earnestness won the audience, and he was recalled 3 times.

The concerto is a work that wears well. If only Strauss and especially D'Indy had the thematic wealth of Grieg they would be the recognized masters of the present. The concerto, for all its touches of Norwegian melancholy, is a bold and masculine work and might well be called "the Heroic concerto."

"Sadko" is a kind of Russian Jonah, who was thrown overboard by his shipmates and, instead of wasting his time in the solitude of a whale's stomach, became the chief guest at a submarine "Solree Musical" given by the Muscovite Neptune. His playing upon his lyre (and Russian lyres are well known in diplomatic circles) caused the sea to become tempestuous and sank many ships.

"Il brisa et engloutit les valsseaux," says the score, and Sadko does as much damage to the Russian fleet as Togo himself. Then he breaks the strings of his instrument and the sea becomes calm again. But what eventually becomes of Sadko we do not know, although he returns home safely in the composer's opera of the same name.

It is a fairly large score, of about the orchestral force of the finale of Beethoven's 9th symphony, minus voices and contrabassoon, and plus a harp. The picture of a flat sea is not as dramatic as that given by the despised Mendelssohn, with a smaller orchestra. Matters become more interesting when the companions of Sadko throw him overboard into the middle of the "Tannhauser" overture! He sinks at once in Wagner's sea of tone and begins his lute-playing quite a la Beckmesser, developing, however, into a Peer Gyntian vein.

There is some interesting figure development in the work, and in the midst of all the exciting picture the composer is intelligible and often melodic.

Strauss' "Guntram" prelude was a good dessert to the musical meal. It is a graphic picture of a festival, without in any degree suggesting the various festivities which Wagner has created. It begins with a very striking bit of melody which has something of mediaeval character in its measures. In his prelude to the first act of "Guntram" Strauss was not so fortunate in escaping the spell of Wagner, for there are some clear reminiscences of "Lohengrin" to be found in that number; but in this second prelude he manages to steer clear of anything like imitation and the portrayal of triumph and of pompous merry-making was both striking and original. The work, which is intensely modern, was dedicated to his parents, by the composer. We wonder what his father, who was one of the most conservative of German musicians, thought of it! Louis C. Elson.

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*Symphony Hall.*

SEASON 1904-05.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.

**XX. CONCERT.**

SATURDAY, APRIL 1, AT 8, P. M.

**Programme.**

BRAHMS,

TRAGIC OVERTURE, op. 81.

TSCHAIKOWSKY,

CONCERTO for VIOLIN, in D major, op. 35.

I. Allegro moderato.

II. Canzonetta.

III. Allegro vivacissimo.

HUGO WOLF,

ITALIAN SERENADE for SMALL ORCHESTRA.  
(First time.)

HANS HUBER,

SYMPHONY No. 2, in E minor, op. 115.

I. Allegro con fuoco.

II. Allegro con fuoco non troppo.

III. Adagio ma non troppo.

IV. Finale: "Metamorphoses suggested by pictures by  
Büchlin."

**Soloist:**

**Mr. KARL BARLEBEN.**



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Mr. KARL BARLEBEN, violinist, was born at Bremen, Germany, in 1866. He at first studied painting, but in his nineteenth year he turned toward music, and was a pupil at the Leipsic Conservatory from 1886 to 1889, where his violin teacher was Brodsky. He has been concert-master at Hanover, leader of a string quartet, and a teacher at the Conservatory at Barmen-Elberfeld. He has been associated with the Boston Symphony Orchestra for several years. In 1901-1903 he travelled as a virtuoso in Europe, and played in Berlin, St. Petersburg, Hanover, Brunswick, Leipsic, Hamburg, and other cities.

## 20TH SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Second Performance of Huber's Symphony Is Given—Programme of High Order. *Harold*

The programme of the 20th Symphony concert, given in Symphony Hall last evening, Mr. Gerlicke, conductor, was as follows:

Tragic overture.....Brahms  
Violin concerto in D major.....Tschalkowsky  
Italian serenade.....Hugo Wolf  
(First time.)

Symphony in E minor, No. 2.....Huber

The orchestral performance was of a high order. The overture by Brahms is a noble work. It is not, perhaps, so profoundly tragic in its sentiment as Mr. Chadwick's "Melpomene," in the expression of bodement, in the suggestion of the tale of Pelops' line or of Maeterlinck's old man by the fireside; but the mood is well established and there is a certain lofty serenity in the musical portraiture of sorrow that is more effective than the furlous and discordant woe of ultra-modern composers who put their trust in whole batteries of pulsatile instruments; just as there is more true tragic feeling in the simple music of Faure's "Pelleas and Melisande" suite than in Taneieff's prologue to the tale of Orestes.

One may well wonder today at the extraordinary judgment passed by Edward Hanslick on Tschalkowsky's violin concerto when it was first performed in Vienna, as one may wonder that the writer included it in a bound volume of his feuilletons. The judgment was so violently, so absurdly unjust. "Music that stinks in the ear." The work is not one of Tschalkowsky's best, but it is an eminently sincere composition, one without trickery and applause traps. The first movement is soberly planned; the canzonetta has a distinctive charm in its folk-song melancholy; and the finale is characteristically Russian in its dance tunes with sadness in the hearts of the dancers, in the endless and oriental repetition of a phrase.

Mr. Barleben played the concerto in a highly creditable manner. His reading was thoughtfully musical; there was a poetic spirit in his interpretation of the canzonetta. In the finale there might have been more abandon and appropriate coarseness. For the elemental coarseness of a great man is not to be ignored, not to be sandpapered.

The Italian serenade of the unfortunate Hugo Wolf was produced here in the form of a string quartet early in the

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season by the Knelsels, and it was repeated at their last concert. The orchestral version performed here last night was the original, but this has been revised by Max Reger. It would be interesting to know just what Reger did to it. In spite of delightful effects of color, the work leaves the impression that it was thought out originally for the piano. Wolf's "Penthesila" is a proof that he was not a great orchestral colorist; that he did not write fluently for the orchestra. Mr. Ferir played the solo viola with rare beauty of tone; but the quartet version on the whole seems the more effective.

Huber's "Boecklin" symphony has been played here before. It is a sound and carefully made composition without any marked display of imagination, and the one quality of any work that attempts to be a translation into music of specific pictures by a painter or endeavors to fix by music the painter's characteristics in the mind of a hearer should surely be imagination. Huber's task was a wellnigh impossible one. In the first place he had to reckon with the fact that many in the audience might not be familiar with the pictures that suggested music to him. In the second place, he that writes such music should have as much imagination as the painter. Huber is an orthodox, well-trained musician; but he is not a Boecklin.

## SYMPHONY PLAYS MOST ARTISTICALLY

Journal  
Several Selections Heard Here Formerly Are Given in a Decidedly Notable Manner.

The twentieth concert of the Symphony Orchestra was a well-balanced presentation of music that made many and varied appeals to the listener. It was marked, also, by as fine and artistic playing as we have had this year, all things considered.

Brahms' "Tragic Overture," the first



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Brahms' "Tragic Overture," the first



work on the program, wears admirably and bears its name more honorably with each successive hearing. With no onslaughts of noise, it yet impresses its somber suggestiveness by its inherent nobility of gloom.

Mr. Barleben, one of the second violins of the orchestra, played Tschalkowsky's violin concerto in D major, and did it admirably as well as modestly. This work, which Brodsky made so boisterous, if not savage, in the Tremont Theater some twelve years ago, calls for a more fiery style, in its last movement at least, than Mr. Barleben possesses, but otherwise his performance of it was altogether fine.

Hugo Wolf's "Italian Serenade," heard here several times as a quartet for strings, was given in its original orchestral form, with revisions by Reger. It is a fascinating bit of tone color in any form, but on the whole it appears to be of greater charm in its smaller shape. Mr. Ferir's playing of the viola solo passages was noteworthy.

The Huber symphony attempting to draw in tone a composer's impressions of the pictures of Boecklin is an honest, clean-cut musical work which sounds well as absolute music, but scarcely suggests the highly imaginative paintings of the artist, or paintings of any artist, for that matter. It is well nigh impossible to transfer a particular set of emotions from the canvas to the clef. Huber, at all events, could not do it. His work, therefore, may as well be judged without reference to Boecklin.

#### Symphony Hall: Symphony Orchestra

Here is the programme of the twentieth symphony concert, of which the soloist was Mr. Karl Barleben, on Saturday evening last, in Symphony Hall.

Brahms: Tragic Overture, Op. 81.

Tschalkovsky: Concerto for Violin, in D major, Op. 35.

Hugo Wolf: Italian Serenade for Small Orchestra.

(First time.)

Hans Huber: Symphony No. 2, in E minor, Op. 115.

The air was heavy in Symphony Hall after the Paderewski recital, and the concert proved rather dull—probably a case of cause and effect, since the programme of the concert was interesting enough and the performance was brilliant. But, whatever the cause, the fact remains that enthusiasm, aroused by the splendid reading of the Brahms tragic overture, steadily declined throughout the evening, which was a long one, with a symphony at the end which might better have appeared at the beginning.

It is questionable, indeed, if the symphony need have reappeared at all. Huber admired Böcklin's peculiar pictures to such an extent that he wrote a symphony inspired by certain of them. The work may quite likely be of interest to such people as are familiar with Böcklin's art. But, here in Boston, how many of us have had opportunity to become familiar with Böcklin's pictures? In a window on Boylston street there have lately been exhibited several prints after Böcklin, but of the audience Saturday night few people can possibly be well acquainted with the painter's original

works. If Huber had been a man of sufficient calibre to write a symphony in itself beautiful and imaginative, one could listen to it very well without a knowledge of the pictures that brought him inspiration, as Liszt's "Todtentanz" is effective for persons who have not had the good fortune to visit Pisa, or who, if they have, paid slight attention to the Orcagna frescoes. Huber, however, is not a man of powerful genius, and his symphony proves more pretentious than interesting.

The novelty of the concert, Hugo Wolf's "Italian Serenade," was only a semi-novelty, the Kneisel Quartet having played the piece twice this winter in a version made by the composer for string quartet, the first time with tremendous success, the second time with less. Charming and pretty as the composition is, on a second hearing it showed itself less noteworthy than one had thought, and now, in orchestral garb, it seems of still less account. Oddly enough, the serenade for orchestra and the serenade for string quartet sound little alike, the latter being gay and lively, the former, while much more like a serenade, sounding labored and incoherent. Although exquisitely played, the orchestral version made but little effect, whereas the quartet arrangement excited enthusiasm.

There was also the Tschalkovsky violin concerto, played by Mr. Karl Barleben, a member of the orchestra who has not before appeared here in the capacity of soloist. Evidently a player of ability, with a pleasant tone, the power to play better in tune than most violinists, an excellent technique, and thorough musicianliness, Mr. Barleben would have shown more sagacity had he chosen a concerto by Viextemps than the Tschalkovsky work, since he is far from possessing the temperament by the display of which this concerto can alone be made effective. Mr. Barleben was happiest in the slow movement, playing it very artistically indeed. He was warmly applauded. The programme for Saturday's concert is as follows: Smetana, Overture, "The Kiss" (first time). Handel, Concerto Grosso, No. 12, for two solo violins, solo violoncello and string orchestra. Saint-Saëns, Symphonie Poem, "The Youth of Hercules." Beethoven, Symphony No. 3, "Eroica"; first performance, April 7, 1803, in Vienna. Apr. 3, 1905 R. R. G.

## MUSICAL MATTERS

### THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Adm. Apr. 4, 1905 PROGRAMME.

Brahms.....Tragic Overture  
Tschalkowsky.....Concerto for Violin  
Soloist, Mr. Karl Barleben.

Hugo Wolf.....Italian Serenade (first time)  
Hans Huber.....Symphony in E minor

It was a very earnest concert from first to last, each selection requiring some musical intelligence on the part of the auditor; there was not a single number on the programme that could fairly be called popular or entirely easy of comprehension. The Brahms overture loses nothing of its dignity by repeated hearing. It received a perfect performance.

Mr. Barleben made a decided success with Tschalkowsky's violin concerto. He was not entirely equal in performance, but his broad bowing in the G string work, which is so prominent in the finale, was very finely done, and the harmonics of the same movement were very pure and full-toned. The double-stopping of the first movement and the sympathetic quality of tone in the second movement are also to be chronicled with praise. Once in a while one desired more power and even more brutality, for this work has its savage touches.

It was just these fierce Muscovite effects that set the critics so thoroughly against the concerto in its early days—this and the malevolence of Hanslick. Spite of some uninspired passages in the first of the concerto, it has the true spirit of the Russian folk-music, which gives it a peculiar force. Its flavor might not please a musical Chesterfield any more than the writings of Maxime Gorky would.

Tschalkowsky makes less of the orchestra in this concerto than is his wont, but all that there was in the score was well brought out by Mr. Hess, our "concerto-conductor." There is a strong element of contrast between the elegant lace-handkerchief grief of the slow movement and the utterly woe-begone misery of the finale. Your true Muscovite makes no halfway work with dejection. The audience seemed to appreciate both the work and its interpretation, and Mr. Barleben was recalled over and over again with great enthusiasm.

Wolf's "Italian Serenade" is more effective in its orchestral version than as a string quartette. It has been introduced to Boston by the Kneisel Quartette in the latter guise. As a quartette it largely resolves itself into a violin solo with accompaniment, but in the orchestral score it has prominent passages for viola, violoncello and other instruments. It is light and melodic and contains many suggestions of bird carols and dance rhythms. It is a charming gossamer web with sufficient vagueness and suggestion to place it in the modern school of impressionism. It is not without its bizarre touches. It is rather subjective than objective music; it does

not clearly picture scenes of Italian life, but it causes the auditor to dream of them.

Hans Huber's pictorial symphony grows greatly upon a second hearing. It has the merit of working steadily up to a climax, its last movement being by far its greatest. It has been so recently performed that we need not tell its story again, merely reminding the reader that this is the work that celebrates the Swiss painter Boecklin, and its movements are inspired by different works of that artist. It is a good example of the correlation of the arts.

Poetry inspires music, why should painting not do so as well? Last evolved his "Todtentanz" and his "Battle of the Huns" from paintings; Paine wreathed 2 pictures of the Isles of Shoals, by Appleton Brown, into "An Island Fantasy"; Boecklin himself has been set to music, outside of this symphony, by Weingartner. Nevertheless this is the only time that an entire picture gallery has been portrayed in tones.

Many are the inspirations of music, yet the variation form of composition seems most prone to seek unusual stimuli. Handel set a blacksmith to variations (although we do not guarantee the authenticity of this party). Rameau varied a clucking hen, Strauss gave the phases of Don Quixote's career in variations, Elgar made a number of his friends stand sponsor to a set of variations, and here we have a sort of Art-club finale in the same form.

Such variations as those of Strauss, Elgar and Huber are upon the border line between variation and development, and show an interesting new path which the modern may take in musical form. In the present symphony these variations were not only beautiful in themselves, but served to display the technique of several instruments in "obligati."

The flute, clarinette, harp, first violin (solo), all had their opportunity, and the result was a display of virtuosity that one does not often obtain in an orchestral work.

The symphony is worth hearing again soon. It is one of the great compositions of the modern repertoire, and it is not the less great because it avoids eccentricities. The use of the organ in the finale added a peculiar majesty and power to that movement.

Louis C. Elson.

ITALIEN, op 45.

ist:

SCHMEDES.

ble to appear, and Professor Hess has Violin, in G minor, by Max Bruch.



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*Symphony Hall.*

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SEASON 1904-05.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Mr. WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.

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V. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, AT 8, P. M.

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Programme.

BRAHMS,

SYMPHONY in F major, No. 3.

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MOZART,

ARIA.

HUGO WOLF,

SYMPHONIC POEM, "Penthesilea."  
(First time.)

WAGNER,

CLOSING SCENE from "Die Götterdämmerung."

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Soloist:

Mme. GADSKI.



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*Symphony Hall.*

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SEASON 1904-05.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.

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XXI. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, APRIL 8, AT 8, P. M.

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Programme.

Beethoven  
~~SMETANA,~~

Leonora No. 3  
OVERTURE to the Opera, "The Kiss."  
(First time.)

HANDEL,

CONCERTO GROSSO, No. 12, in B minor.  
Largo. — Allegro, Larghetto e piano, Largo, Allegro.

SAINT-SAËNS,

SYMPHONIC POEM, "The Youth of Hercules."  
No. 4, op. 50.

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BEETHOVEN,

SYMPHONY No. 3, in E flat major, "Eroica."  
op. 55.  
I. Allegro con brio.  
II. Marcia funebre: Adagio assai.  
III. Scherzo; Allegro vivace. Trio.  
IV. Finale: Allegro molto.  
(First performance, April 7, 1805, in Vienna.)



## "EROICA" GIVEN ON CENTENARY

That and "Leonore" No. 3 Overture  
Given at 21st Symphony Concert  
as Tribute to Beethoven—An-  
niversary Really Fell in December.

## "EROICA" SEEMS LONG, AS COMPOSER FEARED

Handel's Concerto Grosso No. 12  
and Saint-Saens' "Youth of  
Hercules" Are Other Numbers  
of Programme.

*Herald* — Apr. 9, 1905

The programme of the 21st concert of  
the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr.  
Gericke conductor, was as follows:

Overture, "Leonore" No. 3.....Beethoven  
Concerto Grosso No. 12, in B minor.....Handel  
"The Youth of Hercules".....Saint-Saens  
Symphony No. 3, E flat major, "Eroica".....Beethoven

The programme was suddenly changed,  
possibly as a tribute to Beethoven,  
whose "Eroica" symphony was first  
performed in Vienna, April 7, 1805. The  
overture, "Leonore" No. 3, was substi-  
tuted for the overture to Smetana's  
opera "The Kiss," which had been an-  
nounced.

The "Eroica" was first performed 100  
years ago on April 7, according to the  
authoritative biographers of Beethoven  
and according to evidence contempo-  
raneous with the performance. Yet  
Austrian journals this season have  
spoken of March 7 as the date of the  
concert, and this date was observed  
by the Royal orchestra of Dresden at  
its symphony concert. As a matter of  
fact the very first performance was at  
a private concert at Prince Lobkowitz's  
some time in December of 1804, when  
the composer conducted and came to  
grief in the second half of the first  
allegro, so that a fresh start was neces-  
sary. And what were the criticisms at  
the first public performance? Beethoven  
again conducted, and some one shouted  
from the gallery: "I'd give another  
kreutzer if they would stop." Some  
said the work would gain if it were  
shortened, if there were more "light,  
clearness, unity"; others found it a  
mixture of "the excellent, the grotesque,  
the tiresome." The fast friends of  
the composer hailed it as a masterpiece.

Beethoven himself must have had  
misgivings about the length of the work,  
for he wrote this note in the score:  
"Since this symphony is longer than an  
ordinary symphony, it should be per-  
formed at the beginning rather than at  
the end of a concert, either after an  
overture or an aria, or after a concerto.  
If it be performed too late, there is the  
danger that it will not produce on the  
audience, whose attention will be al-  
ready wearied by preceding pieces, the  
effect which the composer purposed in  
his own mind to attain." Alas, little or  
no attention is paid to this request to-  
day, and it must be confessed that after  
an hour of listening to music good, bad  
or indifferent, wherever or whenever  
the symphony is played, it does seem  
too long, even when the performance is  
most admirable.

The commentators have been busy  
with the work, but, in spite of their  
most ingenious labor, they have been  
unable to lessen the grandeur or chip  
the beauty of its pages. One fanatical  
worshipper of the composer found in the  
fugued passage of the first movement  
the entrance of the 19th century. Wag-  
ner insisted that the word "heroic"  
refers, not to any particular hero, not to  
Napoleon, whom Beethoven undoubtedly  
had in mind when he was composing  
the symphony, but to the full-fledged  
man in whom are all the purely human  
feelings. That mad wag, von Bülow,  
solemnly rededicated the symphony to  
Bismarck. The commentators imagine  
vain things, they chatter and write and  
have their little day. They pass away  
and their words are forgotten or are  
preserved for the wonder or the amuse-  
ment of generations after them; the  
work itself remains, nor do 100 years  
tarnish or belittle it. Certain formulas,  
as formulas, may seem old-fashioned,  
but they are still vitalized by the weight  
of the thought cast in the bygone mold.  
This is music that is the expression of  
that which is unutterable in speech.  
Still is the plaintive second theme of  
the first movement charged with in-  
effable yearning. Still in the rich treat-  
ment of the musical thoughts is seen  
the working of a titanic yet very human  
mind.

It has been asked, and not so irrever-  
ently as might appear, why masterpieces  
are such a bore. These questioners  
would lump "King Lear," "Paradise  
Lost," "The Divine Comedy," the  
"Eroica" and the Ninth together. The  
question is as a recoil from the feeling  
of being overmastered, almost crushed.  
They that would have the indisputably  
great musical works performed in and  
out of season, they that would have  
them as dally and necessary food, would  
work quicker and more enduring injury  
to them than the longest flight of time.

Handel's concerto is interesting,  
chiefly by reason of the beautiful  
largetto, an air that is both tender  
and solemn. It is doubtful whether he  
himself took the allegros seriously. It  
is recorded of him that he once an-  
swered a flatterer, a man like Chrysan-  
der, who applied the doctrine of  
plenary inspiration to every bit of  
Handel's enormous musical baggage, by  
saying the orchestral concerto or suite  
to which the flatterer had reference was  
poor stuff, written in haste, to serve  
some passing and inconsiderable occa-  
sion. These allegros often remind one  
of the operation of sawing wood; there  
is the same impression of perfunctory  
work and of monotonous expression.

Saint-Saens' symphonic poem gave  
much pleasure, although the end for  
once seemed ineffective, thin where it  
should overwhelm by its majestic



breadth. When it was first produced certain Parisian critics denied the possibility of painting in tones a mental conflict and a mental decision—abstract matters, as a choice between virtue and pleasure. It may be said of the music that Pleasure as portrayed by Saint-Saëns is more radiant and enchanting than Virtue, so that the choice of Hercules is the more to be commended; but the musician and the idle lover of music will find keener pleasure in the representation of Pleasure, both in dress and in thought.

## MUSICAL MATTERS

### Echoes of Yesterday's Symphony Concert.

*globe* — *Apr. 9, 1905*  
The 21st Symphony program was purely orchestral, opening with the first performance here of the overture to Smetana's opera, "The Kiss," followed by Handel's "Concerto Grosso," No. 12; Saint-Saëns' symphonic poem, "The Youth of Hercules," and Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony. At the rear of the platform was suspended a gigantic wreath of laurel bearing the name of the composer and the years 1805-1905, in commemoration of the first performance of the "Eroica" in Vienna, April 7, 1805, just 100 years prior to last Friday's rehearsal in Symphony hall. The great work was finely read by Mr. Gericke and although there is considerable uninteresting material in the first and closing movements, the audience gave every indication that the splendidly sympathetic interpretation made the "Eroica" the real feature of the program.

The funeral march, with its appealing and sonorous background of the heavier instruments, was given with a dignity and grandeur of exposition that was effective in every way, thoroughly typifying in music the solemnity of the composer's ideas. Equally artistic was the playing of the scherzo, the lighter contrasting figures of this movement showing the string and wood wind contingents at their best. These movements coming in sequence displayed the resources of the orchestra to great advantage by giving prominence to each section in various ways. The finale calls for no special mention save perhaps in the climax, which was very brilliantly played.

The Smetana overture is a charmingly melodic bit illustrating a superstition about a kiss which a maiden refuses to her widower lover before they are married. He makes light of the belief, but finally, after a season of remorse, waits for the kiss till the day of the wedding. The various episodes

were depicted by the orchestra in a pleasing manner, as was to be expected, for there is little in the work which offered any difficulties in execution. In connection with these two composers may be mentioned the sad coincidence that when Beethoven wrote the "Eroica" he began to show signs of deafness, and Smetana was similarly afflicted when he wrote "The Kiss." Handel's 12th "Concerto Grosso," severe in structure and mainly interesting to experts and musical students, was played in proper form, Messrs Hess, Adamowski and Kressalt, who were the soloists, being easily adequate to all requirements. Saint-Saëns' symphonic poem was delightfully interpreted, the flowing melodies given by the harp, wood winds and violins being deserving of special mention for their beauty and harmony of phrasing and tonal colorings.

At this week's rehearsal and concert Ellison Van Hoose will be the soloist. The program will open with Hadley's symphony, "The Four Seasons," played for the first time in Boston. The other numbers will include Massenet's "Grise-lidis" and "Lohengrin's Legend," sung by Mr. Van Hoose; Brahms' Haydn variations and Liszt's symphonic poem, "Fest-Klänge."

## SYMPHONY PLAYS MOSTLY BEETHOVEN

Twenty-First Concert Presents the All-Embracing Spirit of the Great Master.

*Journal* — *Apr. 10, 1905*  
The twenty-first Symphony concert was in a way a Beethoven memorial. It was 100 years ago, within a single day, that the great "Eroica" symphony had its first public performance in Vienna. On Saturday night a vast audience rejoiced to hear the old masterpiece again.

So all-embracing was the Beethoven spirit that the "Leonore N. 3" overture took the place that had been assigned to Smetana's "Kiss" overture, which was rather a pity, for we do not get brand-new Smetana pieces very often, while "Leonore" overtures of three sorts we have with us always.

The "big concerto" of Handel's is an adequate musical exemplar of the frog who tried to expand himself into an ox. Played in a salon, with a small band of strings, the work would be pleasing enough as a type of the courtly old snuff-box, lace-and-velvet style. It does not, to be sure, burst like the frog, but it seems perilously swollen.

Saint-Saëns' "Youth of Hercules" was once upon a time considered very turbulent and hot-blooded, especially in its strong finale. But whether time is dulling the former effect or the playing was tamer than usual, the fact is that it

seemed unimpressive.

The "Eroica," which Beethoven expressly stated ought to be placed at the beginning of a concert on account of its length, came last, as usual. Truly, its colossal proportions almost overweighed the average listener. Great as it is, rich in thought, splendid in expression, immensely human, touching and noble, its bulk tells against it.

### Symphony Hall: Symphony Orchestra

For some unexplained reason, the programme of the twenty-first symphony concert was changed, Beethoven's overture to Leonore, No. 3, being played in place of Smetana's overture to the opera "The Kiss." Since April 7, 1905, is a Beethoven anniversary, the "Eroica" symphony having been produced for the first time on April 7, 1805, at Vienna, the performance of a Beethoven overture was not at all out of character. This was the programme of the concert:

Beethoven: Overture to "Leonore," No. 3.  
Handel: Concerto Grosso, No. 12, in B minor.  
Saint-Saëns: Symphonic Poem, "The Youth of Hercules," No. 4, Op. 50.  
Beethoven: Symphony No. 3, in E-flat major, "Eroica," Op. 55. (First performance, April 7, 1805, in Vienna.)

Despite its undue length and its lack of novelties, the concert of Saturday was one to give extreme pleasure, not only from the programme, but also from the remarkable brilliancy of the performance. The Leonore overture in particular, despite its composer's adherence to the sonata form, seemed as dramatic and moving as the most formless symphonic poem a modern could imagine—and it goes without saying, vastly more poetical. Musical idioms, after all, amount to little. Given Beethoven, with his inexhaustible fund of big ideas and with his dramatic sense, the sonata form could not prove too cramping for him to produce a work that, even today, makes a potent appeal to all intelligent and sensitive listeners, emotionally no less than musically and aesthetically. In the case of a composer of slight imagination and power, on the other hand, the broadest license of form and the utmost skill in orchestration will not enable him to write music that one cares to hear more than once to gratify one's curiosity.

And as with the overture, so, after one hundred years, is it with the "Eroica" symphony. If, like any other masterpiece, it be not heard too often, this symphony cannot fail to impress all hearers by its amazing beauty of melody, form and color, as well as by its intellectual and emotional strength and grandeur. It matters little what hero Beethoven had in mind when writing the work; its contents are unmistakably heroic. That its beauty may never be dimmed by undue familiarity, it might be wise to reserve performances of the "Eroica" symphony for festal or memorial occasions, which its presence would always ennoble. In this connection, by the way, Beethoven's recommendation may be reproduced here: "Since this symphony is longer than an ordinary symphony, it

should be performed at the beginning rather than at the end of a concert, either after an overture or an aria, or after a concerto. If it be performed too late, there is danger that it will not produce on the audience, whose attention will be already wearied by preceding pieces, the effect which the composer purposed in his own mind to attain"—a very present danger indeed, which it is of interest to learn that Beethoven recognized. Although a Beethoven symphony is not as formidable now as it would have been a century ago, it is not a waltz from the "Fledermaus." The least of Beethoven's symphonies can be the more heartily enjoyed when the ears and mind are fresh, and the case is not different with other symphonies of length and serious import. On Saturday, it must be recorded, the "Eroica" was played lovingly and brilliantly, with impressive results.

After the Beethoven works, the Handel concerto for strings seemed to give most pleasure, particularly the exquisite movement defined as "Larghetto e piano." In the face of the decree from New York that recently has refused Handel a place among the greatest of composers, it is easy to agree with Mr. Runciman that Handel has surpassed all composers of all times in the attainment of beauty in melodies. This larghetto would surely bear testimony to the truth of the London critic's theory. As for the quick movements of the concerto, old-fashioned they undeniably are, but, none the less, would it be hard to claim that they are wanting in a certain dignity or in a bustling good humor that marks them as Handel's own, far superior to anything else of the kind that was written at the same period. The superb playing of the concerto by the string band aroused enthusiasm.

And then there was Saint-Saëns' symphonic poem, "The Youth of Hercules," in which there is depicted the hero's mental struggle as to whether he shall choose to follow Virtue or Pleasure through life. Musicians, it would seem from their writings find virtue unattractive. As examples, compare the holy Elizabeth of Wagner with his Venus, his righteous Fricka with the sinning Sieglinde, or even Elsa with the impetuous and wicked Ortrud. Why did Wilhelm Meister prefer the plaintive Mignon to the sprightly Philine? And who can blame Don José for finding Michaela less engaging than Carmen? To judge by their works, musicians cannot fancy virtue. Saint-Saëns, therefore, is a man to be set apart, for in his symphonic poem of Hercules he has certainly conceived the way of virtue to lie in pleasant places, expressed by graceful, charming music, whereas the orgies typical of pleasure are but feebly and unenticingly suggested. To be frank, this music of Saint-Saëns, notwithstanding its sonority and its perfection of technique, sounds more old-fashioned than the concerto grosso of Handel.

Mr. Ellison Van Hoose will be the soloist at this week's concert. Here is the pro-



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gramme: Hadley, Symphony No. 2, "The Four Seasons" (first time in Boston); Massenet, aria, "Griseldis"; Brahms, Haydn Variations; Wagner, Lohengrin's Legend; Liszt, Symphonic Poem, No. 7, "Fest-Klänge." *Apr. 10, 1905* R. R. G.

## BEETHOVEN FESTAL NIGHT ENJOYED AT SYMPHONY.

*Apr. 9, 1905*  
By Kent Perkins.

It was a "Beethoven night" at Symphony Hall last evening. The programme announced in advance for the twenty-first concert of the season contained as its chief feature the colossal "Eroica" symphony, with a note to the effect that the great work was first performed in Vienna on April 7, 1805, one hundred years ago.

To this centennial performance of Beethoven's symphonic masterpiece, which was based on Napoleon as the hero of the nations, there was added at the eleventh hour the Leonore Overture No. 3.

This was made the first number of the programme, replacing the overture to Friederick Smetana's opera, "The Kiss," which was to have its first performance by the Symphony Orchestra. Thus both by quality and quantity did Beethoven completely dominate and overshadow the rest of the programme.

The other numbers were Handel's Concerto Grosso No. 12 in B minor and Saint Saens's symphonic poem, "The Youth of Hercules." They were grandly performed and were heard with keen pleasure even though they were submerged in the Beethoven flood.

The orchestra never played with more earnestness and enthusiasm than it did in the "Leonore" overture. The musicians entered into the interpretation of its sweeping and splendid beauties with a fire and an emotional intensity that were electrical in their effect, and the final strains were followed with an outburst of applause that was so spontaneous and prolonged that Mr. Gericke was visibly surprised. He had to acknowledge the plaudits repeatedly before quiet was restored.

The "Heroic" symphony also was received with enthusiasm, but it would have been more thoroughly enjoyed and appreciated and would have been played with a greater force and vividness if it had been given at the beginning instead of the end of the evening, so that both audience and musicians could have approached it with entire freshness of spirit, rather than with minds and muscles already touched with more or less weariness.

A great laurel wreath, appropriately dated and labelled with the composer's name, was placed at the back of the stage,

and aided in giving a Beethoven festival note to the occasion.

At the twenty-second concert, next Saturday night, the soloist will be Ellison Van Hoose.

## Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1904-05.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.

## XX. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, APRIL 1, AT 8, P. M.

### Programme.

BRAHMS,	TRAGIC OVERTURE.
TSCHAIKOWSKY,	CONCERTO for VIOLIN.
HUGO WOLF,	ITALIAN SERENADE. (First time.)
HANS HUBER,	SYMPHONY in E minor.

### Soloist:

Mr. KARL BARLEBEN.



gramme: Hadley, Symphony No. 2, "The Four Seasons" (first time in Boston); Massenet, aria, "Griselidis"; Brahms, Haydn Variations; Wagner, Lohengrin's Legend; Liszt, Symphonic Poem, No. 7, "Fest-Klänge." *Apr. 10, 1905* R. R. G.

## BEETHOVEN FESTAL NIGHT ENJOYED AT SYMPHONY.

*Below  
American* By Kent Perkins. *Apr. 9, 1905*

It was a "Beethoven night" at Symphony Hall last evening. The programme announced in advance for the twenty-first concert of the season contained as its chief feature the colossal "Eroica" symphony, with a note to the effect that the great work was first performed in Vienna on April 7, 1805, one hundred years ago.

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## Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1904-05.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.

## XX. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, APRIL 1, AT 8, P. M.

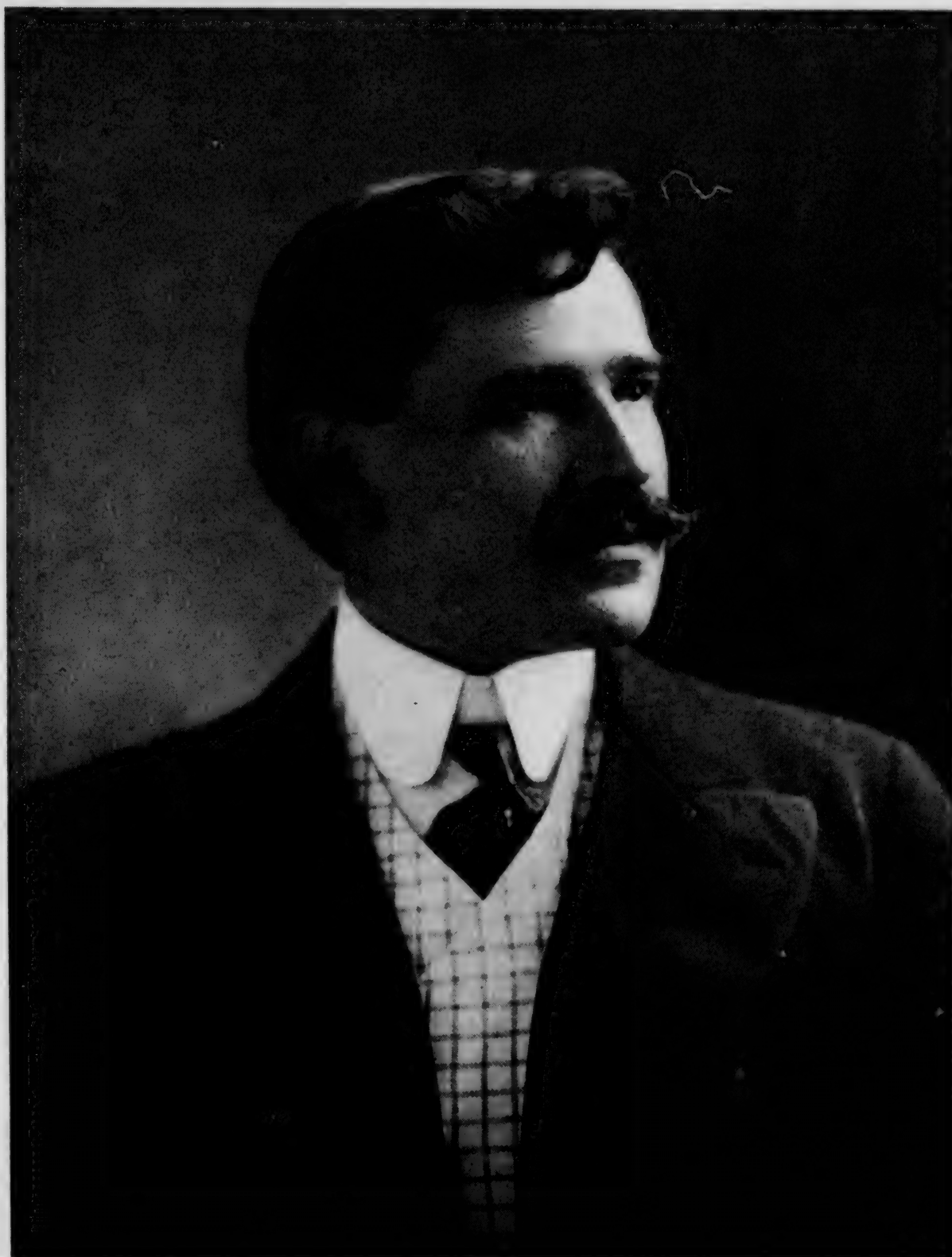
### Programme.

BRAHMS,	TRAGIC OVERTURE.
TSCHAIKOWSKY,	CONCERTO for VIOLIN.
HUGO WOLF,	ITALIAN SERENADE. (First time.)
HANS HUBER,	SYMPHONY in E minor.

### Soloist:

Mr. KARL BARLEBEN.





MR. ELLISON VAN HOOSE

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## *Symphony Hall.*

SEASON 1904-05.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.

### XXII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, APRIL 15, AT 8, P. M.

#### Programme.

HADLEY,

SYMPHONY No. 2, "The Four Seasons." F minor,  
op. 30

I. WINTER: Moderato maestoso.

II. SPRING: Allegro con moto.

III. SUMMER: Andante.

IV. AUTUMN: Andante con moto.  
(First time.)

MASSENET,

AIR OF ALAIN, "Open, ye Gates of Paradise."  
from the Opera "Griselda."

BRAHMS,

VARIATIONS on a theme of JOSEF HAYDN, op. 56A

WAGNER,

LOHENGRIN'S NARRATIVE, from the Opera  
"Lohengrin," Act III, Scene 3.

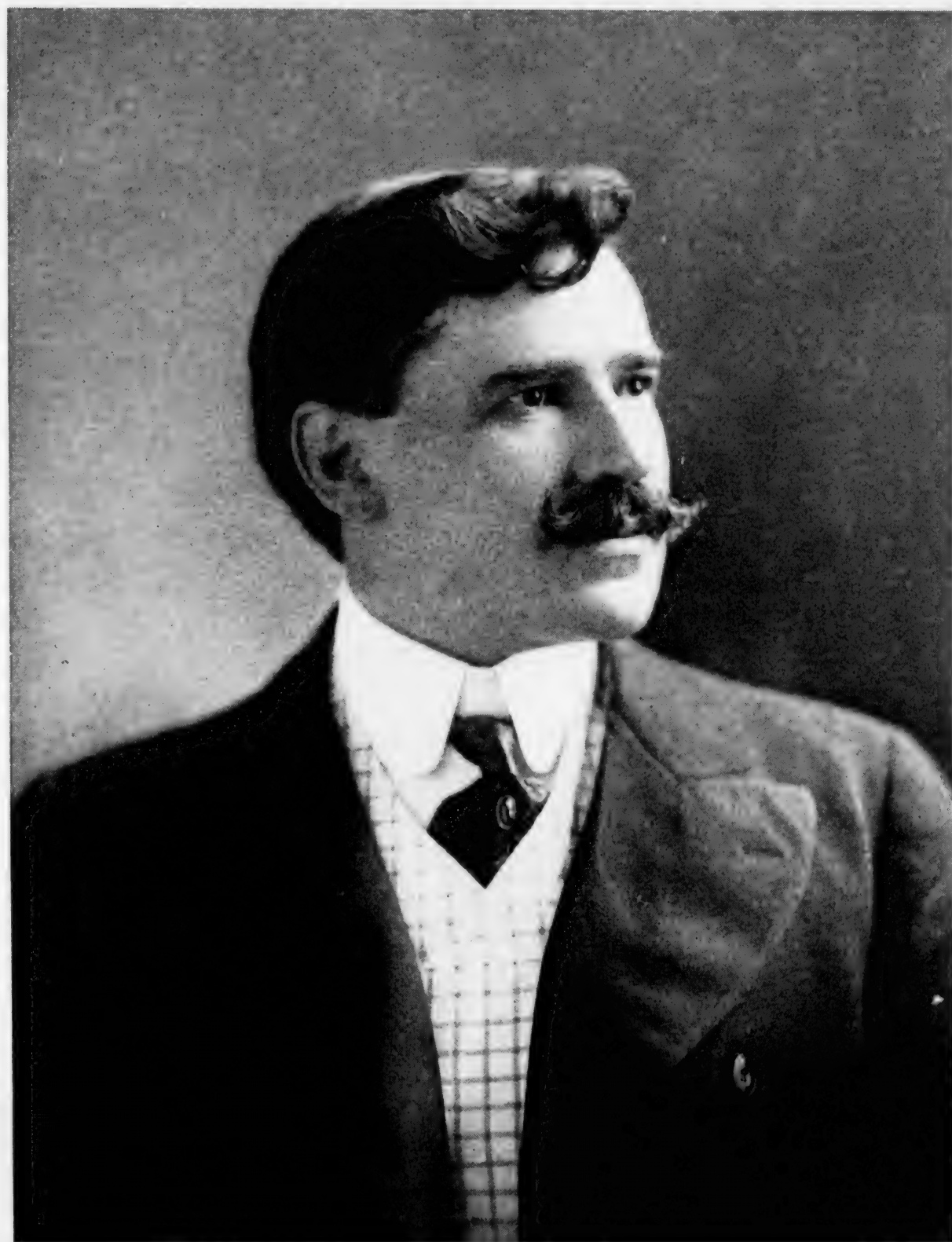
LISZT,

SYMPHONIC POEM, No. 7, "Fest-Klänge."

Soloist:

Mr. ELLISON VAN HOOSE.





MR. ELLISON VAN HOOSE

## *Symphony Hall.*

SEASON 1904-05.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.

### XXII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, APRIL 15, AT 8, P. M.

#### Programme.

HADLEY,

SYMPHONY No. 2, "The Four Seasons," F minor,  
op. 30

- I. WINTER: Moderato maestoso.
- II. SPRING: Allegro con moto.
- III. SUMMER: Andante.
- IV. AUTUMN: Andante con moto.  
(First time.)

MASSENET,

AIR OF ALAIN, "Open, ye Gates of Paradise,"  
from the Opera "Griselda."

BRAHMS,

VARIATIONS on a theme of JOSEF HAYDN, op. 56A

WAGNER,

LOHENGRIN'S NARRATIVE, from the Opera  
"Lohengrin," Act III, Scene 3.

LISZT,

SYMPHONIC POEM, No. 7, "Fest-Klänge."

#### Soloist:

Mr. ELLISON VAN HOOSE.



—There are but two more rehearsals and concerts this season by the Symphony orchestra, and the interest in them seems not to have abated in the least. Friday was a beautiful day, adding another to the exceptionally long list of pleasant afternoons, and the hall was completely filled with an enthusiastic audience. Mr Gericke was slightly indisposed and Mr Hess conducted. Mr Henry K. Hadley's symphony was the first number on the program and the first time it has been heard in Boston. Mr Hadley was born in Somerville, but makes his home in New York city and at present he is in Egypt. This symphony took the prize for the best orchestral work in two competitions decided in 1901, one established by Paderewski, the other by the New England conservatory of music in Boston. A brother of the composer, Mr Arthur Hadley, a violoncellist, is a member of the Boston Symphony orchestra. His father, who was present at the rehearsal Friday, was the first teacher of his gifted son in music. The symphony met with warm recognition. Mr Ellison Van Hoose, tenor singer, was the soloist. He has been heard several times in Boston and he confirmed the good impression he has made heretofore. There were some pretty spring costumes worn, the day was so sunny and bright. A few in the audience were Mr and Mrs Charles P. Curtis, Mrs George B. Shattuck, Mrs George Mumford, Mrs H. H. Fay, in black cloth with toque of violets; Mrs James Jackson, Miss Juliette Higginson, in a dark violet cloth suit and hat with a lighter shade of plumes; Mr James P. Stearns, Dr and Mrs Hall Curtis, Miss Alice Stackpole, Mrs Nathan Matthews, in black, the bodice of chiffon over white, and hat of violet velvet with violet plumes; Miss Hannah Stevenson, Miss Mary Vaughan, Miss Priscilla Stackpole, Mrs J. Harleston Parker, in black cloth and black hat with red roses; Mrs William Ames, in crushed strawberry crepe de chine, accordion plaited, and hat with plumes shading to pink; Miss Estelle Kimball, in black cloth, with Irish lace collar and cuffs and black hat with white ostrich plumes; Mrs Charles Gibson, Mrs Henry Howe, Miss Nathalie Matthews, Mrs Robert Boit, Mrs Saltonstall (Lena Stevenson), in dark green cloth and black hat with lighter shade of green plumes; Mrs John L. Gardner, in black crepe de chine, fur cape, and violets; Miss Dorothy Quincy, Mrs Rantoul, Mr Frank Sturgis, Mrs Frederic Thayer, Mrs Harry Hooper, Mrs Gay, Mrs Frederic B. Carpenter, Miss MacNichol, Miss Abby Manning, Miss Katherine Foote, Miss Olivia Thorndike, Mrs Robert S. Bradley, Mrs William G. Preston, Mrs Samuel Cabot and Mrs Albert W. Nickerson. Paderewski is to be the soloist this week, and will play the F minor concerto by Chopin. Paderewski will also play Sunday evening, April 30, at the Pension fund concert, in Symphony hall.

*Close April 16 1905*

## HADLEY SYMPHONY, AMERICAN WORK, MAKES A HIT.

*Boston American*  
By Kent Peckins.

Owing to a slight illness that has no serious features whatever, Mr. Gericke was unable to conduct the season's twenty-second concert of the Symphony Orchestra at Symphony Hall last night. His place was taken acceptably by Professor Hess.

The feature of the evening was the first performance by the orchestra of Henry K. Hadley's Symphony No. 2, "The Four Seasons," in F minor. Mr. Hadley, who was born in Somerville in 1871, but now makes his home in New York, has won an enviable reputation both in America and abroad by his compositions. "The Four Seasons" took two first prizes in 1901, and has been performed in New York, Chicago and Pittsburg.

It was performed with fine spirit and appreciation last night and the beautifully portrayed moods of Winter, Spring, Summer and Autumn were nobly expressed by the orchestra. The work is full of original musical thought, which is developed with high skill and artistic elaboration.

The most impressive portions are "Summer," with its suggestion of mystery and night and the piquant interweaving of an Indian love song, and "Autumn" containing a remarkably powerful theme expressing the pathos of destiny through which flutters a delightful tone picture of falling leaves. The symphony was received with warm approval by the large audience present.

The soloist of the evening was Ellison Van Hoose, tenor. He sang the air of Alain, "Open, Ye Gates of Paradise," from Massenet's opera, "Griselda," with fine intensity of feeling and in the main in good voice. He also sang Lohengrin's narrative from Wagner's "Lohengrin."

The orchestra played variations by Brahms on a theme by Haydn, and Liszt's symphonic poem No. 7, "Fest Klänge."

The twenty-third concert will take place next Saturday night with Paderewski as the soloist. The public rehearsal will be held on Thursday afternoon, because the regular day falls on Good Friday.

### SYMPHONY CONCERTS.

The 23d Symphony program began with the first performance in this city of the "Four Seasons" symphony, the work of the young American composer, Mr Henry K. Hadley, which, in 1901, was awarded two first prizes in competitions established by the N. E. conservatory of Music and Mr Paderewski. Mr Ellison Van Hoose was the soloist in vocal selections from Massenet's "Griselda" and Wagner's "Lohengrin." Brahms' variations on a theme by Haydn and Liszt's symphonic poem, "Fest Klänge," were the other numbers. Mr Hadley, who is a Somerville boy and well known hereabouts, has written a dignified and ambitious work which shows that he has clear ideas regarding musical expression and color, excellent knowledge of instrumentation and an originality in some of the combinations which emphasize his right to rank high as a composer of serious works.

The title, "The Four Seasons," is explanatory of the four movements of the symphony, which are called "Winter," "Spring," "Summer" and "Autumn." The influence of other composers is shown in the composition, but the suggestions are not unduly prominent and the "pictures" find apt illustrations in forms in which Mr Hadley's creative abilities are to be acknowledged.

"Winter" shows the desolation, austerity and wildness of that season of the year. "Spring," the most delightful of the four parts, is a cleverly orchestrated scherzo in which elves dance and romp in the moonlight. In "Summer" is heard the Indian love song, then a touch of the mystic, in which the full orchestration is impressively employed at first and finally fades away into pianissimo. "Autumn" has a very pretty idea in staccato figures by the violins, suggesting falling leaves, a hunting theme and a sad refrain which closes the movement with a motif symbolizing destiny. Throughout the work the contrasts are managed quite smoothly, and although some of the thematic material is familiar in treatment the symphony is effective, very interesting as a whole, scholarly and a credit to American music.

The turbulence of the first part was given with good results and the charming "Spring" melodies, mainly voiced by the flute, went as trippingly and daintily as its elfin atmosphere suggested. In the "Summer" movement there was much to enjoy in the splendid work of the wood winds, in the fortissimo passages by the whole orchestra and in the closing measures in pianissimo by the harp and lighter strings against a sustained background by the other instruments. The features of the last movement were the charming staccato reiteration by the strings in unison and the hunting music in which the horns were heard to good advantage.

Mr Van Hoose, tenor, sang with his usual skill of expression and sweetness of tone, being specially pleasing in the "Griselda" aria, which was somewhat better suited to his vocal style than was the excerpt from "Lohengrin." The orchestra played the Brahms variations well enough and showed its ability to compass easily the harmonic difficulties of a selection that isn't particularly interesting. The Liszt "Festival Echoes," with its gradations from the pomp of a ceremonial to those of holiday festivities, was interpreted admirably. Mr Hess conducted in place of Mr Gericke, who was ill.

This week's rehearsal will take place Thursday afternoon and Paderewski

will be the soloist. The program will be as follows: Mendelssohn's overture, "Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage"; Chopin's F minor concerto for piano; Gustav Strube's symphonic poem, "Longing," and Sgambati's D major symphony. *Close April 16 1905*

## PLAYS HADLEY'S NEW SYMPHONY

*Journal April 7 05*  
Boston's Famous Orchestra Presents "The Four Seasons," by Well-Known Composer.

### ITS FIRST READING HERE

Music Is Not Poor, but Suffers Harm by Its Program Attachment.

The especial novelty of the twenty-second Symphony concert was Mr. Henry K. Hadley's large work, "The Four Seasons." New York, Chicago, even Pittsburg, have heard the symphony long before this; Boston comes nearly last, spite of the fact that Mr. Hadley is, theoretically at least, a local composer. Yet there is perhaps no harm in conservatism, and no need of rushing to perform a new thing simply because it is American. We can put it down as a general proposition that Mr. Gericke will give us the "novelties" worth while in due season, if they hold their own for any length of time elsewhere.

This symphony of Mr. Hadley's is avowedly an attempt to depict either the physical attributes or the mental moods suggested by the various changes of nature's year. He desires us to feel "how dead the vegetable kingdom lies" in winter; the "quickening life from the earth's heart" in spring; a lake surrounded by mountains and an Indian love song in summer, and the "death of the leaves" in the autumn. No easy task, surely, for even a great tone-painter; certainly accomplished very feebly by Mr. Hadley.

### Music Is Not Poor.

Not that the music is really poor or ineffective—some of it has beauty and charm and strength—but that it is absolutely hurt by its program attachment. We do not hear anything that in the least suggests a "symbol of Destiny," nor does the staccato figure



of the last movement paint a picture of falling leaves. Why will a composer of ability so handicap himself with an audience?

For taken as absolute music the symphony has many merits. It is nowhere trivial or bad; it shows refined and artistic workmanship, although not great originality. For instance, the "spring" movement is a curious mixture of themes from Mendelssohn's "Fingal's Cave" overture and his "Midsummer Night's Dream" music, and there are other men dimly suggested in other places.

The "summer" movement is by far the best and most individual, with its calm loveliness and its exquisite melody of the Indian lovesong. Mr. Hess, who conducted the entire concert owing to Mr. Gericke's illness, read the work sympathetically and with great care.

#### Has Manly Sincerity.

Ellison Van Hoose was the soloist, giving first Massenet's rather flabby "Open, Ye Gates of Paradise," and later Lohengrin's narrative. He sang excellently and with more manly sincerity than when he was heard here with Melba earlier in the season.

Brahms' agile variations on Haydn's beautiful "St. Anthony" air were greatly enjoyed, for, barring a little too much haste in the expounding of the air itself in both the first and last movements, with a consequent loss of clarity, they were played splendidly. And in hearing them there is always the amused conjecture as to what old "Papa" Haydn himself would say could he but hear how his simple theme was tossed about by Brahms.

Liszt's "Fest-Klänge" sounded exceedingly worthless and thin. It is a conspicuous example of the art of saying little in long musical sentences.

#### SYMPHONY REHEARSAL.

The orchestral pieces to be played at the public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Gericke conductor, in Symphony Hall this afternoon, will be Hadley's Symphony No. 2, "The Four Seasons"; Brahms' variations on a theme of Haydn, and Liszt's symphonic poem, "Fest-Klänge." Mr. Hadley's symphony took two prizes in October, 1901, one in a competition established by the New England Conservatory of Music, the other in a competition instituted by Mr. Paderewski.

The symphony has been played in New York, Chicago and Pittsburg, but this will be the first performance in Boston, although the composer is practically a Bostonian—he was born in Somerville in 1871, and received his musical education here before he went to Vienna. The symphony is thus arranged: Winter, a moderato maestoso; spring, a scherzo; summer, an andante supposed to be a description of "a midnight scene on a lake surrounded by mountains; and autumn, with the sounds of the hunt and the death of the leaves.

Mr. Ellison Van Hoose will sing Alain's air in the prologue to Massenet's opera, "Griselda," and Lohengrin's narrative.

The public rehearsal of next week will be on Thursday instead of Friday afternoon. The programme will include pieces by Mendelssohn and Sgambati; a new work by Gustav Strube, "Longing," for viola solo and orchestra; and Chopin's concerto No. 2, in F minor (Mr. Paderewski, pianist).

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Mr. ELLISON VAN HOOSE, tenor, was born at Murfreesboro, Tenn., August 18, 1869. He studied singing in New York for five years with Perry Averill; he has also studied with Bouhy of Paris, Wood of London, Emil Fischer, and Isadore Luckstone. He was known chiefly as a choir singer until 1897, when he joined the Damrosch-Ellis Opera Company. He was also with the Ellis Opera Company of 1898-99, and sang in this city. His first appearance in opera was at Philadelphia, December 11, 1897, as Walther in "Tannhäuser." Mr. Van Hoose sang in orchestral concerts at London in 1898 and 1899. His first appearance here at a concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was on November 2, 1901, when he sang with Milka Ternina in excerpts from "Tannhäuser" and "Die Götterdämmerung," and he also sang the Prize Song from "Die Meistersinger." Mr. Van Hoose has for two seasons been a member of Mme. Melba's concert company. He sang at Ceeilia concerts, "Damnation of Faust," December 2, 1903, "The Dream of Gerontius," January 26, 1904; and his last appearances here were in concert with Mme. Melba, December 10, 1904, and with Miss Parkina, December 18, 1904.

#### MUSIC AND DRAMA

Transl

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Hadley: Symphony No. 2, "The Four Seasons." F minor, Op. 30.

Massenet: Air of Alain, "Open, ye Gates of Paradise," from the Opera "Griselda."

Brahms: Variations on a theme of Josef Haydn, Op. 56A.

Wagner: Lohengrin's Narrative, from the Opera "Lohengrin," Act III, Scene 3.

Liszt: Symphonic Poem, No. 7, "Fest-Klänge."

The chief feature of the concert was the production, for the first time in Boston, of Mr. Henry K. Hadley's symphony, "The Four Seasons," which, in the autumn of 1901, secured two prizes for orchestral compositions, one offered by Mr. Paderewski, the other by the New England Conservatory of Music. The work has already been played in New York, Chicago and Pittsburg, and last year Mr. Lang was prepared to bring it out at one of the Chickering Orchestral Concerts, but was prevented.

The symphony by Mr. Hadley was a comfort to hear, inasmuch as it is neither painfully academic, as though written with a view to gaining the approval of a dry old professor of a German conservatory, nor yet far-fetched and unnatural, like the work of some young composers who have been led to imitate the peculiar idioms of modern French writers. Mr. Hadley's composition, on the contrary, is entirely frank and simple, comprehensible, melodious and yet modern in spirit. Above all else, it has

the merit of actually saying something, in place of toying with a series of formulas; its composer is clearly a man of musical ideas.

Although the symphony is furnished with a somewhat elaborate programme, it appears that the programme was imagined rather by Mr. Krehbiel than by Mr. Hadley. Be this as it may, the titles of the four movements, Winter, Spring, Summer, Autumn, answer every purpose, without further indications of the composer's meaning. The first movement, Winter, considered as programme music, seems the least picturesque of the four. As absolute music, on the other hand, it can be called a remarkably well-written movement, of stormy, passionate character, with a first theme that commands attention. The picture of spring, in the form of a scherzo, is delightful, conceived and executed with an admirable lightness of touch. And still more attractive is the summer episode, a musical picture, according to Mr. Krehbiel, of a mountain lake under the full moon, with an Indian love song, etc. The programme is scarcely necessary. Without it, Mr. Hadley's impression of summer is imaginative and suggestive, with a wealth of sensuous melody most beautifully orchestrated. As for the finale, it is a weak illustration of Mr. Krehbiel's programme, but, in itself, it is a poetical and tenderly felt sketch of the autumn mood which is rife when the leaves fall and all the world is brown. The first episode, developed at length, is pervaded with a spirit of gentle melancholy, interrupted only by a charming hunting scene, and then resumed, to be continued to a quiet close. This ending is unusual for that of a symphony, but how, logically, could a movement termed "Autumn" end other than quietly? Mr. Hadley is indeed to be con-



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gratulated on his symphony, not only on what he has accomplished, but also on what he has refrained from attempting. His composition most assuredly shows technical skill, a certain gift of poetry, and, above all, the rare disposition to write simply and naturally, without a violent effort to avoid the commonplace at whatever cost. The symphony, which was very heartily applauded, deserves to be heard again in Boston.

Since Mr. Gericke was absent and Mr. Hess was conducting works not prepared by himself, it is not proper to comment on the concert further than to say that all the compositions went smoothly and nicely. Mr. Van Hoose, in grand voice, sang the pretty aria from Massenet's "Grisélidis" very beautifully, with tasteful phrasing, with admirable tonal quality, and with genuine warmth. The excerpt from "Lohengrin" he also sang well, although not so well as the French piece. He was applauded cordially.

At the coming concert Mr. Paderewski will play, and this will be the programme: Overture, "Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage," Mendelssohn; concerto for piano-forte, No. 2, in F minor, Chopin; symphonic poem, "Longing," Gustav Strube; Symphony No. 1, in D major, Sgambati.

R. R. G.

## HADLEY'S FRANK SYMPHONY HEARD

It Is Feature of the 22d Symphony Concert—Mr. Hess Conducts Owing to Slight Indisposition of Mr. Gericke.

## DE PACHMANN PLAYS A FAREWELL RECITAL

Is at His Best and Revels in His Wondrous Art as Does the Immense Audience—Has to Add Pieces to Programme.

The programme of the 22d Symphony concert, given last night in Symphony Hall, was as follows:

Symphony No. 2, in "The Four Seasons" . . . Hadley

Alain's Air from the opera "Griselda" . . . Massenet  
Variations on a Theme by Haydn . . . Brahms  
Lohengrin's Narrative from "Lohengrin" . . . Wagner  
Symphonic Poem, "Fest-Klaenge" . . . Liszt

The feature of the concert was the production of Mr. Hadley's symphony, which took two prizes in 1901, one offered in competition by Mr. Paderewski, the other by the New England Conservatory of Music. The symphony has been played by the leading orchestras of New York, Chicago and Pittsburgh. Mr. Lang purposed to produce it here last season at a Chickering concert; and now in 1905 it is heard at last in Boston. It would be a pleasure to discuss the work at length, but the pressure on the columns of The Herald of today forbids anything more than a note.

Mr. Hadley is a believer in programme music, but he himself has not written an elaborate argument of the whole work. The first two movements, "Winter" and "Spring," are portrayals of moods, and the poetic mottoes added by Mr. Krebbs probably serve as well as any others that might be taken from an anthology. The third and fourth movements admit of a more detailed programme, but the music would make its way without any allusion to "midnight scene on a lake surrounded by mountains" or to "the falling of thousands of leaves in a forest."

The musical thoughts are frank in themselves, and they are not tortured in the expression. At its best the work has pleasing buoyancy and enthusiasm. The scherzo "Spring" is delightfully fresh throughout, and there are poetic passages in "Summer." The opening of "Winter" has distinctive force, though the movement as a whole is not on so high a plane as that of the two that follow. The finale is the weakest in its structure; nor is the chief theme one that we should associate naturally with "destiny." The symphony is scored effectively, at times brilliantly, and it may be said that it is interesting as absolute music, without any reference to a programme. The movements in turn were heartily applauded, and the applause was an expression of honest enjoyment; it was not merely perfunctory or complimentary. This must suffice for the present. We hope to refer to the symphony next Sunday.

Mr. Van Hoose sang Alain's air from Massenet's "Griselda" for the first time at these concerts. He was in excellent voice, and the voice itself again had the beautiful quality which characterized it when he first came before the Boston public. There was a period after his return from Paris when he seemed to have gained in brilliance at the expense of tonal richness. The air is in Massenet's later style—that is, there is his well known formula of passionate expression—but the passion is a semblance without true sensuousness or fire. Yet, as sung by Mr. Van Hoose, the air is an effective concert piece.

Mr. Hess conducted with success the concerts of Friday and last night, in consequence of Mr. Gericke's slight indisposition. In the aria by Massenet the orchestra overpowered the singer at times; but was the instrumentation that of Massenet? It did not have his characteristic stamp.

## THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

PROGRAMME. Apr 17 1905  
Hadley...Symphony No. 2, "The Four Seasons." (First time in Boston)  
Massenet... "Grisélidis" Mr. Ellison Van Hoose.  
Brahms...Haydn Variations  
Wagner...Lohengrin's Legend Mr. Van Hoose.  
Liszt...Symphonic Poem, No. 7, "Fest-Klaenge"

Mr. Gericke was slightly indisposed and Mr. Hess conducted this concert. He won much applause and his work deserves commendation. He did not make as much out of the Brahms variations as Mr. Gericke could have done, but he certainly gave every ounce of effect to the "Fest-Klaenge," with which the concert ended. He also was most conscientious in the direction of Mr. Hadley's symphony.

This new symphony has won 2 musical prizes, and is one of the few important American works in the large orchestral form. It is not an equal work, but it contains points of much beauty and some very interesting development. Of course a large orchestra is used; larger than one finds in any of the Brahms symphonies, larger even than that used by Beethoven in his 9th symphony, but not as tremendous as Van Der Stucken uses in "Radcliffe" or "Pax Triumphans." It is a clean-cut work in classical form.

Its first movement, entitled "Winter," is an easily followed sonata-allegro, with a bold and fiery development section. In this latter division there is effective syncopation, evil-toned muted horns, and many other points that prove it to have been a very hard winter. There is a clear return of themes with changed orchestration which is very effective.

Although bearing a title, this movement cannot be called "programme-music," for it gives a portrayal of moods rather than of objects; it is, as Beethoven once said of a similar movement: "Mehr ein Bild der Empfindungen als Malerei." It might picture King Lear, or a Roosevelt oration, or anything else that is strenuous. The second movement is entitled "Spring." We generally look with suspicion on spring chickens, spring medicines and spring symphonies, but this dainty Scherzo bears minute scrutiny. It is the most graceful and most effective part of the symphony. Was it Tennyson who wrote:—

In the spring the dove is burnished;  
Every zephyr is a good wind.  
In the spring composer's fancies  
Lightly turn to thoughts of woodwind.

Of course there are pipings and flutings, tinklings of Glockenspiel and other touches of light happiness, and the movement is not too long.

In the third movement ("Summer") the composer is definitely launched in picture-painting, and bids us think of a mountain lake at midnight. Cowen did this sort of water romance better, in his Scandinavian symphony, in the movement called "On the Fjord"; but Mr. Hadley has some beautiful points, too, especially in his chief figure, which is an Indian theme, whether aboriginal or not we do not know,—nor care—since it is attractive and works up well.

There is a gradual falling-off in power after the first 2 movements of the work,

and the finale is comparatively weak. The composition lacks a true climax, the falling of the leaves (its title is "Autumn") is not very characteristic, and the hunting episode is but a platitude. It may be worth Mr. Hadley's while, some day, to write a stronger finale to this symphony. It is certainly a sterling work and deserves an effective finale. It is a matter of felicitation that our young American composer has not tried to out-Wagner Wagner, or to invent new dissonances, or to give a musical puzzle-picture, as some modern composers with fewer ideas than he are constantly doing.

Mr. Van Hoose was in excellent voice, and made a fine effect in Alain's aria from "Griselda," his notes even in highest register, both chest and demi-falsetto, were perfectly intoned and excellent in quality. He was at his best in Massenet's aria, and was also commendable in the "Lohengrin" number, although a little more of massive power might have been demanded at the climax of the latter. He was recalled twice, with much heartiness.

The Brahms variations were a good intellectual exercise, but not of a character to arouse enthusiasm. We doubt if Mr. Hess brought out all that was in the work. But in the last number the new conductor shone resplendent. It is by no means the best of Liszt's symphonic poems, this picture of festivity, for in it Liszt becomes a diluted Wagner. He has built a magnificent portico to a peasant's hut; the lofty phrases that seem to herald mighty deeds, dissolve into dance steps.

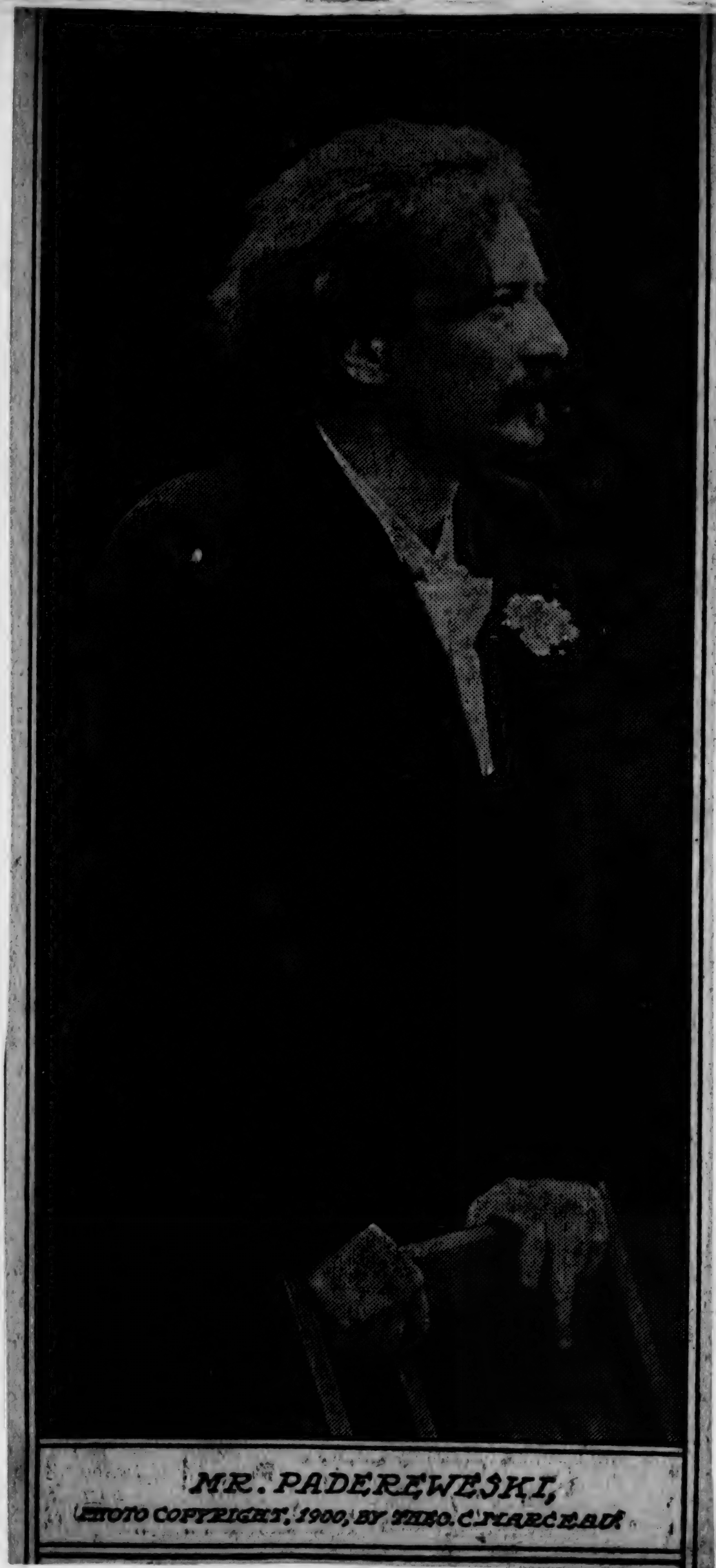
## The "Pops"

Next Monday evening, May 1, the "Pops" begin their twentieth season, fifteen years in Music Hall and the fifth summer in Symphony Hall. Mr. T. Adamowski will again conduct for his seventh season, four years from 1891 to 1894 and the third year of his present régime. Mr. Adamowski will conduct for four weeks only, with the rest of the season to be divided between Mr. Max Zach, who has served seven years, and Mr. Gustav Strube, whose term as conductor covers five years.

Everything will be conducted on the same general plan which has made these concerts so successful for the past nineteen years, with a slight modification in the scale of prices which will be as follows: Admission to the second balcony and to unreserved tables on the floor, twenty-five cents; the entire first balcony reserved at fifty cents, and seats at reserved tables on the floor seventy-five cents, as usual. The programme for the opening night, for which the tickets are now on sale at Symphony Hall, follows:

March, "Black Bess" . . . . . Strube  
Overture, "Mignon" . . . . . A. Thomas  
Ballet Music, "Queen of Sheba" . . . . . Goldmark  
Violoncello solo, Mr. Josef Keller.  
Waltz, "España" . . . . . Waldteufel  
Selection, "Babes in Toyland" . . . . . Herbert  
Overture, "Fledermaus" . . . . . J. Strauss  
Serenade ("Les Contes d'Hoffmann") . . . . . Offenbach  
Overture, "1812" . . . . . Tchaikowski  
Overture, "Rienzi" . . . . . Wagner  
Waltz, "Jolly Fellows" . . . . . Vollstedt  
Selection, "Sho-Gun" . . . . . Luders  
(First time.)  
March, "Vienna Dude" . . . . . von Blon





MR. PADEREWSKI,  
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*Symphony Hall.*

SEASON 1904-05.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.

XXIII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, APRIL 22, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

MENDELSSOHN

OVERTURE, "Sea-Calm and Prosperous Voyage."  
op. 27.

CHOPIN,

CONCERTO No. 2, in F minor, for PIANOFORTE and  
ORCHESTRA, op. 21.

GUSTAV STRUBE,

SYMPHONIC POEM, "Longing." for VIOLA and  
ORCHESTRA.  
(First performance.)  
Viola. Mr. E. FERIR.

César Franck . . . . .

Symphony in D minor

I. Lento; Allegro non troppo.

II. Allegretto.

III. Allegro non troppo.

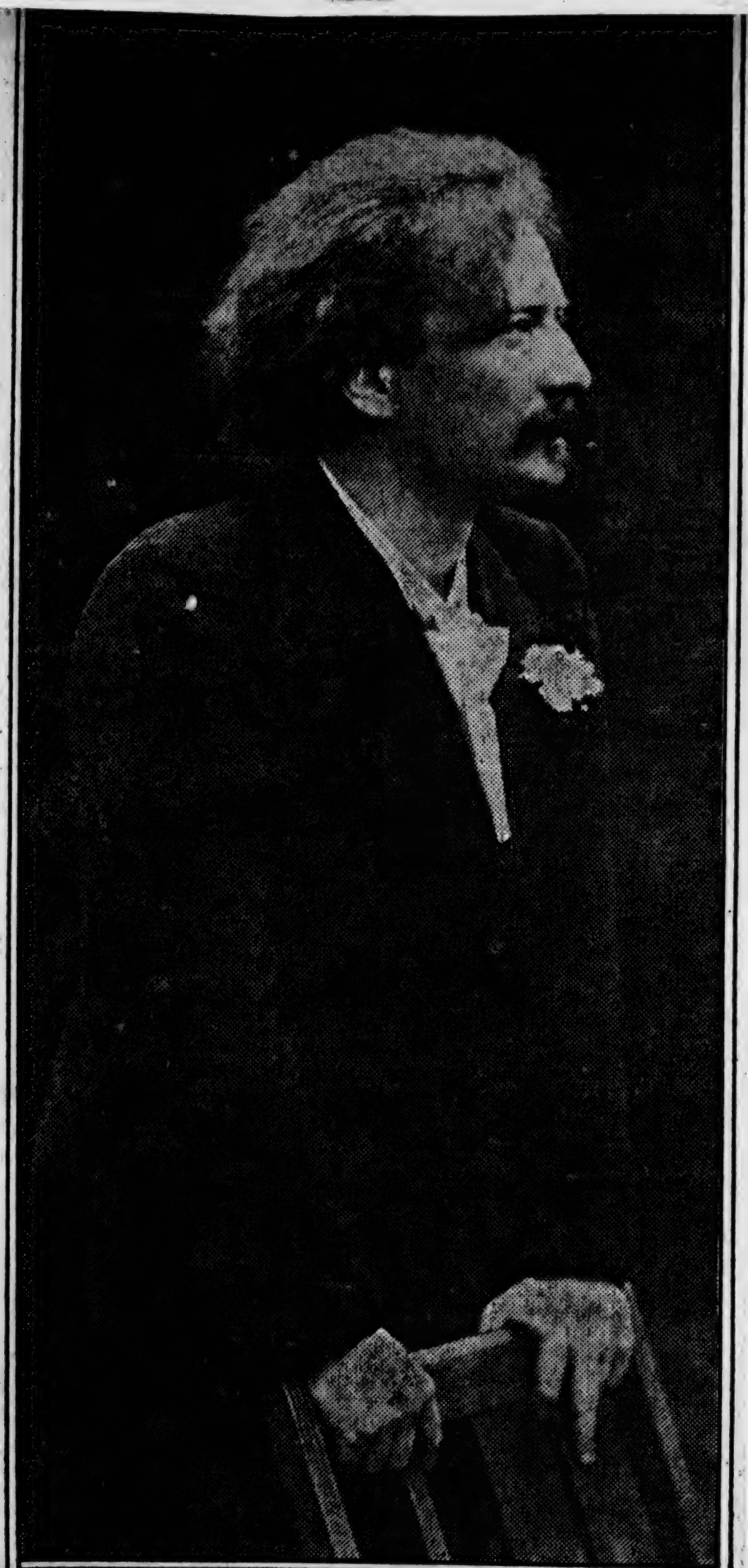
By request

Soloist:

Mr. IGNACE PADEREWSKI.

The Pianoforte is a Steinway.





MR. PADEREWSKI,  
PHOTO COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY THEO. C. MARCEAU

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Soloist:

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The Pianoforte is a Steinway.



# PADEREWSKI WON BIG SYMPHONY TRIUMPH.

Great Polish Pianist Greeted  
with Tornadoes of Applause,  
and He Was Forced to Break  
All Traditions with Encores

PLAYED BEAUTIFUL  
CHOPIN CONCERTO

*Boston  
American*

By Kent Perkins.

It was Paderewski night at Symphony Hall last evening at the twenty-third concert for this season of the Symphony Orchestra. The Polish pianist of the tawny mane was the soloist of the evening. He played with such transcendent power and beauty; he was greeted with such whirlwinds of applause and accomplished such a startling innovation by responding to encores at a Symphony concert, that the occasion will be long remembered by the immense audience present.

The rest of the programme besides Paderewski's number was one of the best of the season in many respects, but so keen was the eagerness to hear the pianist and so profound was the impression he made that the other selections were in large measure overshadowed.

Paderewski's programme number was Chopin's Concerto No. 2, in F minor, for piano and orchestra.

The wide variety in this work, the strength, brilliance and immense difficulties of the allegro and rondo movements, the lyric beauty and delicacy of the adagio gave the pianist every opportunity to display his wonderful art to the full and he seized all his chances with avidity.

He did not hammer the piano, as his more severe critics have been justified in charging him with doing at times.

He played with admirable restraint throughout, and yet with the utmost intensity of emotional feeling. He was in closest touch with the orchestra and the players were in warmest sympathy with him, so that together they brought out every lightest shade of expression and each strong climax with the highest effect of ensemble art.

Great as was the impression made by Paderewski through the extraordinary ease with which he played the most baffling and difficult passages—he apparently had a finger for every key and at times seemed to be using them all at once with perfect tone and absolute precision—he yet won

the highest admiration by the wonderful, heart-moving loveliness and tenderness of the song that he made the strings sing in the adagio movement.

The people simply would not be content with only one number from Paderewski. The applause, of a strength and volume wholly unlike the usual Symphony concert plaudits, was so intense and persistent that the artist finally ceased bowing and went to the piano. He played twice, and each time the tornado-like tribute of hand-clapping greeted him.

Paderewski will be heard with the Symphony Orchestra again a week from tonight, when he takes part in the concert under the direction of the orchestra's Pension Fund Committee. That will be his last appearance in Boston for many seasons and a great demonstration is naturally expected.

The program last night, aside from the Chopin concerto, was as follows:

Mendelssohn, overture, "Sea-calm and Prosperous Voyage," Op. 27; Strube, symphonic poem, "Longing," for viola and orchestra (first performance), viola, Mr. E. Ferir; Cesar Franck, symphony in D minor, by request.

The Mendelssohn overture, which is based on two short sea poems by Goethe, was exquisitely played by the orchestra, and was greatly admired.

The symphonic poem, "Longing," was composed by Gustav Strube, one of the first violins of the Symphony organization, and it was heard for the first time. Mr. Strube conducted, and was warmly greeted. Mr. Ferir, also of the orchestra, played the viola. The piece was suggested by a poem entitled "Longing," by William Lyman Johnson, of Boston, and expresses the yearning for peace and rest of a troubled soul at night after the heat and struggles of the day.

The work is original, appropriate in atmosphere and characterized by much beauty of theme and harmony and still in development. Mr. Ferir played with warm appreciation, sympathy and appealing beauty of tone.

The Cesar Franck Symphony was played on Feb. 11 of this year and was heard again with pleasure.

# PADEREWSKI IS MUCH AS OF OLD

*Journal*

Twenty-Third Symphony Concert

Interesting and Great Pianist

Resembles DePachmann.

The twenty-third Symphony concert was interesting from its wide variety of musical entertainment, and from the easy fashion in which Paderewski trod on tradition and turned his part of the affair into a recital. In that he followed in the footsteps of another eminent pianist, Vladimir de Pachmann, who scandalized the old guard in ancient Music Hall some years ago by interpreting applause as a demand for an encore piece and sitting down and giving it.

It was pleasant to note that Paderewski played in far more artistic and sincere style on this occasion than at his recent recital here. In both movements of the Chopin F minor concerto there was an abundance of beautiful tone without sickly sentimentality, and bravura without blacksmithian attacks on the keyboard. There were delicacy of shading, clean-cut and pearly apogees and a general harking back to the Paderewski of old.

Plays Chopin in Encore.

For the encore pieces that the audience seemed to demand he played the Chopin etude in E major, the waltz in C sharp minor and the Schubert-Liszt arrangement of "The Erl-King." In none of these was artistry so well maintained as in the concerto.

Strube's new work, the symphonic poem entitled "Longing," in which the viola expresses the prevailing thought against a rather mysterious orchestral background, was heard with profound respect for the composer's increased technical powers, and a moderate degree of interest in his peculiar inspiration. In the beginning there was an extreme resemblance to Debussy, but that wore off as the poem progressed.

Viola Is Monotonous.

There was something of monotony in the voice of the viola part, but just as it began to seem a trifle wearisome, redemption came in the shape of a full orchestral ending of great breadth and elegance. Altogether the piece is a credit to our local output of music. Ferir played the viola part with fine tone

and perfect sentiment.

The Mendelssohn sea-picture, "Calm at Sea and Prosperous Voyage," still interests by its exquisite refinement of orchestration and melody rather than any inherently briny suggestion. It is the music of gentle reflection, of optimism and joy. Long may it yet be felt worth while.

Although the Cesar Franck symphony was played only last February at these concerts, its repetition was most welcome, for it is truly a noble work, and Gericke gave it a superb performance. It may well be classed as one of the trio of great symphonies of the past twenty years, the others being the Tchaikovsky "Pathétique" and Dvorak's "From the New World."

# PLAY STRUBE'S NEW SYMPHONY

*Harvard*

Symphony Orchestra, for Its 23d  
Concert, Produces His "Long-  
ing," for Viola and Orchestra,  
with Wonderful Effect.

THE AUDIENCE WILDLY  
APPLAUDS PADEREWSKI

He Plays the Concerto and Several  
Encore Pieces Like the Paderew-  
ski of Earlier Years, but Still  
Has Mannerisms.

The programme of the 23d Symphony concert in Symphony Hall last night, Mr. Gericke conductor, was as follows:

Overture, "Sea Calm and Prosperous Voyage".....Mendelssohn  
Symphonic Poem, "Longing," for viola and orchestra.....Strube  
(First time.)  
Concerto in F minor, No. 2, for piano.....Chopin  
Symphony in D.....Franck  
(By request.)

This concert was one of unusual interest to the hearer in search of varied entertainment. There was a familiar and easily understood overture by Mendelssohn; there was a new symphonic poem by Mr. Strube which displayed the rare artistry of Mr. Ferir as well as the talent of the composer; Mr. Paderewski played a concerto by Chopin and then turned a symphony concert into a piano recital for a while; and there was the impressive and noble symphony of



Cesar Franck. Thus there were exhibitions of personality and of art.

Mendelssohn's musical portraiture of a dead calm at sea is still expressive even to those who have heard the music of Rimsky-Korsakoff, who knew the ocean as a professional, not as an English channel amateur. It is the painting of the prosperous voyage that now seems hopelessly old-fashioned, fit to be classed with "Moonlight on the Hudson" and other "musical sketches."

In the Russian's "Scheherazade" and "Sadko," there is the sea, with the sight and the sound and the foam of it. In Mendelssohn's music there is the return of a Nantasket boat, on time, with whooping friends on the wharf and a suggestion of the rush to the street cars. There is more of the thought of the sea in the same composer's "Hebrides" overture, which makes no such a direct challenge to attention. Still, the first section, the sea calm, is worthy of the composer, who, after the worst has been said in praise or in blame, remains a charming landscapist, if not a marine painter of indisputable power.

Mr. Strube's symphonic poem, "Longing," was composed early this year. It was suggested by a poem in free verse by Mr. William Lyman Johnson of this city, and according to the poet's short analysis of the work, the music should remind one of "redolent nightfall, filled with peace and night-sounds. The solo viola expresses the longing for the peace and hope that merciful mothering night brings to him who is tired of 'the clamor, din and gossip of the day' and all that the struggle for existence suggests." There is the longing, to quote from Mr. Johnson's poem, for

"The holy and heartresting peace  
Of moonlight on a field of lilies,  
And Jesus walking in their midst."

Without any knowledge of the poem the music would still be poetic, and the mere title "Longing" would furnish a clew. With a knowledge of the poem the music is illustrative as well as poetic. The Herald earlier in the season deplored the fact that Mr. Strube, a musician of true talent and versatility, had fallen into the way of using a musical speech that did not seem natural to him. This symphonic poem is free from the reproach. The music is here the natural, inevitable expression of spontaneous thought, and this thought is continuous, not merely episodic.

To use a phrase that has been sadly staled, this music came from the composer's heart, not merely from the brain, and, although in the expression there is a free use of ultra-modern harmonies and orchestral devices, there is not for a moment any suggestion of experimentation, nor is the composer discovered as one wishing to make the bourgeois sit up. The thought is not frittered away in the telling, and technical ingenuity is used only to point the musical message.

Mr. Strube has profited by the inventions of d'Indy and Debussy et al, and their superior refinements of instrumentation, but he has made them his own, so that they do not interrupt as orchestral or harmonic quotations what he himself has to say. The symphonic poem is, on the whole, the clearest, sanest, most truly emotional and imaginative of Mr. Strube's later works. He conducted, and he was indeed fortunate in his interpreters. Mr. Ferir played with wonderfully beautiful tone and the finest feeling; the men of the orchestra were in full sympathy with their colleague.

The Herald commented at some length on certain injurious mannerisms that

marred sadly the performance of Mr. Paderewski at his recital. It is a pleasure to say that in his performance of the concerto last evening he was for the most part the Paderewski of earlier years, sympathetic, emotional, brilliant, hypnotic. Whether Chopin himself would know this concerto as it is orchestrated and played today by any distinguished pianist is a question that need not be discussed at this moment; it is not easy to imagine Chopin playing in any huge modern concert hall. Mr. Paderewski's performance abounded in tonal contrasts and in haunting cantabile; it was apparently spontaneous and yet cunningly prepared and finished. In the performance of the second movement the pianist reached his height.

The wildly applauding audience insisted on encore pieces. Mr. Gericke, who has so often forbidden these additions to a programme, yielded, and Mr. Paderewski played an etude by Chopin (E major), the waltz in C sharp minor by the same composer and the arrangement of Schubert's Erl King. In the etude there was a tendency to sentimentalize. The performance of the waltz was mannered in the extreme, and the liberties in rhythm were extravagant and ineffective. The performance of the Erl King was thunderously undistinguished.

The performance of the orchestra was of the highest order. Frank's great symphony was played not long ago with such effect that the request for a repetition was not surprising. All in all, a concert to be remembre.

#### THE "POPS."

It seems hardly possible that it is 20 years since, in 1885, the idea to supplement the Symphony season with a series of summer concerts of light and attractive music was established, to be in vogue every succeeding season save one. The length of these seasons varied considerably in the earlier years, and the concerts were even prolonged throughout the summer, but of late they have been confined to the months of May and June. The 20th season of the perennial "Pops" opens on Monday, May 1, and continues for nine weeks, closing on Saturday, July 1. The orchestra of 50 musicians will be selected, as usual, from the ranks of the Boston Symphony orchestra, and everything will be conducted, as usual, with the single exception of a slight modification in the scale of prices which will be as follows: General admission to the unreserved tables on the floor and the second balcony, 25 cents; the entire first balcony reserved at 50 cents, and seats at reserved floor tables 75 cents. There will be the usual number of special nights, including the 1000th concert, on Monday evening, May 15, which will be featured by a selected programme and other interesting attractions. Tickets go on sale for the opening night, Monday, May 1, tomorrow morning at Symphony Hall.

#### Symphony Hall: Symphony Orchestra

The Symphony concert of Saturday evening was in many ways a notable event, the occasion being distinguished by the production of a new work of consequence, by the repetition of César Franck's noble symphony, and by the presence of Mr. Paderewski, as soloist. This was the programme:

Mendelssohn: Overture, "Sea-calm and Prosperous Voyage," Op. 27.

Strube: Symphonic Poem, "Longing," for Viola and Orchestra.

(First performance.)

Viola, Mr. E. Ferir.

Chopin: Concerto No. 2, in F minor, for Piano-forte and Orchestra, Op. 21.

César Franck: Symphony in D minor.

(By request.)

Mr. Strube's orchestral poem "Longing" was inspired by some verses of Mr. William Lyman Johnson, one stanza of which should be quoted:

Give me the twilight-calm and rest,  
When fading day has hushed its crimson fires;  
Give me the twilight-calm and peace,  
That quiets my intolerable hope and longing.  
Give me the peace when purple-priested eve  
Hushes, with incensed benediction,  
The clamor, din and gossip of the day,  
And gathering dews come like a mist of slumber  
Upon the fevered forehead of the staring day.  
Give me the holy and heart-resting peace  
Of moonlight on a field of lilies,  
And Jesus walking in their midst.

Mr. Strube's music sympathetically suggests the spirit of the poem. Written in the idiom of modern French composers, it none the less seems natural and facile, free from the sense of effort that surrounds the attempts of most non-Gallic writers, who try to be like Debussy and Vincent d'Indy. Mr. Strube, on the contrary, has made this style his own. He remains individual, however, for, above all else, he is sincere, and sincerity is bound always to result in individuality. This latest composition of Mr. Strube's has more in its favor than a manifest sincerity; it is also genuinely poetic. In its pages there is expressed a strong feeling for the quiet and mystery of night. As programme music this piece by Mr. Strube is highly successful; without more of a programme than the mere title, it would still make an appeal, for it is melodious, imaginative, beautiful in color and atmospheric. The exquisite use of the viola makes one wonder that this instrument should be so neglected for solo work. The viola part was very beautifully played by Mr. Ferir, a rare artist, and the orchestra, under the composer's direction, gave a very beautiful performance of the new poem. Both composer and performers were heartily applauded.

And then came Mr. Paderewski, who played the Chopin F minor concerto wonderfully, as only he himself can play, when he chooses to take sufficient pains. With only very occasional blemishes of harsh tone, Mr. Paderewski's performance will long be remembered as standard-setting in pianoforte playing, so rhythmical was it, so remarkable for song, so varied in color, so warmly emotional and so poetic. After the concerto the applause would come to no end, and at last Mr. Paderewski sat himself down to the instrument and played, before

he was allowed to leave, three encores—a Chopin study, the Chopin C-sharp minor waltz and a version of the "Erl King." In these solo pieces Mr. Paderewski's art was of a less exalted quality than was that shown in the concerto, over-sentimentality and distorted rhythm coming to the fore. The "Erl King," however, was effective.

All musical people must have been pleased with the opportunity to hear the César Franck symphony again, before they had had time to forget its wondrous beauties. If the symphony seemed, two months ago, almost more beautiful than one has a right to expect of the product of a merely mortal brain, last Saturday it seemed a hundred fold greater than it did before. With such music it is necessary to become thoroughly acquainted, if not familiar, and the quickest way to acquaintance lies through two successive performances with a short interval between them. The reading of the symphony on Saturday, in sympathy, in finesse and in lofty grandeur, surpassed anything Mr. Gericke has done here this season. Both for his splendid performance and for his wise move in bringing out the symphony once more is he to be warmly thanked and congratulated.

At the coming concert, the last of the season, there is to be another repetition, Richard Strauss's "Don Juan" coming to a second hearing this season. The programme will be as follows: Schumann, Symphony No. 2, in C major; Guy-Ropartz, Fantasy in D major, first time; Richard Strauss, symphonic poem, "Don Juan," by request; Wagner, Vorspiel to "Die Meistersinger."

R. R. G.

—Symphony rehearsals and concerts are drawing to a close, and this week will finish the course, which has been most successful and, it is hoped, profitable to its generous benefactor. Thursday afternoon, when the rehearsal was given, rather than on Friday, as is customary, the day was glorious and the atmosphere balmy and pleasant. The house was completely sold out and hundreds more would have been glad of tickets, and it seemed a pity, such being the case, that there were many empty seats on the floor, held of course by subscribers who were away and had failed to make any disposition of their tickets before leaving. Mr. Paderewski was the soloist and he played the beautiful F minor concerto by Chopin. There was a tumult of applause at the close and he was recalled again and again so persistently that, contrary to all Mr. Gericke's established rules with regard to encores, Mr. Paderewski played a nocturne by Chopin and one other number. After that he was recalled a number of times. There has rarely been so much enthusiasm in a Boston audience before. Mme Paderewski, who was with a friend, appeared extremely gratified, and well she may have been. She is a brunette, with bright coloring, and was simply dressed in black, with a toque of black and white wings.



SUNDAY, APRIL 23, 1905.

SYMPHONY CONCERTS.

The appearance of Paderewski at the Symphony concert was marked by scenes of enthusiasm on the part of the auditors exceeding that shown at any previous time this season. The program comprised Chopin's second pianoforte concerto, with Paderewski as soloist; Mendelssohn's overture, "Sea-calm and Prosperous Voyage"; Strube's symphonic poem, "Longing," for viola and orchestra, E. Fevir soloist, and Cesar Franck's D minor symphony. Mr Strube's work was dedicated to Mr Fevir and was suggested by a poem by Mr William Lyman Johnson of this city. The music expresses the calm and rest of the twilight hours and night-fall, free from the din and clamor of the day. The flowing legato melodies given to the viola are very sweet and significant in their suggestions of the poetic subject, and the orchestral background is splendidly outlined and developed by the composer, whose skill in instrumentation is so well and favorably known to concert patrons. Mr Fevir played the viola part with great delicacy and beauty of tone. Mr Strube conducted this number and at the close he and Mr Fevir were greeted with very hearty tributes of applause.

It is almost useless to criticize Paderewski's performance, for, to use a current phrase, "the audience fairly went wild" over him. At the close of his playing he was obliged to return again and again to the platform, and finally, to still the tumult, added encore numbers, an unusual thing at a Symphony concert, and more journeying to the stage midst applause which continued until Mr Gericke took up the baton preparatory to beginning the Franck symphony. There was no trace of the "pounding" with which Paderewski has been charged this season. On the contrary, the interpretation was of wonderful beauty, impeccable in execution and exquisite in finish and tonal coloring. A superb performance in which the orchestra deserves to share in praise, especially for the work in the second movement in which occurs the charming accompaniment by muted strings.

The Mendelssohn overture was as delightfully restful in a musical way as one would wish and the peculiar and somewhat startling features of the Franck symphony were brought out vividly by the orchestra, both pieces being up to the usual standard of execution. It is doubtful though if any number on the program received its fair share of appreciation, for Paderewski appeared to be the magnet, all else was but secondary.

The Symphony season will close this week with the following program: Schumann's second symphony, a fantasy in D-major by Guy-Ropartz, "Don Juan," symphonic poem by Richard Strauss and an excerpt from Wagner's opera "Die Meistersinger."

SYMPHONY CONCERTS.

The appearance of Paderewski at the Symphony concert was marked by scenes of enthusiasm on the part of the auditors exceeding that shown at any previous time this season. The program comprised Chopin's second pianoforte concerto, with Paderewski as soloist; Mendelssohn's overture, "Sea-calm and Prosperous Voyage"; Strube's symphonic poem, "Longing," for viola and orchestra, E. Fevir soloist, and Cesar Franck's D minor symphony. Mr Strube's work was dedicated to Mr Fevir and was suggested by a poem by Mr William Lyman Johnson of this city. The music expresses the calm and rest of the twilight hours and night-fall, free from the din and clamor of the day. The flowing legato melodies given to the viola are very sweet and significant in their suggestions of the poetic subject, and the orchestral background is splendidly outlined and developed by the composer, whose skill in instrumentation is so well and favorably known to concert patrons. Mr Fevir played the viola part with great delicacy and beauty of tone. Mr Strube conducted this number and at the close he and Mr Fevir were greeted with very hearty tributes of applause.

It is almost useless to criticize Paderewski's performance, for, to use a current phrase, "the audience fairly went wild" over him. At the close of his playing he was obliged to return again and again to the platform, and finally, to still the tumult, added encore numbers, an unusual thing at a Symphony concert, and more journeying to the stage midst applause which continued until Mr Gericke took up the baton preparatory to beginning the Franck symphony. There was no trace of the "pounding" with which Paderewski has been charged this season. On the contrary, the interpretation was of wonderful beauty, impeccable in execution and exquisite in finish and tonal coloring. A superb performance in which the orchestra deserves to share in praise, especially for the work in the second movement in which occurs the charming accompaniment by muted strings.

The Mendelssohn overture was as delightfully restful in a musical way as one would wish and the peculiar and somewhat startling features of the Franck symphony were brought out vividly by the orchestra, both pieces being up to the usual standard of execution. It is doubtful though if any number on the program received its fair share of appreciation, for Paderewski appeared to be the magnet, all else was but secondary.

The Symphony season will close this week with the following program: Schumann's second symphony, a fantasy in D-major by Guy-Ropartz, "Don Juan," symphonic poem by Richard Strauss, and an excerpt from Wagner's opera, "Die Meistersinger."

THE "POPS."

It seems hardly possible that it is 20 years since the idea to supplement the Symphony season with a series of summer concerts of light and attractive music was established, to be in vogue every succeeding season save one. The length of these seasons varied considerably in the earlier years and the concerts were even prolonged throughout the summer, but of late they have been confined to the months of May and June. The 20th season of the perennial

"Pops" opens Monday, May 1, and continues for nine weeks, closing Saturday, July 1.

The orchestra of 50 musicians will be selected as usual from the ranks of the Boston Symphony orchestra and everything will be conducted as usual with the single exception of a slight modification in the scale of prices, which will be as follows: General admission to the unreserved tables on the floor and the second balcony 25 cents; the entire first balcony reserved at 50 cents, and seats at reserved floor tables 75 cents.

There will be the usual number of special nights including the 1000th concert Monday evening, May 15, which will be featured by a selected program and other interesting attractions. Tickets go on sale for the opening night Monday, tomorrow morning at Symphony hall.

MUSICAL MATTERS

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Mendelssohn. Overture, "Sea-Calm and Prosperous Voyage."  
Strube. Symphonic Poem, "Longing," first time. Viola, Mr. E. Fevir.  
Chopin. Concerto No. 2, for Pianoforte, in F Minor.  
Soloist, Mr. Ignaz Paderewski.  
Caesar Franck. Symphony in D Minor. By request.

The concert of last Saturday was passionate in character, even to the verge of strenuousness. Mendelssohn's overture, if not wildly turbulent, presented a voyage of some animation and spirit, with enough of drum and trumpet in its finale to make it suggest a triumphal entry by Rodzhestvensky into Kamranh Bay. The Strube number added its share of emotional and harmonic excitement, and if Chopin's tonal poetry was of a quieter nature, the insistent power of the final symphony brought a stirring close to the evening.

Mendelssohn's work suggests the inevitable comparison with his great "Hebrides" overture, and its wonderful rhythmic echo of the waves. Beside it the "Sea-Calm" seems faded and conventional, but the work is not without instrumental touches that must have been effective in their day. The sustained high notes on the violin still depict a solitude scarcely less impressive than that of Borodin's Steppes or the Campagna of Richard Strauss; and the prosperous voyage, though lacking the wind-machine and other accessories of modern realism, gave an adequate picture of fair weather and smooth sailing.

Mr. Gustave Strube's symphonic poem, like his previous works, showed him as a member of the ultra-modern school, and a seeker after strange harmonies. In this number, however, he did not allow the search after novelty to draw him away from the beautiful, and the composition contained many passages of effective charm. The orchestration, too, deserves praise for its mastery of delicate effects. Mr. Fevir's solo work was altogether commendable, and fully up to the high stand-



ard that his hearers always expect from him.

In discussing this work and its school, the reviewer may well hesitate before expressing any adverse opinion. Over a century ago, Benjamin Franklin, in his autobiography, lamented the discords that were creeping into music, and pleaded for the simpler style of his youth. Beethoven, in his day, was looked upon as a wild radical, and Wagner shared the same fate half a century later.

It may be that those men of today who seem merely ingenious harmony-jugglers will at some time be looked on as the pioneers of a future school. To the present writer, however, their work seems incoherent. The endless melodic recitative of Wagner is not the strongest point in his works, but it allowed him to develop the full richness of his harmonic effects. Now, however, the radicals go still further, and give us disjointed harmonies, and create a musical kaleidoscope of jumbled chords, apparently without any underlying plan.

It was natural that the lion's share of the evening's applause should be devoted to the great and only Paderewski. Once again he proved himself the incomparable artist that we have known of old, and the enthusiasm over his performance included shouts and handkerchief-wavings that seemed strange in the staid symphonic precincts. De Pachmann may at times equal him in emotional power, Busoni may sometimes surpass him in intellectual force, but he remains the broadest and most versatile of all the living pianists.

His rendering of the Chopin concerto was a delight from first note to last, and resulted in the forcing of an encore, in defiance of symphonic precedent. The beautiful E-major Etude and dainty C-sharp minor valse continued the Chopin mood, while the brilliant "Erl-King" transcription won further laurels. It is easy to predict that the coming pension fund concert, April 30, with Paderewski as soloist, will prove a complete success.

Franck's great symphony lost nothing in power and earnestness because of its repetition from a recent concert. It is massive in its solidity, possessing an enduring strength that his pupils have as yet failed to equal, in spite of their many efforts. Its themes are clear and well-marked, its development logical, its harmonies sane and unforced, and its interest well sustained until the final climax. It certainly proves that Franck must not be held responsible for the unclear work of some of his followers.

The next programme includes Schumann's second symphony, the "Don Juan" of Strauss, the Prelude to "Die Meistersinger," and a Fantasia by Guy-Ropartz as the inevitable novelty.

Arthur Elson.

## PADEREWSKI THE SOLOIST

Post-

Apr 23, 1905

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Symphonic poem, "Longing".....Strube  
Concerto for pianoforte No. 2.....Chopin  
Symphony, D minor.....Franck

The novelty of the evening was Gustav Strube's symphonic poem, "Longing," for viola and orchestra, dedicated to E. Ferir, who played the solo instrument on this occasion. The work was suggested by William Lyman Johnson's poem and the performance last evening was the first.

Mr. Strube's thoughts in this latest effort are not quite so vague and meaningless as in some of his previous works, and the poem is pictured with considerable imaginative ideas which are very effectively scored. Mr. Ferir played the solo viola part admirably, and the work was well received. Whether it would gain in interest with another hearing may, however, be questioned.

Mendelssohn's early overture proved pleasing to the audience and it was superbly performed. The great symphony of Cesar Franck improves upon acquaintance, and it would have been even better appreciated if it had not come at the end of a concert already over-extended as to time.

Mr. Paderewski was naturally the "feature" for a large portion of the audience. In the Chopin F minor concerto he indulged in less pounding than at his recent recital, and for this relief one is truly grateful. The interpretation of this most poetic of concertos was at times admirable, with other moments that were marked by coarseness of tone and more or less exaggeration. The first movement proved the best on the average. The pianist received his usual ovations and the "extras" included the Chopin study in E, from Op. 10; the C sharp minor waltz, Op. 64, No. 2, and Liszt's transcription of Schubert's "Erl King." The Chopin numbers were enjoyable, but the last number was a piece of noise to "catch the gallery," as it were, but in no sense an artistic effort.

The last rehearsal and concert of the present season will be this coming week.

## Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1904-05.

## BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.

## XXIV. CONCERT.

[Last of the Season.]

SATURDAY, APRIL 29, AT 8, P. M.

### Programme.

SCHUMANN,

SYMPHONY No. 2, in C major, op. 61.

- I. Sostenuto assai: Allegro ma non troppo.
- II. Scherzo: Allegro vivace. Trio I, and Trio II.
- III. Adagio espressivo.
- IV. Allegro molto vivace.

GUY-ROPARTZ,

FANTASIA in D major, for ORCHESTRA.  
(First time.)

RICHARD STRAUSS,

TONE-POEM, "Don Juan." (after N. Lenau) op. 20.  
(By request.)

WAGNER,

PRELUDE to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg."



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SEASON 1904-05.

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FANTASIA in D major, for ORCHESTRA.

(First time.)

RICHARD STRAUSS,

TONE-POEM, "Don Juan." (after N. Lenau) op. 20.

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WAGNER,

PRELUDE to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg."



# SYMPHONY SEASON HAS BRILLIANT ENDING

Boston Post Oct 30, 05

The Symphony concert last evening marked the close of the 24th season. Although there was no soloist, the programme was unusually interesting. The numbers were as follows:

Symphony No. 2 in C.....Schumann  
Fantasia in D for orchestra.....Guy Ropartz  
Tone poem, "Don Juan".....Richard Strauss  
Prelude to "Die Meistersinger".....Wagner

The conductor's desk was tastefully decorated, and Mr. Gericke received an ovation after each number, and a recall at the close of the concert.

Schumann's symphony received a noteworthy performance. One can scarcely recall a better one in several years. It is a general favorite, and by many considered the best of the four that Schumann contributed to the symphonic literature.

Guy Ropartz's orchestral fantasia was heard here for the first time. The composer is among the newer French school and has written in many forms, although few of his works have been heard in this country.

The fantasia is built upon themes found in folk music of Brittany. These are ingeniously elaborated, the instrumentation is admirable, and the work proved most enjoyable. It is hoped that it will receive another performance at these concerts next season.

Richard Strauss' "Don Juan," played earlier in the season, was repeated last evening by request. The performance was most brilliant, and was received with so much enthusiasm that the members of the orchestra rose in a body to acknowledge the appreciation of their efforts.

Symphony Hall.

Twenty-Fifth Season, 1905-1906.

## The Boston Symphony Orchestra

WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.

Opening Concert,

SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 14, 1905.



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The  
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## MUSICAL MATTERS

### THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

#### PROGRAMME.

Symphony No. 2, in C major, op. 61. I. Sostenuato assai; Allegro ma non troppo. II. Scherzo: Allegro vivace. Trio I, and Trio II. III. Adagio espressivo. IV. Allegro molto vivace. Schumann  
Fantasia in D major, for orchestra. Guy-Ropartz  
(First Time.)  
Tone-Poem, "Don Juan" (after N. Lenau) op. 20. Richard Strauss  
(By request.)  
Prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg" Wagner

A fine programme, although 3 works of the modern school, in succession, seemed like adding pepper to paprika. Mr. Gericke was received with enthusiasm and this enthusiasm extended all through the concert, and a few minutes beyond its close.

It was a pleasure to see that Schumann is not out-of-date with the public. The second symphony is not quite as great as the first or third, but it is a sane, romantic and melodious work. It was played gloriously. The violins in the scherzo played as if inspired, and in the finale, from the violin embroidery of the beginning to the kettle-drum syncopations of the coda, everything was nobly interpreted.

And the audience evidently appreciated the fact that there was electricity in the air, that the orchestra were in a state of exaltation, that it was a performance quite extraordinary, and they applauded almost without cessation.

But this was only the beginning. The novelty of the concert came after the intermission. Guy Ropartz is director of the conservatory at Nancy, and is, like D'Indy, a pupil of Cesar Franck. If "the evil that men do lives after them," it is pleasant to know that the good also continues; Franck did nothing but good, and France is reaping the harvest that he planted long ago, in the present "renaissance" of Gallic orchestral music.

The fantasia plunged "in medias res" at once, and began with a contra-bass passage that was both difficult and original. The work was modern, but not savagely so; it gave a degree of rhythmic complexity but did not seek for ugliness as a means of impressing the auditor. There is a 5-4 rhythm in the work that is as successful as the famous one in the Symphonie Pathétique.

There are powerful contrasts, and some highly-spiced bits of rustic revelry. In short this is one of the successful modern experiments; it is a piquant species of bitter-sweet that neither offends nor cloy the palate. We hope to hear the work again next season.

Not since Strauss himself directed in Symphony Hall has there been such a success made in Boston with one of his works. The interpretation of "Don Juan" cannot be exaggerated; it was simply superb. From the Glockenspiel up to the first violinist the orchestra was on its mettle, and

Mr. Gericke gave an abandon and fire to the work that suited it perfectly.

The famous figure of the trombones never had so much of dash and chivalry, and the strong contrast of the end, when all the glory has departed and only disgust remains, was something to remember forever. Twice was Mr. Gericke forced to bow his thanks for the applause, and twice also the orchestra arose to acknowledge the excitement they had evoked.

There was more enthusiasm than if this had been a "prima donna" or a "solo artist" concert. It was fitting that our orchestra should gather in its laurels at the end of the season without an assisting artist.

It was an experience to pass from Richard II. to Richard I., from Strauss to Wagner. It forced a comparison. In this comparison one could but find Wagner the superior in poetry of ideas. There is nothing in "Don Juan" that equals the power of the Prize Song, or the loftiness of the Mastersinger's theme. But, in the matter of orchestration, that which we once deemed the extreme of instrumental possibility has been surpassed! Verily this is the orchestral age, and Wagner and Berlioz were but its beginning!

At the end of this concert, which may be classed as one of the best ever heard in Boston, the applause was loud and long-continued, a final ovation and good-bye and thanks to Mr. Gericke.

And since "Farewell" would give us pain,  
We'll change it to "Auf Wiederseh'n!"  
Louis C. Elson.

### Symphony Hall: Symphony Orchestra

The final symphony concert of this year having taken place, the season may be said fast to be reaching a close. So far as the Symphony Concerts are concerned, the close was a brilliant one, a fitting ending to a brilliant season. This was the programme:

Schumann: Symphony No. 2, in C major, Op. 61.  
Ropartz: Fantasia in D major, for Orchestra.

(First time.)

Richard Strauss: Tone-poem, "Don Juan" (after N. Lenau), Op. 20.

(By request.)

Wagner: Prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg."

The one novelty of the evening was very much a novelty, practically nothing by Ropartz having been performed in Boston heretofore, a song brought forward by Miss Lena Little being probably the only exception. And yet, in his own country, France, Ropartz is held in high repute, a pupil of Massenet and César Franck, the director of the conservatory at Nancy, a conductor of concerts, and a diligent composer. Although the fantasia produced Saturday night failed to exercise any very strong charm, it none the less made one recognize that Ropartz is a musician with whose works it would be worth while to become acquainted. The man's musical bent is far from common—in fact, it seems somewhat over-original and individual, almost to the point of being bizarre. The fantasia, for example, while based on two simple enough melodies of a Breton character, the second really beautiful, is developed in a distinctly odd way, with crashing climaxes that are not easily accounted for. Quiet episodes, too, appear in queer places. It all sounds well, however, Ropartz evidently being a man who understands writing for orchestra. The work would seem more intelligible were it labeled a symphonic poem and furnished with a guiding title. A fantasia, however, one does not expect to be so frequently violent. The work was most brilliantly played.

So was the Strauss poem, which everybody in the hall seemed delighted to hear again. People are clamoring for Strauss at present, and, on the whole, it may not be a bad thing for Boston that there are difficulties in the way of producing his latest creations, for, in their place, we are given repetitions of his earlier works, with which it is well that we should become closely familiar. When all is said and done, it is still questionable if Strauss's most recent compositions, such as the "Don Quixote" and, probably, the "Domestic" symphony are of such great worth as "Don Juan," "Death and Apotheosis," and "Till Eulenspiegel." Be this as it may, there is no harm done by our witnessing twice in a season the almost inconceivable passion of Don Juan, followed by that awful picture of vanity, all is vanity, which Tschalkowsky himself has never equalled in pignancy. Mr. Gericke read the work with superb warmth and authority, and

the performance was so thoroughly appreciated and applauded that twice over the entire orchestra had to rise to bow in recognition. All the evening there was equally brilliant playing, the scherzo of the symphony being tossed off with delightful abandon and the "Meistersinger" prelude making one wish once more that we might some day have opportunity of hearing Mr. Gericke conduct a Wagner opera.

If this cannot be, however, we are fortunate in having Mr. Gericke to conduct our symphony concerts. Concertgoers, like all the rest of the world, are prone to take too much for granted, and, after hearing admirable performances one after another, people are very like to forget that an orchestra does not, of itself, keep up to a high pitch of excellence. The maintenance of a high standard of technical proficiency is the task of the conductor, a task of which Mr. Gericke acquits himself nobly. And it is not every day in the week that a conductor can be found of sufficient catholicity of taste to produce a poem by Richard Strauss as "Don Juan" was performed Saturday, and, the next week, the Schubert C major symphony as Mr. Gericke read it in the course of this season, or a Mozart symphony. In the way we have had one played this winter. To conduct twenty-four concerts in one city in one season, not to mention the countless concerts given abroad, with the warmth and spirit that is necessary if they are to prove interesting, is no bagatelle. We may be grateful that we have a musician so well fitted to the undertaking as is Mr. Gericke.

As for the programmes, it is probably impossible to arrange twenty-four that shall, even approximately, please all the world. Mr. Gericke, very likely, succeeds as well as would anybody else. Some people insist on new works all the time; others look doubtful if they are asked to listen to so recent a composer as Brahms. Perhaps Mr. Gericke steers a middle course as skillfully as is possible. Rarely, at all events, has there been a concert this season without some number of the programme being ticketed "for the first time." Although all these new works have not given extreme pleasure, some of them have been of great importance, like the d'Indy symphony, which we must hear in Boston if we would not be provincial. Some pieces, on the other hand, have been presented which might become for the present, at least, a part of the repertory: Faure's "Pelleas" suite, Mr. Converse's poem, "Night," Mr. Hadley's symphony. The d'Indy symphony, if not entirely attractive, ought certainly to be repeated. The repetition, by the way, of César Franck's symphony, and of Strauss's "Don Juan," has proved a pleasant and encouraging feature of a season notable for brilliant playing and for catholic programmes. Only in the matter of soloists could one wish for a finer standard.

R. R. G.



# SYMPHONY CLOSES WITH CRESCENDO

Last Concert of Season Gives  
Pleasure Because No Soloist  
Appears in Program.

The closing concert of the Symphony season had no soloist, but it was, none the less, enjoyable for that. Indeed, the true pleasure given by it, the enormous success won from the audience, the fine air of earnestness and "class" over everything suggested that we have had altogether too few purely orchestral concerts during the year and altogether too many fiddlers or pianists or singers, many of them mediocre in ability and uninspiring to a degree. Surely Mr. Gericke must have seen, from the hearty applause that was given him and his band for some of the most brilliant and effective playing of the whole year, that an evening minus a soloist is desired and appreciated. It is to be hoped that we can have more such next season.

The noble Schumann symphony No. 2 was very welcome, not only for its inherent grace, beauty and poetic charm, but for the performance, which was one of the finest the orchestra ever gave it. In particular, the scherzo went with enormous dash and virtuosity, although the exquisite adagio, in which Lenon appeared to advantage in the seat of the absent Mr. Longy, as first oboe, was admirably interpreted.

The music of Ropartz, director of the Conservatory of Nancy, is almost unknown in Boston, but if his Fantasia in D major, played here for the first time on Saturday night, is a fair sample of his work, we ought to have more. The piece is built up on themes of quaint charm and much beauty; the orchestration is clear and sonorous; the general impression that of eminent sanity without dullness. Ropartz has two symphonies already to his credit; one would not be amiss in the scheme for the coming year.

And again Richard Strauss' "Don Juan," after one performance this season! No one regretted it. The thing is a colossal piece of extraordinary musical imagination wrought out with superb technique, filled with the richest of color and firing the emotions at every point. Had Richard Strauss written but this one tone-poem, his rank among the great composers of the world would be secure.

After its glowing richness even the "Meistersinger" prelude sounded, for once, curiously calm and rather old-fashioned. This feeling disappeared as

the work proceeded, but it is significant that anything by the man who made "Don Juan" possible—Richard Wagner—should in any way yield to the second Richard's tonal genius.

Thus endeth the twenty-fourth season of our great orchestra, a season that has been distinguished by a steady crescendo of interest and virtuosity to its close. Mr. Gericke has never shown so much fire and emotional strength as during its last quarter.

# SYMPHONY BIDS ADIEU FOR SEASON

Twenty-Fourth Concert of 24th  
Season Is Interesting, Though  
Only One Number Is New, Ro-  
partz's Fantasia.

NO SOLOIST, BUT LOSS  
IS NOT PERCEPTIBLE

Mr. Gericke Conducts in Vigorous  
Fashion and Work of Orchestra  
Is Brilliant—Audience Most  
Appreciative—Notes.

*Herald* — Apr. 30, 1905

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Symphony No. 2, in C major.....Schumann  
Fantasia in D major.....Ropartz  
(First time.)

Tone-poem, "Don Juan".....R. Strauss  
(By request.)

Prelude to "The Mastersingers".....Wagner

This concert was one of unusual interest, although there was no soloist, and although the pieces, with the exception of Ropartz's fantasia, were familiar. With such a virtuoso orchestra, led as skilfully as it was last night, the absence of a soloist was not to be regretted. One may even go as far as certain ultra-modern Germans and regret that a solo singer or instrumental player is ever allowed to make personally the dominating feature of a symphony concert. A Frenchman said once in gentle protest against the part played by woman in the world that she disturbs the landscape. The same might be said of the soloist at any symphony concert.

The fantasia of Ropartz was played for the first time in America. This pupil of Cesar Franck, a man of various talents, now director of the Nancy Conservatory of Music, composed the fan-

tasia in 1897. It is based on two themes of Breton character, and it was stated when the piece was first played in Paris in March, 1898, at a Colonne concert, that the themes were folk-tunes of Brittany. Ropartz, in his short analysis of the fantasia, does not say this. The first theme is a vigorous dance tune in 5-4 time. The second is of a more songful and melancholy nature, and the work is the development of this material in truly fantastic character. The piece would gain in effect if it were shorter. There is the suspicion of an anti-climax which might easily have been avoided. The second theme, which is in two sections, is inherently beautiful, and it is employed after the exposition with true poetic feeling as well as technical skill. There are conspicuously fine passages, and, with the reservation already made, the interest is maintained throughout.

It has been said that any pupil of the Paris Conservatory can orchestrate a commonplace piece so that it is plausible for the moment. Ropartz's orchestration deserves higher praise than this. While there are striking features in the instrumentation, they do not seem to be designed merely for the purpose of exciting admiration, but they are the natural expression of the thought. Nor is there in this music the austerity that characterizes the works of some of Franck's pupils, an austerity that is forbidding, if not sour; an austerity that is almost pretentious, as though in scorn of sensuousness, because the thoughts of the composer are naturally labored, involved, dry. Now that this fantasia has been played, it quickens the desire to hear one of Ropartz's two symphonies, and one of our choral societies might well consider a production of his "136th Psalm," which has been performed with great success in leading cities of Germany, as well as of France and Belgium.

A week ago Saturday the noble symphony of Cesar Franck, one of the few great symphonies since the death of Beethoven, was performed by request, although it had been played earlier in the season. Last night Richard Strauss' "Don Juan" was played for the second time this season, also by request. Such requests are significant and most welcome. It was not so long ago that both the symphony and the symphonic poem were as stumbling blocks to many—"to the Greeks foolishness." At the Lamoureux and the Colonne concerts a new piece of importance is played on two consecutive Sundays. The idea is an excellent one. It is an act of justice to the audience as well as to the composer.

Take Vincent d'Indy's symphony, for instance, which, whatever may be thought of it here, has been performed in European cities with uncommon success. It excited discussion there and here, and when there is no fierce discussion over an artistic work, when men are not ready to come to blows in the argument, when households are not divided, there is artistic stagnation. Grant that d'Indy's symphony was in certain respects a hard nut to crack. No one will deny that it contained passages of ineffable beauty and overwhelming power. Might not that which seemed strange or repulsive at one hearing reveal itself at a second hearing as worthy at least of still more earnest study and high respect? There was a time when the long night scene between Ortrud and Telramund was cut, for it was considered dull. Today it is held to be one of the most dramatic and truly Wagnerian scenes in "Lohengrin." When one thinks of the

labor of preparing such a symphony as d'Indy's for performance, when one remembers the skill and sympathy shown by Mr. Gericke in the interpretation, the regret is keener that such a work is played only once, then left on the shelf till it is thought that the taste of the audience has been developed to such an extent that a performance after the lapse of two or three years may be advisable or at least safe.

As for "Don Juan" itself, it is one of Strauss' true masterpieces, to be classed with "Death and Transfiguration" and "Till Eulenspiegel." In it Strauss does not attempt the impossible, nor does he suggest a huge joke on audiences, commentators and critics. There is no need even of the excerpts from Lenau's poem for warm appreciation; the title is enough. Whether your Don Juan is the rake-helly hero of the legend or an idealist constantly baffled in the attainment of his desire, the effect of the music is the same. There is the suggestion of Spanish pride and brilliance in the pursuit, the ardor of wooing, the clash of swords, the indomitable energy—and then the end of all sensualists, glorious or inglorious, a morose ending. The love apples are in the end but Dead sea fruit. A few lines from the bitter reflections of Casanova in his harmless, pitiable old age would have served Strauss as well as the soliloquies of Lenau's man. Or the refrain of Swinburne's "Ballad of Burdens"—"This is the end of every man's desire"—would have been still more appropriate.

Mr. Gericke may well be proud of the concert itself and of the warm appreciation so openly shown by the audience. He was heartily welcomed; the applause was a crescendo parallel with the constantly increasing brilliance of the performance. The scherzo in the symphony was played with uncommon spirit, and the adagio was sung with singular euphony and poetic feeling. He interpreted the fantasia in admirable fashion, and his reading and the orchestral performance of "Don Juan" were indeed superb. There remained the prelude to "The Mastersingers" and the deserved scene of recognition and gratitude. The orchestra was equally appreciated, and twice did it, at Mr. Gericke's request, arise and bow in acknowledgment after the "Don Juan."

Thus ended the 24th season of the Boston Symphony orchestra, a season that had several uncommon features. But a review of this series of concerts will be included in the general review of the season which will be published in The Herald of next Sunday.

Last of the Season's  
Symphony Concerts.

Postponement of the Pension  
Fund Concert.

"The Pops" Begin Tomorrow  
Night—Gossip.

*Eglobe*

Apr. 30, 1905



The 24th season of Symphony concerts closed last evening with the following program: Schumann's C-major symphony, a fantasia in D-major, for orchestra, by J. Guy Ropartz; "Don Juan," a tone poem by Richard Strauss, and the prelude to Wagner's "Meistersingers." A conservative offering, this, without soloists, and with one novelty, the Ropartz fantasia, which was played for the first time here. This latter work is built on two interrupted themes, the first a vigorous dance melody, and the second a tune more delicate in material. There seems to be but little connection between the two motifs, the orchestration of the different parts showing but little relation to each other; as if the composer had worked out separate ideas and then bridged a musical chasm as best he could. There are some moments of impressive orchestration in the heavier instruments, notably in the basses, in the opening measures and later in the brass contingent, but aside from an exhibition of considerable skill in handling the instruments the work contains little that is interesting. The orchestra acquitted itself well, the performance as a whole being up to the usual standard of the ensemble work of Mr Gericke's men.

The Schumann symphony went splendidly. The second movement, with its exquisite trilos, was given by the strings with perfect unison of rhythm, the beautiful cantabile quality of the third part was preserved throughout by each section of the orchestra, and in the finale the intricacies of the various passages, especially in the long coda, were played at smoothly as one could wish for.

"Don Juan," a typical Richard Strauss tone poem, was performed with all due regard to its required tonal vigor, and the "Meistersinger" prelude, which closed the program, was interpreted in the proper Wagnerian spirit. The audience was very liberal in its applause, and Mr Gericke was obliged to acknowledge many tributes of appreciation.

In the summary of the season's work the compilation in the program shows that 103 compositions were performed. The list was led by Wagner and Brahms, seven each; then came Dvorak with six, Mozart and Beethoven with five, Bruch, Schumann, R. Strauss and Tchaikowsky, four each.

Twenty works were performed for the first time here and 25 soloists have appeared, of which eight were pianists and six violinists. There were four changes from the announced programs, and Mr Hess conducted a few concerts when Mr Gericke was ill.

## TRIBUTE TO GERICKE CLOSES SEASON AT SYMPHONY.

## Final Concert Turned Into a Festal Occasion, Honors Being Awarded Both to the Leader and the Orchestra

By Kent Perkins.

A note of personal good will and a distinctly festal feeling characterized last night's Symphony concert, the twenty-fourth and last of the season. Leader Gericke's stand was decorated with green and white and when he appeared for the opening number he was welcomed with friendly and long-continued applause. Similar testimony of warm personal regard was given at the close of each number on the program, and after one specially popular selection the people would not be quieted till the orchestra had risen twice to acknowledge its share in the tribute of affection.

The pervading idea in the big audience plainly said: "We have passed a valuable and pleasant season together. We are grateful to you, Mr. Gericke, and to your splendid orchestra. We will not say good-bye, for we expect to meet you again in October. A delightful Summer to you!"

The programme was appropriate to the occasion. The opening and principal number, Schumann's Symphony No. 2 in C major, had a thread of melancholy and regret running through it; its third movement, the adagio, breathed tenderness and warm affection; but its final rush of triumphant harmonies expressed fittingly the dominant feeling of the people and the forward look toward bright future.

A Fantasia in D Major, by J. Guy Ropartz, a young French composer, heard here for the first time and built on two themes that are melodies of Brittany, the first being a lively dance tune and the second a tender song, was a beautifully expressive tone picture of out-door life in that picturesque corner of France. There were hints of the Summer landscape in Brittany, of festal peasant scenes, of shimmering romance, of chivalric stateliness and of heroic action.

The music was vigorous and stirring, and the development of both the melodies and harmonies was original, striking and vivid. The orchestra played with its very best spirit and skill of expression.

Richard Strauss's tone-poem, "Don Juan," which was given earlier in the season, was repeated by request and was played with fine vigor and appreciation. It aroused notable enthusiasm, and the people applauded till the orchestra joined the leader in acknowledging the tribute.

The programme closed with Wagner's prelude to "Die Meistersinger," which was given with an intensity of feeling and refinement of execution that Herr Corried and his opera orchestra might have heard with profit.

The opening concert of the twenty-fifth season will take place on October 14.

## POPS AND PEOPLE TOGETHER AGAIN

First Night at Symphony Hall of  
20th Season of Sprightly Con-  
certs Attended in Large Num-  
bers by Gay and Music-Loving.

Stirring strains from a Strube march, the Symphony orchestra, rustle of silken gowns, crackle of glistening shirt fronts, purr of foam and tinkle of glass, thin haze of smoke, appreciative attention, a spectacle of well-bred vivacity—the Pops!

May time brought the Pops to Symphony Hall once more. The opening of the 20th season was welcomed as cordially as ever. Old friends—Waldteufel Strube, Herbert, Strauss, Tchaikowski and Wagner—mingled pleasantly in the mauve and gold setting of Symphony Hall with a large assemblage of noteworthy people and the concomitant features of the Pops.

Fantastic musical comedy, dainty, entertaining and serious drama, dances, receptions, lectures—all give way at May time for the harmonious hobnobbing of "Black Bess," "Mignon," "Queen of Sheba," "Babes in Toyland," serenade from "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," and the "Sho-gun."

When Conductor Adamowski stepped upon his stand the tables were circled by many blithe parties. Clink of glass and soft swish suggested—suggested—Bohemia. Subdued laughter and low, modulated voices, quiet demeanor expressed Boston at a winter concert of the Symphony. Then thin spirals of smoke took you back to Bohemia.

Conductor Adamowski scanned his orchestra quietly, keenly. The conversation languished and the assemblage sat up expectantly. The baton gyrated gracefully, the violins answered with a rush of sound.

Strube scored effectually—musically. Then the sprightly music of "Mignon" pleasantly intruded. Eventually the spirited "España" of Waldteufels! And then, very logically, the Promenade!

Everybody went out to the spacious corridors and looked at everybody else smilingly and politely and bowed blithely to acquaintances and friends. Women told one another: "How splendid to have the 'Pops' with us once more!"

"How well the Symphony is playing!" "Mr. Adamowski conducts beautifully."

"There is so much charm in the atmosphere of the 'Pops'!"

Men remarked about the jolly old "Pops." "Nothing like them, you know."

Back among the tables and the spiral skeins of cigarette smoke to hear the

pretty music of "Babes in Toyland." Then the soft, sweet, sensuous Offenbach serenade. Finally the refreshing "Vienna Dude" of Von Blau, something you had not heard before, something you'd like to hear again. Then exit—well pleased with the 1905 "Pops." Carriage!

"Yes, charming."

"So fortunate to have the Symphony orchestra for the Pops! And Mr. Adamowski!"

"Yes—and Mr. Ellis and Mr. Comee. How splendidly they manage these affairs!"

Well known people in the audience: Mrs. John L. Gardner, Mrs. Timothee Adamowski, Miss Lena Little, Maj. and Mrs. H. L. Higginson, Miss Barbara Higginson, Miss Juliet Higginson, Alexander Higginson, Otto Roth, William P. Blake, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Richmond, Rufus Wills Page, Mr. Alberta and party, Walter Dugan, Mr. and Mrs. F. O. North, William T. Reid, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Steinert, S. H. Hudson, Mrs. F. R. Comee, Mr. and Mrs. Otis Kimball, Miss Estelle Kimball, Richard Heard, Capt. and Mrs. Alline, Julian Chamberlin, Mr. and Mrs. McQuesten, J. A. Fox, Percy Houghton, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Barron, Miss Ellen Todd, Dr. and Mrs. Foster Bush, Mr. and Mrs. Holman, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Hurtubis, Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Denee, Mr. S. Parkman Shaw and son, Elbridge Fernald and party.

### Symphony Hall: Pop Concert

Once more the Pop Concerts have begun, with even more magnificence than ever before. The opening last night, indeed, was grand. The hall, to begin with, was crowded, apparently all the tables on the floor being occupied, and both balconies were well filled. The spectacle was truly brilliant. Frequenters of the opera, which, it would seem, we are to have no more, complain that Boston women do not dress gayly for appearances in public. But these people are wrong. To see finely dressed ladies, one does not go to the opera, but to the Pops. On the whole, perhaps, the high-water mark was reached yesterday evening. Never before, surely, has there been such a display in Symphony Hall. And the men did not lag behind; tail coats were the rule rather than the exception. Among the gorgeous throng there was a goodly proportion of fine company. The occasion was grand.

Like everything else, of course, the opening had the defects of its qualities. Functions are not, it is usually held, entirely gay, and last night's entertainment might perhaps, under different circumstances, have been livelier. The programme, for instance, was adapted rather to please the tastes of the fine people assembled than to entertain such persons as might feel disposed to step into the hall for a few moments to take a glass of beer and listen to a waltz or two. There were three overtures played, those to "Mignon" and "Rienzi" and Tchaikowsky's "1812." There was also ballet music from Goldmark's "Queen of Sheba," and a charming serenade out of Offenbach's "Les Contes d'Hoffmann." In lighter vein were Mr. Strube's march "Black Bess," selections from "Babes in Toyland" and "The Sho-Gun," the overture to "Die Fledermaus," waltzes by Wald-



teufel and Vollstedt and a march entitled "Vienna Dude." Perhaps Mr. Adamowski could not have arranged a programme better calculated to please all tastes, those of gentle and simple alike. But does not Mr. Adamowski overestimate the taste of the gentle? Although people in glad raiment were far more plenty last night than plain persons, the musical number that seemed to give most pleasure was the selection from "Babes in Toyland." Fine feathers will not create a taste for Tschalkowsky. For the greater contentment of all "classes," let the music be light. Yesterday, by the way, the programme was admirably played, for Mr. Adamowski is not only a musician of temperament and charm, but a conductor of authority. Both musically and socially, in short, the opening Pop was a notable success. R. R. G.

Trans. May 2, 1905

Pop Concerts

MONDAY, MAY 15, 1905.

1,000th Performance, Reminiscence Night.

PROGRAMME.

1. MARCH, "Hoch Habsburg" . . . . . Kral
2. OVERTURE, "William Tell" . . . . . Rossini  
Solo Violoncello, Mr. JOSEF KELLER.  
Played as No. 2 at first "Pop" Concert, July 11, 1885.
3. WALTZ, "Thousand and One Nights" . . . . . Strauss
4. OVERTURE, "Martha" . . . . . Flotow
5. SELECTION, "The Sphinx" . . . . . Thompson
6. { a. "LOIN DU BAL" . . . . . Gillet  
  b. INTRODUCTION, Act III., "Lohengrin" . . . . . Wagner
7. LARGO . . . . . Handel
8. FAREWELL SYMPHONY . . . . . Haydn
9. SELECTION, "Babes in Toyland" . . . . . Herbert
10. WALTZ, "Grubenlichter" . . . . . Zeller
11. SELECTION, "Yankee Consul" . . . . . Robyn
12. MARCH, "Up the Street" . . . . . Morse

Hume Piano Used.

# Large Audience in Symphony Hall Enjoys the 1000th "Pop" Concert

## Every Number of Programme Applauded—"Farewell Symphony," Impressively Rendered, Creates Deep Sensation.

Herald May 16, 1905

Nearly 20 years ago musical Boston went to Music Hall with much eclat and listened delightedly to the first "Pop" concert; last night many people listened with equal delight to the 1000th "Pop" concert. Under Mr. Neuendorff, the orchestra, 20 years ago, gave selections from Strauss, Wagner, Suppe, Waldteufel, Lecocq and Reissiger; under Mr. Adamowski last night, the Symphony players rendered Strauss, Wagner, Waldteufel, Gillet, Handel and Haydn. Seven hundred and ninety-five concerts in old Music Hall and 205 in Symphony—high class concerts—the "Pops"! You told your guest that it was an institution thoroughly appreciated by Boston people.

The large audience last evening showed its liking for the "Pops," with much enthusiasm. Every number on the programme was applauded, and one very charming feature was given significant demonstration.

For the closing selection of part 2 the orchestra played the "Farewell Symphony." The hall was darkened; the stands were lighted by candles. From time to time a player blew out his candle and quietly withdrew. The orchestra dwindled to 20, then to 10, then to five—finally to only two. The strain wavered, softened and then expired. Then the last remaining violinists rose softly and tiptoed out in the semi-darkness. It was an effectively impressive bit of sentiment, and the recovery of the audience from the spell was marked by an enthusiastic tribute to the players—to the 1000th "Pop."

## AT 1000TH "POP."

### Many Old Favorites in Its Special Program.

### Haydn's "Farewell Symphony" Given as a Feature.

Globe May 16, 1905

The 1000th "Pop" popped in spite of the fog last night, and was thoroughly enjoyed by a large audience, most of whom were old-timers, and there for the purpose of hearing old-time music—in a sense.

These concerts have now been in existence so long that people have "memories," and pieces like "Loin du Bal," Haendel's "Largo" from the regulem mass, the good old "William Tell" overture, and the introduction of the third act of "Lohengrin," Schumann's "Traumerel," or the "Derniere Sommeil d'une Vierge," mean to thousands a recollection of an evening spent perhaps across the table from a pair of eyes, with smoke and music, and even a phrase, or a look, that will never be separated again from the tune.

Of the 1000 concerts 795 were given in old Music hall, and 205 have been given in Symphony hall. There have been 10

conductors, beginning with Neuendorff, and counting Mullaly, Rietzel, Kneisel, Adamowski, Gruenberg, de Novellis, Max Zach, Leo Schultz and Gustav Strube. Only one halt has been made; in the summer of 1890 there were no concerts.

The program for the first "Pop" included the "Imperial" march by Resch, the overture to "William Tell," "Mon Reve," the Waldteufel waltz; selections from "The Little Duke," by Lecocq—who hears of "The Little Duke" today?—Suppe's overture "Morning, Noon and Night in Vienna," "Reminiscences from Tannhauser," a "pizzicato polka" by Strauss, Ernest Scherz' arrangement of Bilse's music condensing a whole concert into one piece; "Die Felsenmuhle," a forgotten but pretty piece by Reissiger; the "Donau Lieder" waltzes of Strauss, favorites 20 years ago; a paraphrase of "Die Lorelei," and a galop, "Shooting Star," by Bial.

Of these only the "William Tell" overture was on last night's program. Indeed, so many of the old-time favorites crowded for recognition that the selection came to call for diplomacy. A fine program was finally arranged, with a most unusual feature. The Haydn "Farewell symphony" was played. At every music desk a small candle was lighted, as orchestras were lighted when the farewell symphony was written. All other lights on the stage were put out, and those in the auditorium were lowered. In semigloom the players departed one by one, each blowing out his candle as he left. The sentiment of it was prettily enforced, and the audience was mightily pleased when the last two violins departed, and Mr Adamowski, blowing out his own last twinkle, followed them.

Other pieces of the old-time concerts on the program were the good old "Hoch Hapsburg" march that has stirred so many a student gathering in Music hall, the Strauss "Thousand and One Nights" waltz, which apparently was chosen for its title; the overture to



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"Martha" selections from L. B. Thompson's "Pudding" opera, "The Sphinx"—Mr Thompson himself was in the audience—"Loin du Bal," the introduction to the third act of "Lohengrin," and the Haendel largo, without which, of course, the evening would have had almost no meaning. The final set of pieces were modern, in deference to new-comers, probably.

## TEN HUNDREDTH "POP" CONCERT

Night of Reminiscences at Symphony Hall and Some Novelties.

Journal — May 16, 1905

It was a night of reminiscences at Symphony Hall last night, when for the 1000th time a "Pop" concert was given by the players of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. And, indeed, it seemed a far cry that first tentative and experimental "Pop" of 1885 to the finished and accepted product of last night.

On the program last night the second number, the overture from William Tell, was also the second number upon that first "Pop" program twenty years ago. Among the other numbers many old-time favorites found places, and were given cordial greeting by the audience. The Harvard contingent was brought up standing by the selections from "The sphinx," the tuneful Hasty Pudding Club play of 1892, that in its time had an honored place upon the programs of the "Pop" concerts.

Among the best received of the number were the "Largo" of Handel, and Haydn's "Farewell Symphony," which ended the second section of the program. The lights in the hall were dimmed during the last number and through the orchestra were scattered tiny, flickering torches. Singly and in groups as the development of the theme progressed, the players blew out these lights, and with their instruments under their arms slowly left the stage. Slowly the orchestra dwindled until with the final bars of the melody only the leader, with a first and second violin, were left upon the stage.

Though it is twenty years since the first Pop was given, there are two veterans of the Music Hall service. George Hartshorn, head usher, and George Schad, doorkeeper of the Symphonies and cashier of the refreshment department of the "Pops," were both at the concert last night, looking down from the heights of thirty-six years and twenty-nine years, respectively, spent in and about the Symphony headquar-

ters. Even the waiters now have honorable chevrons for long service. There are fourteen whose terms range from nineteen to five years, and for each five-year period Assistant Manager Fred R. Comee has furnished them with a silver stripe upon the sleeve.

Ten conductors have led the orchestra since its first dip into popular music. They include Ad Neuendorff, John C. Mullaly, Wilhelm Rietzel, Franz Kneisel, T. Adamowski, E. Gruenberg, A. de Novellis, Max Zach, Lee Schultz and Gustav Strube.

### THE 1000TH "POP" CONCERT.

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Concerto in B-flat major, No. 2, for Pianoforte, Op. 83. (RAFAEL JOSEFFY.) December 31, 1904 . . . . .	628
Concerto in D major, for Violin, Op. 77. (FRITZ KREISLER.) March 11, 1905 . . . . .	1194
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Concerto No. 2, in D minor, Op. 44. (EUGENE YSAYE.) December 3, 1904 . . . . .	444
Serenade for Violin and Orchestra, Op. 75.** (MARIE NICHOLS.*) February 11, 1905 . . . . .	972
Penelope's Lament from "Odysseus," Op. 41. (MURIEL FOSTER.) January 7, 1905 . . . . .	713
CAETANI: Symphonic Prelude in A minor, No. 5, Op. 11.** January 28, 1905 . . . . .	843



"Martha" selections from L. S. Thompson's "Pudding" opera, "The Sphinx"—Mr Thompson himself was in the audience—"Loin du Bal," the introduction to the third act of "Lohengrin," and the Haendel largo, without which, of course, the evening would have had almost no meaning. The final set of pieces were modern, in deference to new-comers, probably.

## TEN HUNDREDTH "POP" CONCERT

Night of Reminiscences at Symphony Hall and Some Novelties.

Journal — May 16, 1905

It was a night of reminiscences at Symphony Hall last night, when for the 1000th time a "Pop" concert was given by the players of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. And, indeed, it seemed a far cry that first tentative and experimental "Pop" of 1885 to the finished and accepted product of last night.

On the program last night the second number, the overture from William Tell, was also the second number upon that first "Pop" program twenty years ago. Among the other numbers many old-time favorites found places, and were given cordial greeting by the audience. The Harvard contingent was brought up standing by the selections from "The sphinx," the tuneful Hasty Pudding Club play of 1892, that in its time had an honored place upon the programs of the "Pop" concerts.

Among the best received of the number were the "Largo" of Handel, and Haydn's "Farewell Symphony," which ended the second section of the program. The lights in the hall were dimmed during the last number and through the orchestra were scattered tiny, flickering torches. Singly and in groups as the development of the theme progressed, the players blew out these lights, and with their instruments under their arms slowly left the stage. Slowly the orchestra dwindled until with the final bars of the melody only the leader, with a first and second violin, were left upon the stage.

Though it is twenty years since the first Pop was given, there are two veterans of the Music Hall service. George Hartshorn, head usher, and George Schad, doorkeeper of the Symphonies and cashier of the refreshment department of the "Pops," were both at the concert last night, looking down from the heights of thirty-six years and twenty-nine years, respectively, spent in and about the Symphony headquar-

ters. Even the waiters now have honorable chevrons for long service. There are fourteen whose terms range from nineteen to five years, and for each five-year period Assistant Manager Fred R. Comee has furnished them with a silver stripe upon the sleeve.

Ten conductors have led the orchestra since its first dip into popular music. They include Ad Neuendorff, John C. Mullaly, Wilhelm Rietzel, Franz Kneisel, T. Adamowski, E. Gruenberg, A. de Novellis, Max Zach, Lee Schultz and Gustav Strube.

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CAETANI: Symphonic Prelude in A minor, No. 5, Op. 11.** January 28, 1905 . . . . .	843



CHOPIN: Concerto No. 2, in F minor, Op. 21, for the Piano-forte and Orchestra. (VLADIMIR DE PACHMANN) October 29, 1904. (IGNAZ PADEREWSKI) April 22, 1905. 156, 1500  
 CONVERSE: Two Poems, "Night" and "Day," for Pianoforte and Orchestra, Op. 11.† (Pianoforte, HEINRICH GEBHARD.) January 21, 1905. 778

§No note was prepared for this concerto, for Mr. Hess played it at short notice in consequence of the sudden indisposition of Mr. Schmedes, who was announced to play Vieuxtemps's Concerto No. 4, in D minor.

CORNELIUS: Overture to the Opera, "The Barber of Bagdad." January 28, 1905. 825  
 DEBUSSY: Prelude to Mallarmé's Eclogue, "The Afternoon of a Faun."\* December 31, 1904. 632  
 DUKAS: Scherzo, "The Sorcerer's Apprentice."\*\* October 22, 1904. 84  
 DVOŘÁK: Symphony No. 5, in E minor, "From the New World," Op. 95. October 15, 1904. 33  
 Suite in D major, Op. 39. October 15, 1904. 28  
 Overture, "Othello," Op. 93. October 15, 1904. 12  
 Overture, "Carnival," Op. 92. January 7, 1905. 725  
 Alto Solo, "Inflamatus et Accensus,"\* from the "Stabat Mater," Op. 58. (Mrs. LOUISE HOMER.) October 15, 1904. 25  
 Quartet, "Quis est Homo,"\* from the "Stabat Mater," Op. 58. (Mrs. GRACE B. WILLIAMS,\* Mrs. LOUISE HOMER,\* Mr. THEODORE VAN YORX,\* Mr. L. B. MERRILL.\*) October 15, 1904. 33  
 ELGAR: "Sea Pictures," Nos. 2,\*\* 4,\*\* 5,\*\* Op. 37, for Contralto and Orchestra. (MURIEL FOSTER.) January 7, 1905. 720  
 ERLANGER, FRÉDÉRIC D': "Morte," Song with Pianoforte.\*\* (CHARLES GILIBERT.) December 23, 1904. 588  
 FAURÉ: "Pelleas and Melisande," Suite from Stage Music to Maeterlinck's Tragedy, Op. 80.\* December 17, 1904. 498  
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 GERICKE. See Bach and Brahms.  
 GLUCK: Recitative, "The Gods have foreshewn me," and Aria, "Foreboding Fears of Ill,"\* from "Iphigenia in Tauris." (GIUSEPPE CAMPANARI.) March 4, 1905. 1121  
 GOLDMARK: Overture, "Sappho." November 26, 1904. 372  
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 GRIEG: Concerto in A minor, for Pianoforte and Orchestra, Op. 16. (CORNELIUS RUEBNER.\*) March 25, 1905. 1242  
 HADLEY: Symphony No. 2, F minor, "The Four Seasons," Op. 30.\*\* April 15, 1905. 1425  
 HANDEL: Concerto Grosso, No. 12, in B minor. April 8, 1905. 1376  
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HUBER: Symphony No. 2, E minor, "Böcklin," Op. 115. April 1, 1905. 1324  
 INDY, VINCENT D': Symphony in B-flat major, No. 2, Op. 57.\*\* January 7, 1905. 689  
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 LALO: Aubade from "Le Roi d'Ys," with Pianoforte. (CHARLES GILIBERT.) December 23, 1904. 589  
 LISZT: Symphonic Poem No. 7, "Fest-Klänge." April 15, 1904. 1461  
 Symphonic Poem No. 11, "The Battle of the Huns." November 26, 1904. 364  
 Legend, "The Sermon of Saint Francis of Assisi to the Birds," orchestrated by Felix Mottl.\*\* December 3, 1904. 440  
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 MASSENET: Alain's Air, "Open, ye Gates of Paradise,"\* from the Opera "Griselda." (ELLISON VAN HOOSE.) April 15, 1905. 1438  
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 Overture, "Sea-calm and Prosperous Voyage." April 22, 1905. 1485  
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 MOZART: Symphony in C major, No. 34 (K. 338). December 17, 1904. 485  
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 Recitative, "How Susanna delays," and Aria, "Flown Forever,"\* from "The Marriage of Figaro." JOHANNA GADSKI.) November 19, 1904. 282  
 "Turn your Glance on him,"\* from "Così fan Tutte." (GIUSEPPE CAMPANARI.) March 4, 1905. 1128  
 RACHMANINOFF: Concerto for Pianoforte and Orchestra, in F-sharp minor, Op. 1.\*\* (CARLO BUONAMICI.) December 17, 1904. 494  
 RIMSKY-KORSAKOFF: Symphonic Suite, "Scheherazade" (after "The Thousand Nights and a Night"), Op. 35. February 4, 1905. 911  
 "Sadko," a Musical Picture, Op. 5.\*\* March 25, 1905. 1251  
 ROPARTZ: Fantasia in D major.\*\* April 29, 1905. 1556  
 SAINT-SAËNS: Symphony No. 1, in E-flat major, Op. 2.\*\* November 26, 1904. 341  
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 SCHUBERT: Symphony in C major, No. 7. March 4, 1905. 1136  
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 SCHUMANN: Symphony No. 2, in C major, Op. 61. April 29, 1905. 1549  
 Symphony in E-flat major, No. 3, "Rhenish," Op. 97. December 3, 1904. 450  
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Concerto in A minor, for Pianoforte, Op. 54. (ERNEST SCHELLING.**)	February 25, 1905 . . . . .	1042
SINDING: Épisodes Chevaleresques, Suite in F major, for Orchestra, Op. 35 (Nos. I., II., IV.).**	February 25, 1905 . . . . .	1033
SMETANA: Overture to the Opera, "The Kiss"*** (played only at the public rehearsal, April 7, 1905; Beethoven's "Leonore" No. 3 was substituted at the concert, April 8)		1361
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STRUBE: Symphonic Poem, "Longing," for Viola and Orchestra.† (Viola, EMILE FERIR.†) April 22, 1905 . . . . .		1490
SUK: Symphony in E major, Op. 14.** October 29, 1904 . . . . .		164
TSCHAIKOWSKY: "Manfred" Symphony, Op. 58 (after Byron's Dramatic Poem). March 11, 1905 . . . . .		1169
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Concerto in D major, for Violin and Orchestra, Op. 35. (KARL BARLEBEN.*†) April 1, 1905 . . . . .		1300
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VOLKMANN: Concerto in A minor, for Violoncello and Orchestra, Op. 33. (RUDOLF KRASSELT.†) January 28, 1905 . . . . .		838
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Italian Serenade for Small Orchestra.** April 1, 1905 . . . . .		1320

# WORKS PERFORMED FOR THE FIRST TIME IN BOSTON.

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HADLEY: Symphony No. 2, F minor, "The Four Seasons," Op. 30. April 15, 1905.
D'INDY: Symphony in B-flat major, No. 2, Op. 57. January 7, 1905.
SAINT-SAËNS: Symphony No. 1, in E-flat major, Op. 2. No-

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SUK: Symphony in E major, Op. 14. October 29, 1904 . . . . .	4
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RIMSKY-KORSAKOFF: "Sadko," a Musical Picture, Op. 5. March 25, 1905.	
ROPARTZ: Fantasia in D major. April 29, 1905.	
STRUBE: Symphonic Poem, "Longing," for Viola (EMILE FERIR.†) and Orchestra.† April 22, 1905.	
WOLF: "Penthesilea" (after Kleist's Tragedy). November 19, 1904 . . . . .	4
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CAETANI: Symphonic Prelude in A minor, No. 5, Op. 11. January 28, 1905.	
GOLDMARK: Overture, "In Italy," Op. 49. February 4, 1905.	
SMETANA: Overture to the Opera, "The Kiss." Public rehearsal only, April 7, 1905.	
VAN DER STUCKEN: Symphonic Festival Prologue, "Pax Triumphans," Op. 26. December 23, 1904 . . . . .	4
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LISZT-MOTTI: Legend, "The Sermon of Saint Francis of Assisi to the Birds." December 3, 1904.	
SINDING: "Épisodes Chevaleresques," Suite in F major, Op. 35 (Nos. I., II., IV.). February 25, 1905.	
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CONCERTOS.	
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BRAHMS: Symphony No. 1, in C minor, Op. 68.	
Symphony No. 3, in F major, Op. 90 . . . . .	2
DVOŘÁK: Symphony No. 5, in E minor, "From the New World," Op. 95 . . . . .	1
FRANCK: Symphony in D minor (twice) . . . . .	2
HADLEY: Symphony No. 2, F minor, "The Four Seasons," Op. 30** . . . . .	1
HAYDN: Symphony in E-flat major (B. & H., No. 1).	
Symphony in G major, "Oxford" . . . . .	2
HUBER: Symphony No. 2, E minor, "Böcklin," Op. 115 . . . . .	1
D'INDY: Symphony No. 2, in B-flat major, Op. 57** . . . . .	1
MOZART: Symphony in C major (K. 338).	
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SAINT-SAËNS: Symphony No. 1, in E-flat major, Op. 2** . . . . .	1
SCHUBERT: Symphony in C major, No. 7 . . . . .	1
SCHUMANN: Symphony No. 2, in C major, Op. 61.	

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SUK: Symphony in E major, Op. 14** . . . . .	1
TSCHAIKOWSKY: "Manfred" Symphony, Op. 58.	
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FAURÉ: "Pelleas and Melisande," Suite from Stage Music to Maeterlinck's Tragedy, Op. 80* . . . . .	1
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Vieuxtemps's Violin Concerto in D minor, No. 4, Op. 31, announced to be played on November 12, 1904, by Mr. Schmedes,† was not played; for notes see page 208. Mr. Hess† played in its stead Bruch's G minor Concerto, Op. 26.

Instead of Bruch's Fantasia on Scottish Airs for Violin, announced for Decembre 3, 1904, Bruch's Concerto No. 2, in D minor, Op. 44, was played by Mr. Ysaye.

Beethoven's overture, "Leonore" No. 3, was substituted April 8, 1905, for Smetana's overture to "The Kiss," played on April 7, 1905.

Schubert's Funeral March, orchestrated by Liszt, was played at the beginning of the concert of January 7, 1905, as a tribute to the memory of Theodore Thomas.



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\*\*\*

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\*\*\*

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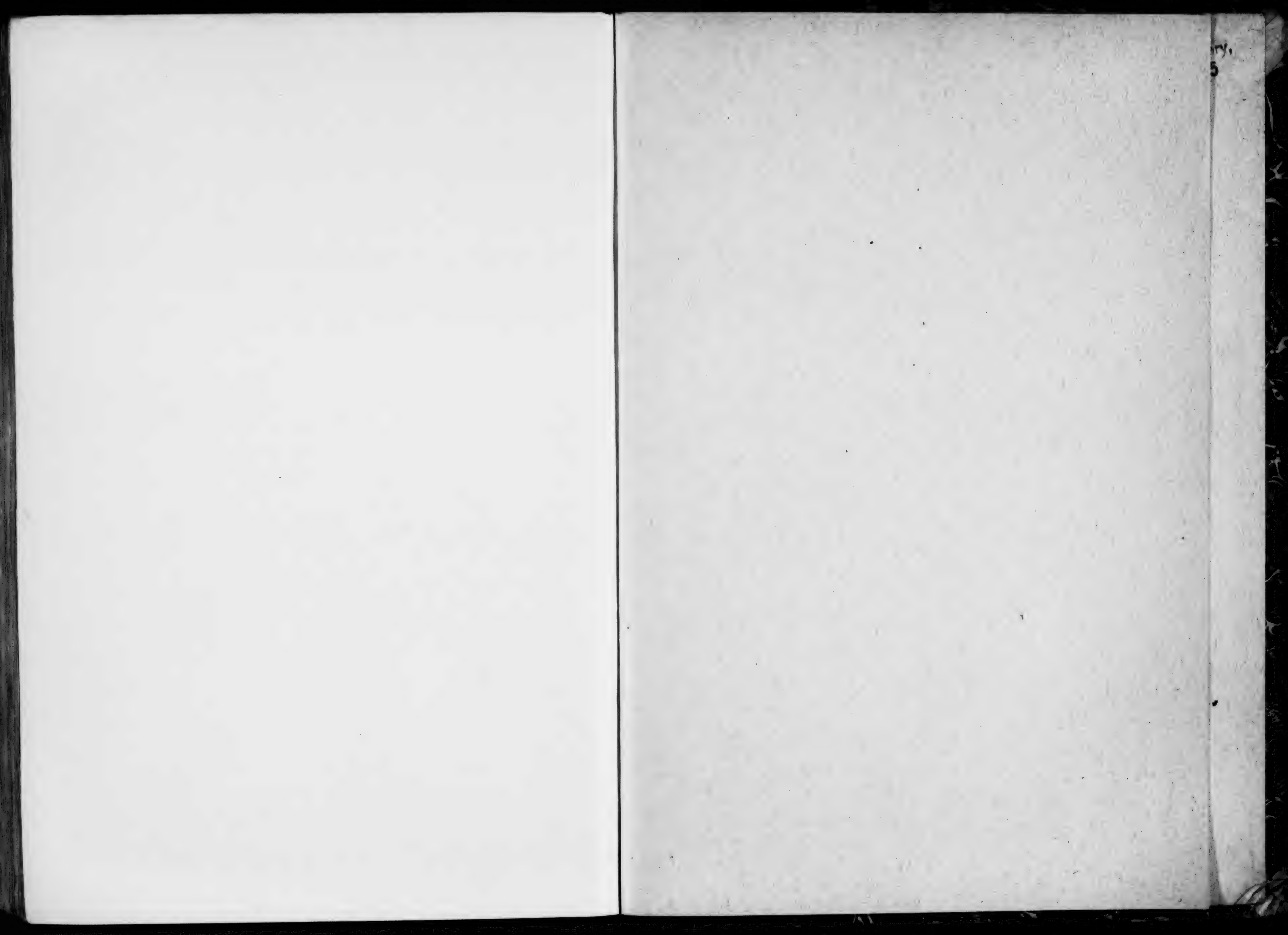
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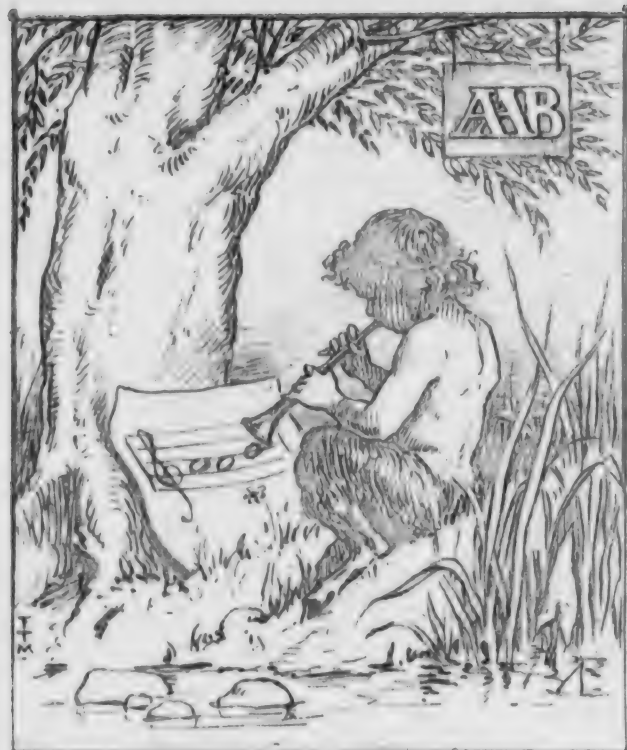




# VOLUME 25

1905-1906





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A prompt reply is earnestly requested, as it is intended that the name of every subscriber shall appear on a scroll to be presented to Mr. Gericke.



BOSTON, April 5, 1906.

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¶ It is proposed, therefore, to present to him some appropriate expression of this feeling before his departure.

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✻ 1905-1906 ✻

PROGRAMMES AND COMMENTS

COMPILED BY

ALLEN A. BROWN



L. S. Spence.



Dec. 30	Dec. 23	Dec. 16	Dec. 2	Nov. 25	Nov. 18	Nov. 4	Oct. 28	Oct. 21	Oct. 14
10	9	8	7	6	5	4	3	2	1

**SYMPHONY HALL**  
BOSTON  
HUNTINGTON &  
MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE

**BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA**

MR. WILHELM GERICKE  
- CONDUCTOR -

CONCERTS:  
SATURDAY EVENINGS AT 8 O'CLOCK  
TWENTY-FIFTH SEASON, 1905-1906

Feb. 3	Feb. 10	Feb. 17	Feb. 24	Mar. 3	Mar. 10	Mar. 17	Mar. 24	Mar. 31	Apr. 7	Apr. 14	Apr. 21	Apr. 28
15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27

**RIGHT**

**A**

**4**

**SECOND BALCONY**



This ticket must be presented to the door-keeper at every performance. Persons neglecting to bring tickets will be admitted to the hall only by purchasing an evening ticket.

214 Boylston St.  
Boston Mass

ADDRESS

Warren Davenport

NAME

The owner of this ticket will please write name and address on the lines below as an aid to its recovery in case of loss.

# SPECIAL NOTICE.

## Index

Composer	Name of Work	Concert	Date of Performance
Bach J.S.	Pastorale from Christmas Oratorio	IX	Dec 23. 1905
	Suite for Orch. in D maj:	XX	Mar 31. 1906
	Toccata in F maj: for Organ Wallace Goodrich	XXII	Apr 14. "
	Prelude, Adagio in G major, arr. by Bachrichs	XXIV	Apr 28. "
Beethoven	Symphony No. 2. op 36	I	Oct 14. 05 + Jan 6. 06
	" " 3. " 55	III	" 28. 05
	" " 5 " 68	IX	Dec 23. 05 + Apr 28. 06
	" " 8 " 93	XIX	Mar 14. 06
	Over. "Dedication of the House" op 124 } George Henschel, Conductor }	Penn. Concert	Nov 26. 05
	" "Egmont" op 84.	XIV	Feb 3. 06
	" "Leonore No 3	Gen. Benefit	Apr 24. 06
	Concert Violin solo op 61 Willy Hess	XI	Jan 6. "
	Concerto P.F. for Orch. No. 5 op 73 Adele aus der Ohe	XII	Jan 20. 06
Berlioz H.	Excerpts from "Damnation of Faust"	San Fran. Fund	Apr 29. 06
Boche, Ernst	"Ulysses Departure & Shipwreck" op 6	XXIX	Mar 3. 06
Brahms J.	Symphony No 2 op 73	XI	Jan 6. 06
	" " 4 " 98	XX	Mar 31. "
Bucini F.B.	Comedy Overture op 38	VI	Nov 25. 05
	Gehamische Suite No. 2 op 34-A	XX	Mar 31. 06
Chausson E.	Symphony in B flat op 20	XII	Jan 20. 06
Coleridge-Taylor	Onaway! Awake Beloved! with orch. Ben. Davies	XXII	Apr 14. 06
Convers F.S.	Ballade op 72. "La Belle Dame sans merci" For Bar. & Orch David Bispham	XVII	Mar 3. 06



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# TIGHT BINDING

Debussy C.	Prelude, 'The afternoon of a Faun' for orch.	XVIII	Feb 10. 1906
Dukas	'The Sorcerer's Apprentice' orch: V.D'Indy. Conductor	VII	Dec 2. 05
Dvorak A.	Symph. Poem: 'The Wood Dove' op 110 Overture 'Nature' op 91 Concert in B min. op 104 Cello + orch. Kernick Warnie	I IX III	Oct 14. 05 Dec 23 " Oct 28. "
Elgar Ed.	Concert over 'In the South' op 50.	X	Dec 30. 05
Fauré G.	'Pelleas et Melisande' Suite op 80 V.D'Indy. Conductor	VII	Dec 2. 05
Franch B.	Symphony in D min: 'Psyche and Cupid' from Psyche " " " " } " " Gardens of Cupid } " "	Gerick's Benefit VII XXI	Apr 24. 06 Dec 2. 05 Apr 7. 06
Glazunow A.	Symph. Pictorial 'The Kremlin' op 30	XIII	Jan 26. 06
Goldmark C.	Ouv. 'In the Spring' op 36 " 'Sakuntala' " 13 " " " " } " " Concerto V. orch op 28 Jacques Hoffmann	I XVIII Gerick's Benefit XXI	Oct 14. 05 Feb 10. 06 Apr 24. " Apr 7. "
Goldmark, Rubin	Ouv. to 'Hiawatha'	XI	Jan 6. 1906
Grieg Ed.	Concerto P.F. + orch. op 16 Mine Olga Samaroff	XXIII	Apr 21. 06
Handel	Ouv. to 'Tasso' for orch. 'Largo' for strings 'Oh had I but a Lyre' for harp Van Hissin de Moss	XXIX San Fran. Fund XX	Feb 24. 06 Apr 29. 06 Feb 31. 06

Haydn	Symphony B flat Dtt. No. 8 " D maj " " 2	VIII XV	Dec 16. 1905 Feb 10. 06
Humperdinck	A. Introd. 3 <sup>rd</sup> Act - 'Kings Children' B. 'Humoresque' "	VIII	Dec 16. 05
L'Indy V.	Symphony B flat No. 2. op 57 Istar: Symph. Var. op 42 V.D'Indy. Conductor Symph. on a Mountain Air op 25 P.F. + orch. Kernick Gebhard	VII " XV	Dec 2. 05 " " " Feb 10. 06
Jacqu. Dalarze	Concert V. orch. C min. op 50 Henri Marteau	XXIV	Feb 10. 06
Loeffler C.M.	'The Devil's Vengeance' op 9	VI	Nov 25. 05
Liszt F.	'A Faust Symphony' in C min: Symph. Poem No 2. 'Tasso' " " " 4 'Orpheus' Piano Concerto No 1. in E flat Rudolph Ganz Mine Olga Samaroff Piano Concerto No. 2. A maj Waldemar Lutschg Song 'The Conkey' with orch. Mad. Louise Homer	XXII VIII XII XIX San. Fran. Fund II I	Apr 14. 06 Dec 16. 05 Jan 20. 06 Feb 24. 06 Apr 29. 06 Oct 21. 05 Oct 14. 05
Mac Dowell Ent.	Two Symph Poem from 'Lancelot + Elaine'	XIV	Feb 24. 06
Mahler Gust	Symphony No 5 in C <sup>+</sup> min " " "	XIV XVI	Feb 3. 06 Feb 24. "
Mancinus	Air from 'Hans Heiling' with orch: David Bispham	XXVII	Feb 3. 06
Mendelssohn	Symphony in A min op 90 (Italian) Ouv. 'Calme Sea + Prosperous Voyage' " Fair Melusina op 32	XXIII XII XXIV	Apr 21. 06 Jan 20 " Feb 3. "



Composer	Work	Instrumentation	Date	Program	Notes	Date
Mendelssohn	Concerto V <sup>o</sup> + Orch. 464	XIII	Jan 27. 1906	Strawns, Rich:	Tone Poem "Death + Transfiguration" 423	Oct 21.05 - Apr 21.06
	Miss Marie Halle				" " "Don Juan" 420	Nov 26.05
Mozart	Symphony in G minor K 550	V	Nov 18.05		Tell Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks 428	Jan 6.06
	" C major Jupiter, K 551	XIII	Jan 27.06		Symph. Fantasia 416. "Aus Italien"	Mar 3.06
	Teene and Rendo "El Paso" Cosi fan Tutte	X	Dec 30.05	Tschaikowsky	Symphony No 4 in F minor 436	Oct 21.05
	"Mad Emma Sames				" " "6 Pathétique" 74	Nov 26.05
	"The Pangs of Hell" from The Magic Flute	IX	Mar 31.06		"Francesca da Rimini" orch. Fant. 432	Dec 30.05
	Mrs. Hiram de Moss				"Romeo + Juliet" Fant. f. orch.	Apr 28.06
Panic J. K.	Prelude to "The Birds of Airs Trophane"	V	Nov 18.05		Theme Var. from Suite 3. 455	Nov. 18.05
Rossini	Orw. "William Tell"	Jan. From Fund	Apr 29.06	Wagner R.	Orw. "Flying Dutchman"	Apr 29.06
Rubinstein A.	Concerto No 4 in D minor 470	XVI	Feb 24.06		" " "Tannhauser"	Apr 29.06
	P.F. orch: Ernest Hutchinson				"Bacchanale from Tannhauser"	Nov 26.05
Saint-Saens C.	Concerto Cello orch 433	XV	Feb 10.06		" " " "	Nov 4.05
	Miss Elva Rieggner				"March of Homage"	" 4 "
Schilling M.	Prelude 3 act. Pipers Holiday	XVI	Apr 7.06		"Vorspiel + Liebestod Tristan"	Apr 1.06
Schubert F.	Unfinished Symphony in B minor	III	Oct 28.05		"Mme Hiram de Moss }	Apr 1.06
	Symphony in C major No 7.	XVII	Mar 10.06		"Intro. + Prayer" Tannhauser }	Nov 4.05
	"Die Altmacht" with orch.	X	Dec 30.05		"Siegfried Parting from Brunnhilde" } Götter-	Apr 24.06
	"Mad. Emma Sames				" " "Death + Funeral March" } Dämmerung	" 14.06
Schumann R.	Symphony No 1. B flat 438	VI	Nov 25.05		"Closing Scene" "Dark of the Gods"	Apr 1.06
	" " 4 D minor 120	XXI	Apr 7.06		"Good Friday Spell" Parsifal	Apr 1.06
	Concerto P.F. orch. 454	XIV	Feb 3.06		"Grail Scene act 1."	Apr 1.06
	M. Harold Bauer				"Apollo Club"	Apr 1.06
Sinding, Ch.	Concerto V <sup>o</sup> orch 445	V	Nov 18.05		"Selection Siegfried + Dark of the Gods"	Apr 1.06
	Felix Winter nly				"Spinning Chorus" Thursday Evening Club	" 1. "
Smetana	Orw. to "Libussa"	II	Oct 21.05		"Scene + Aria" "Just God" from Ringi	Oct 14.05
Strube	Concerto V <sup>o</sup> orch. 7 <sup>o</sup> minor	IX	Dec 23.05		"Mme Louise Homer	Nov 4.05
	P. Adamowski				"Elizabeth's Greeting" from Tannhauser	" 4.05
					"Mine Gadski	
					"Proze Song" from the "Meistranger"	
					"Ellen von Hoese"	
				Weber C. v.	Orw. to "Frischheit"	Feb 24.06
					" " "Euryanthe"	Apr 21.06



12  
Weber Com. V.

Concert Piece in F min op 79  
P. F. Tord. Alfred Reisenauer  
Ora Through the Forest "Fräischütz"  
Mr Ben Davies  
Wie nahe mir der Schlummer  
Mad. Gadoski

VIII

Dec 16. 05

XXII

Apr 14. 06

Gerike  
Benefit

Apr 24. 06

Webber

Symphony in C min.

X

Dec 30. 05

### Soloists

Piano

Aus der Ohe, Adele  
Bauer, Harold  
Ganz, Rudolf  
Hutchison, Ernest  
Luetichg, Waldemar  
Reisenauer, Alfred  
Tamaroff, Mme Olga  
Gebhard, Heinrich  
Adamowski, T.  
Hale, Miss Marie  
Heermann, Hugo  
Hess, Prof. Willy  
Hoffmann, Jacques  
Manteau, Henri  
Winternitz, Felix

Jan 20. 1906

Feb 3 "

Mar 4 "

Feb 24 "

Oct 21. 1905

Dec 16 "

Apr 21. 1906

Feb 10. "

Dec 23. 1905

Jan 27. 1906

Nov 25. 1905

Jan 6. 1906

Apr 7 "

Mar 10 "

Nov 18. 1905

Violinists

Violoncellists

Ruegger, Miss Elsa  
Wurmke, Heinrich

Feb 16. 1906

Oct 18. 1905

Vocalists

Eames, Mad. Emma  
Bispham, David  
Davies, Mr Ben  
Gadoski, Mad Johanna  
Homer, Mad. Louise  
Hassend de Moss, Mary  
Hootle, Ellison Van

Dec 30. 1905

Mar 3. 1906

Apr 14 "

Nov 4. 1905

Oct 14. "

Mar 21. 1906

Nov 4. 1905

Organist

Goodrich, Wallace

13  
April 14. 1906

### Conductor

Wilhelm Gerike

Mr Willy Hess acted as

1<sup>st</sup> Conductor

And

Mr Vincent D'Indy conducted  
the 7<sup>th</sup> Concert of French music





Drawn by S. Ivanowski

THE LEADER

# QUARTER CENTURY OF THE SYMPHONY

*Review P. Hale Sept. 24, 1905*  
 Boston's Famous Orchestra  
 Enters Upon Its Twenty-  
 Fifth Season the Coming  
 Month—Its High Ideals.

INFLUENCE HAS BEEN  
 GREAT AND WIDESPREAD

Changes in Personnel This  
 Year—Some of the Soloists  
 —Programmes of Concerts  
 —The Worcester Festival.



THE time has come for the annual announcement of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's concerts, and this year there is a special sentimental interest attached to it because the coming season will complete the first quarter century of the orchestra's existence. For the older patrons it is hardly possible to believe that since that first concert on Oct. 22, 1881, in the old Music Hall, a whole generation has been born and has grown to maturity, while for this new generation it is as difficult to believe that the Boston Symphony Orchestra has not always been. Twenty-four years have made it an institution as firmly established in Boston life and Boston customs as the Bunker Hill monument, and, better still, so far as there can be certainty in life, the orchestra will continue to be what it has been in the past.

It is fair to say that in the history of Boston's orchestra is found practically the history of orchestral music in America. True, Boston had had its Harvard Musical Association and Germania orchestra, and New York had its Philharmonic Society and the occasional orchestras of Theodore Thomas, and while all these organizations did praiseworthy work under conditions that were never too favorable, it is due directly to the impetus given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra that the United

and permanent orchestras and innumerable smaller ones.

Not can the credit due the orchestra be lessened by the assertion that the time was ripe in America for large orchestras. Those who remember the early days of the orchestra will recall the heartbreaking uphill fight that had to be made, first in Boston itself, and then, and for a much longer time, in New York, in Philadelphia, in Baltimore and in the dozen or more smaller cities where today merely an announcement of a concert is sufficient to fill the concert hall. The battle was a hard one, but a splendid victory was gained, not only through dogged persistence, but as much by the uncompromising adherence to the high ideals which have always animated the founder, the conductors and the members of the orchestra.

Its influence has not been limited to those cities where its concerts have been annual fixtures for so many years, although to its example directly may be traced the establishment of the comparatively young organizations of Philadelphia and Washington, and the constant unrest in New York because that city has no permanent orchestra of its own. The tours of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in the West from 1896 to 1899 were the means of awakening a great music-loving public to the possibilities of orchestral music which finally resulted in the establishment of the fine permanent orchestras in Chicago, Cincinnati and Pittsburg, and the smaller and less ambitiously designed bands which are to be found in almost every considerable city in the country.

But the finest tribute to the work done by the Boston Symphony, finer, perhaps, than the splendidly loyal public which it has created in its home city, is that wherever it has played, no matter how increased the local supply of orchestral music may have been, and in those western cities where it has not played for a dozen years or more, the memory of its concerts is so keen that no year passes without requests from them for another tour.

It is in answer to these that this fall the orchestra will go "on the road" for the week of Oct. 2 and give concerts in Montreal, Toronto, Buffalo, Detroit, Cleveland and Rochester. The financial success of all of these has been more than assured from the time of the first announcement, and since it became known that the orchestra was to make this trip, other cities in that part of the country have vainly tried to get dates. But the regular work of the season forbids a longer tour.

## Changes in Personnel.

Each year, it seems, there must be some few changes in the personnel of the orchestra. In some cases members seek other fields of work, but more often the changes are due to the constant desire to strengthen the orchestra so that it will be impossible to detect a weak spot. This season will bring three new principal instrumentalists—Mr. Heinrich Warnke of Munich, the new principal cellist, who replaces Mr. Krasselt; Mr. Peter Sadony of Cologne, the new first bassoonist, and Mr. Max Hess of Munich, who will alternate with Mr. Hackebarth as first horn. All three musicians bring with them to this country enviable reputations. Mr. Warnke has for eight years been the principal





DRURY'S ILLUSTRATION  
THE LEADER

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allo of the Kaim orchestra, and from that same organization comes Mr. Hess (who, by the way, is not a relative of Mr. Willy Hess). Mr. Sadony is called the best bassoon in Germany. For many years he has been the first bassoon in the Cologne orchestra, and during the same time he has been the teacher of the bassoon in the Cologne Conservatory.

#### Coming Programmes.

In the making of programmes and the choice of soloists lie the principal pitfalls which threaten every conductor and every management. The impossibility of satisfying everybody has been the common experience of all orchestras since orchestras were. And it seems as impossible to strike a golden mean. The rule seems to be that as many as there are patrons, so many are there opinions, and no opinions are clung to with such fanatical persistence as those which concern music in general and a particular orchestra in particular, especially when the patrons regard themselves as having a sort of proprietary right in it.

In the question of programmes the policy of the Boston Symphony orchestra has varied but little under its several conductors. In a nutshell it may thus be defined: "Plenty of the greater classics, with enough novelties to keep its patrons acquainted with the latest movements in music." Mr. Gericke has followed this policy, especially of late years, and he has made his programmes for the coming year with this in view.

It is true that the composition of orchestral works seems now to be at low ebb; nevertheless, some interesting works are written, and of these Mr. Gericke has chosen such as he thinks are the best, and in a sufficient number to lend to the season the desired variety. The most important new symphony will be Mahler's latest. This year, as in the past, the programmes will be selected so as to give a careful balance between the old and the new, that there may be that contrast which is necessary to maintain interest at its keenest point and yet that the great classics may be fully represented.

The programmes of the first four concerts will be as follows:

#### FIRST CONCERT.

Friday afternoon, Oct. 13.

Saturday evening, Oct. 14.

Goldmark—Overture, "In the Springs."

Aria.

Dvorak—"Die Waldtaube."

(First time.)

Aria.

Beethoven—Symphony No. 2 in D major.

Soloist to be announced.

#### SECOND CONCERT.

Friday afternoon, Oct. 20.

Saturday evening, Oct. 21.

Smetana—Overture, "Libussa."

(First time.)

Liszt—Concerto for pianoforte No. 2, in A major.

Richard Strauss—"Death and Transfiguration."

Tschaikowsky—Symphony No. 4, in F minor.

Soloist, Mr. Lutschg.

#### THIRD CONCERT.

Friday afternoon, Oct. 27.

Saturday evening, Oct. 28.

Brahms—Academic overture.

Concerto for violoncello.

Elgar—(a) Chanson de Nuit.

(b) Chanson de Matin.

(First time.)

Liszt—A Faust Symphony.

Soloist, Mr. Heinrich Warnke.

#### FOURTH CONCERT.

Friday afternoon, Nov. 3.

Saturday evening, Nov. 4.

Wagner programme.

"Tannhaeuser," Bacchanale, and scene between Tannhaeuser and Venus from the first act (Paris version).

"Die Meistersinger," Walther's prize song.

"Die Goetterdaemmerung," Siegfried's Parting from Bruennhilde.

Siegfried's Death.

Funeral March.

Closing Scene.

Soloists, Mme. Johanna Gadski, Mr. Ellison

Van Hoose.

#### Some of the Soloists.

It is impossible at this time to give a complete list of the season's soloists, because two or three engagements have not yet been definitely closed.

First and foremost, although he cannot be called a soloist, is Mr. Vincent d'Indy, who will visit this country by special invitation and conduct the public rehearsal and concert of Dec. 1 and 2, and the concerts during the following week in New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington. This is a decided innovation in the general policy of the orchestra, which has been to have no conductors but the regular holder of the place; but the invitation has been made as a compliment to French composers whose works have so often found a place on the Symphony programmes.

Mr. d'Indy's name is familiar to all the patrons of the orchestra, for many of his works have been performed within the last three or four years and have excited keen interest among all classes of music lovers. He may be said to stand at the head of that school of composers known as the "younger Frenchmen," in distinction from Saint-Saens and his followers. A pupil of Cesar Franck, he, with his fellows, stands for modernity in music.

While, like all French composers, he has written more or less for the operatic stage, unlike them he has devoted the greater part of his time to instrumental music. He has written in all the various forms, large and small. But we shall speak at greater length about Mr. d'Indy next Sunday.

New names among the soloists are Waldemar Lutschg, pianist; Mme. Samarooff, pianist; Miss Marie Hall, violinist; Mr. Heinrich Warnke, cellist, and Mr. Rudolph Ganz, pianist. Others well known are Mr. Henri Marteau, violinist; Mr. Ben Davies, tenor; Mme. Emma Eames-Story; Mme. Gadsky and Mr. Ellison Van Hoose, together in a Wagner programme; Miss Olive Fremstadt, soprano; Mr. Alfred Reisenauer, pianist, who is making his second visit to America; Miss Adele Aus der Ohe, Mr. Harold Bauer, Mr. Ernest Hutcheson, all of them pianists; Miss Elsa Ruegger, cellist; David Bispham, and from the orchestra, in addition to Mr. Warnke, Messrs. Willy Hess, Timothy Adamowski, Felix Winternitz and Jacques Hoffmann.

Miss Marie Hall, violinist, who will make her first appearance with the orchestra in Boston, is one of the musical sensations of the hour. She comes from that foreign house of violinists, the Prague Conservatory, where for two years she was the pupil of Svecik, the sponsor of Kubelik and other infant phenomena. She came of very poor parents in Bristol, Eng., and had the great-

est difficulty in getting a musical education. She got some haphazard instruction from Mossel of Birmingham, Elgar and Wilhelmj who saw in her a great talent, and ultimately she won the new Wesley scholarship at the Royal Academy of Music, but this she was unable to take for lack of means to live in London. This fact attracted attention, and ultimately she was put under Kruse in London, with whom she remained two years. Then she went to Prague and qualified to work with Svecik. Two years with him, and she, in the fall of 1902, made her professional debut in Vienna. Since then her success has been extraordinary, even when compared with that of her fellow-pupil, Kubelik, and in England and on the continent she is reckoned one of the musical wonders of the world. She is 21 years old.

#### Three Pianists.

Mme. Samarooff played in Boston for the first time toward the end of last season at a concert of the Boston Symphony quartet, when she gave much pleasure in ensemble by the elegance, dash and taste of her performance. She is of German-Russian parentage, but is American by birth, and her maiden name was Hickenlooper. She has studied chiefly in Paris, and she entered the Paris Conservatory in 1895 as a pupil of Delaborde. Her concerts in London last season were unusually successful for one who went to that city a stranger.

Waldemar Lutschg, who comes for the first time, will make his American debut with the Boston Symphony orchestra in this city. He was born in St. Petersburg in 1877, where his father was an eminent artist and teacher. Although he betrayed great talent at an early age, he was not allowed to play in public until he was fully prepared for the ordeal. His first public performance, in St. Petersburg, in 1896, was most successful. His first appearance in Germany was made in Dresden on Nov. 10, 1898. His present home is Chicago.

Rudolph Ganz, another pianist who this year makes his first appearance with the orchestra, was born in Zurich in 1877 and made his first public appearance when he was 10 years old, not as a pianist, but as a cellist. Two years later he appeared as a pianist. His first real studies began when he was 16, with his uncle, Carl Eschmann-Dumur, and later with Ferruccio Busoni. His Berlin debut was in 1899, when he appeared with the Philharmonic orchestra as pianist and the composer of a symphony. In 1901 he succeeded Arthur Friedheim as teacher of piano in Chicago and since then has given numerous recitals with much success in the larger cities of the middle west.

#### Outside Boston.

The plans for the orchestra outside of Boston are rather more extensive than ever before. Its popularity has increased so rapidly, even in the last few years, after many had supposed that the limit had been reached, that the field of its activity in the East is constantly enlarging, and, while Boston is

its home city, other cities have come to regard it to a certain extent as their own.

Including the Boston series and the preliminary trip to Canada and the middle West, 104 concerts have been scheduled. There will be the usual series of six in the Sanders Theatre, Cambridge—on Oct. 26, Nov. 30, Dec. 28, Feb. 1, March 8 and April 19. New York will have its five concerts and five Saturday matinees in Carnegie Hall, Brooklyn its five concerts and Baltimore its five. Owing to the very considerable inducements that have been offered there, the orchestra will this year resume its series of five concerts in Washington, and in order to do this the second series of five concerts in Philadelphia will be abandoned, only five being given in that city. Providence and Hartford will each have three concerts and Worcester will have two instead of the usual one. A single concert will be given in Buffalo (in addition to the one there next month), Poughkeepsie, Springfield, Albany, New Haven and Portland.

## CANADIAN DEBUT OF THE SYMPHONY

MONTREAL, Que., Oct. 2, 1905. The Boston Symphony orchestra made its debut in Canada tonight under the most flattering auspices. A brilliant and fashionable audience packed the Victoria Rink and enthusiastically applauded every number. Mr. Willy Hess won an honest encore by his superb playing of the Spohr concerto, but the rigid rules against encores prevailed.

#### SYMPHONY'S WESTERN TRIP.

Signs of life are beginning to be seen around Symphony Hall. The members of the orchestra are returning to town from their summer haunts, and are making ready for the winter's work. This year the orchestra will be assembled much earlier than usual on account of the western trip, which will be made in the week of Oct. 2. Reports which have been received from the different cities which will be visited, Montreal, Toronto, Buffalo, Detroit, Cleveland and Rochester are promising.

It is the first time in over 12 years that the orchestra is to go into Canada and west of the Alleghanies. The mere announcement that the orchestra is to make the short tour has brought requests for concerts from nearly all the larger cities and towns.

Mr. Gerlick is still in Seal Harbor. Prof. Hess, who spent the summer in Europe, has taken a house in the city. Prof. Hess will be the soloist on the tour. *Harold Salt. 14. 1905*



# THE SYMPHONY SEASON

## THE BEGINNING OF A NEW YEAR AT SYMPHONY HALL

Mr. Gericke's Fifth Year—New Soloists and New Players—Mr. Vincent d'Indy to Appear as Conductor—Novelties to Be Produced *Trans. Sept. 23, 1903.*

The Symphony Orchestra, with the coming season, ends the first quarter-century of its existence. Since the first memorable concert was given in the old Music Hall on Oct. 22, 1881, a whole generation of music-lovers has been born and educated in the way they should go by an institution that has done much to establish Boston's musical supremacy in America. So integral a part in the artistic economy of Boston and the great cities of the East has the orchestra become, that one is apt to forget in its present seasons of great prosperity that all days have not been fair with it. It was a long and discouraging uphill fight to gather a musical public able to appreciate it. And victory was won only by ceaseless toil, unwavering courage and a dogged perseverance in the maintenance of ideals. When the history of music in America for the last quarter-century has been written, it will be found that the greatest factor in its advancement has been the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Its influence, direct and indirect, has been felt the length and breadth of the continent. Before it was established, Boston had had its Harvard Musical Association and its Germania Orchestra. New York had its Philharmonic Society, and for the rest of the country there were only the occasional concerts by the occasional orchestras organized by the late Theodore Thomas.

Today one finds permanent orchestras in Chicago, Cincinnati, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia and Washington, and even New York's conscience grows annually uneasy about the lack of such an orchestra in that city. Besides these great orchestras, every considerable city in the Union has its devoted band of forty or fifty men, professionals and amateurs, that are regarded as a nucleus of something greater to come in the future.

On the Boston Symphony Orchestra must rest the entire responsibility for this movement. Until it began its missionary work, the full meaning of orchestral music was hardly known in this country, and the mere mention of classical music was sufficient to empty a hall. It is a mistake to say that a large part of the success of the Boston Symphony Orchestra came because the public was ripe for such a movement. On the contrary, although the love of good music was latent, every inch of ground gained in those early years had to be fought for. It was not only the early success of

the orchestra in Boston that gave an impetus to orchestral music in other parts of the country, by showing that a permanent orchestra of the highest class might be made successful, but it was the succession of concerts in other cities, the eight long tours through the Middle West, that brought home to the public the real necessity of such music and inspired them to undertake similar organizations.

This year no less than 104 concerts have already been scheduled, of which forty-eight (public rehearsals and evening concerts), will be given in Boston. In addition to the six concerts of the preliminary trip in the week beginning Oct. 2, in Montreal, Toronto, Buffalo, Detroit, Cleveland and Rochester, ten concerts will be given in New York, five in Brooklyn, five in Philadelphia, five in Baltimore and five in Washington. Providence and Hartford will each have three, and Worcester two, while single concerts will be given in Buffalo (in addition to the concert there next month), Poughkeepsie, Springfield, Albany, New Haven and Portland. Cambridge will have its usual quota of six, in Sanders Theatre, on Oct. 26, Nov. 30, Dec. 28, Feb. 1, March 8 and April 19.

The Boston season will, as usual, consist of twenty-four concerts on consecutive Saturday evenings from Oct. 14 to April 28, omitting Nov. 11, Dec. 9, Jan. 13, Feb. 17 and March 17, and twenty-four public rehearsals on consecutive Friday afternoons (excepting Good Friday, April 13, which rehearsal is moved forward to Thursday), beginning Oct. 13, omitting Nov. 10, Dec. 8, Jan. 12, Feb. 16 and March 16. The regular auction sale of seats for the two series will be held at Symphony Hall at 10 A. M., on Monday, Oct. 2, Tuesday, Oct. 3, Thursday, Oct. 5, and Friday, Oct. 6.

Aside from the sentimental interest attached to it, a particularly attractive season is promised. Mr. Gericke, the last year of whose present engagement it is, promises an unusually interesting lot of novelties, and the list of soloists is unusually strong, even when compared with those of previous years. Some new musicians of high reputation have been added to the orchestra, and most important of all will be the presence as conductor at the concerts on Dec. 1 and 2 of M. Vincent d'Indy, the distinguished French composer. This engagement is quite a radical departure in the policy of the orchestra, and may be traced to a desire to pay a sincere and deserved compliment to modern French musicians who have appeared so prominently on the Symphony programmes. While M. Saint-Saëns is the dean of French composers in point of service, M. d'Indy is decidedly the leader of the interesting group known as the "younger Frenchmen," although many of them are young only in the sense that nowadays no one grows old. M. d'Indy is a man of fifty-four, but reckoned as a French musician, he is a modern of moderns. He and his colleagues of the same school trace their artistic descent from César Franck,

who was their teacher and mentor. It is they who are largely responsible for the revival of absolute music in France, as contrasted with operatic, and while all of them, including M. d'Indy, have written more or less for the stage, the major part of their time has been given to absolute music in all its forms, large and small. No less than seven of M. d'Indy's works have been performed at the Symphony concerts in the last five years, and his chamber music is rapidly attaining great popularity in this country. Undoubtedly his coming will be the musical event of the season.

Mr. Gericke is not yet ready to give out a list of the novelties to be performed this year. The choice of novelties for an orchestra like the Boston Symphony is one of the most difficult tasks set before a conductor. He is constantly besieged on one side by that large contingent which believes that novelties should have no place in a symphony programme, and that no work should be played until years have proved its value; and on the other by an equally large contingent which, if it does not believe that the chief function of a symphony orchestra be the trying of new music, thinks that a large part of its programmes should be given to things that are new. To find a golden mean between these two views in a time when musical composition seems to be at low tide makes trouble enough for a conductor without the other worries which constantly beset him. Mr. Gericke has been very successful in the past in this matter, and there is no reason to doubt that he will be as successful this year.

Neither is it possible to give a complete list of the season's soloists. In the matter of "sensations" the coming season, as compared with some in recent years, is likely to prove a bit disappointing. But one really sensational virtuoso new to America has been announced. This is the young English violinist, Marie Hall, who, from all accounts, has had a most astonishing career.

There is a story about this young artist that she began her career as a street musician, and was so discovered. This seems to be merely tradition. The facts seem to be that she comes of very poor English parents in Bristol. When she was a mere child, her talent was recognized by such men as Wilhelmj, Elgar and Mossel of Birmingham, all of whom gave her a few lessons from time to time. She first attracted general attention a few years ago, when she won a scholarship in the Royal Academy of Music, and was unable to take advantage of it, because she had not the money to live in London. Certain charitable men and women, convinced of her talent, gave her the means of studying with Professor Kruse of London for two years. Then she went to Svecik in Prague, the teacher of Kubelik, and two years later, in the fall of 1902, she made her professional début in Vienna. Her début in London came the following winter. Of her success

in England and on the Continent there seems to be no question, and it is possible that she will be the feature of the coming musical season in America.

Two pianists new to the Boston Symphony Orchestra will be Waldemar Lütschg and Rudolph Ganz. Waldemar Lütschg, who comes to America this season for the first time, will make his American début with the Symphony Orchestra in this city. He was born in St. Petersburg, where his father was an eminent artist and teacher. Although he showed talent at an early age, he was not allowed to play in public until he was fully prepared for the ordeal. His first public performance in St. Petersburg, in 1896, was most successful, and since that time he has been reckoned as one of the first pianists of Europe. His first appearance in Germany was made in Dresden on Nov. 10, 1898. Rudolph Ganz, another pianist who this year makes his first appearance with the orchestra, was born in Zurich in 1877 and made his first public appearance when he was ten years old, not as a pianist, but as a violoncellist. Two years later he appeared as a pianist. His first real studies began when he was sixteen, with his uncle, Carl Eschmann-Dumur, and later with Ferruccio Busoni. His Berlin début was in 1899 when he appeared with the Philharmonic Orchestra as pianist and the composer of a symphony. In 1901 he succeeded Arthur Friedheim as teacher of piano in Chicago, and since then has given numerous recitals in the larger cities of the middle West.

Heinrich Warnke, the new principal 'cellist of the orchestra, will make his début as a soloist at one of the early concerts. Several of the soloists on the list have not been heard with the orchestra for a considerable time. Henri Marteau, the eminent violinist, is one, Ben Davies, the tenor, is another, and Mme. Emma Eames-Story and David Bispham others. Among the pianists are Harold Bauer, Adèle aus der Ohe, Mme. Samarooff, who made so deep an impression last season; Alfred Reisenauer, and Ernest Hutcheson. Among the singers are found Mme. Gadski and Ellison Van Hoose, who will appear together in a Wagner programme, and one or two others to be announced later. Elsa Ruegger, the 'cellist, is also announced, and from the ranks of the orchestra will come Professor Willy Hess, Timothée Adamowski, Felix Winternitz and Jacques Hoffmann.

Reference has already been made in the Transcript to the changes made in the orchestra. Mr. Warnke, the new first 'cello, takes the place of Mr. Krasselt. He brings from the Kalm Orchestra, in Munich, the highest of reputations. Mr. Peter Sadony comes from Cologne, where he has been with the Cologne Orchestra for many years, and during that time has been the teacher of the bassoon in the famous Cologne Conservatory. Mr. Max Hess, the new alternate first horn, comes, like Mr. Warnke, from the Kalm Orchestra of Munich.



# BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

**Auction Sale of \$12 Seats for the Saturday Evening Concerts at Symphony Hall Tomorrow (Thursday) Morning at 10 O'clock, continuing through the day.**

BY SPECIAL INVITATION

The Eminent French Composer

**M. VINCENT D'INDY**

Will Conduct the Concerts of December 1 and 2

*Harold* Soloists: *Oct. 4, 1905*

Mme. EMMA EAMES  
Mme. JOHANNA CADSKI  
Mme. LOUISE HOMER  
Mr. BEN DAVIES  
Mr. ELLISON VAN HOOSE  
Mr. DAVID BISPHAM  
Miss Adele Aus Der Ohe  
Mme. OLGA SAMAROFF  
Mr. Alfred Reisenauer  
Mr. HAROLD BAUER  
Mr. Waldemar Lutschg  
Mr. RUDOLPH CANZ  
Mr. Ernest Hutcheson  
Miss MARIE HALL  
Mr. HENRI MARTEAU  
Professor WILLY HESS  
Mr. T. ADAMOWSKI  
Mr. FELIX WINTERNITZ  
Mr. Jacques Hoffmann  
Miss ELSA RUECCER  
Mr. HEINRICH WARNKE

Auction sale of the \$7.50 seats for the Saturday evening concerts Friday, Oct. 6.

## The Symphony Season

Preparations are active at Symphony Hall for the extended tour to be made by the orchestra in the week of Oct. 2. The players are now returning from their summer vacations and engagements, for the date of first rehearsals has been moved forward considerably on account of the Western trip. There is every surety that the concerts to be given in Montreal, Toronto, Buffalo, Detroit, Cleveland and Rochester will be among the most successful in the history of the orchestra, the preliminary announcements having aroused the keenest interest. As a matter of fact, if there were time, the orchestra could spend a month most profitably in the middle West, for requests for concerts from other points are very numerous and insistent. It seems as if the large supply of orchestral music that part of the country has had in recent years has only made it more anxious to hear Boston's great orchestra.

Mr. Gericke is still in Maine, but is expected back shortly, when full announcements of his plans for the coming season will be made. Professor Hess has been in town for some weeks, having brought his family from Germany and taken a house here. He will be the soloist on the Western tour. *Trans. Sept. 14, 1905*

## The First Symphony Concert—Other Local

*Trans. Announcements Oct. 7, 1905*

Next Friday and Saturday our musical season begins, with the first rehearsal and the first concert of the Symphony Orchestra. It returns tomorrow from its tour of a few cities in Canada and the Middle West for the usual rehearsals next week. Meantime we at home have been buying our seats for the new series of concerts, and the financial results—the final test after all—shows that our interest in the band and its work and in the music that it plays is as keen as ever. In some respects Mr. Gericke seemed an abler and warmer conductor last year than he ever did before. There is no reason to expect less of him in the new season. No conductor and no orchestra in America so often makes the classics that they play seem alive again. One such is the symphony for the first programme—Beethoven's second. The concerts begin with Goldmark's overture, "In the Spring," and for new music, there is one of the "tone poems" that Dvorak wrote in his last years, few of which have been played in America. "Die Waldtaube"—"The Forest Dove"—is the title. Louise Homer, the excellent alto of the Metropolitan Opera House, will be the singer. Her numbers are the page's familiar air from Wagner's "Rienzi" and Liszt's "Lorelei" in its orchestral setting.

## NEW SYMPHONY OFFERINGS.

It is an interesting list of novelties which Mr. Gericke has selected for the coming season of the Boston symphony orchestra in this city. Fifteen of the works on the list are absolutely new to Boston—most of them absolutely new to America—and the sixteenth has never before been played at a symphony concert.

The list includes two symphonies. One is by Gustav Mahler, who shares with Richard Strauss the interest of musical connoisseurs on the continent. The director of the Imperial opera in Vienna and the conductor of the Vienna Philharmonic concerts, he ranks as one of the very few great musical conductors of the world. It is only in comparatively recent years that he has turned his attention to composing, but in that time he has written many works (the symphony for the Boston season being his fifth) and has caused almost as great a discussion among the cognoscenti as Strauss. Many profess to find in him the greatest living composer. This symphony has never been played in America.

The other symphony is by a young Englishman, Amherst Webber, known to the American public chiefly through some of his very interesting songs. This symphony, which is new, will undoubtedly be listened to with greatest interest.

Another Englishman on the list is Sir Edward Elgar. He will be represented by a new overture entitled "In the South" and by two short pieces, entitled respectively "Chanson de Nuit" and "Chanson de Matin."

America will be represented by two men, both of them, to all intents and purposes Bostonians. Mr. John K. Paine's prelude to "The Birds" of Aristophanes will be played for the first time at these concerts. Frederick S. Converse, who was represented on last year's program, will this year have a ballade for baritone and orchestra.

Three novelties are by men no longer living, Smetana, whose overture to "Libussa" will be played; Dvorak, whose symphonic poem "Die Waldtaube" will have a first hearing here, and Cesar Franck, who will be represented by a work entitled "Psyche."

Other novelties will be a new symphonic poem by the Russian Glazounov entitled "Le Kremlin," a symphonic poem by Ernst Boehe entitled "Odysseus Ausfahrt und Schiffbruch," an overture called "Lustspiel" and a suite called "Geharnischte," by Busoni; an overture by Max Schilling called "Der Pfeifertag," and an overture by Eugene d'Harcourt called "Le tasse."

The annual auction sale of seats for the season will open at Symphony hall tomorrow morning at 10, when the \$12 seats for the 24 public rehearsals will be sold. Tuesday at the same hour the \$7.50 seats for Friday afternoons will be placed on sale. The \$12 seats for the concerts will be sold beginning at 10 on Thursday, and the \$7.50 seats at the same hour on Friday.  *Globe Oct. 1, 1905*

In the language of the slangy, the Symphony season this year bids fair to be a D'Indy.

## SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

The auction sale of seats for the Symphony concerts will be held on Oct. 2, 3, 4 and 5. On the first day the \$12 seats for the public rehearsals will be sold, and on the second the \$7.50 seats. On Thursday, the 4th, the \$12 seats for the concerts will be auctioned off, and on Friday the \$7.50 seats for the concerts. The usual rules will prevail. Bids will be accepted for seats in regular order only, and not for choice. No more than four seats will be sold on one bid. As usual there will be 24 public rehearsals and 24 concerts. Superstition is braved in setting the first public rehearsal for Friday, Oct. 13. The first concert will be on the following night.

Few changes have been made in the personnel of the orchestra since last year. Mr. Heinrich Warnke of Munich will take the place of Mr. Krasselt as principal 'cellist. There will also be a new first bassoon in Mr. Peter Sadony, and Mr. Hackebarth, the first horn, will have a colleague in Mr. Max Hess, who comes from Munich.

Mr. Warnke comes to this country with the highest recommendations, supported by a successful career. He is regarded as one of the leading 'cellists of Germany. For the past eight years he has been the principal 'cellist of the Kalm orchestra in Munich, and before that time he held similar positions in Baden Baden, Homburg and Hamburg. Within the last year he has been twice invited to become the principal 'cellist of the Berlin Philharmonic and once to take the same place in the Vienna Philharmonic. He is a pupil of Klengel and is about 40 years old. He was the first teacher of Mr. Krasselt.

Mr. Sadony, the new first bassoon, is regarded as a great acquisition. He comes from Cologne, where for many years he has been the first bassoon in that city and teacher of that instrument in the conservatory. He has the reputation of being the best bassoonist in Germany, and three years ago Hans Richter offered him great inducements to go to Manchester, Eng., where Richter is the conductor.

In engaging Mr. Max Hess, the new first horn, there is no intention on the part of the management to supplant Mr. Hackebarth, whose work with the orchestra is so highly and so justly valued. It is merely another step in the general policy to double the principal wind instruments. The orchestra has always been confronted with the possibility of something happening to Mr. Hackebarth, in which event it would be placed in a most embarrassing position. It was with this in view that Mr. Hess has been engaged. He is a young man, about 27, and most of his career has been spent in the Kalm orchestra. He brings with him a high reputation, and will doubtless be able to relieve Mr. Hackebarth of some of the burden of his work.

ist:

**BARLEBEN.**



# MUSICAL MATTERS

## Opening of Symphony Season This Week.

## English Grand Opera Soon to Be Given at the Tremont.

## Kneisel Quartet Concerts— Other Announcements.

Next Friday and Saturday bring the opening performances of the Symphony orchestra, and the serious musical season begins. The prospects for the coming winter are unusually bright. The auction sales of seats during the past week were the most successful in many years. The number of patrons who attended was very large, the bidding was always brisk, and the prices brought by the seats, both for the public rehearsals and the concerts, showed a substantial increase over those of last year. And yet the seats went in a fashion to allow all classes to secure places without making sacrifices. The orchestra seems to be more firmly established than ever in the affection and the esteem of the Boston musical public.

Boston is but an illustration of the favor in which the orchestra is held elsewhere. Every indication seems to point to a very increased patronage in New York, where the usual 10 concerts will be given. Not only has the number of renewals by last year's subscribers for both series been unusually large, but the number of inquiries which have been received indicate that in the matter of new subscribers all previous records will be broken. In Philadelphia, where only five concerts will be given instead of 10, crowded houses are already assured, and the same is true of Baltimore and Brooklyn. As for Washington, where a series of five concerts will be given for the first time in seven years, the New National theatre, where the concerts will be given, is almost sold out by subscription.

During the past week the orchestra has been giving concerts in Canada and the middle west with marked success.

financial as well as artistic, the tour having proved beyond peradventure that the musical people of those sections are more than eager to hear the band. Seventy-five men under Mr. Gericke were taken. They return this afternoon from Rochester where their sixth and last concert was given last evening.

It is interesting to note that the public rehearsal on next Friday afternoon will be the 1192d concert the orchestra has given in Boston since its organization in 1881. The soloist on this occasion and on Saturday evening will be Mme Louise Homer of the Conried metropolitan opera company. Mme Homer needs no introduction to Boston where for the past four or five years she has been one of the most popular singers that visit this city.

The program is as follows:

Overture, In the Spring.....Goldmark  
Aria Gerechter Gott, from Rienzi.....Wagner  
Die Waldbaue.....Dvorak  
(First time).  
Lorelei.....Liszt  
Symphony No. 2, in D major.....Beethoven  
Soloist, Mme Louise Homer.

## BOSTON SYMPHONY QUARTET.

The Boston Symphony quartet enters on its second season with the brightest of prospects. The work done by this organization last year left an abiding impression, and the success made it certain that there was a large place for it to fill in the eastern musical season.

Instead of Mr. Krasselt, the cellist, will be Mr. Heinrich Warnke, the new principal cellist of the Boston Symphony orchestra. He has made an enviable name in Europe as a chamber music player. The other members will be Messrs. Willy Hess, concert master of the Boston Symphony and leader of the quartet; Otto Roth, second violin, and E. Ferir, viola.

During the past summer, which he spent in Europe, Mr. Hess secured music that promises to be interesting. Among these works are a new string quartet by Sinding in A minor, op. 70; a quintet for strings and flute in D major by Jan Brandt Buys; a concert etude for string quartet, op. 5, by L. Sinigaglia; a piano quartet in C minor, by Gabriel Faure, and a sextet for strings in F minor, by Hans Koessler. Buys is a Dutchman, about 40 years old. He has written much choral music, and has taught in the conservatories of Cologne, Leipzig, Amsterdam and Rotterdam. Sinigaglia is a Russian of Italian parentage. A pupil of Max Bruch, he is between 35 and 40 years old, and has composed music in all forms, among other things a successful violin concerto. Koessler, a resident of Budapest, was the teacher of Dohnanyi. A set of orchestral variations by Koessler has been played here by the Symphony orchestra. Oct. 1905

## Novelties for the Symphony Season

Those patrons of the Symphony Concerts who are on the lookout for new sensations in music are likely to have their taste gratified during the coming winter, since Mr. Gericke has chosen an unusually interesting series of novelties to be played during the season. Three of the composers are very familiar to the Boston public—Smetana, Dvorak and Franck—and any unknown works from their hands are certain of welcome.

The Smetana work is an overture to his opera "Libussa." So far as can be learned, it has never been played in America. The opera itself is unknown outside of Bohemia, where all of his works for the stage are performed from time to time. The overture is described as in the best style of the composer of "The Sold Bride." Dvorak is to be represented by a symphonic poem called "Die Waldbaue." This work is of comparatively recent date, and in that time has won a very considerable popularity in Continental music halls. It is practically new to America, as its only performances were at some rather obscure popular concerts in New York several summers ago. "Psyche," by César Franck, is a suite which shows this ordinarily serious composer in a most agreeable light.

Two symphonies new to Boston and new to America will be played. One is by Gustav Mahler, the fifth in his series, and the other is by a young Englishman, Amherst Webber. It is rather curious that so little of Mahler's work is known in this country, considering the amount of discussion he has caused. Mahler is one of the most interesting figures in modern music. As an operatic conductor there is probably no man living who is his equal, for he combines with the musicianly qualities necessary for such work an exceptional knowledge of the stage. He has been principal conductor and director of the Imperial Opera in Vienna, and as a concert conductor he stands high. He is now the conductor of the Vienna Philharmonic concerts. His compositions have of late years been quite generally played in Europe. Some of them are stupendous in size, demanding a greater number of performers than even those of Strauss, and their intense modernity, while different from Strauss's has kept discussion continually active.

The other symphony, in E major, by Amherst Webber, has never been played in this country. Mr. Webber is known personally to many Americans through his association some years ago with the de Reszke brothers, whose secretary and accompanist he was. He is a man who gave up considerable prospects in order to pursue his musical studies and adopt music as a profession. Some very interesting songs are about all America knows of his music, but in England he is regarded as a musician of more than ordinary promise. Another Englishman on the list is Sir Edward Elgar. He will be represented by an overture new to America en-

titled "In the South," and by two shorter pieces entitled "Chanson de Nuit" and "Chanson de Matin."

Two American, and really Bostonian names are included, those of Professor Paine of Harvard University and Mr. Frederick S. Converse. Professor Paine's prelude to "The Frogs" of Aristophanes is not new to Boston, but has never been played at the Symphony concerts. Mr. Converse will be represented by a new ballade for baritone and orchestra.

Other novelties are a symphonic poem by the Russian, Glazounov, entitled "Le Kremlin"; a symphonic poem by Ernst Boehe, entitled "Odysseus Ausfahrt und Schiffbruch"; two works by Busoni, a "Lustspiel" overture and "Geharnischte" suite; an overture by Max Schilling entitled "Der Pfeffertag"; and an overture by the Frenchman Eugene d'Harcourt called "Le Tasse."

Undoubtedly some very interesting novelties will be presented by M. Vincent d'Indy, for his programmes are expected to be entirely of modern French music.

The regular sale by auction for the series of twenty-four public rehearsals and twenty-four concerts will open on Monday morning at ten o'clock, continuing on Tuesday, Thursday and Friday. *Trans. Oct. 30, 1905*

This week, for the first time, our Symphony Orchestra is making a short tour before it begins its regular concerts here. Sunday evening Mr. Gericke and seventy-five of the men left Boston for Montreal, and last night they gave the first concert there that the band has ever given in Canada. Tonight they are playing in Toronto, and tomorrow night in Buffalo. Thursday they go to Detroit, Friday to Cleveland, and Saturday to Rochester. Next Sunday they will be at home again. Willy Hess, the first violin, will be the soloist at each of the concerts. It is fifteen years, by the way, since the orchestra has travelled west of Albany. *Trans. Oct. 3, 1905*

—The sale of tickets for the rehearsals and concerts of the Boston symphony orchestra which begins tomorrow at Symphony hall, is the all-important event in the musical world, not only of Boston and of its suburbs, but of cities as far as Springfield and Worcester. The superlative excellence of this organization is recognized abroad as well as at home, and the splendid encomiums it receives in New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia and Baltimore are well merited. At the earnest solicitation of Washington residents the concerts there are to be resumed. Mr. Gericke will continue as conductor, Mr. Hess as concert master and the places of some of the men who left last year have been filled with the best available talent in Europe, where Mr. Hess has been during the summer. Mme Homer will be the soloist at the first concert as she was last year. The orchestra numbers nearly 100 performers. *ycobe Oct. 1, 1905*



# SYMPHONY SALE OF SEATS BEGINS

Only \$12 Tickets for 24 Rehearsals  
Sold Today—Tomorrow Come  
the \$7.50 Seats.

*Journal* — *Oct. 2, 1905*

This morning begins the annual auction sale of seats for the season of Symphony concerts. The sale will take place in Symphony Hall, beginning at 10 o'clock. Only the \$12 seats for the twenty-four public rehearsals will be sold today. Tomorrow the \$7.50 seats will be sold. There will be no sale on Wednesday, but on Thursday the \$12 seats for the twenty-four concerts will be sold and on Friday the \$7.50.

Bids will be accepted for seats in the regular order only, and not for choice; and no more than four seats will be sold on one bid. The seats open to competition will be shown on a diagram and will be marked off as sold. Tickets will be delivered in the hall and must be paid for as soon as bought, else they will be immediately resold.

Last evening the orchestra, seventy-five strong, left for Montreal, where they give the first concert of the western tour tonight. They will travel in three Pullmans and carry one baggage car. Tomorrow night a concert will be given in Toronto, then come in order, Buffalo, Detroit, Cleveland and Rochester. The prospects are very bright for "capacity" houses everywhere. A vast amount of interest has been aroused in the cities to be visited. The orchestra has never played in Canada and it is the first time in over twelve years they have played in the other cities.

The orchestra will return on next Sunday and rehearsals will at once begin for the Boston season, which opens Friday afternoon, Oct. 13. Mr. Gericke, of course, accompanies the orchestra as conductor and Professor Willy Hess will be the solo artist.

## SEAT SALE FOR SYMPHONY.

Auction Will Begin This Morning—  
Orchestra off for its

*Herald* — *Oct. 2, 1905*  
Canadian Tour.

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The orchestra will return on next Sunday and rehearsals will at once begin for the Boston season, which will open on Friday afternoon, Oct. 13.

## SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA SALE

Auction of Seats for the Public Rehearsals Will Begin This Morning  
—Lively Bidding Predicted.

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## HIGHEST PREMIUM \$91

Auction Sale of Seats for the Rehearsals  
of the Boston Symphony Orchestra Held  
This Morning *Trans. Oct. 2, 1905*

A premium of \$91 takes the record for the auction of seats for the coming season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which took place, beginning at ten o'clock this morning. The people gathered in Symphony Hall at that time numbered more than marked the opening of the sales a year ago, it was noticed, and there were, as usual, more ladies by far than men in the throng.

Walter Jackson is again the auctioneer, just as he has been for several years. Today's sale was given over to disposal of the \$12 seats for the series of Friday afternoon rehearsals. These included all the seats on the floor from row A to row JJ, both inclusive, as well as all of the side seats in the first balcony and those in the first four rows in the rear of this balcony. In all other parts of the hall the seats are \$7.50. The first sale today, of seats 1 and 2 in the first row, showed a premium of \$13.50 paid, and soon the sale was going on so briskly, led by a number of ticket brokers in the front row and elsewhere, that premiums became on the average much higher than those paid last year, to go back no further. There was a sale at \$12, to be sure, but this was soon lost sight of in higher prices.

There was keen interest right along from the opening, but it was after three or four rows had been sold that the sale began to take on special activity and seats were disposed of quickly, with little hesitation on the part of auctioneer or buyers. In row C as high as \$38 was paid, and in row D \$47 was the top price, as against \$28 in row B, for about the same location. Bids in E started at \$10, with a first sale at \$14, and after sales at \$29 premium, the bids started at \$20 and later at \$25. The highest in this row, a favorite place, was \$51, for centre end seats. Most of this row sold for above \$30 premiums. In row F, beginning with a \$17 bid, sales reached \$37 as the highest point. While this row was on sale two ladies sitting a few rows back from the stage in the centre of the hall were keenly alive to the bids, for here was their choice of location. They were friends and together, yet the auctioneer could not have known this, evidently, for these two women bid against each other dollar by dollar, each raising the other's previous bid from \$27 or \$28 to \$37, which they paid for their two seats. They went together to settle with Mr. Ellis for their purchase, all unconscious that they had paid far more than they need to have done, in all probability.

At about this stage of the sale, brokers frequently secured at a moderate premium, comparatively, the end single seat on the

extreme left of the hall, and as a bid permitted taking four seats, they would then secure at the same cheap moderate premium the first three seats on the extreme right of the hall, in the following row. seats which, unless bought under these conditions, usually brought higher prices. In row G prices ranged from \$23.50 to \$61 for a single end seat, centre, which was the highest figure paid up to that point, a sale followed immediately by others at \$50, \$40 and gradually down to \$25 in this row.

Succeeding sales in rows H, I, J, K and L showed premiums ranging between \$24 and \$61, the higher figure being the premium on a single seat, an end one in K, for which the bidding was spirited. Its companion seat brought \$60, and seats next in order sold for \$40. There was a bit of exciting competition in row M, which began at \$28 for the first seats and in which four seats, none of which was an end one, brought a premium of \$74 each, the same buyer paying \$56 for choice of the next following seats.

When a sale at \$81 was made for the middle of row N, four seats going for that price, there was general interest, especially as the next seats in order brought only \$41. Later, \$61 in this row was reached. In row O two seats also sold for \$81 and one at \$80, while in Q four centre seats, one an end one, brought the highest price of the morning, \$91 premium. Last year the highest premium of the opening sale was \$95. At 1.15 o'clock a recess for luncheon was declared.

All things considered, the average today seemed far higher than that reached last year, in the matter of premiums. In many rows where a year ago many seats sold at prices ranging between \$10 and \$20 premium, these same seats this year sold for above \$20 and in many instances above \$30 premium.

When the sale opened in the afternoon there were more people on hand than at the morning sale. The sale began in row R and the prices held up pretty well. For several seats back the premiums were between \$30 and \$40, occasionally going as high as \$50; but in the U and V rows the figure was between \$20 and \$30.

## SYMPHONY SEATS GO AT HIGH PRICES

*Herald* — *Oct. 2, 1905*  
General Average of Prices for  
Friday Afternoon Concerts  
Exceed Last Year by Sub-  
stantial Figure.



## HIGHEST PREMIUM OF DAY WAS \$91

At the Afternoon Session Seat  
in Row T Went at Premium  
of \$59—Prices Higher  
Than Last Year.

Symphony Hall was well filled all day yesterday, when the seats for the Friday afternoon public rehearsals of the Symphony orchestra were placed at auction by Mr. Walter Jackson.

While sensational features such as have distinguished former occasions were lacking, the general average of premiums exceeded that of past years by a substantial figure. This was particularly true of those seats beyond the centre of the hall, for when they were offered at the afternoon session there appeared no diminution of bidding, which held strong until the last seat had been sold.

The bidding prices were supplementary to the regular assessment of \$12 for each ticket, and during a spirited contest for four seats next the centre aisle in row 2 the premium reached the high mark of the day at \$91.

This was \$10 higher than the next highest bid of the day, and only \$4 lower than the record of last year. There were some amusing incidents connected with the bidding, which arose through the unfamiliarity of ladies with such affairs. Two young ladies who were seated midway in the hall, after several ineffectual attempts to secure recognition, finally repaired to different parts of the hall.

One of them bid \$28, and at the same moment the other was recognized by the auctioneer, with a bid of \$29. Without being aware of the identity of the other bidder, but determined to secure seats, the two women very quickly had the centre of the stage. One of them finally dropped out, and her competitor issued triumphant with a bid of \$48.

"How many?" asked the auctioneer. "Two," returned the successful bidder, and then rushing across the hall she notified her friend of the successful termination of the competition.

Herrick's Ticket Agency was a factor in nearly every bid.

The aisle seats throughout the hall were generally obtained by agencies, while individuals were forced to accept the inner seats of the rows.

Seats in the centre of the hall generally netted high premiums and were at all times eagerly sought, four seats in the centre of L bringing \$81 each. The two centre seats in O netted a similar premium, while the next seat, No. 18, in the same row, brought \$80. The four centre seats in M were sold for a

premium of \$74 each.

Some other fancy prices for seats near the stage were: \$63.50 premium each for two centre aisle seats in J, Nos. 18 and 19; \$59 for 17 in the same row. No. 18 in G brought \$61; No. 17 in J, brought \$59; Nos. 19 and 20 in D sold for \$47 premium each; Nos. 19 to 22 in G brought an even \$50 premium.

In I seats 18 to 22, near the aisle, netted a premium of \$56 each. The first five rows, as usual, proved only moderately attractive, the best seat in A bringing only \$28. Manager Mudgett, however, was highly pleased to note a better average on these seats than of late years. One seat in D, No. 19, brought a premium of \$47.

At the afternoon session seat 17, on the centre aisle, in row T secured a premium of \$59; 18 and 19 of the same row brought \$44. In U No. 6 brought \$48, 18 brought \$45, and 17 and 18 each netted \$47. The double-lettered rows also brought good prices.

The highest premium last year was \$95, in 1908 \$77, and in 1902 \$305, on a very determined contest for two seats. Today balcony seats for the Friday afternoon rehearsals will be sold at auction, and on Thursday the auction sale of regular \$12 seats for the Saturday evening concerts will take place.

## SYMPHONY SEATS BRING RECORD PRICES

Premium of \$91 Paid for Single  
Seat for Public Rehearsals—Auc-  
tioneer Collapses During Bidding.  
Sale Continues Today.

The auction sale of the \$12 tickets for the twenty-four Friday afternoon public rehearsals of the Symphony Orchestra took place yesterday in Symphony Hall. The bidding throughout the day was spirited, and, on the whole, the prices of the seats jumped 25 per cent. higher than those of last year. The highest sum paid for a single seat was \$91 premium, bid by a ticket agent for each of the four aisle seats in row Q.

There were several hundred of Boston's elite seated in the hall when Auctioneer Walter Johnson began the sale in the morning. No coaxing or persuasion on the part of the auctioneer was necessary to get bidders for the much-coveted seats. The offers were shouted so quick and fast that Jackson had to be on his guard every second. Handsomely gowned women, who had selected favorite seats from the printed

diagram, were on hand to battle against speculators and other masculine bidders.

### Auctioneer Overcome.

In the afternoon Auctioneer John Leonard, a veteran in this work, took up the exhausting job. On account of the very fast bidding and the close concentration attendant upon the sale Mr. Leonard was overcome with an attack of vertigo at about 5.30. He had just finished a sale when an officer standing near the platform saw him totter. The policeman, with two or three clerks, jumped to Leonard's side in time to catch him. The women in the hall became greatly excited over the event, and could not be induced to take their seats again until it was learned that Mr. Leonard had recovered from the attack of faintness.

The best prices were received for a block of seats running from row E to row R in the center section. In every case the price bid was added to the regular subscription of \$12. In row O seats were sold for \$81 premium; in row N they brought a like price, and in row M they were knocked down for \$74. Two seats in H brought \$63.50. One in G went for \$61, one in J for \$59 and one in I for \$56.

### Brokers Out in Force.

Ticket brokers were out in force. Herrick is said to have purchased \$20,000 worth of seats for customers and on his own account. C. J. Connelly reports that his purchases were nearly twice those of last season. The latter broker bought tickets for ex-Attorney General Pillsbury, United States District Attorney Adams, Mrs. E. C. Swift of Pride's Crossing, G. B. Inches of North Grafton, Thomas Jefferson Coolidge of Beacon street, Mrs. M. A. Biglow, Hotel Victoria; Mrs. Ames, wife of the ex-governor; Dana Estes and G. M. Preston. The Thayers, Ames, Searses, Phillipses, Wendalls, Higginsons and Grews were all represented by their agents and got a choice selection of seats.

Today at 10 A. M. the sale of the \$7.50 seats for Fridays will be held. Thursday at the same hour will begin the sale of the \$12 seats for the Saturday evening concerts. Friday morning the sale of the \$7.50 seats for Saturday evening concerts will begin.

### PREMIUMS AVERAGE HIGH

Auction Sale of the \$7.50 Seats for Sym-  
phony Rehearsals Shows Advance Over  
Last Season—Highest Premium Was  
\$23.50

Today's sale of the \$7.50 seats at the Friday afternoon Symphony Rehearsals was most encouraging from the start, for the premiums averaged several dollars higher than last year, when the prices were an advance on what had prevailed for the two previous seasons. If the present prices therefore keep up to the same high average for the Saturday evening concerts, the net results in premiums will show a handsome

figure.

The seats sold this forenoon included the eight last full rows and a fraction of a row on the floor, and the last four rows and a fraction of a row also in the first balcony. The highest price secured by Auctioneer Jackson was \$23.50, at which several seats were disposed of in row KK. This premium stands out well as against \$20 last year. Other seats were sold for \$22.50, and \$21, while a few single seats were bid in at \$19. In row LL pretty nearly the same prices ruled, though some single places went for \$17. In the third row, MM, three seats at the extreme right were disposed of for \$15. In the same row toward the centre single seats brought \$16 and \$17, while \$18, the highest price for any seat in this row, was paid by a man who evidently was bent on having the end place in the left centre aisle. In the left section most of the seats went for \$16.50 each. In row NN \$17.50 was the highest price received, and \$15.50 the lowest. In row OO there was almost a uniform price of \$14.50 paid. When row PP was reached the price jumped to \$18.50, which was paid for two seats at the right. The very next single seat was procured for \$13, the lowest price in the row. In row QQ the prices ranged from \$15 to \$12.50, while in RR, the last full row, the prices were kept within the narrow limits of \$13.50 and \$12.50. In the broken row, of which there are six seats on each side, and which are the very farthest away from the stage, the prices were but little less—\$12 being the highest, and \$10.50 the lowest.

In the balcony the choicest of the \$7.50 seats brought almost as much as did the floor seats. The sum of \$15 was paid for the first two sittings in row E, at the extreme right. This price continued to improve as the seats more toward the centre were offered until finally \$22 was paid first for two seats, and then for one. Strangely enough, the end seats at the extreme left brought several dollars more than those at the extreme right of the same aisle. In the next row, F, the same high figure of \$22 was paid for a pair of seats near the centre, while the lowest price for any seat in the row brought only \$4 less. The prices for seats in the remaining rows showed little disposition to weaken and when the very back seats were reached even these brought from \$15.50 to \$17.50 premium.

The auction sale will be continued on Thursday and Friday mornings at Symphony Hall. At the former sale the \$12 seats for Saturday nights will be disposed of, while Friday's session will be devoted to the \$7.50 seats.

### SYMPHONY CONCERTS

TWO SEATS, floor, row MM. \$25 each. Ad-  
dress O.P.L., Boston Transcript.  
2t(A): 07

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TWO SEATS, floor, row MM. \$25 each. Ad-  
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2t(A): 07



## SYMPHONY PRICES RANGE HIGH

### Auction Sale of Second Balcony Seats Brings as High as \$15.50

Several surprises were in store this morning for the good-sized audience of men and women at Symphony Hall, who thought they were going to get the \$7.50 seats for the Saturday night concerts at low prices. While the \$12 seats did not bring any fancy prices yesterday those of this morning in a relative sense did. This was especially true of the second balcony seats, which in some cases brought surprisingly high prices.

The first seats sold were those at the rear of the floor. The highest price which Auctioneer Jackson was able to get was \$10, and from that figure the price was slowly shaded down with an occasional splurge over the previously quoted selling price. A number of seats were disposed of for \$9, still more for \$8, while those at the extreme rear brought a trifle less. When the rear seats in the first balcony were put up prices showed little inclination to recede, and the average price was pretty close to the premiums obtained for the \$7.50 floor seats.

Expectancy was plainly written on the faces of a large part of the audience when the seats in the second balcony nearest the stage on the right were put up. The first two were sold for \$8 each. Almost the very next places brought the surprising sum of \$15.50 and on both sides of the hall this price was obtained in two other instances. Many seats in the front row brought \$12, \$11 and \$10, and when it came to disposing of the rear of the second balcony the prices slowly yielded until finally, as the last two or three rows were reached, the prices received were \$6, \$5 and \$4.

It was noticeable throughout the sale that a great many persons bought single seats. In some cases a block of four places would be taken and several couples had to be content with seats one across the aisle from the other. When the entire receipts are figured out from the four auction sales it is probable that the aggregate amount received will show a marked increase over last year, when the prices were considered in advance of what had been received during the two preceding seasons.

## SYMPHONY SEATS LESS.

Seats for the Saturday evening concerts of the Boston Symphony orchestra were placed on sale yesterday morning in Symphony Hall. Bidders were few. The best bid was \$32.50 for four seats in the middle of row L. The demand appeared to be waning, and in the afternoon sale many seats were picked up at nominal figures. *Herald Oct. 6, 1905*

## BOSTON'S 505.

### The Aristocracy of Music as Seen on the Steps of Symphony Hall.

BOSTON, Sept. 23.—Boston's 505 is not the aristocracy of the Blue Book, but of music—the willing devotees who count it all joy to stand on the steps of Symphony Hall through the long Friday mornings from October to April, in fair weather or in foul, in driving storms of rain, hail and snow, or breathing in clouds of dust offered by the east wind, in order that they may gain access to the 505 seats of the upper balcony and listen to the Friday afternoon rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

It does not need a great deal of money to belong to this aristocracy, but it takes much time. Twenty-five cents is the admission fee, but in order to be sure that you will not be outside the 505 limit you must be at the hall early in the morning, and the final chord of the great symphony will not die away till after 4 o'clock in the afternoon.

There are two ladies who have been at the head of the line at nearly if not quite every rehearsal for three or four seasons. They refuse to divulge the earliest hour when they have taken their places, but it is certain that on special occasions, when Melba was going to sing, for instance, they have been standing on the cold stone steps in zero weather before the sun could disentangle himself from the spires and chimneys of the city.

Next to the leaders the regulars soon begin to assemble, people who mean to attend every rehearsal, and who try to get near the head of the line so that they can secure a particular seat, where they fancy the effect of the music is just a shade better than it is anywhere else.

There is the Russian, called so not because he is a Russian, but because he looks like one, who smokes innumerable cigars and gives forth interminable musical criticism from 9 o'clock till 1. Then there is the weepy man, who gets this nickname because the fountain of his tears is sure to overflow whenever there is a specially beautiful melody or deep and tender harmony in the music. To tell the truth, he isn't the only one of that kind in the line, but he cannot conceal his feelings so well as others.

The great majority of the 505 are women. They come singly and in flocks, they are of all ages, and they have a more pronounced air of business, in this matter at least, than the men.

They bring books to read, they bring

cushions and patent folding camp stools to sit on, they bring luncheons to eat, some of them, and all of them bring dark slabs of sweet chocolate. The mind staggers in the effort to compute the amount of sweet chocolate consumed in a single symphony season upon the steps of Symphony Hall.

Here come middle aged ladies, with sweet faces and pretty gray hair, and when they have envied themselves to their frail looking camp stools they will take out their lace or their knitting, and work and converse, calmly oblivious of all spectators. Here comes, too, one old lady, too feeble to keep in the line, and all rules are broken for her. She is allowed to have a seat, and there is a legend that Melba once spoke to the old lady and gave her a flower. And it sometimes happens that one of Boston's 400 joins the 505 on the steps of Symphony Hall. For she is determined to hear the symphony, and if there is no ticket to be had at any price for the floor or the first balcony, she drives up to the curb in her elegant carriage, with coachman and footman, and takes her place in the line, with a bright new quarter tucked in her glove.

She will even take her music free, if she can't get it by paying for it. A few years ago, when Carl Armbruster gave his lectures on Wagner, admission by free ticket only, in the Lowell Institute courses, members of the most distinguished Boston families were willing to sit for hours on the hard floor of the armory waiting for a ticket.

It is no small task for the attendants maintain the line until the doors are opened. Some do not understand the regulations and others are ready to evade them if they can.

To avoid all speculation, no one is allowed to change place, or to hold a place for another. On every rehearsal day some one is bitterly disappointed to find that he cannot keep a place for a friend, and that they must go to the tail end of the line together.

As 1 o'clock draws near the scene grows more animated. Every trolley brings its contribution of belated music lovers, who rush to the end of the line, hoping that they may still be counted among the 505.

Groups of conservatory girls flutter half-shrieking down the avenue, risking their chance of a seat rather than to stand long in line. Often the line extends hopelessly on along the Brookline road, containing hundreds who cannot possibly gain admission.

Promptly at 1 o'clock the door is opened and you must have your quarter ready. A quarter, mind you, not two dimes and a nickel, nor a dollar, nor anything that requires change. Down they go jingling into a burlap bag, and a man with a ticker clicks

off the numbers until 505 have entered, and the door of hope is closed for that day.

There is some hustling for seats, but not much, for the crowd can enter only one by one, and there is not a very poor seat in the balcony. It is a unique sight when the balcony is packed and not a person in any other part of the great hall.

An hour and a half more the undaunted 505 must wait before those who have paid high prices begin to pour in, and the orchestra plays the tune which the Shah of Persia is said to have enjoyed so much; that is, they tune up. But when Mr. Gericke at last takes his place, lifts his baton, and, it may be, the first notes of the immortal Fifth Symphony pulse forth, then the 505 are forgetful of all else till it is over, and they fare homeward breathing deep with ecstasy.

## THE SYMPHONY.

A velvet flute note fell down pleasantly  
Upon the bosom of that harmony,  
And sailed and sailed incessantly,  
As if a petal from a wild-rose mown  
Had fluttered down upon that pool of  
tone  
And boatwise dropped o' the convex side  
And floated down the glassy tide  
And clarified and glorified  
The solemn spaces where the shadows  
bide.

From the warm concave of that fluted  
note  
Somewhat, half song, half odor, forth  
did float,  
As if a rose might somehow be a throat:  
When Nature from her far-off glen  
Flutes her soft messages to men,  
The flute can say them o'er again;  
Yea, Nature, singing sweet and lone,  
Breathes through life's strident poly-  
phone  
The flute-voice in the world of tone.  
—Fragment by Sidney Lanier.

## SYMPHONY

Tickets for Sale in all parts of the Hall, 40 State Street, Room 63, Telephone Main 4235-6.

(A) 4t:

04

## SYMPHONY TICKETS

FOR SALE—Two first balcony, centre G, best offer over \$33. Address F.H.C., Boston Transcript. (A):

## SYMPHONY CONCERTS

TWO Seats in upper left balcony, front row, \$25 each. Address D.W.K., Boston Transcript. TuTh(A): 010

## SYMPHONY TICKETS

Saturdays, 2 fine seats, 5 and 6 H. \$24 each Address M.J.D., Boston Transcript. (A):

## SYMPHONY

REHEARSAL TICKET, single seat, first balcony, centre, \$35. Address L.F.B., Boston Transcript. 2t(A): 010

## SYMPHONY TICKETS

Seats in AA-Centre; very desirable and reasonable. Address O.B.J., Boston Transcript. 2t(A): 011





MME. HOMER

## *Symphony Hall.*

SEASON 1905-06.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.

### I. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, AT 8, P. M.

#### Programme.

- |            |   |
|------------|---|
| GOLDMARK.  | CONCERT OVERTURE, in A major, op. 36, "In the Spring."  |
| LISZT.     | SONG, "The Loreley," with Orchestral accompaniment.   |
| DVOŘÁK.    | SYMPHONIC POEM, "The Wood Dove." (after Erben's like-named Ballad), op. 110.<br>(First time.)   |
| WAGNER.    | SCENE, "Just God!" and ARIA, "My Life fades in its Blossom," from "Rienzi," Act III, No. 9.   |
| BEETHOVEN. | SYMPHONY No. 2, in D major, op. 36.<br>I. Adagio molto. — Allegro con brio.<br>II. Larghetto.<br>III. Scherzo: Allegro.—Trio.<br>IV. Allegro molto. |

Soloist:

Mme. LOUISE HOMER.





MME. HOMER

## *Symphony Hall.*

SEASON 1905-06.

### BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

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DVOŘAK.	SYMPHONIC POEM, "The Wood Dove." (after Eiben's like-named Ballad), op. 110. (First time.)
WAGNER.	SCENE, "Just God!" and ARIA, "My Life fades in its Blossom," from "Rienzi," Act III, No. 9.
BEETHOVEN	SYMPHONY No. 2, in D major, op. 36. I. Adagio molto. — Allegro con brio. II. Larghetto. III. Scherzo: Allegro. — Trio. IV. Allegro molto.

Soloist:

Mme. LOUISE HOMER.



This week's soloist will be Waldemar Lustschg, a pianist new to this country. The program will be as follows: Overture, "Libussa," Smetana, first time here; concerto for pianoforte, No. 2, in a major, Liszt; "Death and Transfiguration," Richard Strauss; symphony No. 4, Tschalkowsky.

At the rehearsal and concert this coming week Waldemar Luetschg, a young Russian pianist now living in Chicago, will play Liszt's concerto in A major, No. 2, and this will be his first appearance in this country. The orchestral pieces will be the overture to Smetana's opera, "Libussa," Strauss' tone-poem, "Death and Transfiguration," and Tchaikowsky's symphony in F minor, No. 4.

Dvorak's "Wood Dove," given the first time in Boston, Saturday night by

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And how well his men seconded him, and responded to him! They had hardly finished Goldmark's overture before most of us in the audience were sure that the orchestra was keeping all its familiar perfections. The symphonic poem and the symphony only confirmed our faith. Once more we heard the flawless fusion and the delicate adjustment of the instrumental groups. There was the old loveliness of tone—the subdued or the intense brilliancy of the strings, the liquid smoothness or the flowing richness of the wood winds, the clear tempered sonority of the brass. The band sung in broad melody, or it vibrated to quickly changing rhythms. Not a deli-



Oct 15 1905

The 25th season of Symphony concerts was opened in Symphony hall with the popular American singer, Mrs Louise Homer, as the solo artist. Her selections were the Liszt son, "The Loreley," and a scene and aria from Wagner's "Rienzi." The orchestral novelty was Dvorak's symphonic poem, "The Wood Dove," played here for the first time. The Goldmark overture, "In the Spring," and Beethoven's great Second Symphony completed the program. The assemblage was limited, as usual, to the seating capacity of the hall, hundreds were disappointed in not being able to gain admittance. Mr Gericke was received with the customary enthusiasm and the orchestra performed its duties in the manner so familiar to Bostonians that a standard which is considered unusual in other cities is now taken as a matter, of course, with our Symphony patrons. Mrs Homer's rich and powerful mezzo voice was at its best, the dramatic qualities showing to particular advantage in the aria from "Rienzi," the phrases of passion and despair being declaimed with splendid effect and without marring the beauty of her vocalism. She sang the score in German and showed that Wagner, even in very turbulent mood, could be made musical. The fantastic and tender "Loreley" was sung with appealing expression and sweetness of tone. Mrs Homer's reception was very hearty and she was recalled several times at the close of each number.

Goldmark's joyous "Spring" overture opened the program delightfully, and each charming episode and furtive theme was given as delicately and smoothly as one could desire. The "little rehearsal of the 'crack of doom'" went with the necessary fortissimo vigor, and the finale was a brilliant and harmonious finishing touch.

Dvorak's poem, "The Wood Dove," is a musical illustration of a lamenting young widow, who, after murdering her first husband, marries a jovial second. As they pass the grave of the first spouse the mourning song of the wild dove causes the woman to go mad and drown herself in a nearby stream. The composer has cleverly shown the various scenes in characteristic orchestration, which fits the story admirably as a rule, although lacking at times in suggesting its deep and tragic import. The treatment appeared to be rather simple, for there were no special difficulties in the score, and Mr Gericke's men had little or no trouble in making the interpretation pleasing. If it was void of dramatic strength the fault evidently was with the orchestra.

Last, but not least, was the beautiful Second Symphony by Beethoven, the gem of the program. This work showed the orchestra in its happiest vein, notably so in the legato melodies in the second and third movements, which were the perfection of ensemble playing.

This week's soloist will be Waldemar Lustschg, a pianist new to this country. The program will be as follows: Overture, "Libussa," Smetana, first time here; concerto for pianoforte, No. 2, in a major, Liszt; "Death and Transfiguration," Richard Strauss; symphony No. 4, Tschalkowsky.

## Sunday Post, Oct. 15/05. THE SYMPHONIES BEGIN

The 25th season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Wilhelm Gericke, conductor, was inaugurated last evening at Symphony Hall, the programme of the first concert being as follows:

Overture, "In the Spring".....Goldmark  
Song, with orchestra, "The Loreley".....Liszt  
Symphonic Poem, "The Wood Dove".....Dvorak  
Scene and aria from "Rienzi".....Wagner  
Symphony No. 2, in D.....Beethoven

Mrs. Louise Homer was the soloist. Mr. Gericke was warmly applauded when he appeared to direct the first number. The membership of the orchestra is nearly the same as before, the new members including Heinrich Warnke, first 'cellist; P. Sadoni, bassoon; Max Hess, first horn; also Boston's well-known and distinguished violinist, John C. Mullaly, who will be a most valued addition to the many artists composing the orchestra.

The opening number was Goldmark's overture, "In the Spring." Although from its title it might be considered out of season, the overture is one that can often be heard with pleasure, for it is in Goldmark's best mood, not only as to freedom and originality of thought, but as to the scoring, which is ideal in every way. In some ways the "In the Spring" overture surpasses such as the "Don Quixote" and "The Symphonic Poem," in the opening concert of its 25th season, proved disappointing in a degree. A symphonic poem, it is a piece of musical craftsmanship of a kind in which its composer several times failed to reach the heights he set himself to scale. In itself delightful music, it never told completely the tragic tale of which it was supposedly the musical expression, and what is music for if not to put into a more spiritual language the potential, it may be, sentiments and sympathies of mankind? Mr. Gericke, who conducted, gave a fine interpretation, painting his pictures finely and broadly, yet neglecting no detail. The orchestral work was excellent.

The opening number, Goldmark's concert overture in A major, "In the Spring," was, perhaps, the most enjoyable work of the evening. It was played tenderly with all its wealth of color emphasized. Its opulent, oriental beauty and melodic effects were given at their best.

Beethoven's familiar symphony No. 2, in D major, proved a delightful ending to the concert. Especially noticeable was its finale, in which thoughts expressed in previous movements recurred, a proceeding always sanctioned by Beethoven and endorsed by Brahms, notably in his C minor symphony. The second larghetto was taken at a little faster tempo than is common.

Mme. Louise Homer, the soloist, was heard at her best in Liszt's "The Loreley," with orchestral accompaniment. Her work showed growth in artistry since last she sang in Boston, a year ago. Her beautiful mezzo-contralto was also heard in the scene "Just God" and aria "My Life Fades in Its Blossom," from the third act of Wagner's "Rienzi." This beautiful singer has strong dramatic powers.

FIR

Boston  
Fame

Its 25th Season with Good  
Programme.

Oct. 16. — 1905.

Dvorak's "Wood Dove," given the first time in Boston, Saturday night by

## IN THE WORLD OF MUSIC

### THE SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA BEGINS THE NEW SEASON

Mr. Gericke and the Band at Their Best—

Mme. Homer Sings and Dvorak's "Forest Dove" Serves for Novelty—Local Plans and Announcements—Max Reger, the New German Composer, Who Is "Halfback Redivivus"—Singers and Virtuosi

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave the first concert here of its twenty-fifth season yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The chief newcomers to the band were Heinrich Warnke, first 'cello; Peter Sadony, first bassoon, and Max Hess, first horn. Mr. Gericke, who was welcomed with a ripple of friendly applause, conducted, and Mme. Louise Homer, the alto of the Metropolitan Opera House, was the singer. The novelty of the concert was Dvorak's symphonic poem, "The Forest Dove," played for the first time in Boston. The whole programme, which will be repeated tonight, ran as follows:

Goldmark: Concert overture, "In the Spring."  
Liszt: Song, with orchestra, "The Loreley."  
Dvorak: Symphonic poem, "The Forest Dove."  
Wagner: Scene, "Just God!" and air, "My Life Fades in Its Blossom," from "Rienzi."  
Beethoven: Symphony, No. 2.

As symphony concerts go, the afternoon could hardly have been gayer. Liszt's "toy" setting, as he rightly called it, of the ballad of the "Loreley" and the bit of musical melodrama out of Wagner's youthful "Rienzi" neither heightened nor subdued the gaiety. Mme. Homer a little chilled it, for her voice has often sounded clearer, smoother and more pliant. But she and her tunes were only more or less agreeable vocal interludes. The warm pleasure and the keen exhilaration of the concert lay in the purely orchestral numbers and in the way in which Mr. Gericke and his men played them. He could hardly have made a more ingratiating or a less taxing programme, and still one that showed his own and his band's virtuosity at their brightest. He was beginning the season gayly as one who, with still a touch of dignity, renews his youth.

Goldmark's "Spring" overture is not weighty with musical ideas, nor intricate and subtle in the development and the expression of them. No more is the symphonic poem of Dvorak's later years. No more even, in comparison with its successors, is Beethoven's second symphony. With all three the persistent and abiding impression is of transparent charm—the charm of beautiful and imaginative sound. In the overture it is the particular charm of fresh fancy, kindling quickly and freely into musical expression, and then flowing spontaneously, fully and smoothly forward with

little meanderings by the way into tonal graces and instrumental ornaments. So many things touch a sensitive fancy like Goldmark's when he feels the incoming tide of spring. In the symphonic poem the particular charm is the charm of a homely tale told, with a little help from the programme book, in the finer and more exalted speech of music—told simply and sincerely, but warmly colored in the telling, bending responsively to every mood, and lighted with naively vivid orchestral details. Yet Dvorak, with all the many-shaded glow and tortuous glamour of his instrumental coloring could summon a child's soul. In the symphony the particular charm was richer, deeper, fuller-bodied—a nobler charm. Gay it still was and joyous, but the gaiety was more finely touched, and the joy the joy of him who sees the face of an ideal clear and close and rejoices boldly in the glimpse. "Believing Beethoven" someone called it.

It was easy in the exhilaration of listening yesterday afternoon to call the charm of all three abiding. Only the cooler blood of reflection brought the realization that not a little of their charm and our zest depended upon the sympathetic understanding of conductor and player, and upon the flowing perfection of their execution. There are orchestras and conductors under whose hands Goldmark's music is beginning to sound somewhat thin and faded. The "Forest Dove," unappreciated, might readily sound like the tame tale of a musing old man, long practiced in the art of instrumentation. It is easy to play some of Beethoven's symphonies like dead classics. It is much more difficult to play the second as though it had been written last summer. More and more Mr. Gericke is maturing a particularly individual talent for making the classics sound freshly alive. He did it last winter for Beethoven's fifth symphony. He did it yesterday for the second, and so to reanimate that is a far harder achievement. Nowhere did he try to inflate Dvorak's little musical tale into a swelling musical tragedy. Yet nowhere did he let the telling flag, or blunt or distort a single pretty detail. He gave us in the audience no time or wish to take thought whether Goldmark's music is beginning to wither. It went freshly, as in a spring air, and brightly, as in a spring sunshine.

And how well his men seconded him, and responded to him! They had hardly finished Goldmark's overture before most of us in the audience were sure that the orchestra was keeping all its familiar perfections. The symphonic poem and the symphony only confirmed our faith. Once more we heard the flawless fusion and the delicate adjustment of the instrumental groups. There was the old loveliness of tone—the subdued or the intense brilliance of the strings, the liquid smoothness or the flowing richness of the wood winds, the clear tempered sonority of the brass. The band sung in broad melody, or it vibrated to quickly changing rhythms. Not a deli-



cate modulation, not an instrumental detail seemed to escape it, and overture and symphonic poem were full of both. The orchestra was like a single sensitive instrument played with unerring beauty. The charm of the three orchestral numbers was transparent, but it was conductor and band, as much as the composers, that made the transparency.

There is no reason to quarrel with Dvorak's symphonic poem as a bit of programme music. There is no need, even, to take it too seriously. It is by no means an inspired composition. It is a pleasantly entertaining one. A few lines on the programme spin the thread of the folk tale that was the composer's "literary" material. The music readily summons the moods of the telling. The widow follows her husband's funeral procession to the grave. Hers is a simple, wistful grief. Almost on the heels of the funeral train comes the eager, the bounding, wooer. To woo is to win, and the country folk make the wedding musically gay. But the dove, whither the soul of the good husband has flown, is plaintive on its forest tree, and remorse stirs in the wife. (She had poisoned her dead husband, says the programme, which is very obviously a fact that music may not impart.) She dies, and the composer gently mourns her. "T is true, 't is pity, and pity 't is, 't is true." The musical speech sounds as simple as the tale, though some of the transitions are full of half-concealed ingenuity. The changing moods are warmly colored. There are piquant details from the flickerings of the harp at the wedding feast to the wail of the wood winds as the dove coos its sorrow. It is all pleasant to hear—even when widow or dove is lamenting.

Mme. Homer was rather the disappointment of the afternoon. Her tones lacked pliancy, and her voice sounded woodenish. They lacked also smooth and rounded beauty as of one who forgets the art of song in the pursuit of "dramatic" effect. The richness of her alto voice seemed a little thick and viscous. There were the strivings for temperament, more than temperament itself. There were not always the signs of a finely controlling intelligence. She gave most pleasure in Wagner's declamatory scene. Liszt's "Loreley" at best is stiff, pale and finicking, and even the fragment from "Rienzi," beloved though it is of altos in concerts, needs the broken column and "the alarms and excursions without" that Wagner's stage directions prescribe.

H. T. P.

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#### SYMPHONY

REHEARSAL TICKET, single seat, first balcony, centre, \$35. Address L.F.B., Boston Transcript. 2t(A): o 10

## SYMPHONY'S 25TH SEASON BEGINS

Good-Sized Audience Was Sympathetic — Dvorak's "Wood Dove," Played Here for First Time, Disappoints.

MRS. HOMER SHOWS VOCAL IMPROVEMENT

Fine Performances of Pieces by Beethoven and Goldmark—Some New Players Make First Appearance.

The 25th season of the concerts of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Gericke conductor, began last night in Symphony Hall. Mr. Gericke was very warmly greeted and although empty seats here and there showed that regular subscribers had not returned to the city—the return of the cottagers is later each year—yet the audience had a holiday air and it applauded heartily whenever there was opportunity for a manifestation of approval. There were a few new players in the orchestra. It will no doubt be a pleasure to speak of their accomplishments a little later when they are more accustomed to their respective positions and have occasion for individual display.

The programme was as follows:

Overture, "In the Spring".....Goldmark  
Song, "The Lorelei".....Liszt  
Symphonic poem, "The Wood Dove".....Dvorak (First time.)  
Scene and aria from "Rienzi".....Wagner  
Symphony No. 2.....Beethoven

The feature of the concert was the brilliant and supremely euphonious performance of Goldmark's overture. Inasmuch as Symphony concerts in all musical countries are given as a rule in the fall and winter of the year, orchestral hymns and invocations to spring are performed out of season. The first performance of Goldmark's overture was in December, and the first performance in America was in the same month. Mr. Nikisch made a brave at-

tempt to suit the musical sentiment to the season, and he brought out the overture in April; but, as spring is in New England merely a division of the year, a word that is of meaning chiefly to milliners and poets, it matters little when such music is played. This overture is not characteristically Goldmarkian; it is not charged with oriental feeling, in fact, it is at first rather Mendelssohnian; and the contrasting section is Wagnerian, but it is spontaneous and inspiring music: it is full of buoyancy and swing; it is frankly melodious, and in its suggestion of twittering and restless birds it is not too deliberately mimetic. As played last night, the overture was full of grace, color, beauty and life.

After Dvorak returned to Prague, which he again made his dwelling-place until his death, he composed five pictorial or narrative symphonic poems, no one of which was eminently successful, and two or three operas which had only a success of esteem, if any one of them was even thus complimented. Dvorak was unhappy in consequence. Shortly before his death he complained of the public's failure to appreciate him, and his remarks as quoted were rather peevish, unlike his own cheerful and kindly nature. The fault was in the music itself, not in the public; for the talent of Dvorak was lyrical, not dramatic; his salient characteristics were melody, rhythm, color—and his melody and rhythm were derived from the folk tunes of his beloved land. He was happiest when he was with the plain people, and his "American music," as some call it, interested him, and, in a measure, inspired him because he had to do again with folk themes. Simple, naive, what could he do with subjects that were macabre or horrible? Take this "Wood Dove" for instance, based on a legendary poem by Erben.

Our old friend, the Ephesian widow, who was only too easily persuaded to fall in love with the soldier guarding her husband's corpse, is here in Bohemia; she weeps as she follows her husband's body, and Dvorak writes a funeral march that is outwardly as pompous as though it were for a hero, but the true contents are empty and jejune. As she breaks down in dismal walls, trumpets announce relief and consolation in the shape of a lusty peasant, who at once presses his suit. She does not keep him waiting, and there is wedding music that is distinguished by its unrelieved and dull vulgarity. There is a coarseness in music that seems elemental, natural, inevitable, human; there is also a fierce and terrible brutality in music that is appalling; we find such expressions of human nature in certain works of Tchaikowsky; but the vulgarity of this festival music of Dvorak's is stupid and tiresome; it is the vulgarity of a guttersnipe; it is not even amusing. A dove, the soul of the dead husband, is heard lamenting, and lo, we are told by the printed argument in the score that this charming and easily comforted widow had poisoned her first husband, that overcome by remorse—or possibly by the wedding music provided thoughtfully by husband No. 2, with the assistance of Dvorak—she goes mad and seeks death in the waters hard by.

Poor Dvorak made a brave attempt to write realistic music for this last tragic scene, but he no more chills the blood than does the urchin who exposes suddenly on a neighbor's doorstep a pumpkin jack-o'-lantern and then rings

violently the bell. In this music there is no thought of the Dvorak of the wild Slavonic dances, the rhapsodies, the sad and haunting gypsy melodies. No effort of conductor or orchestra could make this symphonic poem impressive or even tolerable. Nor is the music so gorgeously colored as other works by this naive composer, who at the last fell into routine and conventionalisms when he purposed to be realistic and tragic.

It is a pleasure to hear now and then even an inferior symphony by Beethoven when it is performed with such loving care for the detail as is shown by Mr. Gericke. The larghetto of the second symphony is still beautiful in its simplicity. Mr. Gericke took it at a little faster pace than is customary, and the music gained thereby.

Mrs. Homer, two seasons ago, caused her many friends uneasiness by her evident desire to make effects at any cost; by her tendency to ignore the sane and voice-preserving laws of song and of vocal beauty. Perhaps she was drawn from the path of righteousness by the example of her German sisters in the Metropolitan Opera House Company; perhaps she was goaded to extravagance in tone-emission by a noisy orchestra dominated by the too enthusiastic Mr. Hertz. Last night she showed that she has been considering her ways, that she now realizes the beauty of repose, the force that lies in the suggestion of reserve strength. She was heard to her best advantage in "The Loreley," a song that has been censured by some for many years as an undue expansion of Heine's simple idea, as being an elaborate cantata instead of a direct and appealing song.

But Liszt's setting has a peculiar and romantic charm, and Mrs. Homer appreciated and expressed the spirit of the composer. She is to be thanked for comparative restraint in the declamation of the wretched music from "Rienzi," music of a third rate Italian opera imagined by a genius in the period of experimentation. As sung by many this scene and air remind one of the sounds heard on a famous occasion by Miss Maud's young man in Tennyson's poem, "The shrill-edged shriek of a mother divides the shuddering night."

The programme of the second concert, which is given on the music page of this issue, will be one of greater interest.

## MUSICAL MATTERS

Interesting Opening of Symphony Season.

Chamber Concerts of Note — Preludes and Echoes.



The 25th season of Symphony concerts was opened in Symphony hall with the popular American singer, Mrs Louise Homer, as the solo artist. Her selections were the Liszt son, "The Loreley," and a scene and aria from Wagner's "Rienzi." The orchestral novelty was Dvorak's symphonic poem, "The Wood Dove," played here for the first time. The Goldmark overture, "In the Spring," and Beethoven's great Second Symphony completed the program. The assemblage was limited, as usual, to the seating capacity of the hall, hundreds were disappointed in not being able to gain admittance. Mr Gericke was received with the customary enthusiasm and the orchestra performed its duties in the manner so familiar to Bostonians that a standard which is considered unusual in other cities is now taken as a matter, of course, with our Symphony patrons. Mrs Homer's rich and powerful mezzo voice was at its best, the dramatic qualities showing to particular advantage in the aria from "Rienzi," the phrases of passion and despair being declaimed with splendid effect and without marring the beauty of her vocalism. She sang the score in German and showed that Wagner, even in very turbulent mood, could be made musical. The fantastic and tender "Loreley" was sung with appealing expression and sweetness of tone. Mrs Homer's reception was very hearty and she was recalled several times at the

## Twenty-Fifth Season Of Boston Symphony Opens

With its beautiful home filled by the musically elect; with its conductor's stand entwined with greenery and decorated with flowers; with an unusually hearty welcome for Mr. Gericke, the Boston Symphony Orchestra began its twenty-fifth season in due form Saturday night and gave the official signal that shall start all the other musical features of the town into full activity. It was almost the same organization in its personnel that marshaled its ranks before the audience a year before. A few faces, however, are new. Mr. Warnke has come from Munich to fill the position of first 'cello; Mr. Hess—not Willy—has the leading horn, while our familiar friend John C. Mullaly, is now one of the first violins. Otherwise the splendid band is practically unchanged.

### Begins in Key of Gaiety.

The concert began in a key of gaiety and pure abandon, for Goldmark's overture, "In the Spring," has more naive charm and simple beauty than one would expect from a man of his temperament. Schumannesque in many ways, the work yet has its own interpretation of the joy of renewed life, of birds and flowers and babbling brooks. It is a

close of each number.

Goldmark's joyous "Spring" overture opened the program delightfully, and each charming episode and furtive theme was given as delicately and smoothly as one could desire. The "little rehearsal of the 'crack of doom'" went with the necessary fortissimo vigor, and the finale was a brilliant and harmonious finishing touch.

Dvorak's poem, "The Wood Dove," is a musical illustration of a lamenting young widow, who, after murdering her first husband, marries a jovial second. As they pass the grave of the first spouse the mourning song of the wild dove causes the woman to go mad and drown herself in a nearby stream. The composer has cleverly shown the various scenes in characteristic orchestration, which fits the story admirably as a rule, although lacking at times in suggesting its deep and tragic import. The treatment appeared to be rather simple, for there were no special difficulties in the score, and Mr Gericke's men had little or no trouble in making the interpretation pleasing. If it was void of dramatic strength the fault evidently was with the orchestra.

Last, but not least, was the beautiful Second Symphony by Beethoven, the gem of the program. This work showed the orchestra in its happiest vein, notably so in the legato melodies in the second and third movements, which were the perfection of ensemble playing.

This week's soloist will be Waldemar Lustschg, a pianist new to this country. The program will be as follows: Overture, "Libussa," Smetana, first time here; concerto for pianoforte, No. 2, in a major, Liszt; "Death and Transfiguration," Richard Strauss; symphony No. 4, Tchaikowsky.

delightful, spontaneous bit of musical imagery, and it was played as it deserved—with delicate loveliness of rhythm and tone.

Dvorak's tone-poem, "The Wood Dove," had its first performance here, and it made little or no impression. Attempting to tell the story of the widow too soon consoled by a lover after the death of the husband she had poisoned, and the terrifying return of her spouse's spirit in the form of a dove, it merely sets forth, with something very near akin to dulness, a funeral march, a rustic dance or two and some rather rugged and somber strains supposed to be the accusing voice of conscience. The dove has little part in the matter, and its cooings are immediately swallowed up by hoarse blasts of the bassoon. Altogether, the work is unworthy the Dvorak of earlier days, and scarcely holds the interest of the most friendly.

### Beautiful Second Symphony.

Beethoven's second symphony has beauty enough to make it still deserving of a place at modern concerts, spite of the endless repetitions of many of its themes and the undeniably old-fashioned cut of its form. It was played

with that rare finish and perfection of detail which Mr. Gericke knows so well how to obtain from his orchestra.

Louise Homer, the soloist, more radiant than ever, and, it would appear, in more powerful voice, sang first Liszt's wonderfully fascinating setting to the "Lorelei" poem. She gave it in an honest, conscientious and hearty style that was partially effective, but that still lacked much of finesse and that weird suggestiveness the music ought to convey. Later she sang a scene and aria from Wagner's "Rienzi," dull things in themselves and not especially bettered by the tremendous strength with which she tossed her voice into the hall. On the whole her true "metier" is in grand opera with all its most turbulent accessories.

## FIRST SYMPHONY REHEARSAL TODAY

Dvorak's "The Wood Dove" to Be Performed for First Time in Boston—Soloist Is Mrs. Louise Homer.

The 25th season of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Wilhelm Gericke conductor, will begin in Symphony Hall this afternoon at 2:30 o'clock with the first public rehearsal. The programme will include Goldmark's overture, "In the Spring," and Beethoven's symphony No. 2, both familiar works. Dvorak's symphonic poem, "The Wood Dove," will be performed for the first time in Boston.

After the composer left New York to make Prague again his dwelling place, he wrote a series of symphonic poems, or orchestral ballads. They were inspired for the most part by folk songs or legends, three or four of them of a bloody-head-and-rattling-bones nature: "The Noon Witch," "The Water Sprite," "The Golden Spinning Wheel" and this "Wood Dove." C. J. Erben, archivist at Prague, wrote a ballad, "The Wood Dove," and this gave Dvorak the subject for the work to be played today.

The Bohemians believe that the souls of the good appear after death as white doves, but those of the wicked as ravens. In Erben's ballad a widow with lamentation follows the corpse of her husband to the grave. While she is weeping, a jovial peasant appears, who offers her marriage. Like the famous Ephesian widow, easily consoled by the soldier who stood guard over her husband's corpse—the story told first by Petronius and afterward by many oth-

ers, among them Jeremy Taylor, who narrated it with peculiar eloquence and gusto in his "Holy Living"—see also a play by Otway—this Bohemian widow forgets her grief and there is a gay wedding festival.

But a dove in a tree near the grave moans out his melancholy. 'Tis the spirit of the husband, who was poisoned by the wife so inconsolable for a day. She, tortured by remorse, kills herself. Dvorak's music is frankly pictorial and narrative. The composition was published in 1899, and played in Chicago in October of that year by Thomas' orchestra.

The soloist this afternoon will be Mrs. Louise Homer, who will sing a scene and aria from "Rienzi" and Liszt's "Loreley," with orchestral accompaniment. This will be her second appearance at these concerts.

At the second concert, the 21st, Mr. Waldemar Luetschg, a young Russian pianist now living in Chicago, will play Liszt's concerto in A major, No. 2, and thus make his first appearance in this country. The orchestral pieces will be the overture to Smetana's opera, "Libussa," Strauss' tone-poem, "Death and Transfiguration," and Tchaikowsky's impressive symphony in F minor, No. 4. Libussa, the heroine of Smetana's opera, is the woman who founded a mighty dynasty in Bohemia. The opera is intensely national. Mr. Warnke, the new first 'cellist of the orchestra, will make his first appearance as a soloist at the third concert, Oct. 28. It is said that he will play Dvorak's concerto.

## 'CELLIST WARNKE OPENS ON OCT. 2

New Acquisition of Boston Symphony Orchestra Only One of Three—Max Hess and M. Sadony Others.

Heinrich Warnke, first 'cellist of the celebrated Kaim orchestra of Munich, Germany, who has been secured by the Boston Symphony orchestra to take the place of Rudolph Krasselt, first solo 'cellist for the past two years, will make his first appearance here at the opening of the season on Oct. 2. Two other noted musicians who will make their first appearances here at the same time are Max Hess, first horn of the Cologne orchestra, and M. Sadony, bassoon of the Cologne orchestra.

Prof. Willy Hess of the Boston Symphony orchestra returned to America



Tuesday, and to Boston Wednesday, after a four weeks' hunt through Germany for first-class musicians, and he is more than pleased with his success.

"I have known Mr. Warnke for years," said Prof. Hess, "and when the famous conductor, Weingartner, and Richard Strauss, both hearing that I was after a first 'cellist, told me to hear Warnke, I went to hear him—and I decided that he must come to Boston on the spot."

According to Prof. Hess, however, it was no easy matter to get Mr. Warnke away from the fatherland. He was very comfortably settled in Munich and had no desire to conquer other worlds. In fact, he had already refused most flattering offers from the Berlin Philharmonic orchestra and from the Vienna orchestra. But under Prof. Hess' urgings he finally consented to come.

Abroad Mr. Warnke has a very big reputation for a man of 33. As a musician he was the pet pupil of Klengel, and well known throughout Europe. As a teacher he was not less well known; he was the instructor of the same Mr. Krasselt, whose place here he has consented to fill.

Mr. Warnke is planning to arrive in America, for the first time in his life, about Sept. 25, in good time for the opening of the season, Oct. 2; and the other two acquisitions of the year, Messrs. Hess and Sadony, will arrive about the same time.

Mr. Hess is 27 years old, and for a man of his age has had wonderfully good offers to play in Munich, Berlin and Vienna, but until Prof. Hess got hold of him he has held by the Cologne orchestra. Mr. Sadony is about 40. He, too, has had very flattering offers, but is leaving Cologne for the first time.

With Mr. Warnke as first 'cellist, Mr. Hess as first horn and Mr. Sadony as bassoon, Prof. Hess is convinced that the Symphony orchestra has been enormously strengthened. Mr. Warnke will also make one of the famous Boston Symphony quartet.

## THE SYMPHONIES BEGIN

The 25th season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Wilhelm Gericke, conductor, was inaugurated last evening at Symphony Hall, the programme of the first concert being as follows:

Overture, "In the Spring".....Goldmark  
Song, with orchestra, "The Loveley".....Liszt  
Symphonic Poem, "The Wood Dove".....Dvorak  
Scene and aria from "Rienzi".....Wagner  
Symphony No. 2, in D.....Beethoven

Mrs. Louise Homer was the soloist.  
Mr. Gericke was warmly applauded when he appeared to direct the first number. The membership of the orchestra is nearly the same as before, the new members including Heinrich Warnke, first 'cellist; P. Sadony, bassoon; Max Hess, first horn; also Boston's well-known and distinguished violinist, John C. Mullaly, who will be a most valued addition to the many artists composing the orchestra.

The opening number was Goldmark's overture, "In the Spring." Although from its title it might be considered out of season, the overture is one that can often be heard with pleasure, for it is in Goldmark's best mood, not only as to freedom and originality of thought, but as to the scoring, which is ideal in every way. In some ways the "In the Spring" overture surpasses such as "Sappho," "Penthesilea" and is only second to "Sakuntala." It made a delightful im-

pression.

Dvorak's symphonic poem, "The Wood Dove," was heard at these concerts for the first time. Briefly stated, the work, in five sections, played without pause, was suggested by an old Bohemian folk legend, and was composed about six years ago. The music is well descriptive of the story, so far as one can judge at a first hearing, and there are many pages of great beauty that fix the attention of the listener. The work deserves another hearing in the near future.

Mme. Louise Homer, a general favorite in this city, made her second appearance at these concerts. She sang Liszt's admirable setting of the familiar Heine poem with fine voice and intelligent grasp of the spirit of the text. She was even more successful in the scene and aria from the third act of "Rienzi." Mme. Homer was enthusiastically applauded and recalled after each number. Beethoven's second symphony in D, was the closing number. The ensemble of the orchestra was especially fine for the first of the season, owing, perhaps, in part to the recent trip to Canada and the West.

At the rehearsal and concert this coming week Waldemar Luetsch, a young Russian pianist now living in Chicago, will play Liszt's concerto in A major, No. 2, and this will be his first appearance in this country. The orchestral pieces will be the overture to Smetana's opera, "Libussa," Strauss' tone-poem, "Death and Transfiguration," and Tschalkowsky's symphony in F minor, No. 4.

## SANDERS THEATRE, CAMBRIDGE

# Boston Symphony Orchestra

WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor

## SIX CONCERTS

THURSDAY, Oct. 26; WEDNESDAY, Nov. 29, and THURSDAYS, Dec. 28, Feb. 1, March 8, April 19, at 7.45 P. M.

Soloists: Miss ALICE R. COLE, Miss OLIVE MEAD, Miss CLARA KLOBERG, Mme. OLGA SAMAROFF, Mr. MYRON W. WHITNEY, Jr., Mr. GEORGE PROCTOR.

Season tickets for the series, \$5. Subscribers of last season may secure the SAME SEATS on application to C. W. Sever & Co., Harvard Sq., on or before Oct. 18. The unclaimed seats will be on sale Saturday morning, Oct. 21, at 8 A. M.

A limited number of seats have been reserved for college officers and invited guests. (A)

## MUSICAL MATTERS

### THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

PROGRAMME. Oct 16. 05  
Concert Overture, in A major, op 36, "In the Spring".....Goldmark  
Song, "The Loreley," with Orchestral accompaniment.....Liszt

Mme. Louise Homer.  
Symphonic Poem, "The Wood Dove," (after Erben's like-named Ballad), op 110. (First time).....Dvorak  
Scene, "Just God!" and Aria, "My Life fades in its Blossom," from "Rienzi," Act III., No. 3.....Wagner

Mme. Louise Homer.  
Symphony No. 2, in D major, op. 36..Beethoven

The Bass-drum pounds the knell of parting day.  
The lowing horns wind slowly through the key.  
The Boston Orchestra starts in to play,  
And work begins for Gericke—and me.

The boast of Gericke, the pomp of Paur,  
And all that Henschel, all that Nikisch gave,  
Await alike the season's opening hour  
To play all things from furious to grave.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene  
The big portfolios of Sauerquell bear.  
Full many a work with gongs and wind-machine,  
With much of dissonance and little air.

When Mr. Gericke took the stand the greeting was especially prolonged and cordial. The opening work of the season was decidedly different from the solemn style in which the former conductors used to break the ice. Henschel used to commence with Beethoven's "Dedication of the House" overture, as a sort of musical grace, and Nikisch and Paur generally gave some lofty number as "avant-courier."

It was much pleasanter, however, to take our spring medicine at once. Goldmark's Spring overture is entirely free from musical riddles, or "Weltschmerz," or any of those troubles which seem to afflict most modern composers. On the contrary, it seems that in the Springtime Goldmark's fancies lightly turn to thoughts of woodwind. Piplings and carollings and all veins of pastoral beauty were in the work, yet contrapuntal skill was not lacking. Such men as Goldmark, Rheinberger, or Jadasohn, may not be of absolutely the first rank in musical creation, but they certainly prove how much of melody and beauty can be united with strict form. The overture was heartily applauded.

Mme. Louise Homer made an unqualified success. She entered into the full spirit of Liszt's ballad, giving the climax—"Er schaut nur hinauf in der Hohn"—with fine effect, and making a very effective contrast with the sadness of the subsequent "Und das hat mit ihrem singen, Die Lorelei gethan."

As if to disprove the saying the Homer sometimes nods, she made a still greater success with the "Rienzi" aria. When one listens to a work of this kind how utterly absurd it makes the accusations of Rowbotham and other old fogey Englishmen, that Wagner introduced his theories because he could not write melodies!

There is too much of melody in this number; it interferes with the dramatic effect; and the roulades and vocal repetitions are almost comically unlike the Wagner whom the world has come to recognize.

Nevertheless the work, amid much of claptrap, has its moments of genius, and Mme. Homer has done well to resuscitate it. There were many recalls. Mme. Homer's voice was never as brilliant as it is at present.

How would one enjoy a melodrama written by Wordsworth? A symphonic poem by Dvorak is about as much at cross purposes. The story tells of a woman who poisons her husband, then wooed and won by a young peasant, is afterwards haunted by the spirit of the dear defunct, goes mad and commits suicide. Liszt might have made something out of this gruesome

topic, but Dvorak only succeeds in giving a mixture of ghosts and rose-water.

The story is told at great length, as if by a man who had reached what Disraeli would have called his anecdote. There are some good points in the composition, as, for example, the sturdy peasant's dance, with its empty fifths as prelude, but the supernatural touches were tame and the work was far too long for what it had to say. The score might be sent to the Society for Psychical Research, for we have certainly no further use for it in the Symphony concerts.

Spite of the fact that one or 2 American critics have found fault with Beethoven, that composer seems to wear pretty well. Mr. Gericke spared not a single repeat in the symphony, yet there was scarcely a sign of any exodus before the last notes. The orchestra played with such spirit that we suspect that they liked the work as much as the audience did. The work is worth study were it only for its historical significance. Its larghetto movement (the gem of the work) was one of those compositions of long breath in slow tempo which Beethoven was the first to thoroughly master.

Its Scherzo is the first symphonic movement of this form, Beethoven having grown tired of the smug Minuet which Haydn had riveted upon the symphony. Yet the movement which he called "Minuet," in his first symphony, or the so-called Minuet of the Fourth Symphony, is far more of a Scherzo than this movement, although this second symphony marks the formal opening of the new path.

The finale, too, is epoch-making. The old suite had ended with a gigue, or jig, and all the old cycle forms had the habit of ending with a jovial movement to reward the patience of the auditors. Almost all the symphonies of Haydn and Mozart followed this lead and ended in a rollicking manner. Beethoven himself yielded to the custom in his first symphony.

But in this second symphony he begins to show what a symphonic finale should really be,—a true climax. The reviewer finds more meaning and more power in the finale than in any other movement of this symphony.

But perhaps it is rather late to write about the merits of Mr. Van Beethoven, and it may be unnecessary to defend them from modern attacks; therefore we limit ourselves to adding that the orchestra was of surprisingly good ensemble for a first concert, the bassoons were very steady in the Trio of the Scherzo, and the symphony made a good climax to an interesting concert. Louis C. Elson.

## MUSIC NOTES.

It is possible that we shall have some opportunities of comparing orchestras this season. The Philadelphia Symphony orchestra, under Mr. Fritz Scheel, is contemplating a Boston performance. If Mr. Paur would venture here with his Pittsburgh orchestra we believe he would receive a cordial welcome.





Waldemar Lutschg,  
Pianist, soloist at Symphony next week.

## NEW WORKS

The program for next week's Symphony concerts, the second in the series, is one of unusual interest. Not only will it bring to Boston an unknown pianist and an unknown work by the Bohemian composer Smetana, but it will contain two of the most attractive works of Richard Strauss and Tschaiikowsky. The soloist will be Waldemar Lutschg, who on Friday afternoon will make his debut in America. Mr. Lutschg is a young man whose coming to this country was preceded by most favorable reports. He is a Russian by birth and parentage, having been born in St. Petersburg of Russian parents. His father was an artist of distinction and a teacher of painting. He himself showed at an early age a great talent for the piano, but he was thoroughly prepared for concert work before he made his debut in his native city in 1896. His success there was immediate and since that time he has been one of the most popular pianists in Russia. Two years later he made his first tour of Germany and attracted most favorable notice in Dresden, Berlin, Frankfort and other musical centres. His whole career has been spent on the continent.

## Symphony Hall.

### SEASON 1905-06.

## BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

WILKINS. Mr. Nijinsky in Paris has shocked the Parisians so much by his mimicking of Debussy's prelude to "The Afternoon of a Faun" that two of the Parisian papers refused to "cover" the performances. Of course the theatre was sold out for each and every one of these performances. This reminds the New Music Review of "a curious incident in the life of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Gericke, preparing his programmes for a trip to this city, Philadelphia and other towns, thought of Goldmark's overture to 'Sappho,' a tragic overture inspired by a play based on the old legend of the burning, passionate poetess, the Ella Wheeler Wilcox of the Grecian isles. About that time Miss Nethersole had shocked a sensitive, idealistic public by the realism of her performance in 'Sappho,' the play based upon Alphonse Daudet's celebrated romance of Parisian life. Mr. Gericke, reading about the scandalous proceedings—and surely the protests were more scandalous than the alleged offence—promptly withdrew Goldmark's overture, saying that he would do nothing to endanger the fair fame of the orchestra."

SATURDAY. P. M.

SMETANA. in A major.

LISZT.

RICHARD STRAUSS. ation," op. 23.

TSCHAIKOWSKY. Nor was Mr. de Pachmann allowed to injure the orchestra dignity last season, for his antics at the piano, his conversations with himself and his frank praise of his own performances would not have been en rapport with the atmosphere in the oblong auditorium, whether or not the performance would have been as incomparably poetic as Mr. de Pachmann's when he seats himself to discourse marvellously with Chopin's muse.

Soloist:

Mr. WALDEMAR LUTSCHG.

The Pianoforte is a Kimball.





WALDEMAR  
LUTSCHG

## IN THE WORLD OF MUSIC

From *Getz 1995*  
STRAUSS, TSCHAIKOVSKY AND SMETANA

### The Second Symphony Concert—More Plans for the New Season—Singers and Virtuosi

In Symphony Hall yesterday the Symphony Orchestra gave the second afternoon concert of the new season. Mr. Gericke conducted, and Waldemar Lutschg, a young Russian, who has lately settled in Chicago, was the pianist. He was making his first appearance in America and the audience applauded him warmly. Smetana's overture to his opera "Libussa" was the unfamiliar music of the concert, and it was played probably for the first time in America. The whole programme, which will be repeated tonight, was: Smetana, Overture to the opera "Libussa"; Liszt, Concerto No. 2, for piano; Richard Strauss, tone-poem, "Death and Transfiguration"; Tschaikevsky, Symphony No. 4.

"Death and Transfiguration" is becoming Richard Strauss's "Tannhäuser." The full and true believers agree that it contains or foreshadows nearly all the peculiar qualities of his later tone-poems: yet regret that here and there in it he has preferred the ways of Liszt to his own. Meanwhile in Europe and in America conductors place it oftenest of all Strauss's music on their programmes, and their audiences seem to hear it more and more gladly. The wandering composer himself chooses none so frequently for his own conducting. The reasons are plain enough. Of all Strauss's tone-poems "Death and Transfiguration" is the most readily comprehensible and the most deeply moving. It does not matter at all whether the verses that accompany the music were written before or after it was composed. They do tell us sufficiently what was in Strauss's mind and fancy as he wrote, and that, as with any music that seeks expression first of all, we have a right and a duty to know.

With such guidance there is no obscuring or mistaking what the music would express. The details are trivial—the ticking of the clock in "the little necessitous chamber," the rattle in the throat of the dying idealist. They are the infatuations of programme-makers or the excesses of the composer. They are also the things upon which the detractors and the doubters love to dwell to the hiding of others that are infinitely more important. There is no mistaking the wan mood of a spent and expiring soul with which the music begins. There is no missing the tonal flashes—call them youth, childhood, "the lyric period," what you will—that brighten or soften it. There is no withstanding that tonal battle when ideals clash against all the world and Fate behind. And there is no resisting that

mighty apotheosis when every instrumental voice cries at its fullest and richest: "Say not the struggle naught avaleth."

"Death and Transfiguration" is not only readily comprehensible; it is deeply moving. It is time to have done with the mechanics of Strauss, even with the mechanics of his imagination, except in our private studies. Most of us know by this time that he can invent such uncanny rhythms as that which brings Death into the chamber. We know, also, that he can split a theme into harmonic splinters, as he does when Fate beats down the Ideal of the tone-poem. We know the wonders of his polyphony; the miracles of his instrumentation; the strangeness and the marvels of his harmonies—and dissonances. It is time for us to take all these things for granted, as he does. They are means, not ends. Does the music of "Death and Transfiguration" search our hearts and kindle our spirits? Does it lay bare the soul of the dying man, mood upon mood, emotion upon emotion? Does it wage once more in tones the eternal battle for an Ideal? Does it cry with all the myriad voices of the Apocalypse that the struggle does avail? It is not a question of whether music can or ought to express these things and a dozen others in the emotional contents of the tone-poem. Those are matters for academic debate. The real question is whether this particular man, Richard Strauss, has made this particular music, "Death and Transfiguration," accomplish these things. Can there be but one answer from any imaginative or open-minded hearer?

This music searches our hearts with its pathos, shakes us with its warfare, intoxicates us with the plangent splendor of its triumph. And it does all these things the more because it is music of our own time, lives and strivings. When Beethoven wrote, they were remaking the modern world. In the prime of Wagner and Liszt romance had been born again. And now we search our own hearts and the hearts of others and cannot find the things we seek. They splinter like Strauss's harmonies. They vanish like his tonalities. We shift, we strive, we fail, we despair. Yet we are all optimists at bottom. We do hear at our best moments the full-throated C-major glories of that apotheosis. It remained for Strauss to put the moods of his time into tones that speak as with our voices.

Tschaikevsky followed Strauss on Mr. Gericke's programme, and he, too—it is easy to hear someone saying—is of our time. He is by the dates in the biographical dictionary, and no Russian of today is much more than that. Beside Strauss he is still primitive in mind and mood, though he has learned our arts of expression, and sometimes bettered our teaching. Hear Fate, according to Tschaikevsky, stamping and stalking through the first movement of the fourth symphony—a giant god, earth-shaking, irresistible. Shall we strive against him; shall we do tonal battle for our ideals, even as does Strauss? Not at all, replies the Russian. "Moderato con anima in



movimento di valse." Let us float away in waltz rhythm on our dreams and visions. We can have them for the asking. Let us sit in sad-sweet melancholy and muse of old, forgotten, far-off things, "andante in modo di canzona," with the plaintive oboe to lead the instrumental choir. Or let us play with our fancies and with our stringed instruments in persistent pizzicato. Finally, shall we riot through a wild debauch of folk-tune, and yet hear Fate still stamping and stalking above the din?

Primitive minds, primitive emotions. Or so they seemed after Strauss, with his acrid, intense modernity. In bitter contest, he had persuaded us, lies surcease from sorrow and unrest. And Tschai-kovsky would take us for comfort into the rude tumults of a peasant holiday. No wonder it was hard to take his fourth movement for more than a rough-and-tumble of excited sound. Strauss's hero strives, falls, hopes, fights again, conquers. Tschai-kovsky's sits in the sun—maybe the brightness will hide him from that stalking Fate—and pipes sadly, moodily, or chases vagrant fancies up and down the strings. You hear Strauss's song of triumph, and Tschai-kovsky answers in "movimento di valse." 'Tis fate as a primitive mind sees it, as primitive emotions fear it, and shrink before it. The consolations are as primitive, be they plaintive or fanciful or tumultuous. Yet the "poetic basis" as the phrase goes, behind Strauss's and behind Tschai-kovsky's music, are one and the same—the struggle against the world, and Fate behind, for ideals and the happiness they bring. But how different is the treatment. Strauss's is all passionate contest; Tschai-kovsky's all pretty or tumultuous evasion. Emotionally Strauss's is the voice of a man. Tschai-kovsky's, in comparison, of a child.

It was almost a pity after such taxing and intricate music that Smetana's overture did not end the concert instead of beginning it. Libussa was a national heroine of Bohemia who does not deeply affect us who are beyond its borders. Smetana put her into a sort of national opera and wrote a solemn overture for it still more in the vein that suits national festivals. Stately sonorities begin it. Ingratiating melody continues it. (Libussa was woman as well as queen.) Chivalrous accents end it. After Strauss and Tschai-kovsky you recalled it like a calming memory. Of Mr. Lütschg and the playing of the orchestra it will be fairer to write after tonight's concert.

H. T. P.

## FATE AND DEATH PAINTED IN MUSIC

Harriet ——— Get 22-05

R. Strauss' "Death and Transfiguration" and Tschai-kovsky's Symphony No. 4 Given at Second Concert.

### TWO MASTERPIECES GRANDLY RENDERED

Smetana's Prelude to "Libussa"—Luetschg Plays First Time in America—Next in Memory of Mrs. Lowell.

The second Symphony concert was given last night in Symphony Hall. Mr. Gerike conducted. The programme was as follows:

Overture to "Libussa" (first time)....Smetana  
Piano concerto in A major, No. 2.....Liszt  
"Death and Transfiguration".....R. Strauss  
Symphony No. 4.....Tschai-kovsky

Smetana wrote his opera "Libussa," a glorification of Bohemia's Amazon princess, who finally was forced to take to herself a husband to aid her in governing her people, for a "future audience," as his biographer, Weilek, puts it. Smetana's serious opera, "Dalibor," met with little success when it was produced in 1868 and the composer, cut to the quick, took great pains with "Libussa," especially in the matter of musical declamation. The opera was completed in 1872 and the overture was played in the seventies, but the opera was not produced until 1881, when it took a prize and was chosen as the work for the dedication of a new opera house in Prague. The composer designed his work for festival occasions; he could not endure the thought of it becoming a hackneyed repertory piece; but his wish was not regarded even while he was alive.

The overture is built on three typical themes. The first typifies Libussa, the Amazon, "the pride and glory of the female sex, doing wise and manly deeds," as the old chronicler describes her. The second is the theme of Libussa, the woman with all the feminine charms and wiles that were characteristic of her weaker sisters. The third typifies Premysl, whom she called from the field as he was ploughing, and wed-

ded; with whose assistance she founded a powerful dynasty.

The overture is music for a solemn festival, better suited for the theatre and for the purpose of establishing a mood than for performance, detached and without special significance, in a concert hall; yet as music without any particular association it is impressive—in fact, singularly impressive by reason of the simplicity and the earnest, sincerity that are peculiar to Smetana, qualities that are revealed fully in his superb symphonic poem, "Vysehrad." It is music that might well prepare for the reading of a stately epic poem or accompany the unrolling of a painting of some historic and mighty deed.

The works of Strauss and Tschai-kovsky played at this concert are among the masterpieces of the two composers, and they were both inspired by thoughts of faith and of death. Each has a programme, an argument, for although the poem by Alexander Ritter was written after the music had been composed, the poem is published in the score as a commentary, and while no argument appears in Tschai-kovsky's score, the Russian wrote to Mrs. von Meck, to whom the symphony is dedicated, an elaborate explanation of his purpose. It was bold of Mr. Gerike to put two works of this nature in juxtaposition. The experiment was engrossing and successful. Few compositions could come after Strauss' work and hold the attention of an audience. Tschai-kovsky's symphony has been praised by some and feared by others as aggressively Russian; but it is not parochial in its national sentiment, rhythm and color; its theme is universal; it appeals to every thinking being who is perplexed or disheartened by the mystery of life.

Tschai-kovsky and Brahms were constitutionally curious about death, and their curiosity, which was akin to despair, was often expressed in their music. Brahms was inclined to be peevish or surly in his expression of doleful dumps. He wrote in the spirit in which he died, for at the last he cried and turned his face to the wall, while Tschai-kovsky simply said to his brother, who gave him assurance: "I think this is death; good-by, Modi," and just before his sweet soul left his tormenting body he looked toward heaven with an indescribable expression of unclouded consciousness, and there was a certain light in his eyes.

The Russian is heroic in his despair, and it should be remembered that he himself was not satisfied with the hopeless lamentation that closes his sixth symphony and purposed to rewrite it. Brahms in his music—with the exception of his "Tragic" overture in which there is a touch of noble serenity—reminds one of poisoned Brachiano's speech in Webster's awful play:

"On pain of death, let no man name death to me:

It is a word infinitely terrible."

Brahms' attitude is not unlike that of the sorry hero of Zola's "Joie de Vivre," who was haunted and incapacitated for manly work by the mere thought of death.

In Strauss' tone-poem and in Tschai-kovsky's symphony there is full and intense expression of man's rebellion against Fate. The sick man of Strauss reviews in the delirium of fever the scenes of his childhood and youth; once more he struggles for the things that men in this world set their hearts upon. To him in his death-sweat life is as

mirage and shifting sand. And so, the mighty transformation! Death, dreaded, fought against, first gives him deliverance from the world; at last he sees clearly and knows the realities. "Death hath this also: that it openeth the gate to good fame." The veriest clown is thus ennobled; he knows at last the secret of secrets, and the proudest that look on his set face may well envy him.

After the fever and stress and fury of Strauss' music comes the apotheosis of poor humanity. There is the suggestion in the solemn strains of the uprising and disappearing forever of life's mist and clouds, of the fleeing away of all doubts and fears as shadows. Man's life, then, after all, is not so weak and pitiful. The corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality.

And yet there have been hearers who listening to this music found in it only charnel house horrors and bedlam ravings.

In Tschai-kovsky's music, man is portrayed as under the bludgeon of Fate. Of what avail is the fist shaken at the sky? How impotent the fiercest outburst! He may pursue happiness, but it is a chimera. He seeks consolation in past memories, in thought of old familiar faces that are gone forever, and in this melancholy is a certain joy. The scherzo might be compared to the "Sleep Chasings" of Walt Whitman, to the fantastical forms and incidents that flit through a dreamer's brain. At last the wretched one solves his problem before death brings relief; there is happiness to be found in observing and entering into the happiness of others. Thus may one live to the appointed end—yet the shadow of Fate will now and then darken the landscape and contract the horizon.

Is this too fantastical? But Tschai-kovsky himself well said: "It is the characteristic feature of instrumental music that it does not allow analysis." One hearing the tone poem and the symphony may hear them thus; another may be interested first of all in the technical proficiency of the orchestra; and still another may wonder what it is all about and sigh for a symphony by Haydn, one "with no nonsense in it—good, straight, pretty and lively music," or possibly for the overture to "Rienzi." The hearer must meet the composer at least half way.

The orchestral performance, on the whole, was of the highest order of excellence. It was a pleasure to the ear and to the imagination. There were moments of inimitable solo display and in ensemble the orchestra was as a commanding and entrancing virtuoso. If the climax of "Death and Transfiguration" was finely worked out and overpowering in its grandeur, the whimsical, capricious scherzo of the symphony, with its spectral jesting, was given with an astounding command of nuances. Mr. Gerike conducted with much sympathy and fervor, as well as with an exquisite sense of proportion.

Mr. Waldemar Luetschg, pianist, played here for the first time in America. Born in St. Petersburg in 1877, he studied there and began the career of a virtuoso in 1896. He is now living in Chicago. He chose the second concert of Liszt, which was last played at these concerts by Mr. Joseffy. The concerto itself is not a work for sensational display; it does not by dash and glitter, by



# MUSICAL

Globe  
Oct. 22, 1905

## MATTERS

### Second of the Season's Symphony Concerts.

### Series of Notable Performances of Grand Opera in English.

### Recitals and Minor Con- certs of the Week.

The Russian pianist, Waldemar Lutschg, made his first appearance in this country as soloist at last week's Symphony concerts, playing the Liszt A major concerto, a work in which brilliancy of performance is the chief requisite, although there are many cantabel passages of great beauty and some moments in which the deeper musicianly qualities may find expression. To Mr Lutschg the immense technical difficulties presented no obstacle for his finger work was accomplished with a skill and smoothness in execution that indicated a master of this art, and his shadings and variations in tempo were accomplished without marring the clarity of his tones, even in the most rapid fingering. Mr Lutschg evidently is a man of great power, judging from his physique; but he didn't abuse the instrument and his fortissimo, tempered to the capacity of the piano, was free from the jaggling accompaniment so frequently heard when the pianist allows passion and temperament to overthrow discretion.

The arpeggio measures were played gracefully, the chord runs and the light cadenza passages were equally good in execution and the small sample of cantabel proved to be of an exquisite singing quality. The almost whimsical finale was set forth in tonal color of great brilliancy and the whole interpretation was a splendid example of pianistic art of a high quality. Mr Lutschg was received with great warmth.

The other program numbers were the overture from Smetana's opera, "Libussa"; the Richard Strauss tone poem, "Death and Transfiguration," and the fourth, Tchaikowsky symphony. The Smetana excerpt is chiefly in festival

form and has three chief themes typifying characters in the opera. The first is dignified, the second quiet and tender and the last heroic in suggestion. The opening fanfare, which is quite long, was magnificently played by the brass contingent of the orchestra; the strings and other instruments gave the second theme in an agreeably expressive vein, and the heroic mood of the closing part was set forth with due solemnity and pomp.

The massive and somber tone poem by Richard Strauss was played in an effective manner, of course, and doubtless many appreciated, and probably fewer really enjoyed, the numerous chaotic movements of the work. The characteristic symphony by Tchaikowsky was delightful from beginning to end. The varied instrumental combinations make it unusually attractive to the general public, and the peculiar phrases and themes sprinkled ad lib throughout the four movements enable the different "bands" to show what they can do—and they did it perfectly. The novel pizzicato scherzo deserves special mention, for here the strings were particularly efficient, the "picking" being crisp and in perfect unison. The vigorous fourth movement was sufficiently strenuous to suit the most exacting taste.

This week's program will introduce as soloist Mr Heinrich Warnke, the new first 'cellist of the orchestra. He will play Dvorak's B minor concerto, for 'cello. The other numbers will be Brahms' "Academic Overture," two compositions by Elgar, first time at these concerts, and Liszt's "Faust Symphony."

pomp and fury immediately compel the applause that rewards any apparently extraordinary feat of physical labor or relieves excited and tightly strung nerves. The pianist in order to make an effect with it must be a musician and a poet as well as a master of digital dexterity.

Mr. Lutschg made a very favorable impression. His tone is delightfully clear and crisp in bravura passages, liquid in cantabile, and his general technic is fluent. His reading was both musical and poetic, and there was the polished elegance in phrasing that is especially demanded in the interpretation of Liszt.

All in all, a brilliant and memorable concert.

At the special request of Mr. Henry L. Higginson the concert this week will be in memory of Mrs. Charles Russell Lowell. The programme will therefore be changed from that announced on the music page of this issue. Schubert's "Unfinished" Symphony and Beethoven's "Eroica" will be played, and the balance of the programme will be announced later.

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## Waldemar Lutschg Is Heard At Symphony

Journal

The first American appearance of Waldemar Lutschg, the Russian pianist, was the feature of special interest at the second Symphony concert, although the whole evening was one to be remembered. Mr. Lutschg is young and serious. He appears to take his art rather solemnly, which is, after all, not so bad a thing in a youthful player. It has given him a dignity and a maturity of style not always found in a man of his years; it has made him free from mannerisms and has given him little of the aplomb of the storming virtuoso. He goes to the other extreme, sometimes, and appears to be holding his own energy and virility in check.

Perhaps the Liszt A major concerto, which he chose for his debut, was partly responsible for his lack of effectiveness. It is a rather dull affair, in the main, and even such a great player as Joseffy, who gave it here last year, was unable to lend it vitality. But Mr. Lutschg showed he has ample technique, a well-rounded tone and an artistic temperament. His appearance as a recital pianist will be awaited with interest.

### Smetana's Overture.

The novelty of the program was Smetana's overture to the opera "Libussa," a glorification of the traditional Bohemian heroine of Prague. The music is festal, with the pomp of brasses predominating, full of rich color, and altogether interesting, as is everything that the hapless Smetana wrote. The touch of romantic sincerity, the passionate patriotism and the flashes of almost supernatural beauty in his works make them irresistibly fascinating. The playing of the orchestra was noble in the highest degree.

Richard Strauss' "Death and Transfiguration" seems more classically clear and simple as time goes on. Did we once believed it weird and revolutionary? All that has passed, and it now appeals by the extreme beauty of the death-bed dreams of youth and by the sonorous splendor of the dawning of the life beyond. Here again the band covered itself with honors for its elegance of technique, although the effect of the work would have been still greater had Mr. Gerlicke "let things go" with a little more abandon. Strauss himself did it last season, and nothing of real finish was lost.

### Tchaikowsky to Close.

Tchaikowsky's characteristic and wonderfully suggestive fourth symphony, with its haunting melancholy, its "gripping" themes and its turbulent

grandeur, all magnificently played, made a fitting close to an exceptionally interesting concert. For this week, in place of the program announced in Saturday's Journal, Schubert's "Unfinished" symphony, Beethoven's "Eroica" and other works will be given, at the request of Maj. Higginson, as a memorial to Mrs. Charles Russell Lowell who died recently in New York.

Transcript

Oct 23, 1905

### Mr. Lutschg and the Symphony Orchestra

The young pianists are cultivating a modest reticence. One by one they come to us without a mark of eccentricity or a touch of personal display. The shaking of manes, the flinging of arms, the tossing of bodies are going out of fashion. In a few years, if the youngsters prevail, Pachmann's grotesquerie will be a last curious survival from the obsolete. Waldemar Lutschg, who played at the Symphony concerts of Friday and Saturday, is one of the youngest and most modest of the new generation. Personally he was pleasantly unobtrusive. It was only afterwards that it occurred to you how agreeable a young man he seemed. Musically, as well, he was all discreet reticence. Presumably he had all the technical mastery and resources that we ask of our pianists as a matter of course, but he never thrusts them on his hearers. His playing was so limpid that they hardly realized its ease. Its bravura was smoothly crisp, its lyric passages smoothly rounded. It pursued the contours of a melody through Liszt's labyrinths of ornament and never obscured them or their setting. It was the playing of a pianist who is a musician before he is a virtuoso. Perhaps, however, it carried unobtrusiveness too far. Somehow, it lacked more substantial and individual distinction. It was a little too disembodied, and it wanted the brilliance that Liszt asks above all else. He composed a style, as someone said, as much as he did music. True in this second concerto, until near the end, it is a tempered brilliance and a tempered style, and there is the potent example of Joseffy for the subduing of even the chromatic riot of the end. Certainly Mr. Lutschg never let that go to his own head or to his hearers', and perhaps he and Mr. Gerlicke both turned Liszt's musical kaleidoscope rather too deliberately. It is not good for Liszt when his hearers have time to think.

As often before the real virtuoso of the concerts was the orchestra. Liszt, Strauss, Tchaikovsky, all wrote for a band of virtuosos, and Friday and Saturday



they were fortunate enough to have one. Such beauty of tone as strings and woodwinds brought to "Death and Transfiguration" ought to persuade even those who will not understand Strauss. In the concerto there were almost as many tonal tints in the two choirs as there were in Liszt's imagination. The deep, smooth richness of the brass in the overture ought to have gladdened Smetana. Tchaikovsky was always distrusting bands. Yet no strings could have done more for him than did ours in his symphony. It caught the quickest of his fancies. But the band was more than merely ninety virtuosos. They were virtuosos who were understanding, imagining and feeling as one man and that man was their conductor. It used to be the custom and often the truth to say that Mr. Gericke was not at his best in such music as this of Liszt and Strauss and Tchaikovsky. Last winter he seemed to be warming to it again, to be feeling it as well as understanding it. Friday and Saturday, there was no questioning his response to it or his men's response to him. If the concerto ran a little too deliberately, the tonal light and shade, the half-tints and the full flashes were unfailing. Strauss had form and proportion under Mr. Gericke's hand, and the climax of the song of triumph was a mass of glowing tone. As for Tchaikovsky did not even the persistent lengths and the occasional banalities of the fourth symphony sound steadily impressive? Mr. Gericke was persuading us that they ought to mean something and a conductor could hardly do more.

H. T. P.

## MUSICAL MATTERS

### THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

#### PROGRAMME.

Overture, to the Opera "Libussa" (First time) ..... Smetana  
Concerto for Pianoforte, No. 2, in A major ..... Liszt  
Waldemar Lutsehg, soloist.  
Tone Poem, "Death and Transfiguration," op. 23 ..... Richard Strauss  
Symphony No. 4, in F minor, op. 36. Tchaikovsky

The programme was decidedly modern, yet it gave such strong contrasts of style that its modernity was by no means a dreary waste of dissonance, and there was no monotony. Smetana was the most classical of these moderns. The "Libussa" overture was simple in its thematic material and the composer used it as a Beethoven might have done. Strong contrasts were in its measures, the lofty fanfares of the beginning being an admirable foil to the delicate duet of oboe and flute which constituted the subordinate theme.

There was clear, clean-cut development, and the composer did not expand the form by any long coda; when he had said his say he ended his work, a proceeding which

is by no means usual with the composer of the present.

The slavic word "smetana" means "cream," and this Bohemian is worthy of his name. But we doubt whether the audience could fully appreciate the classicality of the overture on a single hearing, particularly as its lofty simplicity was at once effaced by the orchestral spices of Liszt.

Mr. Lutsehg made a fine impression in the Liszt concerto. He bristles with technique as his name bristles with consonants. Rarely have we heard an unheralded young pianist with so clear a conception of what he wanted to do and such good equipment for doing it. A shallowness of tone in the heavy bass chords was the only shortcoming of the work. The A major concerto is not as great a work to conjure with as its peppery companion in E-flat, yet it is intrinsically the greater of the two Liszt concertos.

Its orchestral touches are very beautiful. We do not think that Liszt has yet received full credit for his orchestral power; even Tchaikovsky or Richard Strauss do not cause him to grow pale, and the work held its own easily against the two masterpieces that followed. The ensemble was perfect, and the honor of this must be divided between Mr. Gericke and Mr. Lutsehg. While the pianist displayed an admirable surety, he did not discard a free interpretation at times; an occasional use of "tempo rubato" was eminently fitting and lent effect to some passages, but this gave added difficulty to the orchestral part. Every climax was well wrought up and at the end the pianist was recalled over and over again. He thoroughly deserved the tribute; we shall watch the career of this artist with much interest for there is something of genius in his performance.

The rest of the concert was devoted to studies of Fate and Death from the German and Russian points of view, yet it was not sombre and it was certainly intensely interesting and exciting (as well as elevating) to its very last note. The chief event of the programme was the Strauss performance. The composition ("Death and Transfiguration") grows greater and greater with each repeated hearing; in this case familiarity breeds reverence. It is not so long ago that the wifings called it "Death and Damnation" and thought the whole matter horribly morbid and unhealthy.

Now it stands revealed as one of the greatest possible pictures of human struggle, a Greek tragedy in tones, but with an ending far nobler than the Hellenic pictures of Fate. In Tolstoy's "Death of Ivan Iliitch" we find in words what Strauss has here told in tones, an accidental resemblance, but a close one, in the final calm, clear view of mortal dissolution. The work is not programme-music in the sense that Beethoven's Pastoral symphony or Mendelssohn's Hebrides overture are programme-music.

It pictures moods rather than events, and in this it is rather of the school of Beethoven's Heroic symphony or of Brahms' Tragic overture. At this concert we tried to listen without a thought of Ritter's descriptive poem or of the dozen little sick-room details which commentators have saddled upon the work—and the composition gained in consequence. An unavailing struggle, happy memories, a journey through the valley of Despair to a serene confronting of Death, that is programme enough for this mighty tone-poem.

We cannot sufficiently praise the performance. One could pick out individual excellences, the exquisite flute-playing and the delicate violin work at the point where memories of the past enter, but it is unnecessary; the whole orchestra played gloriously. And the reading of the work was one which must redound to Mr. Gericke's credit; it gained by the moderation with which it was performed; there was no attempt to inflate the emotions portrayed; everything was set forth powerfully and clearly, but never sensationally.

Even the chronic fault-finders must have been convinced that Mr. Gericke showed real greatness by his interpretation of this work. We were glad to see the audience pour out some of the resultant enthusiasm, at the end of the work, upon the poetic conductor.

Then came another view of Fate, this time "a la Russe." It was a bold, but wise, step to place the Tchaikovsky work after the Strauss composition. The grandeur of Sophocles does not abolish the vehemence of Sudermann or Ibsen; yet perhaps the juxtaposition was unfair to the Russian, who, although a genius in his way, has not the titanic power of the great German.

There were many fanfares at the beginning of the symphony, some of which reminded of the introduction of Schumann's B-flat symphony, seen through a glass (of vodka) darkly. The second movement, in song-style, was delightfully tuneful and gave the oboe a fine chance to do masterly work in folk-song melody, which M. Longy performed most delicately. The subordinate theme which follows is not far removed from light-opera music. The return of the first melody, this time upon the bassoon, gave that instrument a chance to give an excellent "obbligato."

The third movement, a spley little song-form with trio, was finely given by the strings, although, at the beginning of the trio, when the woodwind entered, there was an aberration of intonation (for once) between the two orchestral departments.

The finale is a peasant's orgie, more innocent than that one in which Berlioz caused Childe Harold to seek relief. Tchaikovsky desired to picture a relief from the scourings of Fate by going direct to the healthy life of the people and watching their enjoyments. But we must place Strauss' clear-eyed facing of doom on a much higher plane than Berlioz's absinthe and brandy, or Tchaikovsky's village festival among the moujiks. We cannot find much more than a case of nervous depres-

sion and physical relief in the emotions of the symphony. Possibly a musical picture of a game of golf as an antidote would have been quite as successful a climax.

But we prefer not to take Tchaikovsky's psychology, as here displayed, too seriously. Let it suffice that the work had some splendid orchestration, was tuneful, enjoyable and intelligible. We need not always be studying great problems or suffering "Weltschmerz" when he listen to music.

Louis C. Elson.

### MUSIC NOTES.

At Mr. Higginson's request the symphony concert of next Saturday will become a memorial service in honor of Mrs. Charles Russell Lowell, and the programme will be changed to include Beethoven's Heroic symphony and Schubert's "Unfinished" symphony.

### 3 Bands. "The Forest Dove" Oct. 13, 1905

Dvorak's tone poem, "The Forest Dove," which the Symphony Orchestra is playing for the first times here, today and tomorrow, is one of the group of such pieces that he wrote in the quiet of his last years at Prague. The folksongs and the legends of Bohemia seemed to renew their appeal to him in his old age, and in them he found the imaginative and, sometimes, the musical ideas that underlie "The Forest Dove" and the three companion pieces. As Bohemian folk tales go, the souls of the good return after death as white doves to their former dwelling place, and a ballad embodying this fancy gave Dvorak the "literary" material for his music. A widow mourns her dead husband, and even as she weeps comes a new suitor that pleases. The wedding begins almost as the funeral rites end. But a white dove sits and watches and moans on a tree in the neighboring forest. It is the soul of the dead husband; and the dove's wails are so searching that the widow takes her life. For has she not poisoned the good husband that new wooers may come? It is easy to guess Dvorak's musical treatment of the tale—the mourning, the wooing, the wedding festival, the wailing dove, the remorseful woman. It seems fit material for musical narrative, and he was practised in the art of it.

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## BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

### The Beginning of Its First Quarter Century—Its Start in New York.

As the coming season marks the end of the first quarter century in the history of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, so it will be the twentieth in which that organization has given concerts in New York, for it was not until the orchestra was five years old that its first concert was given in Steinway Hall. Then, as now, Mr. Gericke was the conductor, but conditions were very different. Concertgoers who attend the Boston Symphony concerts in Carnegie Hall have difficulty in realizing what a long, hard fight it was to build up the splendid patronage that is now found in New York, a work of the better part of the nineteen years that it has visited this city. The growth was always sure, but at first very slow. Steinway Hall was deserted for Chickering, and Chickering in turn gave way to the Metropolitan Opera House, and finally, seven years ago, the orchestra moved to Carnegie Hall and doubled the number of its New York concerts, giving five Saturday matinees in addition to its five Thursday evening concerts.

This move was greeted at the time with much skepticism, but its wisdom was demonstrated from the beginning. Since the season of 1899-1900, when ten concerts were given for the first time, the patronage has steadily and rapidly increased, until last season it was rare that Carnegie Hall was not filled to its utmost capacity.

What was true last year will be true this. The renewals of subscriptions which has been going on for the last few weeks is larger than ever before, and the prospects for a large season sale were never so good as they are now. This season sale for new subscribers opens to-morrow morning at the Carnegie Hall box office, Luckhardt & Belder's, 10 East Seventeenth Street, and at Tyson's. The prices will be the same as last year, \$7.50, \$6, \$5, and \$3, with boxes at \$50 and \$40.

The dates of the concerts are as follows: Thursday evenings, Nov. 9, Dec. 7, Jan. 11, Feb. 15, and March 15, and Saturday afternoons, Nov. 11, Dec. 9, Jan. 13, Feb. 17, and March 17.

A particular interesting series of concerts is promised. Mr. Gericke will conduct all the concerts except those in December, which will have as their conductor M. Vincent d'Indy, the distinguished French composer. An invitation was extended to M. d'Indy last Summer to come to America this Winter and conduct the Boston Symphony Orchestra in a series of its concerts. This he accepted with much pleasure, and the concerts assigned to him are two in Boston, two in New

York, and one each in Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington.

This will be his first visit to America. M. d'Indy is the leader of that school known as "the younger Frenchmen," and to-day is the unquestioned dictator of things musical in France. Much of his music has been played by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. As a conductor M. d'Indy has been successful in Germany and Austria, whither he has gone as guest several times. His two New York programmes will be composed largely of modern French music, for the most part unknown to New York.

## LUTSCHG NEXT SYMPHONY STAR

*Boston Traveler*

Brilliant Young Russian Pianist  
Will Delight Music Lovers at  
Next Week's Concerts.

*Oct. 14, 1905.*

The programme for next week's Symphony concerts (Friday afternoon and Saturday evening), the second in the series, is one of unusual interest. Not only will it bring to Boston an unknown pianist and an unknown work by the Bohemian composer Smetana, but it will contain two of the most attractive works of Richard Strauss and Tschalkowsky.

The soloist will be Waldemar Lutschg, who on Friday afternoon will make his debut in America. Mr. Lutschg is a young Russian whose coming to this country was preceded by most favorable reports. He is a Russian by birth and parentage, having been born in St. Petersburg.

Smetana is a most familiar name to the patrons of the Symphony concerts, and the announcement that an unknown work from his hand is to be played has attracted much attention. It is the overture to his opera "Libussa," and so far as is known, this has never been played in America.

The programme in full is as follows:

Smetana..... Overture, "Libussa"  
(First Time.)  
Liszt. Concerto for pianoforte, No. 2 in A major  
Richard Strauss. "Death and Transfiguration"  
Tschalkowsky.... Symphony No. 4 in F minor  
Soloist—Waldemar Lutschg.

## THE LISTENER

*Trans.* Oct. 25, 1905

"I really believe," said a much-travelled connoisseur the other day, "that you Boston people, in spite of all your talk about it, don't know what a good thing you have got in the Symphony Orchestra. If you should ever have brought here the orchestras you read about in other cities, one after another, your self-satisfaction would be simply insufferable." The bare sight of the Saturday nights at Symphony Hall, is enough to show that Boston knows its good thing sufficiently to rally to it as it cannot be made to do to grand opera and at about the same prices. Here is always the most distinguished and most characteristic audience that Boston ever assembles, all in its best dress. Every seat, from stage to statues, is filled; and the interest is of the kind that can be felt by the expert at public shows; it is running throughout the house unmistakably genuine, eager and intense, at least always at the start. Undoubtedly where Mr. Gericke conducts there is the best orchestra. No, we are not indifferent to, or oblivious of the truth that we have for regular diet the very finest music in the world!

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And yet it seemed to the Listener the other night that we have not drawn out of it with due consciousness of its importance, the whole of the significance, moral and social, of a symphony performance. Apart from, and in addition to, all questions of art, there is much merely in the organization of the band, merely in the fabric of the composition on which the orchestra does its work. Taken together, they form a curiously complete parallel to the world we live in and all its goings-on. You might almost say that a great orchestra performing a Beethoven symphony illustrates both the world itself and all those living in it, is in fact a microcosm—a little world or cosmos, an epitome, physically and morally, of the universe or great world. There are grand divisions of the orchestra that might typify orders of creation or races of men. There are "classes and masses;" there are the great swells of soloists, with the required entourage of ordinary folks. There are tremendous stresses and storms of public feeling sweeping it, and again levels of the happy everyday living and its experiences of joys or sorrows. Above all, there are personal episodes carried on between instruments, pretty little dramas of love or grand passions forbidden, half hidden away in the accompaniment or development, perhaps, through suggestions and understandings that finally grow to a tragic climax. There are heartbreaking pathos and vague poetic yearnings, forming the undertone of whole passages of interest, as it were the plaints of helpless spectators of fate.

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In short almost everything that goes on in the world goes on in a way in the orchestra sooner or later in a programme of great compositions such as the magnificent layout of last Saturday night which Mr.

Gericke with characteristic reserve presented on the second instead of the first night, with Smetana, Richard Strauss and Tschalkowsky the chief dramaturgists—a stalwart mediaeval queen's caprice, marriage and glory—a dying man's struggle with delirium and uplifting into transfiguration—a picture of the mind of a happy lover, and the isolation of his joy from that of the healthier, unconscious holiday-makers at a country fair. But with all this going on in the music one wonders that the elements can be prevented from falling into confusion. Why does not such nebulous stuff only whirl to a grand smash? Sometimes it has seemed strange that the world of men does not stop, in the enormity say of such a crash as that of mighty Russia's downfall before little Japan, or such a moral cataclysm as the revelations of "big men's" coarse looting of the great insurance trusts—in the presence of such private shocks as turn men's hair gray, break up families and leave life "never the same again;" yet the world must and does go on all the same. The sun rises again on time, the stars come out at night, the sun shines and the wind blows, and not only the trees and the dumb animals, but the people in the street, people indeed in the same house or office, go about their ways blithely as before. All the episodes and all the performers in them, no matter what their sort, are bound by law and are driven along at the prescribed tempo. Diverse as their purposes may seem to be at moments they only end in falling into the scheme of the composition like the figures on a piece of tapestry—like a tale that is told of human life and love and woe.

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Now, here are a hundred men, each one an admired musician, the pride of some town, it may be in Russia, or Poland, or Roumania, or of Paris, or Vienna, many a one a prodigy at first and then a marked man, excelling his fellow musical students. Such a virtuoso, of course, has his own artistic individuality, his personal ideas of how passion or pathos is expressed, his peculiar poetic taste and polish of phrase. Yet without his fellows, even he is as another in such music. Occasionally he may display the heaven-born hue and flash of beauty in the turn of a solo sentence or two; but for the most part his work must be uniform with that of the rest and so go to swell the tide of beauty of the whole. Never was there a more cogent forcing home upon the mind of the truth that we must all live with one another and by and for one another, whether we would or no. Not even genius is a law to itself, or at liberty to distort the picture. The greatest virtuoso, if he set at naught the demands of time and tune, would simply have to be excluded. The best of us must play the game of life as it is played; and it must be admitted that, as only a few are soloists, most of us are not, and that over all there must be the authoritative, accepted leadership to which all are alike obedient and from which all may in turn depend on hav-



ing what the didactic President calls "the square deal." Only thus is the great orchestra for great music made and played, and only so wags on the world of human society.



## *Symphony Hall.*

SEASON 1905-06.

## BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.

### III. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28, AT 8, P. M.

#### Programme.

IN MEMORY OF  
MRS. CHARLES RUSSELL LOWELL.

SCHUBERT.

UNFINISHED SYMPHONY.

- I. Allegro moderato.
- II. Andante con moto.

DVOŘÁK.

CONCERTO in B minor for Violoncello, op. 104.

- I. Allegro.
- I. Adagio ma non troppo.
- III. Finale: Allegro moderato.

BEETHOVEN.

SYMPHONY in E flat major, No. 3, "Eroica," op. 55

- I. Allegro con brio.
- II. Marcia funebre: Adagio assai.
- III. Scherzo: Allegro vivace: Trio.
- IV. Allegro molto.

Soloist:

Mr. HEINRICH WARNKE.



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53  
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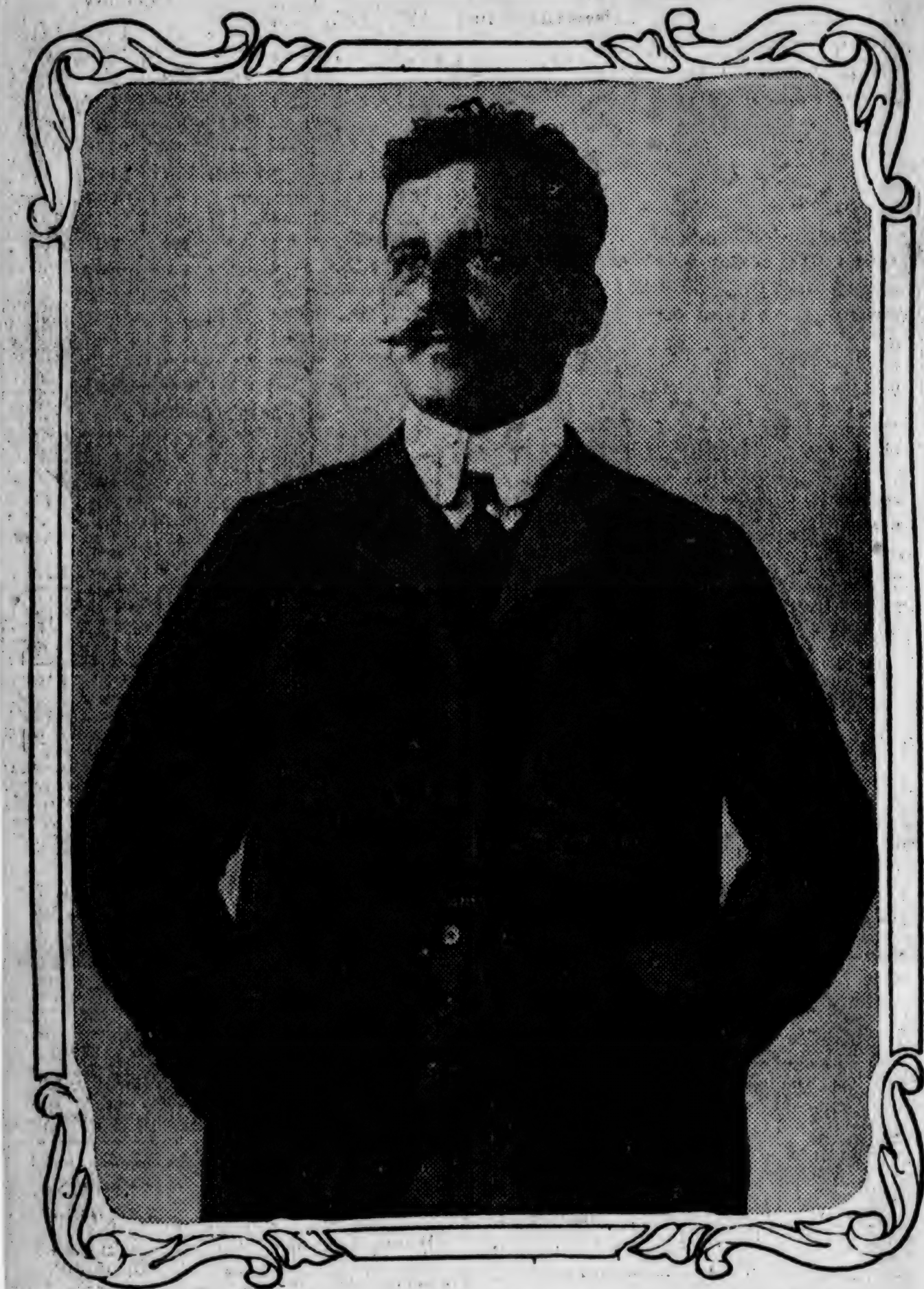
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- IV. Allegro molto.

Soloist:

Mr. HEINRICH WARNKE.



## Heinrich Warnke, New First 'Cellist of Symphony Orchestra, Sails in Week



HEINRICH WARNKE.

## MUSICAL MATTERS

### THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

#### PROGRAMME.

Schubert—Unfinished Symphony. *G. M. 10.05*  
Dvorak—Violoncello Concerto in B minor.  
Soloist, Mr. Heinrich Warnke.  
Beethoven—Heroic Symphony.

The concert was a tribute from the founder of the orchestra to the memory of a great and good woman, one affiliated closely to Boston and connected with two of our worthiest families—Mrs. Charles Russell Lowell. A laurel wreath upon the stage emphasized the fact of the memorial character of the occasion. It might have been well also to have quoted the recent sketch of the heroine (from "The Outlook") in the programme book.

The Schubert symphony was written in the days when Music, Heavenly Maid, was young, and yet beautiful; before these latter times when she has grown ugly and careworn with worrying over many unsolvable problems. Dvorak once wrote that he considered the symphonies Schubert's greatest title to fame. Yet even in this charming work, or in the more powerful C-major symphony, we find a song-writer using the orchestra, just as in Beethoven's "Fidello" we find an orchestral mind using the voice. Schubert thought vocally, and the fact is evident even in his chief instrumental works. This is not a defect, but it causes one to judge the work differently. Beethoven wins his effects by development of figures, Schubert by contrasting melodies. There was evident appreciation of the symphony on the part of the audience, and Mr. Gericke was twice recalled to bow to the long-continued applause.

The Dvorak concerto introduced our new violoncellist, Mr. Warnke. The chief interest of the concert centred upon this work because of this fact. The concerto itself was quite in line with the central idea of the concert, being subdued and melancholy, even elegiac in character. We do not consider the work a grateful one for a debut. The figure development of the first movement is carried to excess, and in the first movement the ingenuity of treatment does not quite offset the "damnable iteration."

The Adagio is the best part of the composition, and the contrasts of melancholy and fury were well-made. The duet work for flute, with the solo instrument, gave Mr. Maquarre an opportunity to shine. The finale began heroically with hints at military glory; but with a Bohemian the paths of glory lead but into minor; your true Czech is as fond of brooding as he is of Goulasch.

The dialogue between the oboe and the cello in the Adagio ought also to be chronicled, although the symphony gave M. Longy more opportunities. Two soliloquies for the violoncello, in the two last movements, were especially expressive.

It was a difficult occasion for Mr.

Warnke. We have always had great masters of his instrument in our orchestra even from the days of Fritz Giese; even our second cellists have often been of very high rank. To come after such a procession as Giese, Hekking, Schulz, Schroeder and Krasselt, is a trying ordeal. Then, too, the concerto has a long orchestral exposition before a solo note is heard; during this the artist can think upon his sins and get up a fine attack of nervousness. Yet, when Mr. Warnke began we were at once impressed with his purity of style. His intonation is impeccable, and in the Adagio he showed that he is a master of expressive, sympathetic tone. His surety in double-stopping and in high position work is commendable. But he seems not to have the breadth of some of his predecessors nor their fire. He is likely to shine more as a painter in miniature, as a chamber-musician. Of that the reviewer may be able to judge tonight at the concert of the Boston Symphony Quartette. Mr. Warnke was very warmly received, and recalled three times at the end of his performance.

Then came Beethoven's "Heroic" symphony. Mr. Gericke read the first movement with an abundance of spirit, but for once he omitted the repeat of the exposition. At the end of the development, where the horn enters against the violins with the tonic harmony against the dominant, the conductor represses the violins and augments the power of the horn, so that the war of harmonies is not perceived. This is polishing a rough point unnecessarily.

Yet Beethoven's hero seems a very quiet gentleman compared with Strauss's combative party, whom we have met in "Heldenleben." It is a pity that Carlyle could not have written an appendix to his great essay, and treated of hero-worship in music. He would have descanted liberally upon the idea of lauding ones-self as Strauss has done, and would surely have made a chapter on "Every man his own hero!" Beethoven is guiltless of any such fantastic proceeding.

In that great funeral march which Coleridge called "a funeral in purple," in which Beethoven buries his hopes of liberty and Napoleon together, the oboe playing was beautiful, full of grief in the first theme and of consolation in the Trio, and that great orchestral sob at the close was remarkably impressive. In the Scherzo, that movement which has evoked more comments than Shakespeare's "Ducdame" ("As You Like It") the horns did good work. Once their part in this was considered as difficult as any horn passage in existence.

The finale was rather roughly played for our symphony orchestra, but it was a great reading as a whole for which credit is due Mr. Gericke. The Heroic symphony does not wear quite as well as some of the other Beethoven symphonies, possibly because in just this field of combat and strife the modern school has found its best mood, and with increased forces and much greater orchestral virtuosity gives more powerfully dramatic tone-pictures than ever were dreamed of in 1804.

Louis C. Elson.



# MUSIC IN MEMORY OF MRS. LOWELL

Third Symphony Concert Is  
Also Occasion of First Ap-  
pearance as Soloist of Mr.  
Warnke.

LATTER IS 'CELLIST OF  
INDISPUTABLE PARTS

Dvorak Concerto, However,  
Not in Keeping with Cere-  
monial Spirit of Evening—  
"Eroica" and Schubert.

Herald — Oct. 29, 1905

The third concert of the Boston Sym-  
phony orchestra, Mr. Gericke conductor,  
was given last night in Symphony Hall.  
The programme was as follows:

Unfinished Symphony.....Schubert  
Concerto for 'cello.....Dvorak  
Symphony No. 3, "Eroica".....Beethoven

The concert was in memory of Mrs.  
Charles Russell Lowell, and the sym-  
phonies were chosen as appropriate to  
the occasion. A concert of this nature  
may well be free from critical and de-  
tailed discussion, even if the symphonies  
were not so familiar as to make any  
long consideration of them an almost im-  
pertinence, save as to questions arising  
from the manner of the performance.  
Yet it may not be out of place to say  
a few words about the character of  
memorial or commemorative music.

There is music that may be fitly  
played or sung because it was dear to  
the departed or because, associated  
with them it has some private and  
significant meaning. Even music that  
is not in itself serious or deeply emo-  
tional may thus be charged with senti-  
ment and become, in connection with  
the memory strangely sacred. "For  
even that vulgar and tavern music,"  
says Sir Thomas Browne, "which  
makes one man merry, another mad,  
strikes in me a deep fit of devotion and  
a profound contemplation of the first  
composer." A waltz or a humble ditty  
in which a beloved one found pleasure  
can never again be to those recalling  
this personal taste merely a tune for  
dancing or a street song.

There is music which by its nature is  
a lament and for general application—

a funeral march or ode, written without  
specific thought of an individual.

Then there is the music composed delib-  
erately in memory of a friend or of a  
public man. Much of this music is con-  
ventional, perfunctory. Yet there have  
been striking works written of late  
years. Tchaikowsky loved the man  
Nicholas Rubinstein, though he often  
stood in fear of his musical judgment  
or was irritated by it, and when he  
wrote the noble piano trio dedicated to  
the memory of Nicholas, he included a  
set of variations in which he endeav-  
ored to portray certain characteristics  
of his friend, as, for instance, his pas-  
sion for dancing, so that strains that  
might seem to the outsider incongru-  
ous in such a work by reason of their  
frivolity are to those acquainted with  
the purpose of the composer and the  
character of Rubinstein full of signifi-  
cance, and they form an indispensable  
part of the tribute. So Hans Koessler,  
in his Symphonic Variations "dedi-  
cated to the manes of Johannes  
Brahms," which have been played at  
these concerts, attempted to portray to  
the audience his first meeting with  
Brahms in Hungary. Brahms as a  
friend, Brahms as the friend of chil-  
dren, Brahms as a friend of nature and  
as a humorist, and the final variation  
is entitled "He has given an example  
for emulation," the example apparently  
being a double fugue. But Koessler is  
not a Tchaikowsky, and the latter  
was not guilty of the folly of a pro-  
gramme in his memorial tribute.

Surely, no one would deny the melan-  
choly beauty of the first movement of  
Schubert's symphony, with its lyricism  
that is appealingly feminine, with its  
melancholy that is without touch of  
peevishness and without taint of pessi-  
mism; and the second movement has  
the serenity—that is, Schubert's roman-  
tic serenity—which is another thing  
than the classic serenity of Mozart, the  
quiet beauty and the restrained passion  
of a Grecian frieze.

But the "Eroica"? Had not Napoleon  
disappointed Beethoven's hope of him,  
the symphony would now be dedicated  
to him, as it was originally in the  
manuscript score. It is not neces-  
sary to go so far as Wagner went in his ex-  
planation of the symphony—as though  
there were need of any explanation, as  
though the word "Eroica" with the  
music were not enough! At the same  
time, a hearer, wondering at certain  
pages in the symphony, or perplexed,  
not being able, unaided, to see their  
connection with the dominating idea of  
the work, may be thankful for some of  
Wagner's hints.

The symphony is for humanity, not  
for an individual. The mighty dead  
march is for humanity, not alone for  
the restless man, who, dying at St.  
Helena, was borne years after and un-  
knowing in triumph through the streets  
of Paris to his imposing tomb. Nor is  
the heroic life reserved only for war-  
rior or statesman. It is not lived solely  
by man. There have been women  
whose lives spent in gracious ministra-  
tion may justly be described as heroic,  
as there have been saints in humble vil-  
lages whose names are not recorded in  
any hagiology. And it should be re-  
membered that in the tribute to Mrs.  
Lowell there was, inevitably, through  
association, the thought of manly lives  
and manly deeds of heroism.

Mr. Heinrich Warnke made his first  
appearance in this country as a virtuoso.  
Before the change of programme was  
announced, he had chosen Dvorak's con-

certo as his piece for display. He is a  
'cellist of indisputable parts, but there  
are very few concertos for any instrum-  
ent that would have been in keeping  
with the ceremonial spirit of the even-  
ing, and Dvorak's work, which on the  
whole is interminably soulless, is not  
among them. There will be other  
opportunities of judging Mr. Warnke's  
artistry.

## THIRD SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Last week's Symphony program, which  
was in memory of the late Mrs Charles  
Russell Lowell, was unusually long, al-  
though only three composers were list-  
ed, Schubert, Dvorak and Beethoven.  
Mr Heinrich Warnke, the new first  
cellist of the orchestra, made his local  
debut as a soloist, playing Dvorak's B  
minor concerto. Schubert's unfinished  
B minor symphony and Beethoven's  
"Eroica" symphony completed the se-  
lections. It is a well known fact that  
Mr Schroeder assisted Dvorak in writ-  
ing the cello concerto, with the result  
that the work is considered one of the  
foremost as well as difficult composi-  
tions for that instrument produced in  
recent years. The first movement gives  
prominence to the orchestra, the solo  
instrument being heard mainly in some  
florid passages, simple themes of sec-  
ondary importance as related to the  
orchestral body. The subsequent move-  
ments give greater scope to the soloist.

Mr Warnke's performance was mas-  
terly throughout, his whole interpreta-  
tion showing him to be a cellist whose  
skill is of the highest order. His tone  
is pure and resonant, his bowing grace-  
ful, and there appeared to be no diffi-  
culties in fingering which he could not  
easily compass. The simpler themes in  
the first part were "sung" with fine sen-  
timent and limpidity of tone, at times  
suggesting, in the upper register, the  
violin. In the second movement there  
was the requisite brilliancy of execu-  
tion, the complex and elaborate devel-  
opment of the different phrases were  
beautifully worked out, clarity of tone  
not being sacrificed by rapid finger  
work and the chord passages were run  
smoothly in harmoniously. The triple  
themes in the finale, with the tempo  
constantly changing, form a somewhat  
unusual combination of "stumbling  
blocks," but the soloist and the orches-  
tra managed them in perfect time, giv-  
ing a splendid example to ensemble  
playing.

The concerto is of great length and  
taxes the performer severely, but Mr  
Warnke met all physical demands as  
thoroughly as he did the technical, and  
at the close of each movement the artist  
was heartily applauded.

The orchestra deserves the usual mea-  
sure of praise for its contributions to the  
program. Mr Warnke would not have  
found a better or more sympathetic mu-  
sical assistance. In the impressive  
Schubert work the interpretation was  
exquisite and the great "Eroica" sym-  
phony was played with splendid effect.

This week's program will be composed  
entirely of excerpts from Wagner's  
works. Mme Gadski and Mr Ellison  
Van Hoose will be the soloists. Next  
week the orchestra will make the first  
of its regular trips to other cities.

## Our New 'Cellist

There is a fatality for modern composers  
in concertos for violoncello, and that fa-  
tality, we fear, lies in the narrow range  
and the rather monotonous color of the  
instrument itself. After all the true place  
of the 'cello is as one of the darker and  
deeper voices of the string choir. There  
its incidental solo utterances tell, because,  
if the composer is wise, he uses only its  
richness and fullness and uses them not too  
long. Once oboes and all their brethren in  
the wood-wind group were solo instruments  
in the conventional sense. Handel and  
Mozart wrote concertos for them. Now we  
think of them only in their place in the  
orchestra or as the sweetmeats of a cham-  
ber concert. The same fate is in store for  
the violoncello, and every year brings it  
nearer unless some composer shall arise as  
by a miracle with the gift to write interest-  
ing concertos for the instrument. The older  
men wrote without self-consciousness,  
doubts or apology when they approached  
that task. The modern feels the burden of  
it almost before he has set pen to music-  
paper. Imagination and vitality desert him.  
He contrives patterns in tones and the lines  
are cold, monotonous and hard. He devises  
"passage-work" to display virtuoso and in-  
strument, and toils visibly and audibly at  
his task. He reaches out for any harmonic  
or instrumental resource that will lighten  
his labor and their fruits, and you hear a  
twitch and a creak as he puts it in place.  
Dvorak does all these things in the concerto  
that he wrote for 'cello and that Mr.  
Warnke played last Friday and Saturday.  
He does them no more successfully than  
most other moderns. The more he is dili-  
gent, the more he is dull.

It is for the virtuoso to lessen and to re-  
lieve this dullness, and often Mr. Warnke  
held the listener's interest where Dvorak  
did not. There is no need to dwell upon his  
virtuosity. It was virtuosity of the finer  
and higher sort that serves its purpose  
when it is an untrammelled means to musi-  
cal and emotional expression, and in the ac-  
complishment of that hides itself. Yet it  
had something of the fineness, the delicacy  
and the continence that seemed Mr.  
Warnke's best traits. He never forces his  
instrument and it is so easy, so inviting, to  
force the tone of a 'cello in the plaintive  
cantilena that composers always write for  
it. In the most intricate of "passage-work"  
Mr. Warnke never lets you believe that he  
is doing technical "stunts." He persuades  
you, again by that same fineness and re-  
serve, that he is only weaving a comple-  
web in tones with a sure, fine hand. It  
so equally with his tone: Other 'cellists  
have given forth a larger, richer and deep-  
er. His has a peculiar, penetrating fineness.  
It is persuasively clear, clean and flow-  
ing as it follows the contour of a melody,  
plays through the figuration that adorns  
There is life in the tone, but a delicate life  
that is all sensitive responsiveness.  
Tints and half-tints constantly vary, and  
animate it, and sometimes very sub-



The body of it is always ebbing and flowing to the musical and emotional mood. Now and then you hear it as a new and finer voice than you have been wont to hear from the 'cello. In a sense Mr. Wernke represses his instrument, but oftenest in doing so makes it a finer one. H. T. P.

## AN EXCEPTIONAL SYMPHONY CONCERT

Mr. Higginson Honors the Memory of Mrs. Lowell—Next Week's Opera—Chamber Music Begins—Coming Concerts and Recitals—A Symposium About Bach—Singers and Virtuosi

Trans. — Oct. 28, 1905

It was an exceptional concert that the Symphony Orchestra gave yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, and with two numbers of its programme the reviewer in the ordinary practice of his calling has little, under the circumstances, to do. The concert began with Schubert's "unfinished" symphony. It ended with Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony. Between the two came Dvorak's concerto for violoncello, in which Mr. Warnke, the new principal 'cellist of the band, made his first appearance, apart from it. The concerto and the new virtuoso are the reviewer's concern, and we shall write of them at length on Monday. The two symphonies were not played, as they usually are, as so much absolute music for our pleasure. They were played at Mr. Higginson's request to recall and to honor the memory of Mrs. Josephine Shaw Lowell, who died in New York not many weeks ago. Behind, but still bright, were the memories of the two families whose names she bore, and, brightest of all, of those of both houses who gave their lives in the Civil War. Our finest piece of sculpture bears daily witness to one of them. Yesterday it fell to another art, in the particular name of sister or of wife, to honor them all.

There was the art of music at its fullest and finest in the concert. Who shall write new praise now of the two symphonies? But neither they nor the art that they incarnate were serving their usual purpose. Yesterday it was for the "Eroica" symphony, in all its glorified voices, to recall with the transfiguring power of beautiful sound a noble life lived well, a life that ran rich and full and that gave lavishly of its richness and fulness. It was for that same power of sound to recall a little of the stress and suffering in which some of that life was lived as it gave to the state those that it held dearest. It was most of all for it to publish a solemn grief and to exalt an illustrious memory. Such mourning and such proclamations were for it and for Beethoven. More intimate and more lyric were the passion and the beauty of Schubert's fragment. Here was the passionate longing that is music's peculiar

voice, and passionate regret, and side by side with them the lyric beauty that soothes and softens. The "Eroica" symphony had been a stately mourning. The unfinished symphony was as the voice of personal griefs. Beethoven's music proclaimed a life well fought and an exalted memory. In Schubert's played the light of the ideal for which that life was lived and the light that will suffuse the memory of it for them that cherish it. In Schubert were the human cry and the human solace. A woman's memory asked his music. Beethoven's was for her, and both her houses, and all her heroes. H. T. P.

Mr. Gericke was warmly received at the Symphony concert last Saturday evening, and was warmly applauded at the end of the performance of Goldmark's "Spring" overture and of Beethoven's second symphony. In the former the orchestra surpassed even the spontaneous virtuosity that it has shown on Friday afternoon. The audience listened rather coldly to Dvorak's "Forest Dove." It was too critical—or expected too much—to let the music entertain it, and to take the symphonic poem seriously is to discover every lame, wobbly or halting spot in it. Mme. Homer sang better than she had on the preceding day, and the audience recalled her many times.

## WILL JOIN SYMPHONY.

John C. Mullaly Leaves Hollis-St Theatre Orchestra After 18 Years as Leader. *Globe July 11, 1905*

John C. Mullaly, the well-known leader of the Hollis-st theatre orchestra, has resigned, and it is said will join the Boston Symphony orchestra as first violinist.

Mr. Mullaly has for 18 years been at the head of the Hollis-st orchestra. It is several weeks since he handed in his resignation, although it is only now it has become public on his return from Milwaukee. He is now in Newport, where he is conducting an orchestra of Boston Symphony members on the horseshoe piazza of the Casino.

Mr. Mullaly took charge of the orchestra at the Hollis-st theatre in 1887, immediately on the retirement of Mr. Lorsch. He had previously been for 11 years connected with the old Globe theatre.

Mr. Mullaly began the study of the violin when 10 years old, and at the age of 11 was playing with his father's orchestra in Wallack's theatre, New York. He later studied under Zeis, and in 1882 came to Boston. His first engagement in Boston was with D. C. Hall and later he joined Gilmore's band, remaining with it for eight years. Through Gilmore he became a member of the Harvard musical association.

In 1872 he went to the Boston theatre to play first violin for the Beethoven quintet club, in which he was associated with Fries, Kopplitz and Heindl. He succeeded Kopplitz at the Globe in 1885, remaining there a year. He has played in quartets with Wieniaski, Camilla Urso and Vieuxtemps, a privilege that has fallen to the lot of few American violinists.

## SYMPHONY TRIBUTE TO MRS. CHARLES R. LOWELL.

*Boston American—Oct 29, 05*

By Kent Perkins.

Remarkable, indeed, was the third Symphony concert of the season last night in Symphony Hall—remarkable both in its conception and its execution, for it was given as a memorial to a noble woman, Mrs. Charles Russell Lowell (Josephine Shaw), who died recently in New York, and the tribute of music in its highest forms was paid in a spirit of tenderness and devotion that harmonized most completely with the central idea of the occasion.

Boston society was fully represented in the great audience, particularly that portion of it which knew, loved and honored Mrs. Lowell and the two distinguished families whose names she bore. A spirit of dignified solemnity was upon the house; the usual festal tone was markedly absent, and recognition of the orchestra's and soloist's splendid work was given warmly but with subdued enthusiasm.

At Major Henry L. Higginson's request the orchestra played Schubert's "unfinished" symphony in B minor and Beethoven's "Heroic" Symphony, No. 3, the first to open the concert and the second to close it. There are not two works in the wide range of musical composition that could more fittingly be used as tributes to the memory of Mrs. Lowell and what she represented.

In the marvellously beautiful lyric work of Schubert there sings the yearning affection of intimate friends and of family. In the "Heroic" symphony there is sounded a deeper and broader paean to the nobility of high endeavor and glorious self-sacrifice—for humanity and for country.

Between these two works Heinrich Warnke, the new chief 'cellist of the orchestra, played Dvorak's concerto in B minor. It was Mr. Warnke's first appearance as a soloist and his efforts were received with a demonstration that was as lively as the occasion allowed. He proved that he was an artist of the first rank. His bowing was smooth and pleasingly devoid of rasping; his tone was of golden purity and limpid clearness and he gave remarkably forceful expression to both the passion and pathos that ran through this work of Dvorak.

At the next concert, the fourth, Mme. Gadsdi and Ellison Van Hoose will be heard as soloists in a Wagner programme.

## The Boston Post

### NEW 'CELLO SOLOIST AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

The programme of the third Symphony concert, last evening (as a memorial to Mrs. Charles Russell Lowell), included the following numbers, Mr. Heinrich Warnke, 'cellist, being the soloist: Unfinished symphony in B minor.....Schubert Concerto for 'cello, op. 104.....Dvorak Symphony in E flat, "Heroic".....Beethoven

This was not the programme originally intended for performance, but was changed at the desire of Mr. Higginson, in memory of Mrs. Charles Russell Lowell, whose death occurred recently. The orchestral numbers are old favorites and shining lights in the classic repertory, notwithstanding the fact that Beethoven's "Heroic" symphony is one of the longest of the nine written by him and among the longest by any composer living or dead. The unfinished symphony of Schubert is one that is eternally fresh in spirit, and in it there is melody enough to supply at least 50 composers of the present day.

The performance of both symphonies proved most enjoyable to the audience.

Mr. Heinrich Warnke, the new first 'cellist of the orchestra, made his initial public appearance in America as soloist on this occasion. He is about 35 years of age, born at Wesselburen, Germany, and for the past eight years has been first 'cellist of the Kalm Orchestra at Munich. This season he joined the local Symphony Orchestra, succeeding Rudolf Krasselt.

Mr. Warnke played the B minor concerto by Dvorak, one of the works written by him while a resident of New York city, some 10 years ago. The work has been played in Boston, by Alwin Schroeder, who is said to have written much of the part of the solo instrument.

Mr. Warnke plays with only a moderate tone, which, however, is refined and pleasing, if not one that will haunt the memory of the listener. He is a mature artist of much temperament, and his interpretation of the concerto was authoritative and convincing. Mr. Warnke was warmly applauded and several times recalled.

A Wagner programme is offered for this coming week, with Mme. Gadsdi and Ellison Van Hoose as the soloists.

N VAN HOOSE.





MME. JOHANNA GADSKI.

## *Symphony Hall.*

SEASON 1905-06.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.

### IV. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4, AT 8, P.M.

#### PROGRAMME.

- |        |   |
|--------|---|
|        | March of Homage.  |
|        | Bacchanale from "Tannhäuser "   |
| WAGNER | Elisabeth's Greeting from Act II., "Tannhäuser."<br>(Instead of the duet. )   |
|        | Prize Song from "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg."   |
|        | Siegfried's Parting from Brünnhilde, Siegfried's Death and<br>Funeral March, Closing Scene, from "The Dusk of the<br>Gods." |

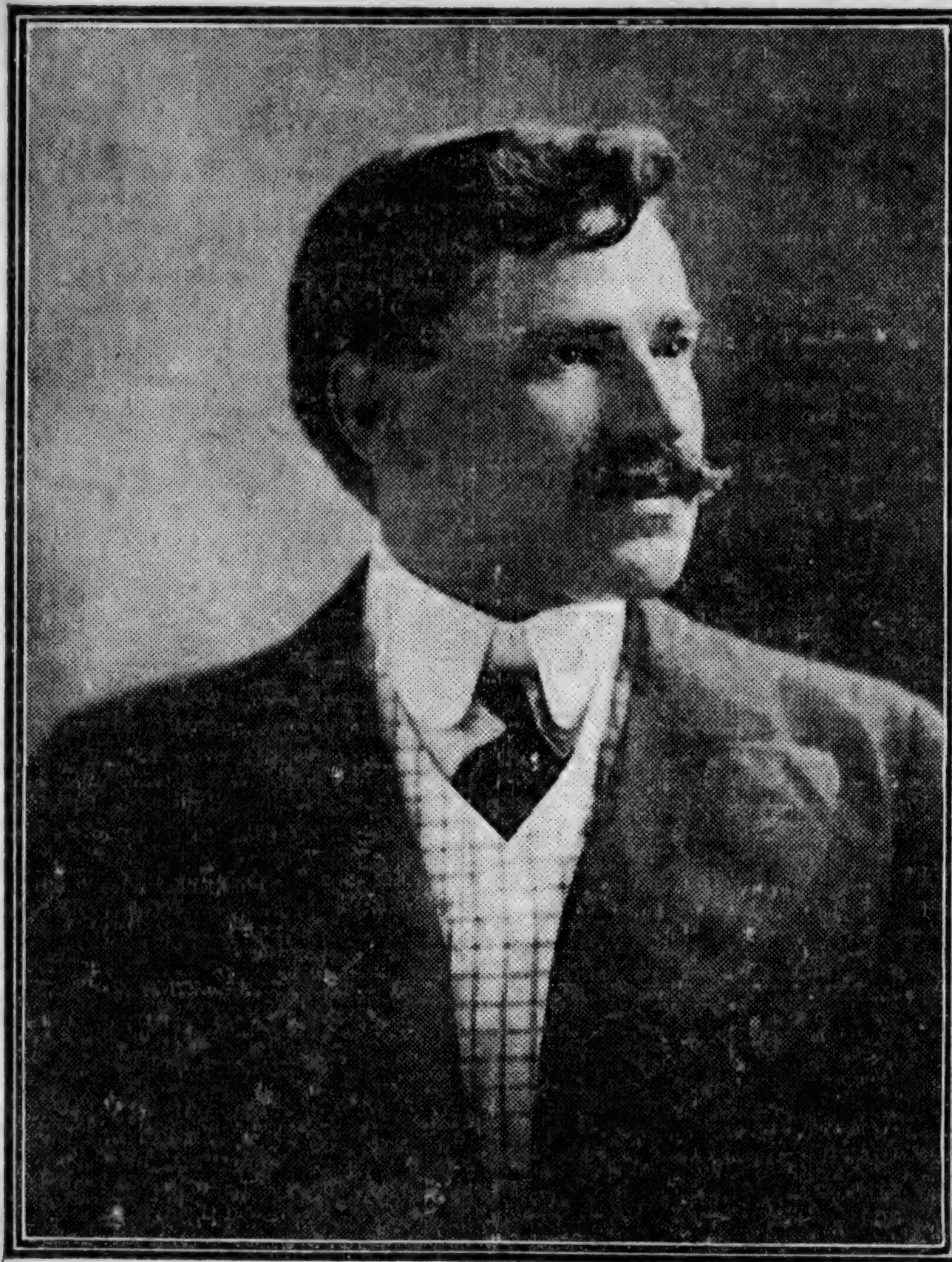
#### Soloists:

Mme. GADSKI,

Mr. ELLISON VAN HOOSE.

There will be no Public Rehearsal and Concert next week.





Ellison Van Hoose.

## IN THE WORLD OF MUSIC

### THE SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA GIVES A WAGNER CONCERT

Good Work by the Savage Company in  
"La Boheme"—Next Week's Operas—  
Coming Concerts—A Grist of Miscellany

The Symphony Orchestra gave the first of its fourth pair of concerts yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Mr. Gericke conducted and Mme. Gadske, making her first appearance in America for the new season, and Ellison Van Hoose, the tenor, were the singers. Wagner's music made the entire programme. Originally the duet between Tannhäuser and Venus in the first act of "Tannhäuser" stood upon it. As long ago as last August Mme. Gadske agreed to prepare the music of Venus, which was new to her. As recently as Thursday noon Mr. Gericke discovered that she had not prepared it and that it was too late to repair her neglect. A change in the programme became imperative, and Elisabeth's burst of song at the beginning of the second act of "Tannhäuser" was substituted for the longer excerpt. As the programme finally stood, it comprised the "Huldigungsmarsch," the Bacchanale and "Elisabeth's Greeting," from "Tannhäuser"; Walter's prize-song from "Die Meistersinger," the duet between Siegfried and Brünnhilde in the prologue to "Götterdämmerung," and Siegfried's last speech, his orchestral apotheosis and Brünnhilde's closing scena from the same music drama.

It was a "Wagner concert" and a "Wagner concert" has become a permissible and an established anomaly in cities that have no opera. Through his later years Wagner cried lustily against such concerts. His was music of the scene, he liked to say. It was, indeed, but one element in a fusion of all the arts of the theatre. There should be a pictorial background for it. Waves of light, often, should appeal to the eye simultaneously with the waves of sound that strike the ear. Dramatic action should accompany and emphasize it, while at the same time it should explain, illumine, or enforce that action. Sometimes it was linked to disembodied passion or to purely mental images. Often, as well, it was bound to material things or to the physical aspects of characters or actions passing at the moment before the spectator's eye. In a word, almost all of it was music of the theatre that lost many of its intrinsic qualities when it was transferred to the concert room.

Wagner's sense of humor was not conspicuous especially when it might have played about himself and his music, and, so far as the gossips have yet recorded, he never applied it to "Wagner concerts." He did not frequent them, and their full flowering indeed came long after his death. If

he had known them, the humorous aspect of them might have struck him, as at perverse moments it strikes even the most serious and sympathetic of us that listen to them. Elisabeth, warmed anew to life by the return of her minstrel lover, comes joyfully again to the hall of the tournaments of song. Its arches frame her. Through them stretches the slopes and the sky of the Wartburg in the spring sunshine. She herself is as a virginal figure stepping from the illuminated page of a mediæval manuscript. Her gladness is on her lips. It is thrilling through the little orchestral introduction that brings her into the hall. Then it floods her, and she breaks in pure elation into the momentary outburst:

"Dich, theure Halle, grüss' ich wieder,  
Froh grüss' ich dich, geliebter Raum!"

It is the spontaneous cry of maidenly joy at a particular moment in a particular play. Wagner has imagined it with warm beauty and sympathy in his tones. And what happens at a "Wagner concert." The singer comes with measured step from the retiring room. A frock of the newest fashion clothes her. She salutes the audience in front of her and the band behind her. She stands decorously during the orchestral prelude. Then she sings, with what feeling she may, though to that throbbing climax of pure-hearted rejoicing:

"Sei mir gegrüsst, sei mir gegrüsst."

Outburst? Rejoicing? "Elisabeth's greeting" has become a mere concert number to display the singer's vocal art. Even Patti and Melba have so saluted the Hall of Song.

Recall for a moment the scene of Siegfried's death—the gathering darkness, the ominous flight of the ravens; Hagen's revengeful thrust; the tottering hero struggling to rear his shield and crush with it; his fall; the group of shrinking, fearsome barbarians around him; the silence broken only by the hollow drumbeats; the moment of final struggle and exaltation, the eyes that see nothing around, but do see in ecstatic vision the flame-bound rock and the Valkyr that sleeps upon it:

"Brünnhilde!  
Hellige braut."

And an amiable gentleman in a frock coat, his hands clasped benignantly on his white waistcoat, is trying to persuade us that he is the expiring Siegfried, and not an admirable tenor in admirable voice.

Or out of the darkness, through the smoky torchlight of the Gibichungs' Hall comes the Valkyr herself to wall her dead hero. She apostrophizes gods and men. Divine, she reads from the book of fate. Human, she cries with a woman's agony. It is the supreme climax of a mighty tragedy. And here is the same lady from the retiring room. How pleasant is her hat to see! The Valkyr casts herself on the pyre. The mounting flames lick and kindle the very abode of the high gods. The old world crumbles. We all know how impotent is the scenic illusion in this end of the whole "Ring" drama to reach the



height of Wagner's imaginings. But is it not the spark that lights our responsive mood while that orchestral postlude blows it into flame? Without the background of scenery and action, without the quick memory of all that has gone before, does that turbulent instrumental splendor carry its full significance?

It is to laugh or it is to cry when "Wagner concerts" are in question—if only our musical world was quite ideal. There are twenty arguments to uphold them: that half the listeners—you may doubt the proportion—are recalling all that Wagner wove around the music that they are hearing and recalling it in glorified memory; that they are grasping its purely musical content and detail as they could not grasp them in all the distractions of the theatre; that without such concerts we should not hear eminent conductors in Wagner's music; that in an opera-less city we should in fact hear none at all except a few preludes and fragments. But is this to say no more than that they are a permissible, tolerated, established, even well-liked anomaly, and that already custom has dulled us to some of their aspects. But in that ideal musical world of our visions there will be no anomalies. It has not yet dawned upon us here in Boston. Usually it seems as remote as other millenniums. Perhaps it will come when some one or some few think an opera, even an opera here in Boston, worth the endowing, or when we cease our affectation of superiority to the company of the Metropolitan Opera House. Its manager is one thing. Itself is another, one of the three or four great companies of the world, and the only one that can give us such opera as by our title as a musical capital we should welcome. A concert orchestra has its place in such a capital. So too has an opera.

To say all these things is not for a moment to depreciate Mr. Gericke or his "Wagner concert" of yesterday. He was a conductor in an opera house—and one of the foremost in Europe—before he was a conductor in the concert room. None of us is so well aware, none of us, probably, feels so keenly the anomalies that lurk in such concerts. His very programme shows that he tried as much as circumstances permitted, to avoid or to cloak them. The "March of Homage" may not be the most interesting music that Wagner wrote, but it is concert music. Siegfried's orchestral glorification proclaims that hero, though the theatre be miles away. The Bacchanale in the Venusberg, as we were saying only yesterday, becomes the more "the momentous background" that Wagner designed for the tragedy of "Tannhäuser," when the eye sees only the images that the music brings and not a gross and too tangible physical semblance of them. It is possible to listen to the Prize-Song as a pure and disembodied lyric. Within the inevitable limits of a "Wagner concert" Mr. Gericke's programme was well chosen. Besides, what orchestra in an opera house, with all the resources of theatre to aid, could play this music with such penetrating and

suffusing beauty of tone, with such pliancy and subtlety and symmetry, with such illuminating detail and just feeling as did ours? Inevitably we tend to forget Wagner, the composer of music, in Wagner the architect of huge fabrics that employ all the arts. Once or twice a year our orchestra reminds us that Wagner the musician excels Wagner the actor, the scene-painter, what you will. Perhaps that is justification enough for "Wagner concerts" in Boston. H. T. P.

Journal Oct. 28, 1905

The fourth program of the season of Symphony concerts, for next Friday afternoon and Saturday evening, is one which will bring much pleasure to the patrons of the concerts. With two popular soloists, Mme. Gadski and Ellison Van Hoose, a program made up of excerpts from Wagner's works is always very attractive. The numbers chosen will not only be grateful to the singers, but will give full scope to the virtuosity of the orchestra. Mme. Gadski is now on the ocean, having sailed in the Kaiser Wilhelm II. from Bremerhaven last Tuesday. Her first appearance in this country will be with the orchestra, and she will also be the soloist at five of the six concerts the next week. It will be particularly interesting to hear her sing the excerpts from "Götterdämmerung," for since she was last here she has appeared in Munich as Brunnhilde in the third performance of "The Ring" at the summer festival at the Prinz Regenten Theater. Her success was very great, which will be gratifying to her friends in Boston, as it was the first time she had attempted any of the larger roles of Wagner in her native land. The program will include "Huldigungsmarsch," bacchanale and duet between Tannhäuser and Venus ("Tannhäuser," act I); prelude ("Die Meistersinger") (a) Siegfried's parting from Brunnhilde, (b) Siegfried's death, (c) funeral march, and (d) closing scene from "Götterdämmerung."

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## TIGHT BINDING

# SYMPHONY WAGNER NIGHT A GADSKI TRIUMPH.

Big Audience Greet Famous Soprano and Ellison Van Hoose, Tenor, with Enthusiasm at Fourth Concert

By Kent Perkins.

A Wagner night of the Symphony Orchestra with Mme. Gadski and Ellison Van Hoose as solo singers, this program for the fourth concert was sufficient to draw an immense and eager audience to Symphony Hall last night.

Severe critics are prone to carp at the anomaly of giving Wagner's music in concert and without complete dramatic accessories. Their theory is logically correct, but with such selections as Mr. Gericke chose last night, with the Symphony players to interpret the stirring harmonies, and in view of the fact that outside of such occasions the majority of Bostonians do not hear Wagner at all, logic and theory vanish in a sweeping storm of musical enthusiasm.

That is what happened last night. The people cared not at all that they heard Brunnhilde in a concert gown and that Siegfried died for them in immaculate evening dress. They wanted the music, rejoiced that they got it, and their imaginations supplied all that was needed of scenic effects.

The programme consisted of "March of Homage," written by Wagner as an expression of gratitude to his friend and benefactor, King Ludwig II. of Bavaria; as Bacchanale from "Tannhäuser," Eliza-beth's Greeting from Act II. of the same opera, Prize Song from "Die Meistersinger," Siegfried's parting from Brunnhilde, Siegfried's death and funeral march, and the closing scene from "The Dusk of the Gods."

Mme. Gadski's splendid voice was never in better condition, and she used it with particular inspiring effect in the Brunnhilde music. She was the embodiment of noble vigor and her clear and penetrating, indignant tones were instinct with the heroic pathos and triumphant passion of Wotan's daughter.

Mr. Van Hoose sang with his accustomed sweetness of tone, but his voice and man-ner do not measure up to the hero size of Siegfried. He was more satisfactory in the Prize Song, but even there he was not sufficiently in earnest. Both the soloists were frequently recalled after each of those numbers.

The orchestra played with magnificent spirit and the most delicate appreciation of the finest shadings. Their work was warmly applauded.

in Rio Janeiro and welcome the news of performances in Italy. There are few composers who are not eager to secure performances of their works under any conditions, however unfavorable these conditions may be.

There are other protestants who insist that excerpts from Wagnerian operas lose in effect when they are performed in a concert hall. As a matter of fact, they both lose and gain. The opera, or music drama if you prefer, is an appeal made at the same time to the ear and the eye, to the senses and the understanding. The hearer is also the spectator. He is supposed to be interested at one and the same moment in music, dramatic action, the intrigue of the plot, and, also, in the later Wagnerian operas, in metaphysics and in symbolism. Full, yet discriminative, appreciation of the music itself is hardly possible unless it is known both as absolute music, without dramatic connection, and as dramatic music in the opera house for which it was designed and constructed.

Again, some are disturbed by the appearance of Siegfried or of Wotan in a more or less irreproachable claw-hammer coat, of Brunnhilde in a concert dress and with a smile in gratitude for the applause that is to come. But on the operatic stage are there never disquieting apparitions? Siegfried is a beardless youth when he frees Brunnhilde. When he appears in "The Dusk of the Gods" he has whiskers. How long, pray, was he with Brunnhilde in the mountain cave before domesticity became harassing and the yearning to wander could no longer be resisted? Neither Wagner nor anyone of his grubbing commentators has thrown light on this important subject. Is not the sight of a massive and concrete Brunnhilde, the replica of a Germania statue on a brewery, disillusionizing? Does not the singing of many of the impersonators in "The Ring" break the spell?

And, finally, one excellent reason for a Wagner programme in a series of symphony concerts is that 99 out of 100 subscribers are highly pleased by it. They have few opportunities of hearing "The Ring," "Tristan" and "The Mastersingers." It gives them great delight to hear fragments of these operas performed by a great orchestra and with one or two singers of good repute.

The orchestral performance last night was one of uncommon splendor. There was as usual the inimitable euphony, the exquisite balance of tonal contrasts; but in addition there was dramatic spontaneity, uncommon elasticity, superb emotional breadth and sweep, supreme passion. Never before have we heard here the funeral music of Siegfried played with such deep significance and overwhelming grandeur.

The singers were fresh-voiced and in the vein. Mme. Gadski sang the monologue of Brunnhilde with a fine display of differentiation in dramatic emotions. She is one of the very few of the German sisterhood who, as Brunnhilde, does not trample arrogantly on all the fundamental laws of song. Mr. Van Hoose bore well his part.

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suffusing beauty and subtlety and luminating details? Inevitably, the composer, architect of his arts. One orchestra reminds of a painter, what justification ends in Boston.

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# ALL IS WAGNER AT SYMPHONY

Mme. Gadski and Mr. Van Hoose Are Soloists in Fourth Concert—Orchestra's Playing Especially Fine.

"FAUST" AT TREMONT  
UNDIMMED TO CROWD

"Tannhaeuser" at Matinee—  
Mr. Charles Anthony's  
Piano Recital Shows Results  
of Summer Abroad.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Gericke conductor, gave its fourth concert last night in Symphony Hall. The programme was as follows: Wagner's March of Homage, and these excerpts from his operas: Bacchanale and Elisabeth's Greeting from "Tannhaeuser"; Prize song from "The Mastersingers"; Siegfried's parting from Bruennhilde, Siegfried's Death and Funeral March, and the Closing Scene from "The Dusk of the Gods." The programme was changed unavoidably at the last minute, and Elisabeth's Greeting was substituted for the duet of Venus and Tannhaeuser, according to the Parisian version. The solo singers were Mme. Gadski and Mr. Ellison Van Hoose.

The music itself is familiar, the singers are well known, and there is little to say about the orchestral performance save words of praise.

Some protest against Wagnerian concerts. Extreme Wagnerites are indignant at the injury thus done "the Master." They forget that Wagner himself, however he may have written in pamphlets about the importance of preserving the integrity of his works, was delighted in private life—if he can be said to have had any private life—whenever concerts of this nature were organized. He encouraged them, he conducted them, just as in one breath he would say that only Germans could perform and appreciate his operas, and then immediately dream of triumphs at the Paris Opera House or

in Rio Janeiro and welcome the news of performances in Italy. There are few composers who are not eager to secure performances of their works under any conditions, however unfavorable these conditions may be.

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#### FOURTH SYMPHONY PROGRAM.

Wagner was the only composer represented on the fourth Symphony program, the orchestra having the assistance of Mme Gadski and Ellison Van Hoose in the vocal excerpts from the German master. The selections were, "March of Homage," "Bacchanale" and Elizabeth's "Greeting" from "Tannhauser," the "Prize Song" from "The Mastersingers" and scenes from "The Dusk of the Gods." The visiting artists are so well and favorably known that their joint appearance with the Symphony men aroused great interest in that class of intermittent patrons who flock to the hall on "special" occasions in hopes of getting seats in the upper balcony, and at noon the line of would-be attendants extended from the hall as far south as the Conservatory of music. As only the regulation number of seats were available hundreds were obliged to go away disappointed at not gaining admission.

There is no doubt that Wagner, selected, proves really more entertaining to the average musical ear than does the majority of his music dramas in which prolixity and profundity of musical expression make any of the scenes wearisome to all but enthusiastic Wagnerites and musical students with advanced ideas. Mr. Gericke's concert selections were judicious and the performance was thoroughly enjoyable from beginning to end.

Mme Gadski sang beautifully, her glorious voice being as flexible, rich and resonant as ever, and showing that dramatic quality so necessary in the Wagner roles and which is too seldom found associated with melodious utterance. Even the most emotional passages in the Brunnhilde music were sung and not shouted, and in this duet with Siegfried the charming prima donna gave renewed evidence that she is entitled to rank with the foremost interpreters of Wagner's war goddess. Mme Gadski was received with great enthusiasm. Mr. Van Hoose's contributions, too, call for high praise, his sweet tenor voice and expressive delivery making his work very enjoyable. He is specially to be commended for his artistry in the "Prize Song," which so many tenors declaim, regardless of the title.

The orchestral work was of a high standard. The opening march was as dignified and impressive as one could wish; in the "Bacchanale" the varying themes were cleverly brought out and the funeral march from "The Dusk of the Gods" was given with splendid effect, the fortissimo crescendos and contrasting measures showing ensemble playing which it would be difficult to improve.

This week the orchestra will be away and the fifth rehearsal and concert will not be given until Nov 17 and 18. Mr. Felix Winteritz will be the soloist, playing a Sinding violin concerto. The orchestral pieces will be Mozart's G minor symphony, prelude to J. K. Paine's "Birds of Aristophanes" and the Tchaikowsky variations from suite No. 3.

## SYMPHONY EXCELS IN WAGNER WORKS

Superb Fire and Force of Orchestra  
Far Outshines Work of Gadski  
and Van Hoose.

At its fourth of this season's concert the Symphony Orchestra was put through the tremendous paces of Richard Wagner, the selections from the work of the master being March of Homage; Bacchanale and Elizabeth's Greeting from "Tannhauser," Prize Song from "The Mastersingers," Siegfried's Parting from Brunnhilde, Siegfried's Death and Funeral March, and the Closing Scene from "The Dusk of the Gods." The singers to interpret the vocal parts were Mme. Gadski and Ellison Van Hoose.

It should be said at once that the instrumental portion of the concert far outshone the work of the singers. Rarely has Mr. Gericke so allowed himself and his men to give way to the fire and force of the titanic music. From the opening march, which the playing made to sound less trivial and uninspired than usual, to the magnificent tone picture of the fall of the gods everything was full of that special emotional touch without which the Wagnerian output is a vain thing. The Venus-music had the tang of fiery sensuousness besides the charm of perfect technique; while the colossal funeral music, one of the most stupendous orchestral conceptions that ever came from the brain of man, was affecting in the highest degree.

Mme. Gadski was in excellent voice and sang the Brunnhilde music with that artistic sense and expression that always is so prominent a part of her work. In the closing scene she rose to noble heights of emotional power. Mr. Van Hoose was inadequate. He has a smooth and pleasant voice, it is true, and he sings in tune; but the music of Siegfried, whether it be given in the operatic or the concert stage, demands an heroic tenor, a man who can stir the emotions with the inherent quality of his singing. Mr. Van Hoose's personality, his style and his voice are all against him in such interpretation.

## MUSICAL MATTERS

### THE SYMPHONY CONCERT. PROGRAMME.

Ady:

Wagner. *Nov. 6*

March of Homage.

Bacchanale from "Tannhauser."

Elizabeth's Greeting from Act. II, "Tannhauser."  
Madame Gadski.

Prize Song from "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg."  
Mr. Ellison Van Hoose.

Siegfried's Parting from Brunnhilde, Siegfried's Death and Funeral March, Closing Scene, from "The Dusk of the Gods."  
Mme. Gadski and Mr. Van Hoose.

A Wagner concert and an entire success. It had the advantage of presenting a crescendo of power to the very end. Even the march with which it began was an effective number. Wagner was not at his best in his concert marches, and the meaningless "Centennial March" (our national gold brick for which we paid \$5000) was the weakest work that the great composer was ever guilty of. But the "Kaiser Marsch" is much better, with its reiterations of "Ein Feste Burg" as the voice of protestant Germany, and the March of Homage is the best of the 3.

The work was finely interpreted, but the succeeding "Bacchanale" was absolutely great in its whirlwind of passion. Mr. Gericke is developing an emotional power that was not present in his work of years ago; he is riper and more brilliant now that he has ever been before. The public appreciated the fervor of the performance and much enthusiasm ensued, the conductor being obliged to bow his thanks twice.

Mme. Gadski made a success of Elizabeth's Greeting to Symphony Hall, although she entered too soon with her solo. But both orchestra and soloist passed bravely over the slip and the end of the number was as triumphant as it deserved to be, the B in alt being very forcible and clear. A high note sways the multitude even in a Wagner number, and there was much enthusiasm after the song, the artist being recalled many times.

Mr. Van Hoose sang the Prize Song with much breadth, but the ensemble was not so perfect as we have heard it. As usual, this artist was sure in intonation even in the broadest crescendos and the highest passages.

The parting of Siegfried and Brunnhilde does not lose much by its transference from the operatic to the concert stage, for there are no vivid theatrical accessories to the scene where the young hero starts upon his Rhine journey. Possibly a portmanteau, an umbrella and a travelling rug might add to the realism of the work on the concert platform. But after all the glorious music stands by itself and guides and stimulates the imagination wherever it is sung.

Mr. Van Hoose sang Siegfried's death very expressively. Here one misses the impressive stage setting, and it seemed odd to see the corpse remain standing during his funeral music. The number was called (as usual) "Siegfried's Funeral March," but it ought to be remembered that it is not a march at all. Wagner never inculcated keeping any kind of step to it upon the stage and never treated it as the marches in "Lohengrin" or "Parsifal." It should be entitled "Funeral Music."

Again there was a lofty interpretation. The various motives, punctuated by the impressive Death-figure, narrated the biography of Siegfried in effective story. An especial word of commendation is due to the trumpet for the manner in which the sword motive was rung out.

After this the remains walked off and an intermission took place before the culmination of the memorable concert. The finale of "Goetterdaemmerung" and of the trilogy is the grandest climax in the entire repertoire of music. Motive is piled upon motive and the fire, sword, Siegfried, Brunnhilde, Rheingold, Rhine daughters, ring, heroism, and many other motives, pass in dramatic review, all summing up in the most impressive three-chord progression ever invented,—the Fate-motive.

The number gained and lost by concert performance, but we think that the ledger account leans to the side of profit. One missed the funeral pile, the mourning Vikings, the conflagration of Walhalla, but one was not disillusionized by the cab-horse Grane, and, above all, one heard the exciting and intricate music in a much fresher state of mind than would have been possible after 3 long acts of opera. Wagner's epic style makes abnormal demands upon an auditor, and we confess to being a little jaded by the time that Brunnhilde's majestic monologue is reached in the opera house.

Nor was Wagner at all opposed to excerpts of this kind. Indeed the present writer has the most vivid recollection of this same finale as he heard it in Villa Wahnfried (Wagner's home), with Stavenhagen and Mottl playing a piano accompaniment, Mme. Wagner turning the leaves, and Materna singing the vocal part.

But the orchestral part tells its mighty story whether in opera house or concert room. It is a picture of the crack of doom. Compare it with Berlioz's Judgment Day in his Requiem and we can better measure the greatness of Wagner. Berlioz uses the larger orchestra, the most sensational devices, even to 16 kettledrums and cohorts of trombones, but the true "Dies Irae" is here at the end of Goetterdaemmerung.

Louis C. Elson.

### SYMPHONY REHEARSALS

FOR SALE—Two seats on floor; W 28, 29; \$37.50 each. P.H.D., Boston Transcript.  
SW(A):

### FOR SALE

One Symphony Concert Seat, second balcony. Address M.J.J., Boston Transcript. (A):



Wagner According to Gericke and Gadski  
—The Return of the Kneisel Quartet—  
"Faust" Once More—An Irish Choir and  
a Young Pianist

Mr. Gericke's conducting and Mme. Gadski's singing at the Symphony concerts of Friday and Saturday were the complement of each other, and both were of the sort that is displacing the old "Wagner singing" and that will displace certain varieties of "Wagner conducting." It is easy to remember when "Wagner singers" were shouting and chopping his music in sublime defiance of the art of song. They sought power, they said, dramatic sweep and emotional poignancy. Then others came, who were merely unlabelled singers. They sang their Wagner according to the rules of the art of song, and the music had not only a new beauty but a power and a poignancy that all this shouting and chopping could not gain. In the concert room at least, the eagerest listener could hardly ask for fuller warmth than Mme. Gadski threw into Elisabeth's greeting on Saturday night. Her singing of Brünnhilde's final speech is growing steadily deeper in understanding and larger in expression. There was genuine exaltation in her part in the duet with Siegfried as Brünnhilde sends him forth to new adventures. In a word, Mme. Gadski caught and imparted much of the emotional content of her music. The most hidebound "Wagnerite" could not quarrel with her singing on that score. Yet it was also singing that had many of the best virtues of the art of song, and the crowning virtue of sustained and beautiful tone. Thereby the moods that filled it were the more persuasive, and the emotions that colored it the more searching.

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Trans. Nov. 6, 1905 H. T. P.

# SYMPHONY HALL.

## Some of the Novelties for the Orchestra's Season.

Journal — Sept. 30, 1905  
Novelties in music do not necessarily mean works fresh from the hands of the composer. In the list of music unknown to Boston which Mr. Gericke has prepared for the coming Symphony season are three works by masters who are no longer among the living. At least one of these works, Smetana's overture to his opera "Libussa," has never been played in this country and Dvorak's symphonic poem "Die Waldtaube," one of the last things he did, has never been played in Boston and its only performance in this country was at an obscure concert in New York. Nor has Cesar Franck's "Psyche" ever been played in Boston. Another work on the list of novelties which Mr. Gericke has prepared will be labeled "First Time at These Concerts." Professor Paine's prelude to "The Birds" of Aristophanes. This, of course, has been heard in Boston and Cambridge, but has never been played at the Symphony concerts. Altogether, the Symphony Orchestra will play fifteen works which are quite new to Boston. Among them are two symphonies, both of which are likely to attract more than ordinary interest. Perhaps the more important is Mahler's Fifth. Gustav Mahler, director of the Imperial Opera in Vienna and the conductor of the Vienna Philharmonic concerts, is without question one of the most interesting figures in the musical world of today. The other symphony, one in E major, is by Amherst Webber, a young English musician, who became known to many personally in this country several years ago through his association with the de Reszke brothers. Another Englishman on the list is Sir Edward Elgar, whose rise to popular favor in this country has been little short of phenomenal. He will be represented by three works: a new overture entitled "In the South," and two short pieces, "Chanson de Nuit" and "Chanson de Matin." Frederick S. Converse, whose name appeared on the programs last season, will be represented by a Balade for barytone and orchestra. Other novelties will be: "Le Kremlin," a symphonic poem by Ernst Boehe—an entirely new name; a "Lustspiel" overture and a "Geharnischte" suite by Busoni; "Der Pfeifertag," an overture by Max Schillings; and "Le Tasse," an overture by Eugene d'Harcourt.

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Boston Transcript. (A):

# Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1905-06.

## BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.

### V. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18, AT 8, P. M.

#### Programme.

MOZART.

SYMPHONY in G minor (K 550.)

I. Allegro molto.

II. Andante.

III. Menuetto: Trio.

IV. Finale: Allegro assai.

SINDING,

CONCERTO in A major, for VIOLIN and ORCHESTRA  
op. 45.

Allegro energico—Andante—Allegro giocoso.

(First time.)

J. K. PAINE,

PRELUDE to "The Birds" of Aristophanes.

(First time at these concerts.)

TSCHAIKOWSKY.

THEME and VARIATIONS from SUITE No. 3, in  
G major, op. 55.

Soloist:

Mr. FELIX WINTERNITZ.



**Wagner According to Gericke and Gadski**  
**—The Return of the Kneisel Quartet—**  
**"Faust" Once More—An Irish Choir and**  
**a Young Pianist**

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THEME and VARIATIONS from SUITE No. 3, in  
 G major, op. 55.

**Soloist:**

**Mr. FELIX WINTERNITZ.**



"Patient Waiter," writing concerning the plaint of "Twenty-Five-Cent Symphoner," calls attention to one of the worst features, not mentioned in the paragraph referred to, of this awkward arrangement: "The number of persons admitted on these occasions is limited to about 500-504 being, I think, the exact number. Now, when the line is long, as is often the case, a number of the last comers, even after waiting an hour or so in the cold, do not know whether or not they are to gain admittance until, at the opening of the doors at one o'clock, 504 persons are counted." All others in line who follow that number "get left," their long wait being in vain. It cannot be said that not many are so turned away. It is well known that whenever musicians of note are to appear at the concerts, the line of people waiting admission to the hall extends around the corner of Gainsboro street. "Patient Waiter" has seen over a hundred persons turned away after having stood in line for a long while. It is also to be noted that the uncertainty of knowing whether one is to be included in the lucky five hundred undoubtedly deters many from attempting to attend the rehearsals.

+ + +

To remedy this condition of affairs is a simple matter. There seems to be no reason why one of the several attendants at the hall should not count the people as they take their places in the line. When the full number is reached, a sign, flag, or other signal would indicate to later arrivals that they cannot gain admission. Nor has "Patient Waiter" met anyone able to satisfactorily explain why the doors of the hall should not be opened at two o'clock, instead of at one o'clock. One suggests that perhaps the admission of the crowd at two o'clock would be an annoyance to the regular ticket-holders. This is not a valid objection, as it has been noted that less than a dozen ticket-holders arrive at the hall as early as two o'clock. Surely, at least, they do not begin to arrive at 1.45. Another gives the following solution to the puzzle: "The management desires that only genuine music lovers shall take advantage of the twenty-five-cent admission price. Now the only way to tell who these are is to submit them to a freezing test. If they stand the 'cold process,' they are worthy to pass within the sacred portals." To the rest of us, however, the existing arrangement is an enigma." *Trans. Jan. 10/06*

## SINDING'S VIOLIN CONCERTO HEARD

Herald

Has Its First Performance by the Symphony Orchestra—More Interesting in Orchestral Passages.

IN FINAL SECTION, MANY MEASURES ARE UGLY

Mr. Winternitz Is Soloist—Familiar Works by Mozart and Tschaikowsky—Prof. Paine's Prelude to "Birds."

The programme of the fifth concert by the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Gericke conductor, given last night in Symphony Hall, was as follows:

Symphony in G minor.....Mozart  
Concerto in A minor for violin.....Sinding  
(First time.)

Prelude to "The Birds" of Aristophanes..Paine  
Variations from Suite No. 3....Tschaikowsky

Mozart's symphony in G minor has not been played at these concerts for some years, and it was therefore the more appreciated last night. Some, it is true, do not hesitate to say that it now has only a historical interest; there are others who are apparently vexed by its exquisite proportions and tender melancholy, and, like the old Athenian, they would gladly mark an oyster shell with the word "exile." That it was played in the true and frank spirit in which it was conceived it is unnecessary to say, for Mr. Gericke is a lover of Mozart, and he has an extraordinary orchestra to carry out his wishes. Hearing at the end of the concert the engrossing variations of Tschaikowsky, with the polacca finale, superb in its festal pomp, we recalled the Russian's affection and admiration for Mozart and the eloquent letter in which he explained to Mrs. von Meck the reasons of this admiration. Richard Strauss is another of the ultra-moderns who join the long line of those that do Mozart homage, and not with mere lip service.

The announcement of any unfamiliar concerto may well interest an audience. This concerto by Sinding, the first of two, was introduced in German cities by Mr. Marteau, to whom the younger

composers for the violin owe a heavy debt of gratitude. Mr. Marteau played it for the first time in America at a Philharmonic concert in New York in March, 1900. The performance last night was the first in this city.

A distinguished composer once said to us: "I was born hating Weber and the Scandinavian composers." This remark showed catholicity of prejudice, for surely there is little or nothing in common between the romanticism of Weber and that of the Norwegians and Swedes. The latter evidently objected to the character of the formulas in each instance rather than to mere formulas, for every composer has his formulas, and no one is more faithful to them than Wagner, except possibly Debussy. The most exasperating formula of Weber is that which has been characterized in praise as his "chivalric flourish." Equally exasperating is the peculiar whine of nearly all the Scandinavians that have followed Grieg, nor is Grieg himself free from it. The admirers of northern music find this whine suggestive of wind-swept pines, lonely firds, black water, the midnight sun, cairns of heroes, and the Lord knows what else besides.

Sinding's later music that we have heard is like a dilution of Grieg stiffened with Wagner. The promise of the earlier, stern, granitic works has not been fulfilled. When there is no whine there is a forbidding rigidity, as in this concerto.

The concerto is in three movements, which are so connected that the piece might be characterized as a fantasia in three moods. The hunter, after reminiscences, pricks up his ears as soon as he hears the first theme. He is reminded of the last movement of Bruch's concerto in G minor, of the last movement of Brahms' concerto; or does the theme recall a polonaise by Wieniawski, or is there not a touch of Dvorak? Let him have his pleasure. What Sinding does with the theme is of more importance. It may be said of the work as a whole that it is more interesting in the full orchestral passages than in the solo part. Much of this part is unthankful, and in the final section there are long series of measures that are ugly, deliberately or carelessly ugly, it matters not.

The most impressive portions of the concerto are the final orchestral passage at the end of the first section and the immediately following measures of the andante. The opening of this andante has sombre imagination; there is the suggestion of something elemental and grand, but when the solo violin enters, the suggestion is dispelled. There is also a striking effect gained by the use of the solo violin against flute and horn. The finale begins with a tune that might be any vigorously accented sailors' song or dance, and the contrasting theme is effective in its way, but the interest in the organic whole is not maintained.

Mr. Winternitz played with delightful accuracy in these days when smearing too often is mistaken for an emotional display. He is to be classed among the sound musicians who have an excellent technic rather than among the players of pronounced individuality or deep sentiment, for he gains few effects by mere quality of tone. He was heartily and deservedly applauded.

Prof. Paine's prelude to "The Birds," composed for a performance of Aristophanes' comedy by the Harvard Classical Club, was performed over a year ago in Chickering Hall. The performance last night was the first at these con-



certs. If some wondered at the exultation of the festal spirit of the prelude and queried why the expression of this spirit rather than ornithological suggestion should be the main theme of the prelude, they should know that the composer had in mind the bridal chorus toward the end of the comedy, and it should be remembered that the final scene was staged in the amphitheatre with the pomp and gorgeousness lavished on the production of a great tragedy. Prof. Paine was obliged to acknowledge the applause.

Tschaikowsky's variations, familiar and well liked, a virtuoso test for an orchestra, were played by an orchestra of virtuosos, and the polacca dismissed the audience in holiday mood.

## MOZART SYMPHONY AT FIFTH CONCERT

Mozart's beautiful, ever fresh and inspiring G minor symphony began the fifth concert of the Symphony Orchestra with a call to the noblest emotions. Plain and simple as it appears to be, it has within it a complexity of thought and a richness of inspiration that place it far above most of the resounding, heavily orchestrated works of the moderns. It would "carry" better, probably, in a much smaller hall, and yet the perfect dynamic force at which Mr. Gericke and his men gave it made it large enough for all purposes. That it was played with complete purity and charm goes without saying.

Sinding's A major concerto for the violin, played here for the first time by Felix Winternitz, is a work that does not greatly attract at one hearing. "Dark and true and tender is the North," wrote Tennyson, and in many ways the line fits Norse music. This concerto is mostly dark, however; somber in its breadth and not always tender in its poetry. Yet it has moments of romantic beauty in its andante and a certain rugged warmth in its final allegro. Mr. Winternitz played it with grace, elegance and good taste, but lacked the force and fire to make the concerto as vital as it might have been.

Another "first time at these concerts" was professor John K. Paine's prelude to "The Birds" of Aristophanes. The work is festal in tone, richly scored and artistic in its musicianship. It is not in the least suggestive, however, as program music; it would serve equally well as an introduction for any play or for none at all. It is best to listen to it as absolute music; it then gives the impression of classical strength, some inspiration and not a little beauty. Professor Paine, in answer to hearty applause, walked down to the platform and bowed in his oddly sincere fashion.

At the end came another giant—Tchaikowsky. The wonderfully diverse and fascinating variations on a theme from his Suite No. 3 have never been more clearly and gorgeously played in this city, and rarely has the all-around genius of the Russian been better illustrated. Almost every mood and style

of musical writing is contained in these dozen glowing bits of composition, yet through them all, from choral to polonaise, the theme is never buried beneath nor overburdened by the opulent scoring it contains. The work was a triumph and the orchestra's playing of it worthy in every respect.

## MUSICAL MATTERS

Felix Winternitz the  
Symphony Soloist.

Operatic Society's Production  
of "Chimes of Normandy."

Numerous Recitals of  
the Week.

Two novelties were played at the fifth Symphony rehearsal and concert, Prof. J. K. Paine's prelude to "The Birds" of Aristophanes and Sinding's A major violin concerto, the latter with Mr. Felix Winternitz as the soloist. The other numbers were the G minor symphony by Mozart and Tschaikowsky's theme and variations from suite No. 3. Prof. Paine's orchestral prelude to "The Birds" was given in this city in 1904, but with a much smaller band of musicians and with less pleasing effect than was the case at the Symphony, for the larger orchestra enabled Mr. Gericke to illuminate the trial contrasts more vividly and to impart to the scholarly work an impressiveness that was lacking at the previous performance. The prelude, which is composed of themes of the music-drama, is a tone poem in miniature, skillfully orchestrated and developed into climaxes which illustrate the most dramatic episodes of the story, and close in a stunning fortissimo worked up by the whole orchestra. The instrumentation is very varied in character, giving to the various parts of the orchestra plenty of complex work alternating in character. The interpretation was thoroughly satisfactory and interesting, too, despite the classic nature of the composition, for Prof. Paine has the gift of melodic utterance com-

bined with his high ideal of musical expression.

The Sinding violin concerto is chiefly interesting, so far as the solo instrument is concerned, in the final movement, although all of Mr. Winternitz' performance was meritorious, and displayed his artistry in a way to win hearty plaudits. He was little at fault in fingering some of the passages on the G string in the first movement and in the quick double fingering in the finale, but the deflection was so slight that one may speak of his work in high praise and with little reservation.

The Mozart symphony was given in a sympathetic spirit by the orchestra. The Tschaikowsky variations on a simple theme is one of those compositions which illustrate the cleverness of the writer in juggling with instrumental possibilities and combinations, conditions which were admirably met and conquered by Mr. Gericke's men. Aside from showing the abilities of the orchestra, either in parts or as a whole, the work calls for no special consideration.

The soloist at this week's rehearsal and concert will be Hugo Heerman, who will play Brahms' D minor concerto for violin. The orchestral numbers will be Busoni's "Lustspiel" overture, for the first time here; Loeffler's "Villanelle du Diable" and Schumann's first symphony.

## IN THE WORLD OF MUSIC

ENTERTAINMENT AT THE SYM-  
PHONY CONCERT

Mozart, Paine, Tschaikovsky and Gericke  
Give It—The Concerts of Next Week and  
of Weeks to Come—Messenger, the French  
Composer, on the Decline of French Opera  
—The Prima Donna's Labors, According  
to Nordica

It was a comparatively light programme that Mr. Gericke had made for the fifth pair of Symphony concerts. Mozart's symphony in G-minor began it, yesterday afternoon, and Sinding's concerto for violin and orchestra and Professor Paine's prelude to "The Birds" of Aristophanes continued it. For ending there was the set of variations that make the final movement of Tschaikowsky's third suite. By all accounts, the concerto, in which Felix Winternitz played the violin part was heard for the first time in Boston, and Professor Paine's prelude for the first time at the Symphony concerts. Mr. Winternitz has not played often in public of late, and the pupils from the Conservatory, in which he teaches, partly filled the upper gallery and applauded him with a warmth that Ysaye or Kreisler might have envied.

Mr. Gericke is a wise maker of programmes. He must be, perforce, when he has twenty-four to contrive for forty-eight concerts to the same public in six months. He has passed the age when he burns to be perpetually educational. Perhaps his cool discretion has always kept him from that pernicious heat, and made him adamant in

atmospheres that sometimes blaze red with it. He is content sometimes to be simply entertaining. He was so in the programme that he chose for the first pair of concerts last month, and he was so, again, yesterday. We in America have made rapid progress in the last ten years with our orchestras, and we have tripped willingly along in the founding and the support of them to the tune that they were very educational indeed. They are, and they are also very entertaining. They can provide us, moreover, with a sort of public entertainment that almost every one of our cities sorely lacks—entertainment that is refined, artistic and intelligent, and they need not do that by descending to what, in Pittsburg and Chicago the conductors rather patronize as "popular" programmes. Mr. Gericke's yesterday was by no means such, but most of us in Symphony Hall listened to it for the pure pleasure of beautiful and ordered sound. A week hence Mr. Gericke will ask us to open our minds to Brahms and Schumann. A fortnight ago he was stirring our emotions with Wagner. A little before, he was playing upon us as sensitive men and women of this twentieth-century world with Richard Strauss and Tschaikovsky. To do all these things is a part of the duty of our conductor and our band toward us. It is just as much their duty to give us pleasure and nothing else now and then. Sometimes we reproach Mr. Gericke with over-much sanity, as conductors go. But were he not so sane would he distribute so well all the various functions of an orchestra that ministers to a town like ours? Two entertaining concerts thus far is a pleasant omen for the rest of the season.

But, it is easy to hear certain lovers of Mozart saying, you are taking his symphony much too lightly. There are deep moods in it, and sore; tumultuous moods even, according to the means of expression that were at his command. There are and there are not, you are as ready to reply. Richard Strauss when he conducts any of the three last symphonies of Mozart persuades his listeners of such moods, and they depart in debate as to how much he has read into them from himself and how much he has discovered that no other imagination has detected there. Mottl is almost as persuasive. But their Mozart was not the Mozart of Mr. Gericke yesterday. He was content to take him as he stood transparently, and perhaps the composer rose up in the Elysian Fields to bless him. Certainly Mozart did not take his emotions nearly so seriously as some of the commentators have taken them. It is as hard to transfigure him, almost as it is to transfigure Schubert. Beethoven and Schumann strove with themselves and with the world and wrought with travail. Mozart and Schubert were simple men, who let the world do with them as it would, and expressed themselves oftenest in pure spontaneity. Schubert touches his music with a peculiar melancholy; Mozart touches his with a peculiar tenderness. But these are not searching emotions and surging passions for orchestral bite and thunder.



They are lyric, and not tragic, and it is one more proof of Mr. Gericke's sanity that, last month with Schubert's unfinished symphony, and yesterday with Mozart's, he took them for what they frankly are. After all, is there finer musical pleasure than to yield unfeignedly to the charm of Mozart's melodies as of pure song springing spontaneously into being, to follow their fluttering, gentle tracery, to hear them leap with youthful energy, soften with youthful tenderness, or loiter in simple youthful dalliance? It is the music of idealized youth in an idealized world, where the very air gives it birth and where no shadow lingers long or turns very dark while it stays. Shall not charm serve us better sometimes than passion, and still delight be the keenest emotional response? Need Mozart be put into a twentieth century forcing house, if we do miss a little of his spontaneous fragrance out-of-doors?

The severest had to take the rest of the programme as pure entertainment. Tschalkovsky's variations are all orchestral play. Yesterday it was a composer, who is a virtuoso when he undertakes such sport, in full frolic with a band of virtuosos. Tschalkovsky tossed off his variation con amore. The band tossed it about for the pure fun of the game. Between them they made it flawless fun. To the listeners it was like drinking orchestral champagne, when every bubble is rushing upward to tingle on the palate—or the ear—and the lamp-light is playing through the glass in twenty tints. For a pricking nervous thrill Tschalkovsky never did better than in the little ritardando before the band swings into the final glorified dance. It bites and it catches. A very eminent conductor once told us that he had a nearly irresistible desire to shout "Now we go!" whenever he was carrying his men through it.

There is not a hint, again, in the prelude to "The Birds" that Professor Paine is a born New Englander who has lived there all his life, and who was the best of teachers those many years at Cambridge. Was it Aristophanes who had taken him out of New England, out of himself, and set him to writing, like that volatile Slav thousands of miles away in Russia, for the pure sport of the thing? By every sign he had as much fun in the making and the scoring of that prelude as we listeners had in hearing it. The dry-as-dusts will discover whether there are "worthy" musical ideas in it, properly academic ideas for an academic function. For our part, we neither know nor care. We do know, and it seems much more to the point, that much of it sounds and swings and clicks like a chorus in Aristophanes's own verse with an orchestra, instead of Greek choristers, to sing it. There is the joy of living in the prelude. For the moment, though it is hard to imagine, the good professor turned pure pagan.

H. T. P.

### SYMPHONY CONCERT

Season Ticket for sale at reduced price. Inquire at 434 Tremont Bldg. C. H. C. (A):

### Concerts Next Week

A violinist of the first rank, Hugo Heerman, who is on his way to Germany from a tour of Australia, appears at the sixth pair of Symphony concerts in Symphony Hall, next Friday afternoon and Saturday evening. He will play Brahms's concerto, and as he proved on his previous American tour, scarcely a living violinist is better fitted to cope with it technically, mentally and musically. He used to make it sound like the music of a man, played by a man, for men. The symphony is Schumann's first, and the other numbers are Mr. Loeffler's "The Devil's Round" for orchestra and organ, and a concert overture "for a comedy" by Busoni. The latter is altogether new, and there need be no doubt of its musical scholarship, and we hope there will be something more besides. Mr. Loeffler's tone poem, which is comparatively unfamiliar, is sure to have imagination. For the last time in three weeks Mr. Gericke will conduct at these concerts. For the following pair, on Dec. 2, D'Indy takes the orchestra. The next week the band will be making its monthly tour.

### PENSION FUND CONCERT.

The first of the pension fund concerts this season will be given in Symphony Hall on next Sunday evening, Nov. 26. The concert will be commemorative of the 25th season of the Boston Symphony orchestra, and Mr. George Henschel, the first conductor of the orchestra, will come from New York to assist Mr. Gericke.

The object of these pension fund concerts should and does find ready sympathy with all the patrons of the Symphony concerts. It is to establish a sufficient fund to care for members of the orchestra when the time has come, whether through age or through inability, they must give up active work as members of the organization. Governmental support for music is out of the question in America, for the present at any rate, and therefore governmental pensions are equally impossible. Musicians in Germany are not so well paid as they are in America, but living expenses there are considerably less, and musicians connected with any of the subsidized orchestras in Germany and Austria can look forward to the future free from care, because at the end of their term of service there is a pension awaiting them.

It was with the idea of placing the Boston Symphony orchestra on a similar basis that the movement was begun several years ago to establish a pension fund, so that the men in the orchestra might be sure of support when the time of need came. Already a considerable sum has been invested for the benefit of the men. While it is true that the men contribute themselves to the fund by means of annual dues, a considerable part of this money must come from the music loving public, and to get this money two concerts are given each year on a Sunday night.

The programme will be announced later.

### Saturday's Symphony Concert

Sinding's concerto for violin had one advantage at the Symphony Concert, Saturday night, and it needed every aid that chance might bring. It happened to follow Mozart's symphony. It happens also to begin with a sonorous introduction for the whole band, richly colored in the Wagnerian fashion, and vigorous with broad, sharp rhythms. Mr. Gericke's Mozart is Mozart of the eighteenth century, unmagnified, undistorted, but by no means unilluminated. Sometimes it seems a little too precise in its accents. Always it sounds archaic, as Mozart should. It was still in the ear when the orchestra plunged its listeners into Sinding's full-throated harmonies. The effect was as tingling, and for the moment as bracing, as that of water itself. Mozart's music is of his own time and of all time, but, admire its beauty as we may, it is not the music of our own particular time. Sinding's, with all its shortcomings, is. It is quite too much so to be lasting. But after half an hour of the eighteenth century the mere sound so to say of our own orchestral voices speaking our own particular musical dialect, was queerly stimulating.

The rest was far from exhilaration. For band or for solo instrument, Sinding had nothing particular to say. Often he seemed distinctly irritated toward the solo instrument, as though he had expected an inspiration from it that it had failed to give. Therefore he retaliated with a few passages that were ugly and many that were commonplace. Perhaps Marteau, for whom the concerto was written, made it sound alive and significant. He has, or he used to have, a communicating energy, but there was no such fire in the cautiously correct Winternitz taking thought of every phrase. Sinding, moreover, would hardly ever treat his violin as an individual voice. It was only one with the rest, speaking a little more conspicuously than its fellows. Upon the whole orchestra the composer spent what imagination and energy were in him. Now and then he made it sound rich, warm and alive. Oftener it was that pleasant latter-day pastime of scoring in the Wagnerian manner. Nowhere did Sinding strike his own peculiar note—the high, clear, pictorial, romantic note of the "Chivalrous Episodes" of last season. Somehow the mere intention to write a concerto seems to turn the new generation of composers dry and perfunctory. But they always carry out the intention.

H. T. P.

### TWO SYMPHONY SEASON TICKETS

FOR SALE—At very reasonable prices; excellent location on floor. Address J.G.C., Boston Transcript. (A):

### SYMPHONY TICKETS

FOR SALE—For alternate Saturday nights, 2 seats, 1st Bal. A 31-32, remainder of season; price \$10.50 each. Address D.S.E., Boston Transcript. WS(A) n 8

Vincent d'Indy, the eminent French composer of the younger generation, who has come to America at the invitation of our Symphony Orchestra, arrived at the St. Botolph Club this morning. He left Paris a week ago, reached New York last night, and with Mr. Ellis and Mr. Loeffler, who is to chaperon his visit, so to say, travelled at once to Boston. On Friday and Saturday, Dec. 1 and 2, he will conduct at the Symphony Rehearsal and the Symphony Concert. Through the following week he will conduct at the regular concerts of the orchestra in New York, Washington, Philadelphia and Baltimore. A few days afterward he returns to France. In the course of his stay he wishes to lecture here on the younger Paris composers, their master and his, César Franck, their work and their ambitions.

D'Indy is the first French composer of distinction to visit America. He is also the first "outsider" that has ever been asked to conduct with our orchestra at a series of regular concerts. The invitation was our "homage," as the French say, to the new school of French composers who are reanimating French music. Nowhere in America is their music played so often or heard so sympathetically as it is here. Accordingly D'Indy will make his programmes entirely of the music of the younger Frenchmen, choosing from his own, from Franck's, Debussy's, Dukas's and Magnard's. Of his own he intends to play his second symphony, his tone-poem "Istar" and one or two smaller compositions, and from Franck he has picked the little known symphonic poem, "Psyche."

In New York, yesterday, the reporters put to D'Indy the inevitable questions, and one of them makes him say these things:

"Though I cannot say that I am a young man, I do belong to the younger French school of composers. I am a follower of César Franck, who did much to popularize symphonic music in Paris. It required some encouragement, for the general taste in Paris leans to the opera rather than to classical music, but of late years there has been a great change. There are now many concert halls, whereas formerly there were but one or two."

"What are the lines along which the music of the future will develop?"

"There are three elements in music—melody, harmony and rhythm. The resources of melody and harmony I believe to be well-nigh exhausted, so eccentricities of rhythm will probably be the next element of music to be experimented upon."

To the question why America and England had produced no great composers, though both countries had given birth to such commanding geniuses in other departments of creative art, he answered: "I have only the explanation that music is the last of the arts to be developed in a national art life. The national art life of England and of America is younger than that of France or Italy, consequently their music is to come, and assuredly it will come."



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*Symphony Hall.*

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SEASON 1905-06.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.

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VI. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, AT 8, P. M.

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Programme.

BUSONI.

COMEDY OVERTURE in C major, op. 38.  
(First time.)

BRAHMS.

CONCERTO for VIOLIN and ORCHESTRA, in D major  
op. 77.  
I. Allegro non troppo.  
II. Adagio.  
III. Allegro giocoso, ma non troppo vivace.

LOEFFLER.

FANTASIA for ORCHESTRA and ORGAN, "The  
Devil's Villanelle," (after Rollinat's poem), op. 9.

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SCHUMANN.

SYMPHONY No 1, in B flat major, op. 38.  
I, Andante un poco maestoso; Allegro molto vivace.  
II. Larghetto.  
III. Scherzo molto vivace. Trio I. Molto più vivace. Trio II  
IV. Allegro animato e grazioso.

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Soloist:

Mr. HUGO HEERMANN.



## IN THE WORLD OF MUSIC

### HEERMANN, THE VIOLINIST, AT THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

#### Concerts of the Coming Week—Gilbert and Sullivan Again—Recitals in Prospect

The musically conservative could rejoice with full hearts at the Symphony concert yesterday afternoon. For once the concerto and the symphony—Brahms and Schumann—surpassed all else on the programme. A new overture by the scholarly Busoni began it, dedicated to Mr. Gericke and played for the first time on this side of the sea. It is gay in mood, spontaneous in expression. The melodies are quick, light fancies pleasant to hear, but hardly impressive or notably individual. Busoni develops them fluently, adorns them richly and sets them against a warmly colored background. He does not bury them in intricacies or dry and stiffen them with meditation. They flow forward in bright interplay or contrast, with now and then a flash of imagination in the scoring to make them sparkle. A "comedy" overture Busoni calls it, and evidently life in Berlin has made him merry. In his Boston days he was scholarly seriousness incarnate. He never trifled and he was seldom gay.

It was easy to think well of the overture while it was still sounding in the ear, but somehow after the concerto and Hugo Heermann's playing of it, Busoni's music had vanished. To Brahms went the smaller share of the glory. Our audiences have heard his violin concerto so often that they are beginning to take it for granted and to think chiefly of the virtuoso who may be playing it. By every sign the particular audience that filled every seat in Symphony Hall yesterday had come to hear Heermann in whatever music he might choose. For two years it had cherished its discovery of him as one of the most notable violinists of our time. The moment in which he appeared on the stage it hailed him with warmer and more general applause than any virtuoso or singer has received thus far this season. When once he and the band had begun, not even the swish of a programme leaf broke the rapt silence. At the close of the first and the second movements the listeners seemed too stirred to applaud, but at the end of the concerto there was round upon round of clapping, and from an audience nine-tenths of whom were women. As such things go in Boston and on Friday afternoons, it was almost magnificent. It took a cynic to say that by sheer masculinity Heermann had won a man's victory over the sex.

No wonder that Brahms seemed to recede. Heermann was not playing his concerto in the ordinary sense of the word. Seemingly he was creating it, movement by movement, passage by passage, phrase

by phrase. There was no place to ask where the composer ended and the interpreter began. The two had become as one voice. In vague flashes of memory came the recollection of tender young women struggling with the difficulties and pitfalls Brahms had laid in their path. Yesterday there seemed none such in the concerto. The most intricate and difficult passages were serving only for the expression of the composer's and the virtuoso's thought and mood. Why had violinists vexed themselves and their audiences with them? Under Heermann's hand they sounded natural, almost inevitable. So with his own technical mastery. It was superb in its largeness and surety. Yet the listener took no thought of it. The violinist was using it only as the voice of his own and the composer's eloquence. There was the beauty of sound in the voice—most of all of the long, warm curves that rise and deepen and then fall and fade. There was the power of sound as well—the power that fills and transports. At every moment there was the exultation of mood and of expression that makes musical or any other eloquence. For once it was easy to feel and to yield to the large austere beauty of Brahms's music. Heermann had lifted it, or perhaps lifted himself, to its heights. In a few moments his listeners had climbed with him.

Between this Brahms, as Heermann recreated him, and Schumann, as Mr. Gericke has often made him live again, stood the "orchestral fantasia" to which certain macabre rhymes of the French poet, Rollinat, inspired Mr. Loeffler. It was not the best possible place for it. Try as you might to catch Mr. Loeffler's vein and sympathize with him and his poet, the music sounded trivial, forced and much too earthy. You felt Mr. Loeffler's characteristic virtues, but you also felt, as he seldom lets you do when his music has its proper environment, the limitations and the defects of those virtues. You were impatient of the close Parisian night when Schumann was about to proclaim the spring. Rollinat's fancies were hollow meanderings and discordant cries after Brahms's and Heermann's exalted eloquence. Perhaps it will be easier tonight to take Mr. Loeffler by himself. H. T. P.

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#### Concerts Next Week

Vincent d'Indy, the French composer, about whom we are printing an article in another column today, will be the conductor at the seventh pair of Symphony concerts, on Friday afternoon and Saturday evening of next week. Never before in its twenty-four years of existence has the orchestra had any but its established conductor at its regular concerts. Mr. d'Indy takes the band at the invitation of Mr. Gericke and Mr. Higginson as an honor to the newer and less academic school of French music of which he is the acknowledged chief, and which has found quicker and warmer appreciation in Boston than in any other American city. From



the music of this school Mr. d'Indy has chosen his entire programme. It begins with his own second symphony that Mr. Gericke played for us last winter. It continues with a suite from Gabriel Fauré's incidental music to Maeterlinck's play, "Pelléas and Mélisande," which was heard when Mrs. Campbell acted the piece in Boston. Next comes d'Indy's own tone-poem in the form of variations, "Istar," the ingenious musical setting of a Phœnician legend that has been played at least once before at the Symphony concerts. The fourth number, however, is entirely new here—a fragment of César Franck's tone-poem, "Psyché." For ending is Dukas's gay and humorous scherzo, "The Magician's Apprentice," first performed here a year ago. There will be no soloist. The following week the orchestra makes its monthly journey to New York and other cities with Mr. d'Indy conducting.

On Sunday evening, in Symphony Hall, at eight, the Symphony Orchestra gives the first of its two annual concerts for the profit of the Pension Fund of its members. On Wednesday we wrote at length of the duty and the pleasure of our musical public in the support of the fund and of the opportunity to hear the orchestra that these extra concerts give to those who do not care to attend the regular series. On Sunday evening in one of the conductors and in a single number, the programme will recall the first concert of the orchestra twenty-four years ago. The first number on that first programme was Beethoven's overture, "The Dedication of the House," and Georg Henschel was the conductor. Tomorrow the same overture, under the same conductor, begins the concert, and Mr. Henschel, who is now teaching in New York, has come to Boston for the occasion. The rest of the programme, with Mr. Gericke conducting, comprises Tchaikovsky's "Pathetic" Symphony, the Bacchanale from Wagner's "Tannhäuser," and Richard Strauss's tone-poem "Don Juan," all richly colored and highly emotional music of the modern sort. If we half appreciate what we and the artistic prestige of Boston owe to the Symphony Orchestra, we should fill the hall to the last seat.

## MUSICAL MATTERS

Hugo Heerman, the  
Symphony Soloist.

Interesting Program Tonight

for Pension Fund Benefit.

### D'Indy's Coming — Other Events of the Week.

globe Nov. 26, 1905

Ferruccio Busoni's "Comedy" overture, dedicated to Conductor William Gericke, and Charles Loeffler's fantasia, "The Devil's Villanelle," dedicated to Franz Kneisel, were two of the four selections on the 6th Symphony program. Mr. Hugo Heermann, the celebrated violinist, was soloist, playing Brahms' D major concerto, and Schumann's first symphony completed the list. The Busoni overture was given for the first time here. This composer was a resident of Boston about a dozen years ago and his association on one program with Messrs Gericke, Loeffler and Kneisel made two numbers especially interesting, as the four artists are personally known to many of the Symphony patrons.

The Busoni work is a charming little concert piece, the dainty thematic material being skilfully scored and treated melodically without a profusion of dissonant modulations of the so-called up-to-date character. Of course our orchestra gave to each phase of the composition its proper significance, for Mr. Gericke conducted and the bond of sympathy between men and director was unusually strong and ensured an artistic interpretation.

The splendid abilities so modestly displayed by Mr. Heermann in past seasons have suffered no diminution, nor has his honest and earnest demeanor changed. He played the Brahms concerto with a delicacy of sentiment, vigor and depth of expression that was appealing in its nature, and his facility of execution, more prominently shown in the cadenza in the first movement, was something to be highly praised, even in these days of phenomenally deft fingered young executants. The dignity and grace of the second movement was given with consummate skill and in difficult demands of the finale, with its arpeggios, double-stopping, single and chord runs, he met every requirement. The whole performance was one to be greatly enjoyed, and the orchestra joined with the audience in the plaudits at the close that summoned Mr. Heermann to the front of the platform a half dozen times. Mr. Hess conducted this number in admirable style.

The fantastic "Devil's Villanelle," by Mr. Loeffler, was given all the diabolic significance its title implies, all the weird, inharmonic musical phrases and bits of themes being set forth with the effect intended by the composer. The Schumann symphony was up to the standard of performance usual in important works. This week the celebrated French composer and director, Vincent d'Indy, will assist in conducting.

## MUSICAL MATTERS

### THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

adv — PROGRAMME. Nov 27, 1905  
Comedy Overture in C major, op. 38.....Busoni  
(First time.)  
Concerto for Violin and Orchestra, in D major,  
op. 77.....Brahms  
Soloist, Mr. Hugo Heermann.  
Fantasia for Orchestra and Organ, "The  
Devil's Villanelle" (After Rollinat's poem),  
op. 9.....Loeffler  
Symphony No. 1, in B flat major, op. 38.....Schumann

The pendulum swung between very diverse schools of composition in this concert, and the more sedate works lost somewhat because of their fiery companions. The Busoni overture reminds us that another Bostonian once wrote a comedy overture, and we consider Chadwick's "Thalia" more distinctly in the comedy spirit than this number.

Busoni can be tremendously modern when he tries, and some of his scores are very complex; but in this work he is fairly conservative and even his orchestral forces are scarcely beyond the classical demands. The work was clear, the scoring original and brilliant, and if there was no rollicking fun of the modern type in the composition it had something of the Aristophanian sharpness and contrast. Many faint trumpet passages imparted a martial flavor; and the figure treatment was what we should expect from so thorough a musician as Ferruccio Busoni.

Then came Brahms sandwiched in between Busoni and Loeffler, like a church deacon walking between a dancing girl and a case of delirium tremens. Brahms' violin concerto is not a pleasing work, it is too ascetic for that, but every modern violinist who aspires to be known as classical must conquer 3 things—the Beethoven concerto, the Bach Chaconne and the Brahms concerto.

And Mr. Heermann certainly conquered the last-named work. We have never heard the chaste character of the composition so well brought out. One might have wished for a larger tone, but in intonation, in sweetness, in surety of phrasing, the performance was something to remember. Mr. Heermann sank himself into the ensemble with a spirit of self-abnegation which is demanded by the style of this concerto, which is nothing if not orchestral. It was a worthy display of sterling musicianship on the soloist's part.

If there is not the magnetism in the concerto that exists in the first movement of the Beethoven, or the romance of the second movement of the Bruch G minor, that is not to be charged against the performer; yet it is a great work in its own style, though this leans somewhat to the academic vein. Even the cadenza used by Mr. Heermann was modest and brief, consisting chiefly in the display of double-stopping and of trills.

The second movement was given with much effect, and even the Johnsonian jocosity of the finale, marked "Giocoso," was made attractive. And our Brahmins and Bramsies applauded to the echo and recalled Mr. Heermann 4 times! Boston has evidently reached the Brahms stage of its musical culture.

After this there was the devil to play. Rollinat has written up his Satanic Majesty in a manner which would delight that citizen of Detroit who recently erected a statue to the same personage. It is a piquant French jingle full of mockery and surprises. Possibly an Englishman would conceive it thus:—

There is a gentleman in black  
And round the earth he goes,  
While near him the thermometer  
In melting fervor glows.

The folks in his vicinity  
Must wear their Summer clothes.  
He burns holes in his handkerchief  
Whenever he blows his nose.

He has a band of muted horns  
To add to people's woes.  
A cloven malformation is  
Upon his fiery toes.

Add to this a refrain every few lines to the effect that hell "glows, glows, glows," and that the devil "goes, goes, goes," and the central idea of the Loeffler music-poem is acquired.

It received a superb performance. It is the third time that Boston has heard this work. We care but little for the saturnalia of dissonance, the wails of the muted horns, and the general St. Vitus Dance of this peripatetic demon, yet we may acknowledge the genius displayed in some parts of it. The ecclesiastical portion is stronger than Berlioz's similar touch in the last movement of the Symphonie Fantastique, and Mr. Loeffler's orchestral virtuosity is unparalleled on this side of the Atlantic. The composer was forced to bow his acknowledgments twice to the enthusiastic plaudits of the public.

Then the pendulum swung back again. Even after 10 min. of intermission the Schumann symphony sounded weak. The perfume of Spring violets was overcome by the preceding odor of brimstone. Therefore, although it was admirably played, we never found the first movement of the B flat symphony so tame. We wish that it had come at the first of the concert. But the Scherzo was as beautiful as ever, and the finale, with its bold syncopations, was a gem of purest ray serene, to which the excellent flute-playing of the cadenza added an extra gleam. Nevertheless Johannisberger Cabinet loses its flavor after Arrack Punch. Louis C. Elson.

### FOR SALE—SEAT Y 3

Symphony Rehearsal. Price \$30. Address F.A.A., Boston Transcript. (A):

### FOR SALE

TWO SYMPHONY CONCERT tickets, balcony, left, C-33, 34, \$19 each. Address Public Library, Brookline. (A)



## SIXTH SYMPHONY CONCERT

Hugo Heermann, violinist, was the soloist at the sixth Symphony concert last evening, the programme being as follows:

Comedy overture, op. 38.....Busoni  
Concerto for violin, op. 77.....Brahms  
The Devil's Villanelle, op. 9.....Loeffler  
Symphony No. 1, B flat.....Schumann

Busoni's comedy overture was heard at these concerts for the first time. It is dedicated to Mr. Gericke, which probably indicates the reason why the work appeared on the programme. The "comedy" element is not easily apparent, and except for some pages of clever instrumentation the overture is without distinction. It made little if any impression on the audience.

Loeffler's orchestral fantasia on Rollinat's weird poem, "The Devil's Villanelle," has been heard here before, its initial hearing being at a Symphony concert April 12, 1902. The work will please whomsoever is in sympathy with the fantastic poem which suggested Mr. Loeffler's musical picture. To others the work will impress chiefly as a virtuoso piece to show the resources of the modern orchestra. The technical detail is exceedingly clever and the work makes a good "show" piece. It was much applauded; so was the composer, who was present.

Mr. Heermann, the soloist, appeared here about three years ago for the first time. He made a most favorable impression on the former occasion, and last evening he gave further evidence that he is a violinist of very high rank. His playing of the Brahms concerto was superb technically and artistically, and as authoritative as one could well desire. Mr. Heermann was the recipient of a well-deserved ovation and there were several recalls.

The concert ended with a fine performance of Schumann's Symphony No. 1, op. 38.

The rehearsal and concert this coming week will be memorable in that they will be directed by Vincent D'Indy, the eminent French composer-conductor, who will make his first appearance in the United States. The programme will include two of his own compositions, also others by Cesar Franck, Faure and Paul Dukas.

## SYMPHONY GIVES LOEFFLER'S WORK

"The Devil's Villanelle" Calls Out  
Every Resource of Orchestra.

The Author Responds.

Journal Nov. 27, 1905

Charles M. Loeffler's extraordinarily ingenious fantasia for orchestra and organ, "The Devil's Villanelle," was performed for the third time by the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the sixth concert of the twenty-fifth season, Saturday night. The composition is widely fantastic and every resource of the orchestra is taxed. The burden of the work is the oft-occurring refrains, "Hell's a burning, burning, burning," and "The devil, prowling, runs about." Weiridly fascinating throughout, the piece was given a vivid performance under Mr. Gericke. Wallace Goodrich was at the organ. Mr. Loeffler was in the audience and was obliged to ac-

knowledge the applause twice.

Busoni's comedy overture, dedicated to Mr. Gericke, was given its first performance. The overture is devoid of interest and borders upon dullness. Comedy is lacking throughout.

Hugo Heermann, violinist, was the soloist. He played the Brahms D major concerto eloquently. He was recalled three times. Schumann's first symphony completed the program.

Vincent D'Indy will conduct the seventh rehearsal and concert Friday and Saturday night.

Ferruccio Busoni's "Comedy" overture, dedicated to Conductor William Gericke, and Charles Loeffler's fantasia, "The Devil's Villanelle," dedicated to Franz Kneisel, were two of the four selections on the 6th Symphony program. Mr. Hugo Heermann, the celebrated violinist, was soloist, playing Brahms' D major concerto, and Schumann's first symphony completed the list. The Busoni overture was given for the first time here. This composer was a resident of Boston about a dozen years ago and his association on one program with Messrs Gericke, Loeffler and Kneisel made two numbers especially interesting, as the four artists are personally known to many of the Symphony patrons.

The Busoni work is a charming little concert piece, the dainty thematic material being skilfully scored and treated melodically without a profusion of dissonant modulations of the so-called up-to-date character. Of course our orchestra gave to each phase of the composition its proper significance, for Mr. Gericke conducted and the bond of sympathy between men and director was unusually strong and ensured an artistic interpretation.

The splendid abilities so modestly displayed by Mr. Heermann in past seasons have suffered no diminution, nor has his honest and earnest demeanor changed. He played the Brahms concerto with a delicacy of sentiment, vigor and depth of expression that was appealing in its nature, and his facility of execution, more prominently shown in the cadenza in the first movement, was something to be highly praised, even in these days of phenomenally deft fingered young executants. The dignity and grace of the second movement was given with consummate skill and in difficult demands of the finale, with its arpeggios, double-stopping, single and chord runs, he met every requirement. The whole performance was one to be greatly enjoyed, and the orchestra joined with the audience in the plaudits at the close that summoned Mr. Heermann to the front of the platform a half dozen times. Mr. Hess conducted this number in admirable style.

The fantastic "Devil's Villanelle," by Mr. Loeffler, was given all the diabolic significance its title implies, all the weird, inharmonic musical phrases and bits of themes being set forth with the effect intended by the composer. The Schumann symphony was up to the standard of performance usual in important works. This week the celebrated French composer and director, Vincent D'Indy, will assist in conducting.

FADED TEXT

## SIXTH SYMPHONY CONCERT GIVEN

New Comedy Overture by F.  
Busoni Played—Themes  
Lack Distinction and Development at Times Is Dull.

LOEFFLER'S "DEVIL'S  
VILLANELLE" AGAIN

Is a Piece of Uncommon Fancy  
—Hugo Heermann Gives  
Eloquent Performance of  
Brahms' Violin Concerto.

The sixth concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Gericke, conductor, was given last night in Symphony Hall. The programme was as follows:

Comedy overture.....Busoni  
(First time.)

Concerto for violin.....Brahms  
Fantasia "The Devil's Villanelle".....Loeffler  
Symphony in B flat, No. 1.....Schumann

This is the third composition by Mr. Busoni that has been played here at a Symphony concert. Excerpts from his first suite were performed in 1892, and his Tone Poem was heard for the first time at a concert of the following season. In the early years of his career he was aggressively contrapuntal in his treatment of dance-forms, as in the suite just mentioned, and he seemed to fear the reproach of being frankly and sensuously melodic in the Italian fashion.

We still remember the din of his Tone Poem, and the discussion it excited after ears could receive the ordinary tones of conversation.

Mr. Busoni has always as a piano virtuoso delighted in formidable tasks. Having exhausted the repertory of concert-givers, he wept for more technical worlds to conquer, and then invented feats, chiefly of transcription—as his arrangement of Bach's violin chaconne for the piano—with which to excite the amazement of the constantly open-mouthed.

He, too, has written a concerto, a tremendous procession of difficulties which is, they say, over an hour in passing a given point, and, not content with a large piano and a huge orchestra, he called in the aid of a chorus. But last month excerpts from his latest work, stage music to a fairy drama by Gozzi, were played in Berlin, and the delicacy and the humor of the music were warmly praised.

This comedy overture is a revised version of a composition written and produced eight years ago. When Mr. Busoni was last in Boston he spoke of it to Mr. Gericke who is always searching for overtures. He rewrote it and the new version was published in 1904 with a dedication to Mr. Gericke.

And what, pray, are Mr. Busoni's views concerning a suitable prelude to a comedy? Is his comedy music light and spontaneous or as laboriously contrived and as artificial as the comedy prose of Mr. George Meredith? The first thought is, "What must this overture have been before it was revised?" For it is now so inconsequential, so purposeless; its spirit is so far removed from the lightness and the gaiety of the playhouse audience anticipating the curtain's rise.

The themes are without distinction, and the development is for the most part laboriously dull. A man by the name of Auber was far more successful in this manner of overture, nor is it necessary to mention a classic name. Operetta writers of little pretensions have done much better. Mr. Gericke certainly deserved a more musical and spontaneous tribute of regard.

Mr. Loeffler's "Devil's Villanelle" was played here for the third time. It is an extraordinarily ingenious and fantastical work—in spite of the fact that he hampered himself deliberately by his choice of a poem for a programme, a poem in which there is a double refrain or burden: "Hell's a-burning, burning, burning," and "The devil, prowling, runs about." Other modern composers have attempted to use a single refrain in symphonic work, as Sinding in his orchestral "Rondo In-finito."

Furthermore, it is a question whether the publication of Rollinat's poem does not distract the attention of the hearer-reader from the music as an organic composition, whether he does not lose much and appreciate less in his endeavor to discover in a particular section of the fantasia a translation of a particular couplet of the poet.

We speak concerning the poem itself and its strange author in the music page of this morning's Herald. We have now to do only with the music.

Would not the hearer's task be lessened and his pleasure increased if only the refrains had been published as a motto? There are many literal men and women in this world—possibly without them the world would not revolve according to appointment; they read: "There, floating as a bubble, here squirming as a worm, the Devil, prowling, runs about": are they to be blamed if they strain their ears in the endeavor to see Satan in these highly entertaining impersonations in the music itself?

But Mr. Loeffler might answer with justice: "I have not tried to write panorama music. I print the poem that you may read it before you hear my transliteration; reading it, you will be in the mood. Then you can hear as far as it is in your capacity, for no two



near precisely in the same spirit or with the same imaginative receptivity. Do you ask why I explain certain lines of Rollinat's poem by introducing Bruant's canaille ditty and the bloodthirsty revolutionary airs when few in an American audience will recognize the tunes? I find pleasure in introducing them; they aid in the expression of my idea of the Villanelle, and remember that I did not compose the music merely for one parish. Do not these introduced tunes make an effect, even when the ironical significance of their appearance is understood only by a few?"

Mr. Loeffler's Villanelle was played here at first with its companion piece, a sonorous love poem of rare beauty inspired by Verlaine's exquisite Aubade in "La Bonne Chanson." To us the latter is the higher flight, by reason of the fact that it is absolute music which needs no programme, music that would make a deep impression even without a signboard title. Furthermore, the subject is nobler, more human, and the appeal is far more direct and elemental. The Villanelle is necessarily a tour de force. It is inevitably both pictorial and narrative. But what ingenuity, what fancy, is displayed in the conception and in the execution of the detail! Nor has Mr. Loeffler ever composed anything broader or more truly impressive than the episode of the church music, which might have been suggested by the wild mystery of Saint-Pol Roux's "Black Soul of the White Prior."

In this episode there is suggestion both of the mass and of the worship of Satan for the Macabre in which Mr. Loeffler delights is more than once in the Villanelle of close kin to Satanism. Page after page in this composition might justly give to Mr. Loeffler the title to alter slightly the phrase of the discredited gentleman in "Measure for Measure"—"the fantastical composer of dark corners."

Mr. Gericke read the Villanelle with the finest appreciation and the performance was vivid, elastic and of great euphony. Mr. Loeffler, who was present, was twice obliged to acknowledge the applause.

Mr. Heermann delivered an eloquent plea in behalf of the violin concerto of Johannes Brahms, a work which, as played by highly respectable men of routine and by too ambitious young women, reminds one of a New England boiled dinner. It is for the most part so prosaic and so filling. Mr. Heermann played with a breadth and dignity, with a purity of tone and with a musical understanding that would have vitalized even a more laboriously manufactured composition.

The familiar symphony of Schumann was read and performed romantically.

## The Concerts of Saturday and Sunday

Mr. d'Indy, as the way is of all the composers, conductors and virtuosi who visit us, has been speaking warm and spontaneous praise of our Symphony Orchestra. Thrice he has heard it—at the rehearsal Friday, at the concert Saturday and again last night at the special concert for the profit of the Pension Fund—under circumstances that showed exceptionally well the range and pliancy of its powers and the fineness and the fulness of them. Read the score of Busoni's new overture that the orchestra was playing at the regular concerts, and it seems empty where it is not trivial. Listen to it, as our band played it, and they and Mr. Gericke made it sound interesting and alive. It was the characteristic power of virtuosi at their best to glorify whatever they touch. Brahms's concerto for violin followed on Friday and Saturday, with Mr. Hess leading. The orchestral and the solo parts in it seemed as perfectly fused and proportioned as human skill could make them. Some of this euphony was due to Mr. Heermann's fine sense of these things, but more to the band's. Mr. Loeffler's fantastic "tone-poem" asked the utmost and the freest technical mastery of his instrument from each player in the orchestra. It asked also the responsive imagination that could make that mastery the vivid expression of every suggestion, pictorial, ironic, narrative, what you will, that the music contains. Rarely did the orchestra fall him. Rather at every moment it served him in the way that set his music in the best possible light. The sense of musical design and continuity that Mr. Gericke has infused into every man under him held the fantasia together as a coherent musical structure. The imagination of conductor and men seized the pictorial significance of each detail, while their skill expressed it. Schumann's "Spring" symphony ended the programme. It is hard to fancy it played with richer warmth and beauty of varied tone, with finer ardor of rhythm, with brighter romantic glow and elation of spirit. It was an intoxicating performance—one more of those in which Mr. Gericke and his men reanimate and almost recreate familiar music. Yet all this eloquence was nearly faultless in detail. No wonder, Mr. d'Indy, familiar as he is with most of the orchestras of Europe, wondered and praised as he heard. He is not used to our orchestra as we are—far too used to it to appreciate all its virtues, and a little too disposed to play the parts of the Athenians who were tired of hearing Aristides called the Just.

## SYMPHONY HALL

SUNDAY EVENING, NOV. 26, at 8

# Pension Fund Concert

Commemorative of the 25th Year of the Founding of the Orchestra

BY THE

## Boston Symphony Orchestra

GEORG HENSCHEL } Conductors  
WILHELM GERICKE }

### PROGRAMME

OVERTURE, "Dedication of the House," Op. 124, Beethoven  
(First overture performed at the Symphony Concerts)

GEORG HENSCHEL, Conductor

SYMPHONY No. 6, "Pathetic," in B minor, Op. 74, Tchaikowsky

- I. Adagio; Allegro non troppo
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- III. Allegro molto vivace
- IV. Finale: Adagio lamentoso

BACCHANALE from "Tannhaeuser" . . . . . Wagner

TONE POEM, "Don Juan," Op. 20 . . . . . R. Strauss



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BACCHANALE from "Tannhaeuser" . . . . . Wagner

TONE POEM, "Don Juan," Op. 20 . . . . . R. Strauss



## A MUSICAL COMMEMORATION.

There is to be a concert next Sunday which makes a triple appeal to the Bostonian. First, because of its excellent numbers; 2d, because of the beneficent object for which it is given, and 3d, because of the event it commemorates. The Pension Fund concert is to present a performance of Tschalkowsky's Pathetic Symphony, Strauss' "Don Juan," and other important and interesting music. But there are more potent reasons than this why the hall should be crowded.

If we are ever to have a fund that shall be of benefit to the musicians of our orchestra it is high time that a better foundation for it should be laid. The musicians of our orchestra are not members of any Musical Union and are therefore deprived of any benefits accruing from such a source. The concerts given to the aid of the pension fund in the past have not yielded enough to place the plan upon a really permanent footing. It is time that our citizens realized that there is a duty and a debt in this matter; every Pension Fund Concert should add a large sum to the inadequate funds now being laid up to protect the old age of our favorite musicians.

But this time there is also the commemorative feature, which should add zest and prestige to the occasion. America is by no means abreast of Europe in this manner of paying homage to Art. The present writer recalls visiting F. Hiller and Franz Lachner during their "jubilees" and recalls rooms filled with laurel wreaths, letters presents, tokens of appreciation from all Germany, recognizing the art-work that had been done by these veterans. He has seen similar tribute paid to the Cologne Male Chorus and the Vienna Schubertbund.

Boston has always vaunted its great orchestra; it ought now to make a great occasion of its 25th birthday.

The celebration is to take on peculiar significance also from the fact that the first conductor, Mr. Georg Henschel, is to be present and is to conduct the first work ever played by the orchestra, Beethoven's "Dedication of the House." For the first three seasons of our symphony concerts this composition was given at the beginning as a species of musical grace before the banquet. Many will be the reminiscences crowding around this concert. One will recall the broad programmes of Henschel, the poetic freedom of Nikisch, the fire of Paur, and last and greatest, the care of Gericke which first built the organization into its present shape, the energy which took a second-class orchestra and made it the peer of any in the world.

It is said that republics are ungrateful; we hope that municipalities are not equally so, and that next Sunday may be made the occasion of a marked tribute to our orchestra, to two of its conductors, to the public spirit of Mr. H. L. Higginson, and, finally, of a solid benefit to the Pension Fund. *Adv. Nov. 20. 05* Louis C. Elson.

## PENSION FUND CONCERT.

The eighth concert for the benefit of the pension fund of the Boston Symphony orchestra will be given in Symphony hall tonight. The purpose of this concert has become almost self explanatory. It is to add to the fund which is now being accumulated for the purpose of providing for the members of the orchestra when age or sickness incapacitates them for active duty.

All the members of the orchestra contribute to the fund in the shape of annual dues, but the money secured in this way is not sufficient for the purpose, and rather than to make an appeal to the public which patronizes and is interested in the orchestra, the policy has always been, since the movement started three years ago, to give special concerts and devote to the fund the gross proceeds from these.

In a sense, these concerts are a boon to many music lovers of this city. It is a curious fact that Boston is a most difficult place to hear the orchestra for all that do not subscribe for the whole series of concerts. Such is the esteem in which the orchestra is held that there are no seats for sale on Friday afternoons and only a very limited number for Saturday evenings. Consequently, for the large public which does not feel able to subscribe for the series and is unable to take its chances in the "rush line" on Friday afternoon, the chances of hearing the orchestra in Boston is very small.

But on account of the pension fund at least two concerts are given on each year on Sunday evenings, when most people are free. This gives an extra opportunity for nonsubscribers to hear the splendid organization which has done so much to make Boston famous, and the experience of the past has shown that the opportunity has not been neglected.

The concert tonight has an added interest, in that it is commemorative of the 25th season of the orchestra. And in honor of this event, Mr. George Henschel, the first conductor, has consented to come to Boston and conduct the first number, Beethoven's overture, the "Dedication of the House," which was the first number on the program of the first concert in the old Music hall, Oct 22, 1881.

The program for tonight is as follows: Overture, "Dedication of the House," Beethoven; "Symphonie Pathétique," Tschalkowsky; bacchanale from "Tannhauser," Wagner; symphonic poem, "Don Juan," R. Strauss. *Globe*

On Sunday night Mr. Henschel, warmly received and honored with a wreath, took the band to recall its first concert, twenty-four years ago, with the overture, Beethoven's "Dedication of the House," that then began the programme. He was unfamiliar to the men and the men to him. Yet as it played, the band seemed the same perfectly responsive instrument. After this little episode of reminiscence, Mr. Gericke took his place again for Tschalkowsky's "Pathetic" symphony. It is possible to make parts of the march movement sound more like flashes of darting tonal fire than they did last night. You may even imagine a bizarre, almost an affected grace in the syncopations of the second movement, which Mr. Gericke hardly gives. He has not the Tartar fury of Safonoff, the Russian conductor in the one, or the nervous tremor of the half-English, half-Russian, Wood in the other. They, with Nikisch, are the acknowledged masters of this symphony. Yet not one of the three, as we recall them, lifts the fourth movement as Mr. Gericke lifts it. They make it individual—the self-torture and the self-pity, the hopeless longing, of Tschalkowsky himself or of any other unstable, delirious temperament touched with weakness. So conceived, the music is pathetic enough to earn the symphony its name. Mr. Gericke, on the other hand, makes the same music sound epic, almost universal. He puts into it the woe of things that beat down and oppress, and that will not be conquered, and the despair of them that do battle against them, and the glimpses of their ideal and the longing for it that holds them to the contest. In a word, he makes the music the exalted and poignant expression of large human moods, while some other conductors leave it an exciting case of nervous sensitiveness—not to say degeneracy—put into tones. Here again the orchestra was all responsive eloquence.

The "Bacchanale" from Tannhäuser, and Strauss's "Don Juan" ended the concert. Every orchestra and every band in these days can summon more or less the riot of the Venusberg. The pervading voluptuousness of it and of Wagner's music is finer and more evasive. Our orchestra's mastery of tone brought it last night now clear, tense and biting, now soft, vague and languorous. By the same mastery it caught the peculiar acrid intensity of much of Strauss's music. It is easy to seize its telling phrases, its piercing dissonances, its broad progressions. It is much more difficult to bind them together as parts of large and proportioned whole, that has musical and intellectual structure. Yet so Strauss made his tone-poems, and so he would have them played. Orchestra and conductor, to do him and his hearers justice, must be masters of musical design, and ours are such. It is the fashion here at home to think of them as best in the classics. Yet within a fortnight, Mr. Mengelberg, the conductor of Amsterdam, who is almost Strauss's chosen pupil, was praising its Strauss and Wagner when he heard them in New York, and last night Mr. d'Indy,

modern of moderns, was at one with him.

Gwilym Miles was the singer and George Proctor the pianist at the Sunday chamber concert yesterday afternoon at Chickering Hall. With Bach Mr. Proctor was admirably lucid. With Scarlatti, he was graceful; with Rubinstein he was becomingly light; but with all three he was besettingly dry. Mr. Miles, who had nine songs to sing, between two groups of pieces for the piano, was warmer. Schumann and Strauss at one extreme and Irish dialect songs at the other proved the range of his musical intelligence and the variety of his musical sympathies. In all he showed more skill in the art of song than he has even shown here before. Out of that skill came a larger and finer musical and dramatic expressiveness. As voices go, Mr. Miles is not remarkable. He makes it seem so by the practised intelligence with which he uses it, and by the adroitness with which he makes it expressive of the finer things in the music and the mood of the songs that he chooses. His progress has been the progress of pure artistry, and it is pleasant now to see him entering its reward. *Trans. Nov. 27, 1905*

## ITS 25TH YEAR.

### Symphony Orchestra Gives Pension Fund Concert.

### Occasion of Uncommon Significance and a Wonderful Musical Treat.

*Globe* — Nov. 27, 1905

The commemoration of the 25th year of the existence of Boston's noblest musical organization, the Symphony orchestra, took the form of a "pension fund concert" of uncommon excellence at Symphony hall last night. There were present a great number of music lovers, not alone from Greater Boston, but from distant centers, Worcester, Springfield, Providence and New York city being generously represented in the audience.

It was an audience made up of many others than regular Symphony subscribers, who testified in this way to their appreciation of the remarkable work being accomplished for musical life in the state by Mr. Gericke's magnificent band. The appearance of Georg Henschel, the first conductor, added to the impressiveness of the occasion, and it was appropriate and most interesting that these skilled musicians (every one a solo artist) should play Beethoven's famous overture, "The Dedication of the House," the piece with which commenced the first program in November, 1880.

The joint appearance of the always



gracious Mr Gericke, and the cordially greeted Mr Henschel was of course the signal for a great demonstration, and they were both evidently greatly pleased, for somewhat different reasons. The conditions were all of the most favorable for hearing the fine organization at its very best. The very atmosphere seemed charged with the spirit of appreciation. The result was a concert the like of which may not be heard again in a long time. The musicians who have passed away—who have gone to other earthly fields—who, like Mr Nikisch, have taken up residence overseas, all these seemed in spirit to be present. The occasion was one of uncommon significance and reminiscent impressiveness, reminding those who have watched the organization's steady growth of the days of 1879 and later, when Theodore Thomas and his orchestra had stirred the city to its musical depths, and in the unrest which followed the splendid movement—thanks to Maj Higginson—became a reality.

The "Musical Invocation" (played Oct 22, 1881, by 67 performers) made a most appropriate overture, Mr Henschel's conducting having apparently lost none of its old-time delicacy. When he stepped down a great wreath of laurel was given him—almost too big for first violin Hess to hand him, or for the well-nigh-overcome recipient to carry away. Then the stately Mr Gericke's turn came with the Tschalkowsky "Pathetic Symphony" in four delightful movements. The adagio is full of haunting airs, sweeping chords and soothing fervor. In the "vivace," where there is a strident marching theme, and in the finale, filled with rich organ-like melody, the effect of massed strings is something indescribable. In the latter movement, too, the odd "Mime"-like motif was a marked characteristic.

The Richard Strauss number, a "tone poem" from "Don Juan," demonstrated anew the fact that Mr Gericke is a far more satisfactory conductor of this composer's music than is the latter himself. It was as near as anything to being the flower and fragrance of the orchestra's finest work. At times the solo violin soared above the rest of the orchestration like a spirit. Then the harp became dominant, then the oboe, flute, cornet and clarinet in turn had precedence.

It was a beautiful and dignified ending to a notable musical event. But why does not the musical element in Boston, abundantly able to pack the hall to overflowing if it would, see to it that there are no vacant seats at these pension-fund concerts? Here is a case, truly, where charity begins at the home door.

*B Herald* — Nov 27/905  
Brilliant Musical Fete at Symphony Hall in Aid of Pension Fund of Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The first concert in aid of the pension fund of the Boston Symphony orchestra this season was given last night in Symphony Hall. The programme included Beethoven's overture,

"Dedication of the House," Tschalkowsky's "Pathetic" symphony, Bacchanale from "Tannhaeuser," R. Strauss' tone poem, "Don Juan."

Inasmuch as the concert was also in commemoration of the establishment of the orchestra—for this is the 25th season—Mr. Georg Henschel, who is now living in New York, was invited to conduct Beethoven's overture, the first piece played by the orchestra at its first concert, Oct. 22, 1881, when he entered upon his directorship of three years. He was heartily welcomed. After the overture he was applauded with the like heartiness and a laurel wreath was given to him. The other pieces were conducted by Mr. Gericke.

Much has already been said by The Herald about the purpose of this pension fund and the peculiar relationship between the orchestra and the people of Boston, a relationship that should always insure a generous response to the appeal, even if concert-goers consulted only their own selfish interests. It is not necessary now to repeat what has been said, nor is it necessary at this late day to enlarge on the excellence of the orchestra. The fame of this organization has spread throughout the musical world, and it is a pleasure to hear Mr. Vincent d'Indy saying of his own accord that no orchestra has so marked euphonic character. Mr. d'Indy is acquainted with the leading orchestras in Europe, and his opinion is not that of a person of limited experience. Nor is his opinion merely the exuberantly careless compliment of an invited guest.

The time has not yet come for a history of the Boston Symphony orchestra, with a complete list of the programmes. This history, when it is written, will have more than a local interest. It will be an important contribution to the history of music in America. What a wealth of anecdote it might contain for the amusement of the general reader interested in gossip about men and women of the operatic and concert stage who have appeared with the orchestra in the course of 25 years!

The character of the programme last night led one to reflection. What, for instance, would the orchestra of 1881 have done with Strauss' "Don Juan" and with the symphony, if the two pieces had then been in existence? And how would the audience have listened to this music? "The sun do move," as Bro. Jasper remarked to his congregation.

Concerts of this nature are, as a rule, to be dismissed without critical comment. The rule is a wise one. Yet in this instance it may be said without impertinence that the concert last evening was one of exceeding brilliance, one long to be remembered with wonder and gratitude. The overture, which today has only a historical or rather an antiquarian interest, was played with great spirit, and Mr. Gericke and the orchestra in the pieces that followed covered themselves with glory. The large audience was quick to recognize the merit of the performance and the demonstrations of appreciation were enthusiastic and long-continued.

## Inasmuch. A Debt to Our Orchestra

Next Sunday evening we that go week after week to the Symphony concerts have one of our rare opportunities to repay the men in the orchestra for a little of the pleasure that they give us. Our applause goes to composer, conductor and band, and there is no dividing it. Our praise in talk and print falls to the orchestra as a whole. The impersonal "it" must be our word. Yet in that whole and in that "it" are ninety-six men, and each has contributed something to the pleasure that we receive. We like to speak and to write of the perfections of our band, but those perfections are only the sum of the individual excellences of every player in it. We have the finest orchestra in America, and one of the three or four finest in the world. More than anything else it has spread and heightened the artistic note of our city. Endowment, with all Mr. Higginson's generosity, could not alone have made the band what it is. A conductor, however potent, must work with the men that sit before him. We compare our orchestra with those of other cities. We congratulate ourselves upon its obvious superiorities. We give this and that reason for them, and the most considerable of all is the finer quality of its personnel.

"A band of virtuosos," we call the orchestra deservedly, and like others to call it. Out of its virtuosity come the beauty of our strings, the lusciousness of our woodwinds, the mellowness of our brass and the flawless fusion of all these instrumental voices. Other orchestras have been known to struggle with the technical tasks that relentless modern composers lay upon them. We take the ability of our men to meet them for granted, and it has never failed. Other orchestras have stopped short in expressive eloquence. Our men have answered every call of imaginative composer and eager conductor. At bottom all this is the virtuosity, the ability, the responsiveness of ninety-six individuals practising one of the finest and hardest of artistic virtues—subordination to the large design and the large effect. It is one of the distinctive glories of the band that the players have made us regard it always as a whole. It is one of the smallest of compensations to them that once or twice in a season we should take thought of them as individuals.

Virtuosos are but men. They live and they work like the rest of us, and under no slight tension. They are no more and no less rewarded than are most of us that follow one or another of the arts. They give their best years and their best talents to our service and pleasure. Like other men, they take heed of their future. As with any other pleasure, it is for us to take heed also of the future of those that give it to us. The Pension Fund of the orchestra is the men's provision for that end. The concert that the band gives for it next Sunday is one of our opportunities to strengthen that provision. We discharge

our general obligation to the Symphony Orchestra as a musical institution when we take our season tickets. We should pay our personal debt of pleasure to the men in it when we take our tickets for their concert for their Pension Fund. The programme that they play—next Sunday Beethoven, Tschalkowsky, Wagner and Richard Strauss happen to make it—is the sweetening of the occasion. It is for many programmes and many concerts that their regular audiences have to show their appreciation. For the rest, for the many that like so well to name the orchestra when they are praising their city, there is equal opportunity to give the men that make it a more tangible reward. And it is so seldom and so modestly that they ask us to heed them.

H. T. P.

## THE PENSION FUND CONCERT.

Beethoven, overture, "Dedication of the House."  
Georg Henschel, Conductor.  
Tschalkowsky, Symphonie Pathétique.  
Wagner, Bacchanale from "Tannhaeuser."  
R. Strauss, Symphonie Poem, "Don Juan."

Spite of the fact that there was no soloist on the programme a good sized and enthusiastic audience was in evidence, gathered to celebrate the 25th anniversary of our Orchestra and to help swell its pension fund exchequer. From the time when Gottlieb Graupner established the Philo-Harmonic Orchestra in Pond st. (now Bedford st.) in old Boston, to the epoch when the Henry Siegel Co. started a "Gewandhaus" Orchestra in their department store, there has been nothing so important in Boston's orchestral matters as the work of our Boston symphony orchestra. It has, as Theodore Thomas often acknowledged, elevated orchestral music throughout all America.

On a beneficent occasion, such as this, where almost all of the artists donate their services for the good of the cause, criticism is out of place, yet the evening's performance was "hors concours" also because of the excellence of the work. Mr. Henschel received a cordial greeting when he took the baton and the conductor's stand. Mr. Henschel received a very large and beautiful wreath of laurel.

It made us feel very old when we thought back upon the time when the same conductor conducted the same composition at the first of the symphony concerts. For it was Mr. Henschel's custom to "say grace" at the beginning of the season's musical banquet with Beethoven's "Dedication of the House," and we had it regularly at the first of each series of concerts in those days when American orchestral music, heavenly maid, was young.

It might have been another souvenir had the eminent conductor but placed his orchestra as he used to set it in the first 2 seasons. He used to divide the strings, so that half of the 1st violins, 2nd violins, violas, and violoncellos, sat on his right hand, and the other half upon his left. The contrabasses too were at the front of the stage, in 2 divisions, right and left, all save one lonely contrabassist who stood, undivided, at the back of the platform, in the centre, reminding one of James' "solitary horseman."



We were all glad to welcome our old conductor back at this concert, and to think of how much he has achieved and how great he has grown in the quarter-century since he launched our orchestra.

We have but recently heard the Wagner "Bacchanale" and the "Don Juan" in our orchestral concerts, and the playing of the Tschalkowsky "Symphonie Pathétique" by our band is also well-known. The latter wears less well than Strauss' picture of Death (and Transfiguration) but Coleridge need not abolish Keats and 2 different schools of music may co-exist amicably. The Tschalkowski symphony was played gloriously. Mr. Gericke was received with much enthusiasm and his interpretations greatly applauded.

As we generally have two Pension Fund concerts each season it may be permissible

to make a suggestion for a future programme. Would it not be interesting and profitable for our band to give us a "Concert of Musical Curiosities"? For such a programme one might suggest Mozart's "Musical Joke" which pictures a village Kapellmeister struggling fearfully with a classical composition.

This is chamber-music, but could easily be made orchestra. Then Beethoven's "Battle Symphony" with its two bass-drums pounding on each side of the stage and "We won't go home till Morning" ("Malbrooke") turned into minor. Bach's "Coffee Cantata" could be added if vocal work were desired. And finally Tausch's concerto for Kettle-drum could be given, with its 5 drums and its elevation of the humble instrument into the chief rank of the orchestra.

Louis C. Elson.

## Henschel Leads Symphony In Pension Fund Concert

Journal

The first of this year's Pension Fund concerts by the Symphony Orchestra was given at Symphony Hall last evening before an audience that, while of goodly size, ought to have been larger. The object was praiseworthy and the concert itself one of the most powerful and fascinating of years. The men were in finest form, the program was one of great intensity, if little variety, and Mr. Gericke's reading of everything absolutely superb. Then, too, George Henschel, the first conductor of the band, was present and led the players in the first work ever given by the orchestra, Beethoven's "Dedication of the House" overture.

Mr. Henschel read the square-cut and dully formal old composition vigorously, but the breath of life has long since departed from it. The conductor was very warmly recalled and was presented with a great laurel wreath, in which the white ribbon and purple immortelles seemed to be, in part, a memorial of his lost wife. At any rate, he received the tribute with deep emotion.

Tschalkowsky immortal "Pathétique" symphony, with its wordrous call to all the deeper emotions of man, had a profoundly stirring and effective performance. Never has Mr. Gericke so brought out the passion and fire of the first movement, while at all points the reading was splendidly virile and the performance full of virtuosity. The "Tannhauser" Bacchanale has been better played—in fact, was better played

at the Symphony concert of a few weeks ago—but Richard Strauss' great "Don Juan" tone poem was another masterpiece of magnificently free and fiery reading, while the performance showed the orchestra at its highest pinnacle of technical accomplishment.

An audience large and fashionable attested its loyalty to the cause. A conspicuous figure was the French composer, D'Indy, who was a guest of Mrs. Rachard Hall. Noticeable in the throng were Mr. Henry L. Higginson, Mr. and Mrs. E. Preble Motley, Mrs. T. Adamowski, with party; Mme. Marius, with friend, and greeted on all sides, she having recently returned from Paris; Mr. and Mrs. Robert M. Morse, with party, from Jamaica Plain; Miss Marianna Guild, aunt of Governor-elect Curtis Guild, accompanied by her old friend, Mrs. Marsh; Jeannette Noyes Rice and Mr. Rice, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Richmond, Mr. Arthur Austin, Mrs. John C. Phillips, chaperoning a party of young ladies, including her daughter Martha; M. and Mme. Wagniere and friend, Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Crocker Stevens, Mr. George Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Newton Bagg and daughter, Mr. Howell Hansell, the actor; Mrs. S. B. Field, Mr. Arthur Foote, Mr. and Mrs. T. Russell Sullivan, Mrs. E. H. Francis, Mr. and Mrs. E. V. R. Crosby, Mr. and Mrs. Neal Rantoul, Miss Rosamond Saltonstall, Miss Ethel Forbes, Mrs. Charles Perkins, with party; Mr. C. A. Ellis, Mr. Louis Elson, Mrs. John Grey, the Misses Mason, Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Livermore and many more.

## Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1905-06.

## BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

VINCENT D'INDY, Conductor.

SPECIALLY ENGAGED FOR THESE CONCERTS.

## VII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2, AT 8, P. M.

### Programme.

D'INDY.

SYMPHONY in B flat major, No. 2, op. 57.

- I. Extrêmement lent; Très vif.
- II. Modérément lent.
- III. Modéré; Très animé.
- IV. Introduction, Fugue et Finale.

FAURE.

"Pelléas et Mélisande," SUITE from Stage music to Maeterlinck's Tragedy, op. 80.

- I. Prelude: Quasi adagio.
- II. "The Spinning Woman." Andantino quasi allegretto.
- III. Molto adagio.

D'INDY.

"Istar." Symphonic Variations, op. 42.

FRANCK.

"Psyche and Cupid." excerpt from "Psyche," a Symphonic Poem.  
(First time.)

DUKAS.

The Sorcerer's Apprentice.

There will be no Public Rehearsal and Concert next week.



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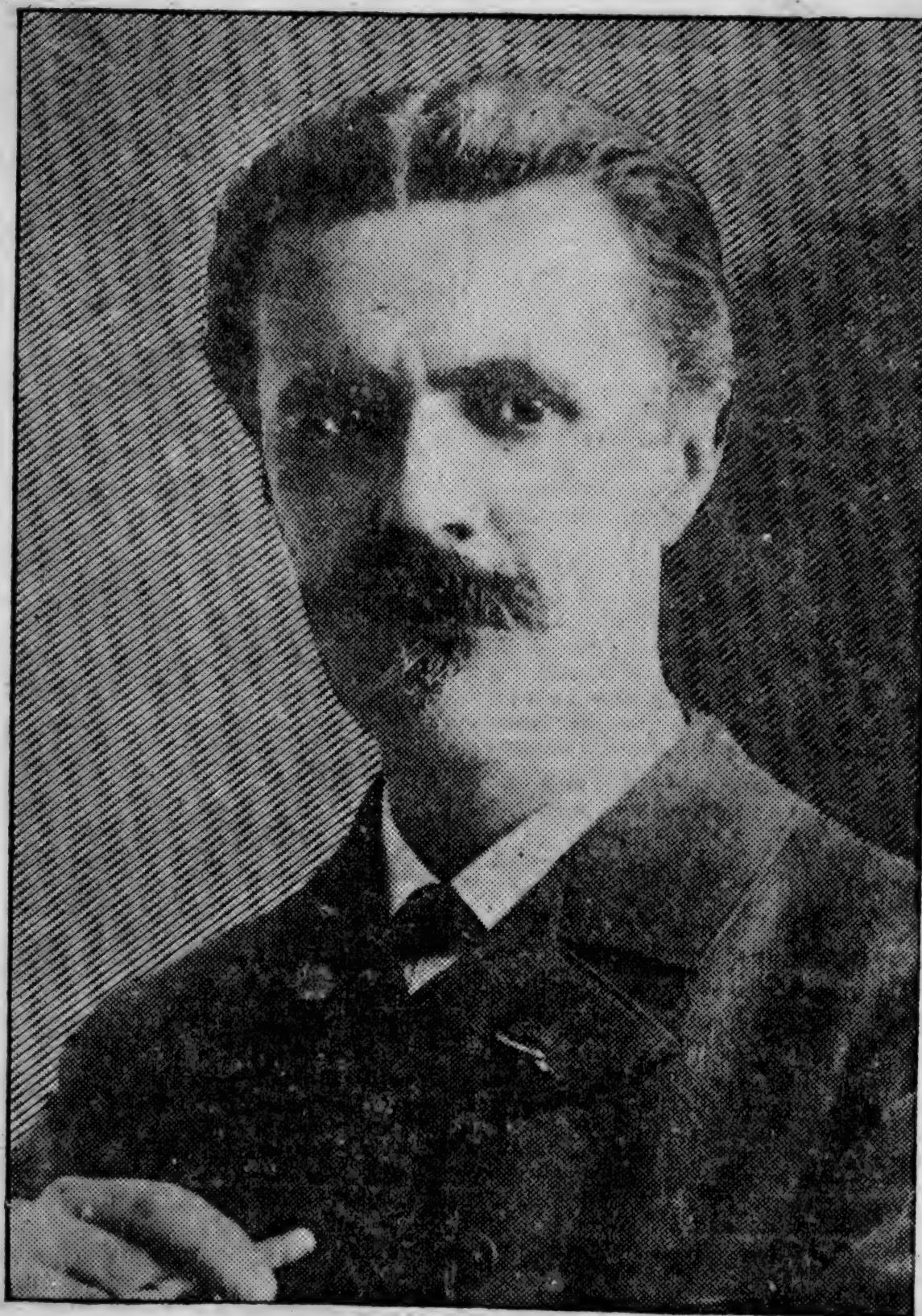
The Sorcerer's Apprentice.

There will be no Public Rehearsal and Concert next week.



## IS NOTED FRENCH COMPOSER.

Vincent d'Indy, Who Will Conduct Symphony Orchestra, Dec 1 and 2. 1905



VINCENT D'INDY,  
Who Will Conduct Symphony Orchestra Dec 1 and 2.

## D'INDY AS GUEST LEADS SYMPHONY

First Instance in History of the  
Orchestra That Foreign  
Conductor Has Been so  
Invited,

### MODERN FRENCH MUSIC COMPRISES PROGRAMME

Two of Visitor's Own Com-  
positions Among Them—  
Conducts Quietly, but with  
Force.

The seventh concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra was given last night at Symphony Hall. The orchestra was conducted as at the public rehearsal on Friday afternoon by Mr. Vincent d'Indy of Paris, who made his first appearance in this country as a conductor. The programme was as follows:

Symphony in B-flat, No. 2.....D'Indy  
"Pelleas and Melisande" suite.....Faure  
"Istar," symphonic variations.....D'Indy  
"Psyche and Cupid".....Franck  
"The Sorcerer's Apprentice".....Dukas

For the first time in the history of this orchestra a foreign conductor was invited to lead it as a guest. The innovation was a tribute both to Mr. d'Indy, the composer, and to the younger school of French composers whom he so worthily represents. This school is "young" in the freshness and vigor and modernity of its musical views, opinions, tendencies, rather than in the respective ages of its most distinguished members. It is characterized by the purity and the nobility of its artistic aims and purposes.

Mr. d'Indy, it should be understood, is not one of the tribe of virtuoso conductors, who go from European city to city, as in a triumphal car, who excite popular interest as that aroused by any bejewelled prima donna with warranted cascades of bravura, or by any tenor with a well authenticated high chest C. Trumpets proclaim their terrible approach; they rehearse hastily; in the concert they give an original and

startling interpretation of a familiar symphony or symphonic poem; they then leave melodramatically, as though caught up in the whirlwind of applause.

Mr. d'Indy, who has the modesty and the simplicity of the truly distinguished, has conducted in the leading cities of various European countries for the chief purpose of acquainting audiences with the works of this younger French school, the ultra-modern, the hypo-modern school, call it what you will. To exclude rigorously any one of his own compositions would be false modesty, and it would be unfair to the school which he represents and of which he is the head. His own musical life is that of a composer and also that of a teacher, for he takes great pride in the chola Cantorum, of which he was one of the founders. As an instructor or lecturer on composition he thus exerts an influence that cannot be estimated too highly. He thus hands down the sane and beneficent precepts of his master, Cesar Franck.

As an honored visitor in this city Mr. d'Indy finds many music lovers who have a deep interest in the works of the modern French school. Nor is this interest, this acquaintanceship, something sudden. Boston has always been willing to hear what composers of any nation had to say. Its German population is not so great that by showing a chauvinistic spirit it succeeded in Germanizing thoroughly and narrowly the musical taste. Nor did the Germans, who did the pioneer work here, and to whom we owe much, display an illiberal spirit. The "Waverly" overture, by Berlioz, who is still a modern among the moderns, was played here 54 years ago, and this great master was applauded in Boston long before the Berlioz cult was fashionable in Paris. The conductors who brought out these works were for the most part Germans, as were the members of the orchestras that played them.

Of late years Mr. Loeffler and after him Mr. Kniesel, Mr. Lang, local pianists and singers, Mr. Longy, Mr. Paur and above all Mr. Wilhelm Gericke have made us acquainted with compositions of this modern school. The programme of last night included only one piece that was not known to symphony audiences—the excerpt from Franck's "Psyche," and Mr. Gericke announced this symphonic poem at the beginning of the season. It may here be said that certain Parisian publishers prevent a still wider acquaintanceship with modern compositions. In cases where the orchestral parts are not published, these publishers are not inclined to let them out on hire, either through indifference or because they fear lest some advantage be taken of them when the work is not protected by a rigorous copyright.

The programme last night included compositions by acknowledged masters, Franck, D'Indy, Faure and by Dukas, a composer of indisputable skill and no little imagination, if he is to be judged fairly by his "Sorcerer's Apprentice." It was a pleasure to hear again the charming music that Faure wrote for Mrs. Patrick Campbell's production of Maeterlinck's tragedy, although the peculiar genius of Faure is revealed in his songs and chamber music more fully than in his incidental music to three or four plays. The excerpt from Franck's "Psyche" awakened a desire to hear the whole work. This movement portrays the bliss of the lovers, after the voices of the invisible ones in the garden of Cupid warn her against curiosity and before she is tempted, as was Elsa, to wreck her happiness. The music is both



ecstatic and passionate, yet noble in its expression of a sensuousness which sounds the depths and knows the heights. The themes are so blended or linked together that they are of nearly equal importance, yet one theme which is brought in again with full orchestral force toward the end of the movement is as a superbly sonorous chant of triumphant love.

Mr. d'Indy chose from his own works the second symphony and his orchestral variations "Istar," which is practically a symphonic poem to illustrate the old Babylonian legend of Istar's descent to the land of No-Return, her adventures at the gates, at each of which some ornament or garment is taken from her, until, as she is about to enter the presence of the Queen, she stands revealed and unabashed in her dazzling ularity. His choice was a wise one, for the Symphony on a Mountain Air, which has been performed here, will be played later in the season, as will, no doubt, the legend "Saugefleuri," which is on the programme of the concerts to be given on the trip of the orchestra with Mr. d'Indy this week. "Istar" has already been heard twice at these concerts, and then, as last night, it excited admiration by the display of the composer's technical skill, ingenuity and imagination, by the brilliance of the orchestration and by the majesty with which the full and complete theme is proclaimed when Istar stands at last before the warder in her glory.

The symphony perplexed even some of the composer's warmest admirers when Mr. Gericke performed it here with infinite care and almost personal affection early in last January. To them it seemed after one hearing chiefly a marvel of constructive skill. Here is music without any programme, without a suggestive title. Yet the symbolist may find this symphony a symbol as Sir Thomas Browne found quincunxes in the heavens, on the earth, in the waters, in the bowels of the earth, in the optic nerve of man, in everything. Two themes are presented at the beginning; they are developed separately or together throughout the work; they war against each other; themes of lesser importance are shed from them or are struck from them in the violence of the contest; at the end one of these two themes conquers and soars above the defeated and fettered rival. In this lies the dramatic action of the symphony. There is nothing that is purely narrative; there is nothing that is obviously pictorial.

Let it be said at once that this symphony is a work of uncommon strength and importance. It contains deep and impressive thoughts, pages of a beauty that is almost unearthly, passages that are intensely dramatic. The music is clothed in festal orchestral robes. On the other hand, the speech that conveys the thought is peculiarly idiomatic. It is as though Mr. d'Indy had fashioned it with the greatest care lest there should here and there be commonplaces that have not been despised even by the greatest masters. There is white heat in the passion; the average audience asks for red. There is no keener emotion than that which may be called cerebral; the average audience wishes to share in the emotion which is purely physical and often only epidemic.

Then there is the peculiar austerity which often distinguishes Mr. d'Indy's thought. The Herald has before this alluded to this loftiness of thought, which is as a high peak or the rarified air of the mountain chain that has been so dear to him since boyhood. It is not

given to every one to breathe freely this air. There are some who would not fain climb, who prefer to dream idle dreams in lush vegetation far down in the valley.

Again, the boldness of many of Mr. d'Indy's harmonic progressions, the audacity of his dissonances and his rhythms shock ears that believe the sole mission of music to be this: To soothe the process of digestion or to encourage a gentlemanlike joy. What have such ears to do with the orgies of the muse? And at times Mr. d'Indy is a debauchee in his austerity.

It would seem as though in his righteous contempt for all that which makes for immediate and easy popularity, Mr. d'Indy has deliberately avoided anything that would at once win the favor of the average music lover, one that is sensitive to conventional and expected impressions. There are passages in this symphony that perplex the trained musician, one willing, eager to admire. We well remember when the prelude to "Lohengrin" was regarded in this country as dangerously radical music, when the prelude to "The Mastersingers" was even in Boston declared to be hideous cacophony, when Brahms and Tschalkowsky were looked at askew by learned professors and assiduous concertgoers. The time will undoubtedly come when the younger generation that heard Mr. d'Indy's symphony last night will smile as they remember vaguely that this music was at first a mystery to many in the audience. His idioms will then seem simple and inevitable; the logic of his musical thought will be considered perhaps too apparent.

Yet who that knows the purity of this composer's artistic life and is acquainted with his growth and development in the course of a long and honorable career would have him speak today a more vulgar language, the use of which would be hypocritical? His is no ordinary appetite for fame. He may well say with Walter Savage Landor: "I shall dine late; but the dining room will be well lighted, the guests few and select."

We believe this symphony to be one of the most important works of modern times. We believe that it will constantly grow in beauty and power to the hearer that listens willingly and intelligently. We believe that certain passages which now seem cryptic or without definite purpose will in time be as significant as the first and second movements and the superbly broad and overpowering finale were last night.

Mr. d'Indy conducted quietly, but with force, and with the perfect understanding of what he wished to express. The magnificent orchestra seconded his wishes in every way as a tribute of respect and admiration. He was most warmly greeted, and applause was hearty and long continued after the various numbers of the programme.

*Record* Nov 22 1905  
Vincent D'Indy, the French composer, who comes to this country by invitation from H. L. Higginson to conduct the Boston Symphony Orchestra in a series of concerts, arrived in Boston this morning, having taken the train from New York after the arrival of the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse.

By asking Mr. d'Indy to conduct the Boston Symphony Orchestra, a precedent of 24 yrs. was broken, for he will be the first musician, other than its regular conductor, to direct it at its regular concerts. The invitation was intended as a compliment to the school of "younger" French composers.

# MUSICAL MATTERS

## D'Indy Leads Boston Symphony Orchestra.

## Famous Composer Conducts Performance of Own Works.

## Emma Eames Concert—Other Coming Events.

Vincent d'Indy, composer and pupil of Cesar Franck, who came to this country at the invitation of the Boston Symphony management, led his own symphony in B flat major (opus 57) last night and Friday afternoon, the program containing also his symphonic variations on "Istar," and music by his contemporaries, Dukas, Faure, and his teacher Franck. The result was a concert intensely moving and interesting, but one in which the modernity of the music made wall-paper designs instead of paintings for the general public. Mr. d'Indy came to the platform quietly, and was received with the gentle hail of tapping bows on violin-backs, and a rapturous, but not overloud hand-clapping from the audience. He is a well-built Frenchman, perhaps 50 years old, with a fine head, a noble forehead, high, round and fronting a capacious skull; eyes hidden entirely in the shadow of a brow that forms a heavy ledge, barely curved at its outer ends and a straight line across, a rather heavy nose, and the mouth of a man able to persuade himself of the truth of that which is not so.

At the conductor's desk he is graceful, most polite, and more suggesting to the players by pantomime the tempo, the character of attack, the climaxes of the music, than commanding these things from the musicians. His hand was always in advance of the baton's tip, his beat always thus a staccato, and his reading shaded by measures, taking cognizance of the tiniest details of his tone-pictures.

The symphony was composed in 1903-1904, and was played in Boston by the symphony orchestra last January. It is "without a program of any sort," its themes mere cell-forms of the simplest sort, combined ingeniously, but

having no story to tell that is intelligible except to the advanced student of music. It is the calculus of musical mathematics. The Faure number was a suite from the stage music to Maeterlinck's tragedy of "Pelleas and Melisande," the three movements including a noble prelude to the play, an entr'acte called "La Filleuse," and a third movement associated with the tragic final act.

"Psyche and Eros," an excerpt from Franck's symphony "Psyche," was played for the first time in Boston. To hear it provoked the thought that after all, those other fellows could get as monotonous with their six-hole scale as the older bores with the diatonic, or somebody else with the Chinese, doubtless. Its sweetness wrings the heart, its very simplicity is a charm greater than all the tangles of the ultra-modern school.

The concert ended happily with the scherzo, "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," the story of the fellow who set the broomstick a-carrying water, but lost the combination and couldn't shut off the flow. It tickled Goethe, and his ballad inspired Dukas to a most vivid musical description of the clown monkeying with the powers of darkness, and finding in comic dismay and terror that they had the best of him. Wherever Saint-Saens got his "danse macabre" effects, Dukas was not far away. He robbed the same shop for some of his weird rhythms and imitative clomps and bumps in "L'Apprenti Sorcier."

The orchestra will be away this week on its second trip. Mr. Alfred Reisenauer, pianist, will play Weber's "Concertstuck" at the concerts Dec 15 and 16.

### VINCENT D'INDY.

The Symphony concerts of Friday and Saturday will be extremely interesting. The chief interest lies in the presence of one of the most distinguished French composers, who has come by invitation to conduct the orchestra for these concerts and for the concerts which will be given on the regular monthly trip next week. Mr. d'Indy is one of the principal leaders of what is known as the younger school of French composers; he is the head of the Schola Cantorum, which has made such serious inroads on the prestige of the Paris Conservatory; he is generally regarded as the most important leader of the modern world of music in Paris.

The invitation given to Mr. d'Indy is all the more noteworthy since it is the first time any composer or conductor has been asked to conduct the Symphony Orchestra at one of its regular concerts. The invitation was intended and was accepted as a compliment to that most interesting movement in France which for the past 30 years has been seeking to divide the field of music in that country with the opera, which for the better part of the last century had the monopoly. Starting with Cesar Franck it has been continued by his followers and pupils of whom d'Indy is the leader. Much of this music has been heard here at the Symphony concerts; in fact, in the programmes that Monsieur d'Indy has made which are devoted exclusively to this modern French music the number of novelties is very small. Mr. d'Indy himself has expressed



surprise that these works are so well known in Boston, for while he keeps track generally of the musical situation in America he did not realize how completely the entire field of modern music has been covered.

Aside from the natural curiosity the public always has to see a distinguished man, especially if he be a musician, these concerts will appeal most strongly to the large number of admirers of French music that the work of the Symphony Orchestra has created in Boston in the past few years. It is interesting always to hear a composer's interpretation of his own work. In such music as that written by these "younger" Frenchmen it is also interesting to have a reading of one who is thoroughly in touch and sympathy with them, in other words, a Frenchman. Mr. d'Indy has brought to America the reputation of being a most talented conductor. He conducts regular series of concerts in Paris and as a guest he has conducted in Belgium and Holland, Germany and Russia, and everywhere he has been very well received.

## IN THE WORLD OF MUSIC

### D'INDY CONDUCTS AT THE SYMPHONY CONCERT Dec. 2. 05

#### From: His Personality and His Methods—How Far Can He Make Music Intellectual Expression?—Concerts of Next Week and Weeks to Come—A Little Conversation with Mme. Eames—Musical Miscellany

The burst of applause when Mr. d'Indy came across the stage at the Symphony concert yesterday afternoon struck the note of novelty at the start. We take Mr. Gericke for granted, and unless we are in a particularly sympathetic mood, we no more think of applauding him from week to week than we should any other honored musical institution. For the first time in years another conductor—and he an eminent composer—was taking the orchestra at a regular concert and expectancy quivered in the air. There was the band, familiar of face and aspect, but it did not seem quite the same as usual. The most diligent reader of the programme book forgot, for once, to rustle its leaves. Everyone sat up, looked and listened, and Mr. d'Indy's second symphony, with which the programme began, is by no means easy listening. Perhaps, therefore, some of us looked the more. We saw a tall, squarely-built man, well settled in middle age, of self-possessed, unpretentious, dignified bearing. A gentleman clearly, and so many composers do not give precisely that impression. A fine head crowned the stalwart shoulders, distinctly the head of a man of mental force and weight. There were fortitude and resolution in the firm jaw and chin; a suggestion of contemplative abstraction in the eyes. A man of convictions, you were sure, ready to prove his faith, and steadfastly,

by his works. It was not difficult to guess, if most of us had not known, Mr. d'Indy's fondness for a rather solitary life among the mountains of his Cévennes. Of the Paris that most of us know and of the French temperament, as most of us fancy it, there was not a hint in his outward aspect. He was more English in his self-contained dignity, more German in his suggestion of a mind quietly busy with itself and its work. He lacked mobile animation. He seemed even to want nervous vigor. Yet somehow you felt the intellectual strength of the man, and a high detachment in him from little, common, daily things. His appearance suggested his own music.

Mr. d'Indy's conducting was as quiet, as impersonal, as unmagnetic in the ordinary sense of a sorry word, as he is to see. He was all for the music in hand and for the band before him, and not for display of himself. There was no mere physical emphasis, no leaping to meet salient details, no ostentatious beckoning of instruments or groups of instruments. His right hand quietly guided his men, pointed a detail, or threw a summoning hint. His left suggested rhythms and contours. Now and then both lifted the band through a sharp transition. His own symphony he seemed to conduct least freely. His eyes followed the score closely. Had he been only a conductor, and not the composer, you would have said he might have been more familiar with it. Perhaps the very consciousness of his own music hampered him. He seemed a man that might honestly be so hindered. His older tone-poem, "Istar," he seemed to take much more spontaneously. But he was best as a conductor in music not his own.

In Franck's or Fauré's or Dukas's, that made the rest of his programme, two of his characteristic traits were clearest—his mastery of climax, especially of the ebb and flow, the advance and the recession of excited sound, that make our modern orchestral climaxes what they are; and his feeling for fine and undulating texture of tone. The listening ear seemed sometimes to touch rather than hear the music. Color there was, but more the conductor was seeking line and texture, now rich, thick and deep, now clear, firm and transparent. His proportioning was admirable. A large sense of design, as became a man of mental force, shaped it, adjusting details and transitions, yet keeping them incisive. At moments he showed something of Richard Strauss's keen understanding and personal sympathy, so to say, for groups of instruments. Now and then his conducting might have been more pliant. Once and again, especially with Fauré, it seemed to be trying to inflate the mood and contents of the music when the composer would keep them of a more subdued and smaller, but not less piercing, intensity. Always d'Indy worked his will with his men. Our orchestra was alert to meet him. Always, too, it seemed intellectual conducting. His mind appre-

hended the moods of the music more than the intangible thing called temperament felt them.

Mr. d'Indy is not sensuous. No more is he simple. No more is he impassioned, except with a thoughtful passion of the brain. And perhaps Milton's trite qualification of great poetry holds as truly of great music. To judge him by his second symphony, which made the first half of the concert yesterday, and by his tone-poem in the form of variations and a theme that followed, he is all for the development of music on its intellectual side. The romantic composers, from Weber and Schubert through Liszt and Wagner, have carried the emotional responsiveness and the emotional expressiveness of music far and high. We who follow them are spent with futile effort to carry these things further. It is time to pause, Mr. d'Indy seems to be saying in his compositions; to turn in a new direction; to develop the intellectual responsiveness and expressiveness of music. Here in a measure he is at one with Richard Strauss. There can hardly be more intellectual music than "Zarathustra," for example, and "Til Eulenspiegel," with all its humor and irony, is like to it. But Strauss is equally concerned with the pictorial and descriptive development of music. He must make it mirror things, like the red hair of Don Juan's beloved or Don Quixote's windmills. Into that path Mr. d'Indy has not wandered. He is for the advance of music as the mirror of thought and ideas, their relation, contrast and contest. He is in no sense the mere maker of geometrical patterns in tones, like a certain sort of dry composers. But it is less emotion that gives his music life and meaning than the thought and the play of intellect behind.

Try to hear Mr. d'Indy's second symphony as a whole in spite of its complex and perplexing details. Listen to his intimate friend, Mr. Calvocoressi's, explanation of it: "The putting into play of two principal themes, which present themselves at the beginning side by side, follow each other, war against each other, or, on the contrary, are each developed separately, associate themselves with new ideas which complete or serve as commentary, and at the end of the work are blended in an immense triumphal chant." In spite of the "triumphal chant," all this is purely an intellectual process, and the struggle of the themes and all their offspring is purely a contest of musical thoughts. The symphony sounds like a sublimated mental exercise charged, so absorbing is it to the composer, with a sublimated mental passion.

Consider also the general design and structure of "Istar." Behind is the Babylonian legend—how Istar, the life-giving goddess, descended into the changeless land, where the dead abide, and whence there is no return; how at every gate the warder stripped her of some jewel or some veil, until at the last gate she stood forth in all the marvel and glory of her unclad beauty; and how to earth she bore back her lover, the Son of Life. The tale has

moved d'Indy to a tone-poem, a theme and variations in reverse order. At seven gates was Istar stripped of garment or gem, and there are seven variations. Only at the end with the naked Istar does the theme come as nakedly forth. All this is delightfully ingenious in conception and execution. Call it imaginative even. But it is an intellectual ingenuity and imagination, a mental exercise in music dealing with sensuous things, but not dealing with them sensuously. In symphony and variations d'Indy is pure intellect applied to music and expressing itself in music. He apprehends the sensuous impressions of the legend of "Istar," and thoughtfully transmutes them into tones. He does not seem to feel them.

"The dramatic element is more and more introduced into absolute music," Mr. d'Indy wrote a few years ago, "in such a way that form is here, as a rule, absolutely submissive to the incidents of a veritable action." In the composer's own music that "action" seems purely an intellectual "action." Its "incidents" in the symphony are the association, the divergence, the contrast and contest, the relations and interplay generally of his warring themes. We all know how Wagner translates every "incident" in the "action" of his dramas into their music. That indeed is the intent and function of such music of the theatre. Mr. d'Indy would similarly translate every "incident" in this "action" within his brain, and every detail of the musical thoughts therein, into the absolute music of his symphony. Hence spring its bewildering complexity and intricacy. Yet it sounded clearer yesterday than it did last winter at a first hearing. Heard often enough, it may be very clear indeed. After all d'Indy is French and therefore lucid. One does not usually understand Locke or Descartes at a single reading. No more in music does one grasp at a single hearing the intellectual and philosophic d'Indy. But he has also one form of the family trait of these younger French composers—their intense sensitiveness to impressions. (Recall Debussy's "Clouds" and "Fetes," for example). Only d'Indy's is a sensitiveness to mental rather than to purely sensuous images. Hence, again, come the piercing vividness of many details of the symphony. Perhaps, even, the succession of these intense impressions helps to give it a form of its own. Hence, too, is the inspiration of such vivid passages as that in "Istar" where the music seems to grow hollower and hollower as the last veil is stripped from the goddess and then swells and warms with the glow of her discovered beauty.

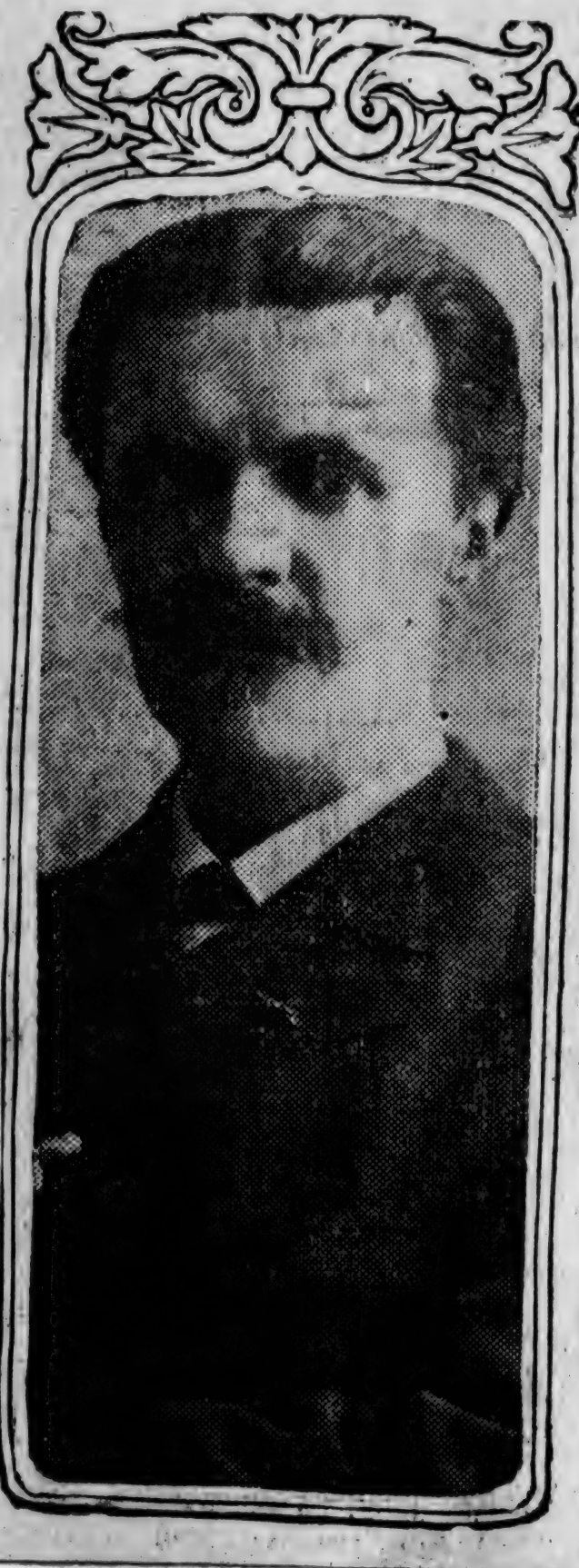
Again, to judge by the second symphony, this music of thought and intellect requires new means of expression. The romantics and their emotions have measurably exhausted the power of melody. New and strange harmonies shall better serve this new music. Dissonances shall point it. Rhythms, as strange and intricate as the harmonies, shall reveal and emphasize it. There shall be new and bizarre combinations of instruments for it. These instruments shall range often in their highest



registers or be persistently muted. Instrumental transition and contrast shall be of the swiftest and sharpest. In the quest of new means of expression d'Indy has left Strauss well behind. A folk-tune in broad progressions now and then contents the German. If music can express pure intellectual "actions" and the "incidents" of thought, d'Indy is contriving the means to make it do so. With them, more than once yesterday, he gained his end, and was justified by it.

H. T. P.

*Vincent D'Indy, French  
Composer Here to Lead  
the Symphony Orchestra*



## BOSTON PLEASES VINCENT D'INDY

Distinguished French Composer Arrives Here to Conduct Symphony Orchestra in Series of Concerts.

WAS MUCH IMPRESSED  
BY N. Y. SKYSCRAPERS

Programmes Arranged Represent Best Product of the Younger French School—  
Raoul Pugno's Piano Recital.

*Herald* — Nov. 23, 1905

A slender man of medium height, his head crowned with one of those seal skin caps which pull down over the ears if Jack Frost is nipping; his body encased in a thick overcoat, beneath which were seen trouser legs of Parisian voluminosity; a cigar in the end of an abnormally long meerschaum holder, held nervously in the right hand—such were the first impressions made by Mr. Vincent d'Indy, the distinguished French composer, who has come from Paris to conduct the Symphony orchestra in some of the concerts of modern French music here, in New York, in Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington and Brooklyn.

Another glance showed a pair of dark keen, twinkling eyes, an attractive face—attractive not only in its regularity, but in its manifest signs of culture—a slight gray moustache and the beginnings of what used to be called an imperial.

Mr. d'Indy reached Boston Wednesday morning in company with Mr. C. A. Ellis, the manager of the orchestra, who went to New York to meet him. He has not been long in that city, as the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse, on which he came, was not docked until nearly 8 last evening, and Mr. d'Indy was delayed at the pier waiting for his music, which had been stored away in the lowest part of the hold. Just a glimpse at Broadway and Fifth avenue and he took the midnight train; for he was anxious to get to this city and

settle himself at the St. Botolph Club, where he will stay while here.

Mr. d'Indy is full of enthusiasm over this, his first visit to America. He marvelled at the wonderful panorama of lights which was spread before him last evening as he came up New York bay. The ferryboat was "tres amusant"; the skyscrapers, what little he saw of them, were "merveilleux"; the train, with its long string of sleeping cars, was "epatant" and the South station was "magnifique."

He speaks little, very little English, although he reads it without difficulty. Wherefore he was much worried how he would get on with the orchestra. When he was told that all the men spoke either German or French, he was most relieved, but he could not understand why so few Americans took up orchestral playing as a profession.

"It is a great pleasure for me to come to America," said Mr. d'Indy, "although the coming was not so pleasant as it might have been. The first two days we were out from Cherbourg the weather was very bad and the sea very rough. After that, however, it was not very uncomfortable."

"I have arranged for my concerts what I think are most interesting programmes, and at the same time are very representative of the so-called younger French school. Some of us are not so young as we once were, but the name was given to us through our effort to make opera less monopolistic in France. For years past, nearly the whole tendency of music in France has been toward the theatre. Cesar Franck was the first 'independent,' and we have been working along in the same general lines as he did."

"Most of the works which I shall present are more or less known in America and in Boston. For my Boston programme I have chosen my second symphony, which was played by the Symphony orchestra last year; Faure's 'Pelleas et Melisande' suite and my 'Istar' variations, which have also been played in Boston. The other two numbers, however, will be quite new here: Cesar Franck's 'Psyche et Eros,' from the symphonic poem 'Psyche,' and Ropartz's 'Les landes, paysage breton.'"

"I shall be in this country about three weeks. I regret that I cannot stay longer, but an important concert of the Schola Cantorum of Paris, of which I am the head, demands my presence at home in December. I have heard much about the Boston Symphony orchestra and I am most eager to hear it. To be asked to conduct it is a great honor."

*B. Globe* Sept. 23, 1905

Vincent D'Indy, the great French composer, who is to conduct the Symphony orchestra in Boston Dec 1 and 2, was intended for the law, but, as was the case with many another musician, the call of music was too strong to be resisted, and ultimately he made it his life work. He was born in Paris in 1852. His father, a wealthy man, was a good amateur violinist, and his grandmother, who brought him up, was a very fine musician. His first serious musical studies were with Diemer and Lavignae. These the war with Prussia interrupted, and during the siege of Paris he was a volunteer in the 105th regt and fought in several of the des-

perate battles around the beleaguered city.

After the war he became acquainted with Cesar Franck and thence until Franck's death was his most devoted friend and advocate. He studied with the great Frenchman and later went to Germany and spent several months in Weimar with Liszt. In 1875 his first work for the orchestra was performed by Pasdeloups in Paris, and his first work for the stage, a one-act opera comique, was performed at the Opera Comique in 1882.

Since then D'Indy has stood in the front rank of French musicians, and is justly regarded as the leader of the school called "the younger Frenchmen," followers and disciples, all of them, of Cesar Franck, who are doing a mighty work to restore absolute music to its proper position in France.

He has written in almost every form, large and small, instrumental, lyric and operatic, and no less than seven of his larger works have been played in Boston in the last five years. He is a profound student of the history of music, a lecturer of great attainments and a conductor of high renown, although he has never made a specialty of this branch of the art.

He was one of the founders, in 1896, of the now celebrated Schola Cantorum in Paris, of which he is now the director and professor of composition.

Mr D'Indy's coming to Boston will be the most interesting event of the musical season, and it is not unlikely that arrangements may be made for a lecture by him during his stay.

### D'INDY AT THE SYMPHONY.

This week's Symphony concerts will be in many respects the most interesting that have been given in years. The chief importance and interest lodges in the presence of one of the most distinguished French composers, who has come by invitation to conduct the orchestra for these concerts and for the concerts which will be given on the regular monthly trip next week. M d'Indy is one of the principal leaders of what is known as the younger school of French composers, he is the head of the Schola Cantorum which has made such serious inroads on the prestige of the Paris conservatory, and is generally regarded as the most important leader of the modern world of music in Paris.

The invitation given to M d'Indy is all the more noteworthy since it is the first time any composer or conductor has been asked to conduct the Symphony orchestra at one of its regular concerts. These concerts will appeal most strongly to that large number of admirers of French music that the work of the Symphony orchestra has created in Boston in the past few years. It is interesting always to hear a composer's interpretation of his own work.

Following the prevailing usage of past orchestral concerts in Paris there will be no solist next week. Three of the works to be presented have already been played here. M d'Indy's second symphonie had its first performance in Boston under Mr Gericke last season, his "Istar" variations were first played under Mr Gericke several years ago and have since been repeated. Faure's Suite "Pelleas et Melisande," written for the performance of Maeterlinck's play, has also been played here. The other two works—a movement of Franck's symphonic poem "Psyche" and Ropartz' "Les Landes" will be new to Boston.



# SYMPHONY'S FIRST FOREIGN CONDUCTOR

*Journal* Dec 4, 05  
D'Indy Leads Boston's Great Orchestra in Interpretations of French Masterpieces.

The most notable Symphony event of the season, or for many seasons, was that of Saturday night, when, for the first time in the history of the orchestra, a man from abroad took the place of the regular conductor at one of these concerts. The appearance of Vincent D'Indy, the great French composer, was significant, therefore, not only for what he represents in his art, but as showing the inauguration of a plan to have at least one eminent guest-conductor here each season. It is an admirable scheme, for there is great satisfaction, and not a little education, in seeing the men who have won their way to the front rank in music.

## Made Pleasant Impression.

In D'Indy's case there are nothing but pleasant impressions to record. His personality is winning, his presence commanding and his style of conducting graceful, yet compelling. He makes no pretense of being an orchestra leader of the virtuoso type, whom people rave about as over a famous performer. Yet he handles his forces with authority and skill; he produces "big" effects when he needs them without undue excitement, and, altogether, he reveals himself as the modest master he is.

As Mr. D'Indy's special errand was to present and interpret the work of "young France," it was inevitable that the program should be made accordingly. So we were given, besides a couple of the conductor's own compositions, pieces by Faure, Franck and Dukas. The result was illuminating enough, but not wholly satisfactory. The things come near to killing each other, and the general similarity of the music, fine as most of it was, made for a monotony that hurt interest. "Young France" is glorious in many ways, but there is such a thing as too much of him at one time. With the exception of D'Indy's own symphony, each of the other three familiar works has made a stronger effect when better placed by Mr. Gericke.

## Symphony Cold and Austere.

As for the symphony itself—that hard nut to crack, that austere, cold, joyless utterance in a musical speech that is as jargon to most ears—what can be said of it now more than was said when it was first played here last season? It is clearer, at least; it is undoubtedly better translated; its few gleams of beauty are per-

haps a little brighter, and its rich and glowing ending more majestic. But it remains essentially unlovely, lacking in charm even to those who are far beyond the honey stage in music. As an example of the art of composition it is an intellectual "tour de force;" as an appeal to any human emotion it is without power, and it is hard to believe that it will ever be any more compelling than it is today.

An excerpt from Cesar Franck's "Psyche" was heard for the first time. It is a fine example of the composer's serene beauty of style, just tinged with a passion that is always sane and full of dignity. D'Indy's own "Istar" variations, familiar through two previous performances, were played with great splendor, and the jocose "L'Apprenti Sorcier" of Dukas, went with immense vivacity.

## WILL CONDUCT SYMPHONY.

Vincent D'Indy Arrives in New York, Together with Composer Humperdinck—Comes Directly to Boston.

[Special Dispatch to the Boston Herald.]

NEW YORK, Nov. 21, 1905. Two well known composers, Engelbert Humperdinck and Vincent D'Indy, arrived tonight on the Kaiser Wilhelm Der Grosse. Mr. Humperdinck comes at the invitation of Mr. Conried, chiefly to attend the first performance, on Saturday afternoon, of "Hansel und Gretel." M. D'Indy is here to conduct the Boston Symphony orchestra in a series of concerts.

Mr. D'Indy is director of the Schola Cantorum in the Latin quarter of Paris. He is of distinguished appearance, with gray mustache and imperial.

"I am to remain in America only three weeks," said M. D'Indy. "I am going straight to Boston and shall conduct the Symphony orchestra there, in Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Brooklyn and in New York, where the orchestra will be heard Dec. 7 and 9. I hope to be in Paris for Christmas. I shall conduct the works of composers of the younger French school, represented by such men as Debussy, Dukas and Magnard. Several of my own works will be given, notably my second symphony—a 'Symphonie Poésic,' called 'Istar'—and an orchestra piece, 'Sauge Henrie,' and I shall conduct a symphony composed by my master, Cesar Franck, now dead, and called 'Psyche.'"

# MUSICAL MATTERS

## THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

*Adm.* PROGRAMME. Dec 4, 05  
D'Indy. Symphony in B flat major, No. 2, op. 57.  
Faure. "Pelleas et Melisande," Suite from Stage music to Maeterlinck's Tragedy, op. 80.  
D'Indy. "Istar." Symphony Variations, op. 42.  
Franck. "Psyche and Cupid" excerpt from "Psyche," a Symphonic Poem.  
(First time.)  
Dukas. The Sorcerer's Apprentice.

M. Vincent D'Indy conducted the orchestra. It was certainly an event of much importance to hear a prominent composer conduct not only his own works, but a composition of his teacher, and other numbers representing his Parisian colleagues. There is always a lurking danger, on such an occasion, of the public mistaking the novel for the great, and imagining each new effect an artistic advance. We read, for example, in Mr. Gilman's article in "The Review of Reviews" that for D'Indy, Wagner was a mere "point of departure" in the matter of harmonic novelty or flexibility of form and also that—

"He goes even further beyond Wagner in such matters than Wagner went beyond Gluck, Weber, and his immediate fore-runners. Compared with such a work as D'Indy's B-flat symphony, for example, Wagner's "Tristan," which a quarter of a century ago seemed to touch the furthest limits of musical radicalism, sounds as simple and comprehensible as a score by Mozart or Haydn would have sounded beside what was then Wagner's most adventurous achievement."

Mr. Philip Hale, speaking of the symphony, says:—

"It contains deep and impressive thoughts, pages of beauty that is almost unearthly, passages that are intensely dramatic. \* \* \*

"We believe this symphony to be one of the most important works of modern times."

We cannot join this enthusiastic procession. We heard the work admirably performed by Mr. Gericke 11 mos. ago, and then found it replete with the most repellant ugliness. Since then we have studied its pages more closely and can do homage to the ingenuity of development and the subtleties of form which are to be discovered in its measures.

But it is all the profound skill of the mathematician. Wagner accused Berlioz of "ciphering with notes," but Berlioz's works are the acme of poetry when compared with the musical arithmetic here displayed.

Such music, properly studied, could at the best only produce a headache; it certainly could not soothe a heartache. The scoring is of course very advanced. Yet we believe that the works of Loeffler achieve greater results in this direction. The constant intermingling of opposing rhythms is another modern touch, yet none of the musical problem-makers has been as convincing as Tschalkowsky or Wagner in this matter.

There are certain formulas of ugliness which recur again and again in the sym-

phony. The skip of an upward seventh, the use of the augmented fifth (both with and without the seventh), the passages of major seconds, do not lose their ugliness by repetition, but they cease to surprise. The work is as ascetic as the compositions of the time of "pure counterpoint," as the choruses of Dufay or Des Pres, but with a different kind of intellectuality.

The form becomes more clear with study. It is intricate yet not without symmetry and logic. The transference of figures from movement to movement is something we can find in Beethoven and Schumann in a simpler way, but distinctly better done in the C minor symphony of Brahms. There is some of the most profound figure treatment ever perpetrated, to be studied in this work. But at the end of it all one is left unsatisfied. One turns to music for something different from this artificial complexity.

Much better than this symphony was the set of symphonic variations called "Istar." The gradual despoiling of the Assyrian heroine, the taking away of her trombones, her chromatics, her diminished seventh chords, by 7 successive subterranean grafters, is quite a novel way of undressing a melody, but there is coherency in the plan and dignity in its treatment.

M. D'Indy is undoubtedly a composer of great possibilities. We believe him to be upon a wrong path. It is easy enough for his admirers to cry out—"All geniuses in music have been misunderstood at first,"—and quote the battles of Beethoven, Brahms, Wagner or Richard Strauss. But there is something to cite on the other side of musical history as well. Burney thought Philipp Em. Bach much greater than John Sebastian; Hummel was thought greater than Beethoven by his admirers; Kalkbrenner was deemed a greater pianist than Chopin for a little while; Schumann was deemed the inferior of Mendelssohn, and one might multiply cases of over, as well as of under-appreciation.

Faure's Suite was an unpretentious yet tender setting of the Maeterlinck subject. The second movement, "La Filleuse," in which Melisande is spinning in the dark room, with Pelleas beside her, while Yniold has his first presentiment of coming evil, as his mother sings him to sleep, was the most attractive. The first violins were very delicate in the spinning figure, and the oboe solo was beautiful in its pathos.

But the loftiest impression of the entire programme was made by Cesar Franck's "Psyche and Cupid." Here there was a surety of touch and beauty of treatment. If D'Indy only possessed more of the poetic inspiration which existed in his master he might be one of the foremost composers of the present time. The true union of emotion and intellect is always achieved in Franck's works.

Dukas' "Sorcerer's Apprentice" is as successful a bit of musical humor as Strauss' "Till Eulenspiegel," and is more easy of comprehension than the German work. In the matter of orchestration we



consider this to have been the best work of the concert. The sorcerer's apprentice has succeeded in turning a broomstick into a servant to carry water to the house, but forgets how to dissolve the spell. Rendered desperate by the threatened inundation he seizes the broomstick and saws it in 2. All in vain, for now there is a pair of servants bringing water in dangerous profusion. Finally the master magician returns and dissolves the enchantment.

Every point of this was brought out to perfection. It was a fine opportunity for bassoon work, and these instruments played excellently. The bass clarinet had also an important part in the score, and the canonic work where 2 broomsticks are working, instead of one, is a very effective touch. The work is written for the largest kind of orchestra, which is handled with excellent results.

Orchestra and audience were evidently most friendly to M. D'Indy. Applause at the first appearance and after each number proved the "entente cordiale," which was accentuated by a floral tribute with a tricolor attached.

We do not think that any stranger could take our orchestra and at once achieve Mr. Gericke's results. We have had most of the works of this programme at these concerts within a year, or 15 mos., and they have all received admirable performance. But M. D'Indy was a most intelligent leader, with a firm and unmistakable beat and, of course, he knew his scores thoroughly. Everyone appreciated the fact that an important visitor was among us, and that his direction of our orchestra was a memorable event. Louis C. Elson.

One of the wits of our clubs declares that "Search me" is the "motto" that Vincent d'Indy should put on the titlepage of his symphony that he played for us last week.

Mr. d'Indy, by the way, is not to repeat the programme that he conducted on Friday and Saturday at all his concerts with the Symphony Orchestra in other cities this week. In Philadelphia, tonight, and in New York next Saturday afternoon, the chief item on the list is a symphony by Ernest Chausson which has not been played hitherto in America. Chausson, who died a few years ago from a fall from a bicycle, seemed the most promising of the younger French composers, and this symphony is accounted the maturest work that he left behind. Time and again, Mr. Gericke has tried to secure the parts, which exist only in manuscript, but without result. Mr. d'Indy was able to bring them to America. In New York, too, the composer will conduct his own early "legend" called "Saugefleurie," Debussy's "Clouds" and "Fetes," and a fragment by his own pupil, Magnard, whose music is quite unknown in America. Some of these interesting things, especially Chausson's symphony, Mr. Gericke is likely to give us later in the winter. Certainly he will play the whole of Franck's suite, "Psyche," from which Mr. d'Indy took a single movement on Saturday.

## D'INDY CONDUCTS IN GOTHAM

Programme Wholly of Modern French Music Proves Tiring to the Audience.

[Special Dispatch to the Sunday Herald.]  
NEW YORK, Dec. 9, 1905. Vincent d'Indy was again the conductor by special arrangement at the Boston Symphony orchestra's second matinee concert in Carnegie Hall this afternoon, the programme, like that of Thursday night, consisting wholly of music by modern French composers. The occasion thus provided another exceptional opportunity to study present day French music under an authoritative interpreter, and there was a large audience on hand to take advantage of it.

It must be confessed, however, that the afternoon's entertainment, save to students and to some impressionists, proved dull. Even so cultivated a body of listeners as the Boston orchestra's clientele found it difficult to maintain the mental attitude of strained attention demanded by the programme, and the applause was as a consequence lukewarm.

## Mr. d'Indy and His Frenchmen

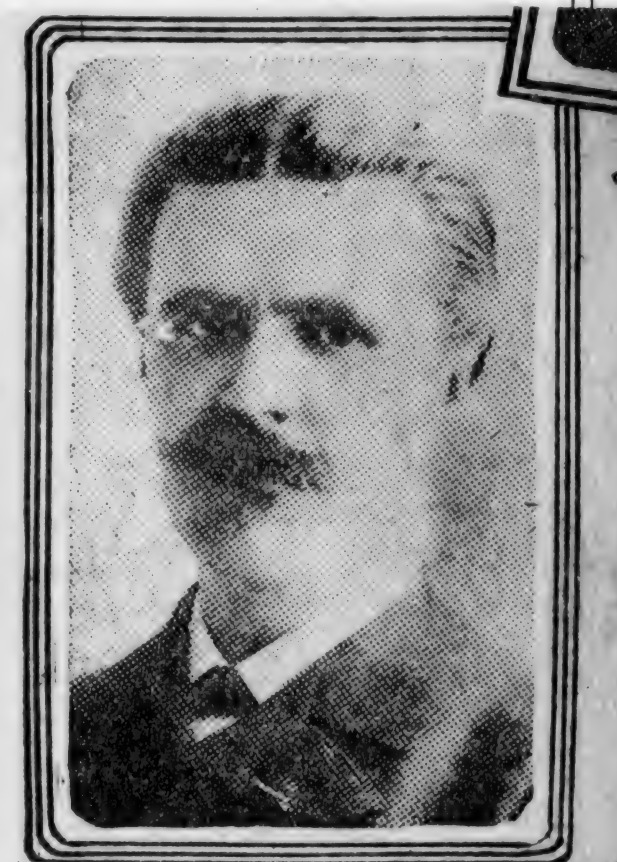
Mr. d'Indy conducted with a surer hand and a larger and freer spirit at the Symphony Concert on Saturday, and the orchestra was quick to catch his more animated mood. Details told in themselves and fell into their due place in his symphony as they had not on Friday. Some of them even took on beauty as of a feeling in d'Indy for tonal tints as well as for tonal incisiveness. His transitions seemed less the abrupt turning of a square corner than a more undulating musical progress. Often, too, he lifted the symphony to a soft of massive eloquence. The gasping crabbedness of almost bitter searching for the most precise, sensitive, and individual expression smoothed and softened in the genuine exaltation of the whole. Mr. d'Indy is no lover of old Greek things. He knows them, and he is rather disdainful of them. But there were moments when his symphony sounded curiously like the high, austere, close-knit speeches Thucydides put into the mouth of Pericles.

In "Istar," which was received again with the warmest and longest applause that we have heard in Boston this season, the conductor's freer mood served the composer even better. The tonal details of the variations flashed, and the climax, with the final bursting of the theme, matched such moments in Wagner himself, and with none of the resources of the theatre to aid. Even Strauss has hardly matched the rhetorical power, the elasticity and the nervous suspense of it. After all, this supreme sensitiveness and the supreme expression of the impression that this sensibility conveys are the goal of all these new Paris men, whether they are conducting or composing. It may be such a climax or the triumphal chant with which the symphony ends. It may equally be only some melancholy memory of old, forgotten, far-off things in Fauré's music to Maeterlinck's "Pelléas and Mélisande" or some gay rhythmic trick in Dukas's scherzo of the sorcerer's boy that tried his 'prentice hand on the broom and had the fright of his life for his pains.

Behind these is always this intense sensibility. The minds and the imaginations of these composers are more susceptible than the most sensitive plate of which scientist ever dreamed, and far more tremendous. Before them is the equal passion to say things in music more intensely and precisely than they have been said before, and to say in this wise what has hitherto seemed musically unutterable. D'Indy would so say things of the intellect. Fauré would so, express his dreams and visions and the haunting melancholy of them. Debussy would so mirror his impressions as he looks upon the world around him and feels it. Franck was the master of them all, and in his music are the beginnings of all these things. Some of them have surpassed him in incisiveness and intricacy of musical thought or in poignancy and sensitiveness of musical

expression, but not one of them has the largeness of idea, emotion and utterance, the serenity of controlled power, the large impersonality and high detachment from little things that are in his music. The tale of "Eros and Psyche" is a pretty, tender sham-classic legend. Franck would picture in music the moods and impressions that he had received from it. And before he was half done with the single movement of the suite that Mr. d'Indy chose, his voice was the voice of universal disembodied, serenely pure passion.

H. T. P.



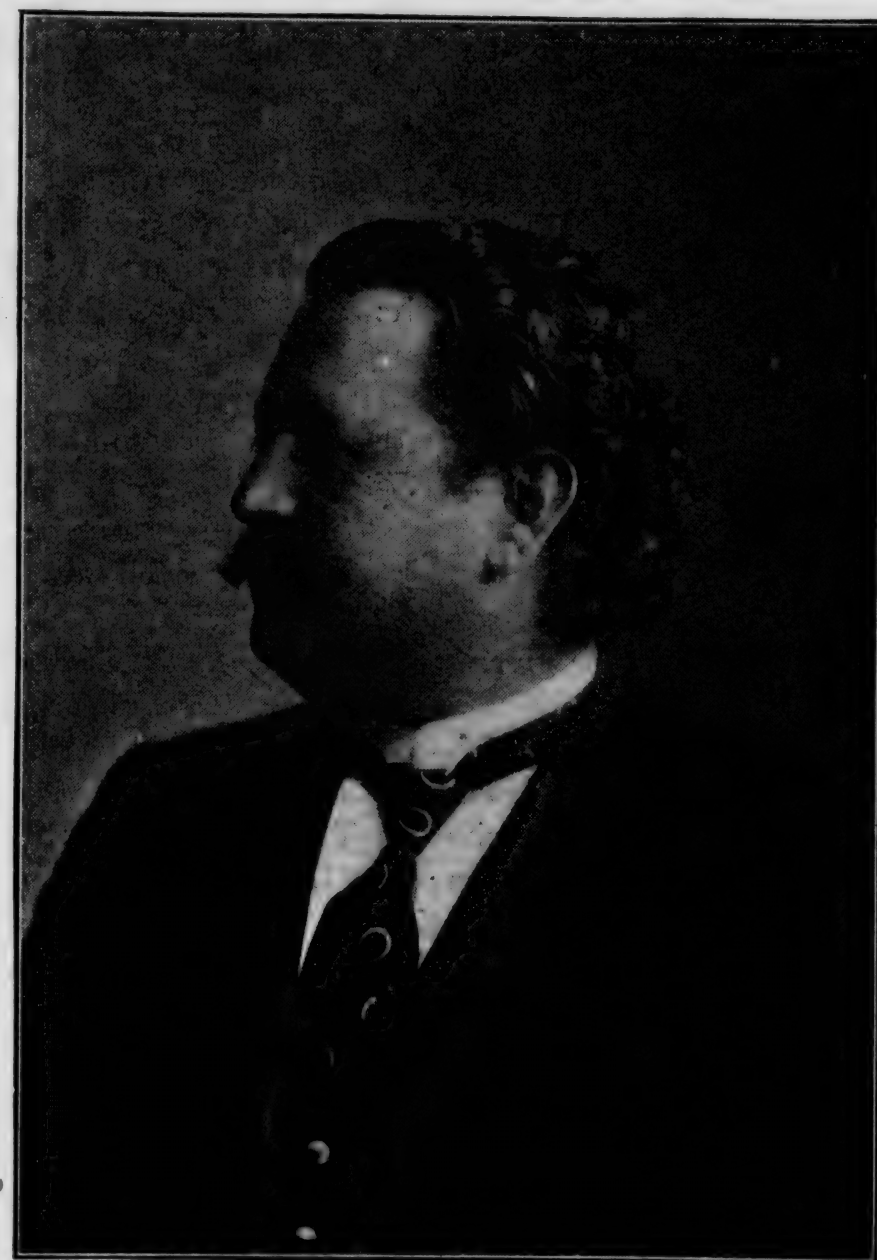
VINCENT D'INDY.

## A Jovial Celebration.

A charming account comes to me of the Christmas celebration by the leading French artists here at the home of M. and Mme. Lenom of Atherton street, Roxbury. It took the form of a masquerade, participated in by about twelve members of the Symphony orchestra, their wives and others, including Mme. Emille Alexander Marius, who impersonated "Pierrot."

The entrance of each was ushered in by the host as the town crier, and none knew what the others were to wear, so the surprises were many. M. Longy was "Caesar," his young daughter, aged 9, won first prize as a dancer, and Mme. Longy was a picture as a retired sociétaire of the Comédie Française. Mme. Lenom impersonated a "Spirit of the Forest," Mme. Magnarre was a milkmaid, M. Minard a superb Mandarin, Georges Grisez made a funny Chinaman, Andre Magnarre was a Gibson girl, Daniel Magnarre made up as an up-to-date girl in picture hat, and so on. There was a procession to the dining hall, which was dressed up in Christmas greens and cut flowers, and much merriment reigned, especially when a flashlight picture was sprung. Each guest contributed a dance or musical number, and the occasion was one of pure delight. Dec. 27, 1905





ALFRED REISENAUER.

*Symphony Hall.*

SEASON 1905-06.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.

VIII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

HAYDN.

SYMPHONY in B flat major (B. & H., No. 8.)

I. Adagio: Allegro.

II. Adagio cantabile.

III. Menuetto; Allegro; Trio.

IV. Finale: Presto; Più moderato.

(First time at these concerts.)

WEBER.

CONCERT PIECE in F minor for PIANOFORTE and ORCHESTRA, op. 79.

HUMPERDINCK.

a) INTRODUCTION to Act III. of "King's Children."

b) HUMORESQUE.

LISZT.

SYMPHONIC POEM, No. 2: "Tasso: Lament and Triumph."

Soloist:

Mr. ALFRED REISENAUER.

The Pianoforte is an Everett.





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## Alfred Reisenauer

### PIANIST



#### Trans: Musical Miscellany Dec. 16, 1905

Tonight our orchestra is playing Liszt's "Tasso," and for Monday evening Mr. Lutsch, the pianist, has put a sonata of Liszt's on the programme of his recital. By these tokens it is the hour again for new reminiscences of the master of Weimar, and new reminiscences there always are. This time it is Walter Damrosch, the conductor, recalling an encounter with Liszt when the pianist was aging and his visitor was still a young man.

I was on my way to Ems, Mr. Damrosch began, to have my throat treated, and had made up my mind to stop over at Weimar in order to pay my respects to the celebrated virtuoso and composer, of whose friendship my father was so proud. I made my obeisance to Liszt, who at that time had given up his active duties as virtuoso and occupied himself with his piano class and his compositions. He was very cordial to me and talked very much of my father. Finally he asked me how long I was going to stay in Weimar, and I told him over night. I noticed immediately after that a slight frostiness in his manner which I could not account for. I laughed gayly at his remark to me, never seeing the sarcasm, that he hoped I was going to stay long enough to have a cigar. That night I went to the Ducal Theatre to attend a

play by Calderon, for which Lassen, an old friend of Liszt and of my father, had composed the music. Between the acts Lassen sent for me and behind the scenes took me seriously to task. "What did you say to the Meister?" he inquired. "I found him after your departure in tears, saying: 'Oh, yes, I am no longer of account. The young people pass me by; they come and stay over night and run away again as fast as they can. They have no longer any use for the old man.'" I protested my innocence of offence, and Lassen advised me to go in the morning and make my peace. All that night—my first night in historic Weimar—I tossed on my sleepless pillow. I was only a boy, barely twenty. I adored Liszt, and to think I had been so awkward, so gauche, simply overwhelmed me. Just as soon as I decently could I hurried the next morning to the Gartenhaus, Liszt's residence, near that of the grand duke, and asked for the Meister. When he finally appeared I was up to the highest pitch of nervous apprehension. I tried to explain, and, instead, I burst into tears. Perhaps that was the best thing I could have done, as it turned out, for the Meister was placated at once. He forgave me royally, and I stayed a day or two longer. That same morning I attended his class and heard his instruction. In the class were several notabilities, among them D'Albert. He would hear a pupil play part of a sonata, then sweep him off the piano stool, sit down and play it himself, then, rising, would say, with his gentle sarcasm: "Now, my dear child, sit down and make a fool of yourself again." D'Albert he treated with evident love and with confidence in his musical genius. I saw Liszt

a number of times after that in subsequent visits to Europe, and he would always treat me with great kindness, but generally reprovingly, would shake his finger and say: "Ah, the young American! flying he goes through the world."

#### Weber and Reisenauer at the Symphony

Trans. Concert Dec. 18, 1905

It was almost a pity that Weber was not there to hear, and it was easy to wonder whether that "Concert-Piece" of his, as Mr. Reisenauer played it at the Symphony Concert Saturday night, was so applauded when the composer himself performed it eighty years ago. The cynic wondered at its survival at all to a place, after many years, on the programme of a symphony concert; at the seriousness with which pianist and orchestra took it, at the evident sympathy of the audience for both the music and the performance. The "Concert-Piece" is very simple and transparent programme music, in days when such music balks neither at the riddles of the universe nor at the subterranean wanderings of Assyrian goddesses. Its freedom of form has become a musical commonplace. Its technical exactions, though Weber was no mean pianist and spared not, are of the days before Liszt. Its intricacies are innocent beside those in which our generation of composers unfold their ideas for piano and orchestra. But it has the charm that they sometimes miss and that is as appealing to an audience of 1905 as it was to an audience of 1821. Pure charm has saved pages of verse that we still read with pleasure. If conductors and virtuosos would give it half a chance, it would save as much music that we like to call antiquated. Because Mr. Reisenauer felt and kept that charm, and the orchestra, with him, the "Concert-Piece" seemed fresh again. More continent playing than Mr. Reisenauer's, more quietly masterful, or more delicately sympathetic toward the music in hand, it would be hard to imagine. Its tempered brilliance left Weber clear and unforced and therefore charming.

H. T. P.

#### Concerts Next Week

To begin with a contradiction, there will be no Symphony Concerts next week. The orchestra, with Mr. d'Indy to conduct, goes to pay its monthly visit to New York, Philadelphia, Washington and Baltimore. In each city it is to play a programme of music by the new school of French composers, some of which we at home in Boston have not heard though we are Mr. d'Indy's hosts. Meanwhile Mr. Gericke has gone to Lenox for a holiday to return for the next pair of concerts on Dec. 15 and 16. At them, Reisenauer, the masculine German pianist, will appear.



# MUSICAL MATTERS

## Reisenauer, Soloist, at the Symphony.

The eighth Symphony program introduced the famous German pianist, Alfred Reisenauer, as soloist in Weber's F minor concert piece for piano and orchestra. The other selections were Haydn's B flat major symphony, first time at these concerts; introduction to the third act of King's Children and the "Humoresque," by Humperdinck, and Liszt's symphonic poem, "Tasso: Lament and Triumph." Haydn's symphony was interesting as a novelty, even though much of it was formal in character. The sudden variations in tonality makes the work appear more episodic than coherent; as if the composer had experimented with the public taste just to learn what effect his musical innovations would produce. There was evident care taken to give each choir of the band its proportional work, and the different instrumental bodies have so-called "opportunities" in one or more of the four movements. The Menuetto and the finale are the most satisfactory, the former movement being mainly a dainty dance theme in varied forms in which the brilliant ensemble work of the strings was conspicuous. The last movement is rather erratic in manner, but the effect is pleasing, and all the changes in tempo and key were given with precision and clarity.

Mr. Reisenauer's interpretation of the Weber piece showed that the pianist's fame was not undeserved, for the very favorable impression made at his former recitals here was more than duplicated. He is a big player in more ways than one; an artist of consummate skill and versatility to whom technical difficulties are slight. The brilliant work, once so popular, but now rather neglected, is an excellent show piece, full of fortissimo passages, double arpeggios, glissandos, chord runs and other piano fireworks, and all of these Mr. Reisenauer handled and fingered in a masterly manner. The march theme of the second movement was notably effective, and the dash and vigor of the finale was fairly thrilling. The orchestra, led by Mr. Hess, gave able assistance. At the close of the performance Mr. Reisenauer was called back a half-dozen times.

The sad little symphonic poem, the introduction to the third act of "King's Children," by Humperdinck, and the same composer's "Humoresque" presented great contrasts in sentiment, and both of the simple works were very pleasingly told in a musical way. The

woodwinds deserve a special word for good work in the first piece. The "Lament and Triumph" was splendidly played, the magnificent finale showing the orchestra in its best form. The program this week will include Dvorak's overture, "Nature"; the Pastorale from Bach's Christmas overture, Strube's new violin concerto No. 2 in F sharp minor (played by Mr. Timothee Adamowski) and Beethoven's "Pastoral" symphony.

## SYMPHONY REHEARSAL.

Mr. Alfred Reisenauer, Pianist, Will Make His First Appearance at These Concerts.

The eighth public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra will be in Symphony Hall this afternoon. Mr. Gericke will conduct, and Mr. Alfred Reisenauer, who gave two recitals in Jordan Hall late in the season of 1903-4, will play for the first time at these concerts.

Haydn's Symphony in B flat major (B. & H. No. 8) has not been played at these concerts, although it was a favorite with the audiences of the old Harvard Musical Association. It was first produced at a Salomon concert in London in 1791, and it gave so much pleasure that the first and last movements were repeated, "encore," as Haydn wrote in his curious diary. Mr. Reisenauer will play Weber's once popular concert piece, which has been played at these concerts by Mr. Busoni and Mr. George M. Nowell. The introduction of act III. of Humperdinck's music to "Kings' Children" and the same composer's Humoresque will follow the concert piece. Liszt's familiar symphonic poem, "Tasso: Lament and Triumph," will be the final number.

The programme of the concerts next week will include Dvorak's overture, "Nature"; the Pastorale from Bach's Christmas overture, Strube's new violin concerto No. 2 in F sharp minor (played by Mr. Timothee Adamowski) and Beethoven's "Pastoral" symphony.

Mme. Eames will sing at the concerts of Dec. 29-30, when Amherst Weber's symphony will be performed for the first time in America. He is now the pianist of her concert company.

Mr. Alfred Reisenauer, pianist, who will play at the next Symphony concert, was born at Koenigsberg Nov. 1, 1863. He studied with Louis Koehler and Liszt, and he was a celebrated virtuoso as long ago as 1881. He left the concert stage for a few years and studied law at Leipzig, but in 1886 he again appeared in public as a pianist, and has ever since been famous throughout Europe. In 1900 he was appointed professor of piano teaching at the Leipzig Conservatory (Meisterschule). He has composed a few piano pieces, "Pictures of Travel," and some songs. His first visit to America was in the season of 1903-4. He played for the first time in Boston on March 5, 1904, in Jordan Hall. He gave a second recital on March 19.

# SYMPHONY GIVES EIGHTH CONCERT

An Old-New Work by Papa Haydn Played for First Time at These Concerts—Mr. Reisenauer in Weber Piece.

## A DIGRESSION ON MR. HUMPERDINCK

Mr. Jan Kubelik Makes His First Appearance of Season at Jordan Hall Before an Applauding Audience.

The Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Gericke conductor, gave its eighth concert last evening in Symphony Hall. The programme was as follows:

Symphony in B-flat (B. & H. No. 8) Haydn  
Concert piece for piano Weber  
Introduction to Act III. of "Kings' Children" Humperdinck  
Symphonic poem "Tasso" Liszt

Haydn, like Hannibal, was a very pretty fellow in those days, and it is a pleasure to hear occasionally his amiable chatter and cheery laugh. This symphony in B flat was played for the first time at these concerts, and it was a novelty to the younger generation, although in the palmy years of the Harvard Musical Association it was a favorite.

But is this honest music now heard to its best advantage? Written for a Salomon concert in London, it was played by an orchestra of about 40 men and in a hall 95 feet by 35. The gay spirit was then contagious; the sentiment—as a rule inherently perfunctory, or graceful rather than deep or tender—did not probably seem so thin and superficial. Let this music be played by a full modern orchestra, with 30 or more violins against a flute, two oboes, two bassoons, two horns and two trumpets, in a huge hall, and what, pray, becomes of its charm, its simple mirth?

Certain German conductors of late years try to solve the problem by re-

ducing the string band. Unless the hall be reasonably small, the reduction is of little profit. Others, like Mr. Gericke, double the wood-wind instruments, but the addition does not really help matters, for the music then assumes swollen proportions, and the spirit of it, the pleasantly archaic flavor, is lost. With Haydn's orchestra in a small hall the violin solo in the finale of this symphony might be piquant. In Symphony Hall it would be ineffective, and therefore Mr. Gericke wisely gave the passage to all the first violins.

Mr. Reisenauer was already known here as a pianist of indisputable gifts and acquirements. His choice of Weber's concert piece was an unfortunate one, for the music is hopelessly antiquated. Its very modernity at the time it was composed hastened its death, yet it made a brave struggle, and even in the 70s it was popular with audiences and a show piece for virtuosos. Mr. Reisenauer took it seriously last night and triumphed with it by a pianistic tour de force. No doubt the running passages and long continued technical strains appeal to him, but it seemed a pity that the smoothness, elegance and brilliance of his technique were not better employed. Fortunately we shall soon have an opportunity to hear him in recitals. We say "fortunately," for he surely will not have the cruelty to present a Weber programme.

Engelbert Humperdinck! "O Amos Cottle! Phoebus! what a name!" His music played last night—the introduction to an act of a drama written by the daughter of the late Heinrich Porges and the Humoresque—is eminently Humperdinckian. Sir Augustus Harris spoke better than he knew at the first performance of "Hansel and Gretel" in New York, when he alluded feelingly in a Cockney manner to the composer as "Mr. Humperdinkel." Mr. Humperdinck was lately in New York; he also saw Niagara Falls and Mr. Roosevelt. We like to think of him now on the steamer sketching a symphonic poem inspired by the cataract and a symphony entitled "Roosevelt." Did not Maj. A. D. Hermann Hutter of Nuremberg compose a "Bismarck" symphony in four movements? Did not Huber compose a "Boecklin," and Bell, the Englishman, a "Walt Whitman" symphony? Mr. Roosevelt has certainly characteristics enough for four movements, indeed there is a superabundance of material. The first allegro might illustrate his passion for the chase or his military career; the slow movement, something tender yet impressive, should be entitled "Advice to American Mothers: Genesis i., 22"; as for the scherzo—is not Mr. Roosevelt himself a scherzo? The finale, of a heroic nature, might represent him as warring against railroads and trusts, with a grand apotheosis and the introduction of "The Star Spangled Banner" ingeniously counterpointed.

But we wander, which is, according to the old song, the peculiar privilege of the miller. It is a good thing to hear such music as this of Humperdinck to remind us of the inanity of so many of the later German orchestral compositions. Brahms is dead, the last of the great German formalists with a romantic streak. Richard Strauss is still alive. And who are the others in Germany that have both ideas and facility of expression?

This music of Humperdinck is as the rinsings in the Bayreuth kitchen. Let it be granted that the Humoresque is a comparatively early work; that Humperdinck published it shows he has no



sense of humor, although he did teach Siegfried Wagner composition. But we forget. They discovered lately in New York that "Hansel and Gretel" was intended by the composer as a side-splitting burlesque of Wagner's methods; that he therefore turned a fairy tale into a pompous epic; that he for this reason made his little fishes talk like whales. Sunbeams from cucumbers! And this music to "Kings' Children"—what is it but Wagner's orchestral dress thrown over a manikin without the semblance of facial intelligence? Moods from "Tristan" followed by a ditty for male voices given to the horns. The music would not be worth serious discussion were it not for the attempt of a clique in Germany to hail him as a direct descendant of Wagner.

The feature of the concert was the performance of Liszt's "Tasso." This symphonic poem is nearly 60 years old, yet it is today more modern than the two pieces that preceded. Liszt wrote for audiences unborn and had faith in the judgment of posterity. When he was truly inspired, as in "Tasso," there was a nobility in his thought and an elegance in the expression that are still unsurpassed in this particular kind of orchestral composition. Tchaikowsky was in some respects the greater. He was more elemental, more direct, more passionate, more overpowering; but what did not he, as well as Wagner, learn from Liszt in harmonic progressions and in orchestral color, as Liszt in turn learned from Berlioz, the father of all modern orchestration? Saint-Saens, in his symphonic poems, has caught the elegance of Liszt, but the subjects he chose, except "The Youth of Hercules," did not admit the peculiar nobility, nor is it in Saint-Saens' musical nature. Nor in "Tasso" is there any need of a detailed programme. "Lament and Triumph" is enough, if it be granted that the hearer is acquainted with Tasso. Even as absolute music, the work is beautiful, stirring, impressive.

## EIGHTH SYMPHONY WAS A DELIGHTFUL TREAT

*B. Journal* — Dec 18/1905

To those in whose mind still dwelt vividly the recollection of the "Young France" concert of two weeks ago, with its great monotony and its large share of unloveliness, the eighth of the Symphony series was a pure delight. There was variety in plenty, charming contrasts in style and a general brilliancy that sent the audience home in joyous and unwearied mood. To be sure, there was little that was "great," as the word is now understood in music, there were no problems of thematic mathematics nor any particular cult to be advanced. But there was a deal of honest enjoyment and some orchestral playing that was of the finest possible kind. There was also a pianist who conquered mightily by his dazzling virtuosity.

And there was, too, a "first time at these concerts" symphony by Haydn, an event of much interest when so many of the old master's works have been worn threadbare.

Alfred Reisenauer was the pianist, a man who has already won high esteem in this city, and again he showed himself an artist of enormous virility and all-compelling brilliancy.

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## MUSICAL MATTERS

### THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

*Adv.*

PROGRAMME. Dec 18, 1905

Haydn—Symphony in B flat major (B. & H., No. 8). (First time at these concerts.)

Weber—Concert Piece in F minor for Piano-forte and Orchestra, op. 79.

A. Reisenauer, Soloist.

Humperdinck—A Introduction to Act III. of "King's Children." b Humoresque.

Liszt—Symphonic Poem, No. 2: "Tasso: Lament and Triumph."

We could have wished a good Brahms symphony (preferably the second or third) as a lesson to the D'Indy party. To go back to Haydn was too great a contrast, even though the work was the most interesting symphony that we can recall by that composer. But there are other reasons why such a symphony should not be brought to our attention.

1st. It is intelligible, and who cares to hear works that he can understand? We have the serenest contempt for all musical works that we can comprehend and enjoy. What we desire is something problematical; we can find unearthly beauty in almost any work that is unintelligible.

2nd. The work is symmetrical. Everybody knows that to be at all emotional, we must begin by smashing every rule of form. Chopin adhered to the very simplest forms, therefore he must be the most unemotional of composers!

3rd. The scoring is absurdly limited. No trombones, no tubas, no gongs, no wind-machine, no artillery, no anything!

4th. The absurd thing is tuneful; as if anybody wanted a tune in music. The art of Music was not meant to use tunes, it was meant—well, we are not quite sure nowadays what it meant for, but we are quite certain that it was not meant to be at all melodic.

The symphony was played with abundant spirit and won much applause; yet it must be confessed that Haydn no longer is very appetizing to our jaded musical palates, although (if we except the G minor and the "Jupiter") his symphonies wear better than those of Mozart.

We were surprised at the effect won by Weber's work. Much of the furore was due to the really great playing of Alfred Reisenauer, who was recalled 6 or 7 times, but it is evident that the work is not so old-fashioned as some have considered it.

It is quite probable that the effective tune of the Crusader's March, which plays so prominent a part in the last half of the composition, may account for the triumph. In spite of Wagner's theories (which he did not hold to himself), in spite of the hue and cry of the modern cacophonists, the people still respond to a melody, just as they have always done since the time of Herodotus.

But it must be confessed that such a work is more liable to fade than a Haydn symphony, for the latter is in a class by itself, while in just this field of dramatic

"programme-music," represented by Weber's "Concert-stueck," something greater has been done (although without piano solo) by a German gentleman named Richard Strauss, and a Russian called Tchaikowsky.

Yet the number gives abundant chance for display of dash and brilliancy, and the work of the soloist is not hidden under a bushel, as is sometimes the case in a Brahms or Beethoven concerto; that is, he is not sunk into the ensemble at any time.

The march tune alluded to above is twin brother to the march of the "Lenore" symphony, and while all critics must agree that the two are a trifle vulgar, there is not the least doubt as to their winning popular suffrage at every hearing.

Mr. Reisenauer's scintillating performance deserved the great recognition it received.

We enjoyed Humperdinck's Prelude greatly. It is not as powerful as Wagner's music, but it is in the same school, well scored and with fine melodic touches combined with rich harmonies. It does not quite attain the beauty of parts of "Hansel and Gretel," but it may be classed as one of the worthy examples of the modern school of composition.

The German enjoys being very sad, and this picture of the royal children dying in the forest is not vastly different from Heine's pathetic poem, "Es fiel ein Reif in der Fruhlingsnacht," which Schumann and Mendelssohn set to tearful music.

The "Humoresque" was not in very vivid contrast. One may doubt whether instrumental music can ever become truly humorous without a "programme." Nevertheless it was a light and bright work that awakened neither joy nor animosity in the reviewer's breast.

Now Mr. Gericke let slip the leash and allowed the brasses to use as much wind as they possessed. Liszt's "Tasso" is by no means as inspired a work as that other symphonic poem, "Les Preludes." Its loftiness is rather strained and comes dangerously near to bombast. When Tasso takes to triumphing he keeps it up like a Roman Saturnalia or an old English Christmas. One climax follows another; each one louder than its predecessor.

It suggests a terrible "Katzenjammer" for the day after. Nor was it perfectly played. The bass clarinette and the oboe did some very fine work, but the brasses were crude, and in the Humperdinck selections the horns were not always sure of the embouchure.

It is not often that one can point to a technical flaw in our orchestral performances.

Louis C. Elson.

### SYMPHONY TICKET

For remaining rehearsals for sale. Address A.M.G., Boston Transcript. (A):



## THE SYMPHONY SOCIETY.

### ANOTHER COMPOSITION OF VINCENT D'INDY HEARD.

N.Y. Sun Dec. 18, 1905

A Symphony for Orchestra and Piano Which Proves to Be Pleasing Music—Bessie Abbott Returns to America With Paris Grand Opera Stamp on Her Singing.

At the fourth afternoon concert of the New York Symphony Society, which took place at Carnegie Hall yesterday, Walter Damrosch brought forward another of the compositions of Vincent D'Indy, the distinguished Frenchman who recently gave us a visitation. This was his "Symphony for Orchestra and Piano on the Song of a French Mountaineer." It was heard for the first time in this gloom enshrouded city and was cordially received. The piano part, which is designed not as a solo exhibition, but as an integral part of an orchestral work, was well played by Raoul Pugno, whose self-effacement was valued by the audience at its true worth.

For authoritative account of this composition we must call upon the ever willing Hugues Imbert, who writes thus: "In October, 1886, was finished the symphony in G (opus 25) for orchestra and piano on a French mountain song. It was heard at the Concerts Lamoureux in March, 1887, with Mme. Bordes-Pène at the piano. Vincent D'Indy has availed himself of the resources of the keyboard with much skill."

"The symphony is divided into three parts, which are no more than variations of a theme submitted to an infinite number of transformations. The English horn, from the opening of the first part, gives the pastoral motive, which is developed by the other instruments in turn. In the second part the piano assumes greater importance and gives the reply to the orchestra, in which the most conflicting rhythms, the most imaginative combinations, may be distinguished. The calls of the horn, an alto solo full of tenderness, suggest very effectively the scenes of woodland life. And as an apotheosis we have a kirmess in which the rhythms are full of swing and humorous fancy."

This is an enthusiastic view of a composition which is decidedly more agreeable to hear than the symphony in B flat and the chamber music recently brought out by the Kneisel Quartet. We are not now concerned with the attempt to make the piano part of the orchestral mass, for this would lead into the discussion of a side issue. Suffice it to say that the piano part, while not quite a solo, is a pronounced

obligato.

Mr. Damrosch before performing the symphony addressed the audience and made a claim for the modern French composers of greater freedom from the influence of Wagner than is usually attributed to them. He further asserted his belief that they were in the forefront of a "tremendous movement" toward progress and that their idiom had in it something essentially Gallic and decidedly novel.

He could hardly have had a less convincing illustration for his argument than the composition played yesterday. It has few of those characteristics which differentiate D'Indy's musical style from that of German or Russian writers. It is frankly melodious and its harmonic plan clings to the safe and established traditions.

The real value of the composition lies in its atmospheric effects, which are engaging, and in the brilliant spirit and splendid orchestral sonority of its final movement. The whole thing sounds well and it is music in the old meaning of that word. It propounds no problems of tonality and demands no new education of the ear. For this relief from the late proclamations of the D'Indy coterie much thanks are due.

The other orchestral numbers on the programme were "Variations on a Russian Folk Song," by Arceibouchev, Wihtol, Liadov, Sokolov and Glazounov, and the "Waldweben" from "Siegfried." The concert also served to bring about the first public appearance here of Bessie Abbott, an American singer, who has had her success at the Paris Grand Opéra.

Miss Abbott was singing in extravaganzas and similar works a few years ago when her pretty voice attracted the attention of Jean de Reszke. Acting upon his advice she went to Paris and studied singing. With what success was made known to her countrymen yesterday when she sang "Gli angeli d'inferno" from Mozart's "Magic Flute" and some songs with piano accompaniment.

She has a light soprano voice of pure and agreeable quality in the middle and lower register. The upper tones are a trifle thin, but as a whole it is a pleasing organ. Her singing of the Mozart aria showed that she had been carefully trained in colorature singing. Her staccati were facile, though superficial in tone, and her general execution was smooth and accurate in intonation.

In an ariette by Paul Vidal, Tschai-kowsky's "Dors ma mignonne" and Bizet's "Vielle Canson" she sang with a good understanding of the French chanson style. Miss Abbott's rise from her former artistic state to her present one bespeaks an honorable ambition.

## IN THE WORLD OF MUSIC

### SUGAR-PLUMS AT THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

A Light Programme and Pleasant Entertainment—The Choral Art Society Recalls the Pleasures of Pure Tone—Next Week's Concert—The Recitals of the New Year—Musical Miscellany

After all, we Bostonians are not so serious as our neighbors like to believe us, and now and then we prove it. Audiences at symphony concerts in New York never smile a general smile. It might not be good form. Audiences at symphony concerts in London are grave as images. In Germany they are heavily attentive, and so on, perhaps, the world over. At least we in Boston dare to smile in the full tide of a symphony concert, generally, spontaneously, genuinely. It happened yesterday, in the midst of Weber's "Concert-Piece" for piano and orchestra that we were hearing for the first time in ten years. Mr. Reisenauer, the pianist, was playing his part as sympathetically as though it was the newest concerto of the hour. The orchestra, under Mr. Hess, was playing the accompaniment as sympathetically. Weber had an innocent little programme for the piece, as programmes go nowadays. He saw in fancy the lady of the castle mourning her absent lord, gone to fight the infidels in Palestine. They had slain him perchance. And lo! as she looked out upon the forest, she saw spears flashing through the leaves and heard the tramp of men-at-arms. Then she knew that her lord had returned safe and sound, and there was much rejoicing in rondo form. The orchestra begins the march that pictures the return of the Crusaders. The piano embroiders it and heightens the rhythm. The march rises and falls. There is a sudden sharp glissando on the piano for no apparent reason, except that Weber was excited and wished to "cut loose." Then off goes the march again fuller and higher than before. It was dramatic effect, no doubt, in Weber's days. Perhaps even the glissando mirrors the glance in which the lady recognizes her spouse. Yesterday it mirrored a little in anticipation the smile that went around the hall. A few youngsters almost smiled audibly. It was hardly at the music. It was not archaic enough for that. It was hardly at the naive "programmatic" effect, if there was any. It was the humor of the hour and of the concert. Mr. Gericke was content that we should amuse ourselves. And we Bostonians have smiled unitedly and gladly in the midst of a symphony concert.

It was not an important programme, as Mr. Gericke's programmes go, but it was very agreeable and interesting entertain-

ment. Maybe it was our sugar-plum for our listening so intently and sympathetically to Mr. d'Indy and his young Frenchmen. Certainly it was the orchestra's, after all its labor, with their exacting scores. Haydn led us pleasantly through the four smooth movements—all tonal pattern weaving just touched by feeling—of his symphony in B-flat, played for the first time at a Symphony concert. Two brightly figured allegros, really gay at heart; a slow movement that melted its sugary way along; a piquant little minuet and trio; and through all the light play of such an orchestra as Haydn knew. With a little more distinction of melody and workmanship, it would have been all that such music should be. As it was, it gave a pleasure that is in no modern symphony to give, the simple pleasure of pure curves and arabesques of sound lined in as pure tone by our orchestra. It is a pleasure as well worth receiving as any that flows from the newest tone-poem of Berlin or of Paris. It is nearer completeness, too, in its kind.

It happened yesterday also to set the mood for the afternoon. Therefore, perhaps, we smiled at the glissando of the "Concert-Piece" and yielded ourselves readily and delightedly to the thin, clear brilliance of the rondo of the rejoicing pair. Gay, too, was the little "Humoreske" of Humperdinck's. Perhaps Mr. Gericke feared he was giving us too many sugar-plums. Or he wished to remind us that Humperdinck has also been visiting America, though he wandered no farther than New York and Washington. So, it may be, he played the introduction to the third act of "King's Children," the fairy play for which Humperdinck wrote incidental music. But with all its Wagnerian pomp and intricacy that, too, was a sugar-plum. There is no deep lamenting these little creatures of elf-land, though they were very hungry and cold and died in each other's arms. It is all wistful, and the wonder is that Humperdinck could keep it wistful through all that Wagnerian scoring. He is the paradox of his school. He writes intricately as a full-grown son of Wagner, yet he feels as simply as a child. There the box of musical sugar-plums closed with a gentle snap, and for ending came the tonal stress and tonal fervors of Liszt's "Tasso." From the forest and fairy folk to the court of Ferrara and a poet's "triumph" at Rome. From the wistful little princes to the self-torturing Tasso and the heaven-storming Liszt. Exciting music it is, and there were stirring moments as our band and conductor played it. But somehow it did not efface the wistfulness of the royal children as Humperdinck played them, and Haydn seemed only the gayer to recall. Perhaps Liszt was really as sincere as they, but they persuade of their sincerity, and he does not.

H. T. P.



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*Symphony Hall.*

SEASON 1905-06.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.

IX. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

DVOŘÁK.

OVERTURE, "Nature," op. 91.

BACH.

PASTORALE from the CHRISTMAS ORATORIO.

STRUBE.

CONCERTO in F sharp minor for VIOLIN and ORCHESTRA.

I. Allegro assai.

II. Reverie : Adagio.

III. Passacaglia : Andantino grazioso.  
(First performance.)

BEETHOVEN.

SYMPHONY in F major, No. 6, "Pastoral." op. 68.

I. Awakening of serene impressions on arriving in the country : Allegro, ma non troppo.

II. Scene by the brook-side : Andante molto moto.

III. Jolly gathering of country folk : Allegro. In tempo d'allegro. Thunderstorm ; Tempest : Allegro.

IV. Shepherd's song ; Glad some and thankful feelings after the storm : Allegretto.

Soloist:

Mr. T. ADAMOWSKI.



## IN THE WORLD OF MUSIC

### ADAMOWSKI PLAYS STRUBE'S NEW VIOLIN CONCERTO

#### "Nature Music" at the Symphony Concert

Once in a while the keenest impression of a Symphony concert is that of the perfections of our orchestra and of the authority and the imagination of its conductor. It was so yesterday afternoon even with an unfamiliar overture and a brand-new concerto on the programme. As often in the past, when Christmas is near, the "Shepherd's Music" from Bach's "Christmas Oratorio" had a place upon it. The orchestra played it with surpassing beauty of cool, transparent, flowing tone. Familiar as the music is Mr. Gericke and his men seemed to create it anew for us. It came from nowhere. It vanished nowhere. And between was perfect euphony without edge or joint in it. There was no thought of men or instruments behind. It was as disembodied sound as the music that the legend makes the shepherds hear.

Beethoven's "pastoral" symphony ended the concert. (Was it appropriate to the time, too? Anyhow Beethoven played it first when Christmas was only three days away.) And here again orchestra and conductor seemed to recreate familiar music. No band playing the symphony for the first time could have brought such mingled fire and finesse, such cool lucidity and such warm imagination to the music. Yet it was hard to believe that it sounded fresher or more alive—more new even—on that December evening when Beethoven first gave it in Vienna. The quality of the expression matched the understanding and the sympathy of the conception. Mr. Gericke and his men made the symphony one long, flowing, changeful yet perfectly proportioned song. Endless were the tonal colors and shades of tonal colors with which they touched it. Figure and ornament were all spontaneous grace. Rhythms danced. Once upon a time some of us liked to deny Mr. Gericke fulness of imagination. Of late he has been proving his possession of it in the ultra-modern music that is presumed to require it most of all. But what fuller feat of the imagination or of the power of a conductor over his men and his hearers than so to recreate a symphony that began to be familiar fifty years ago? "Woods, trees and rocks send back the echoes that man deserves," wrote Beethoven, perhaps when the symphony was in his mind. Yesterday conductor and orchestra seemed to send back also the very sounds into which he had transformed those echoes.

A pastoral programme Mr. Gericke was seemingly planning for yesterday's concert, and so with the "pastoral" symphony

and the "Shepherd's Music" went Dvorak's overture "Amid Nature" which for ten years our orchestra has not played. Great things, according to the composer, were in his mind as he wrote, even impressions of the universe which must be very big things indeed. Yet his Nature, so far as the music went, is Nature as the peasant sees it who happens to have simple imagination as well and command of orchestral coloring to express it. The little sounds of "all out-doors" tickle his fancy. Shall we not hear them murmuring or twinkling through the strings and wood-winds? This peasant out-of-doors rollicks in the sheer joy that wind and sunshine, woods and stream bring him. Lucky enough to be composer too, his music rollicks and sings with him. Then he tires. He begins to muse, and into his music go his simple musing. The overture is not the music of Dvorak's prime. It belongs to the beginning of his decline when he was slowly becoming the peasant again—that queer "throw-back" of his advancing years—and by no means always the musically inspired peasant. Contrast him with Beethoven when both in Dvorak's phrase are "Amid Nature" and the moods that Beethoven feels and that he translates into his music run deeper, broader and clearer with the universal appeal of poetry. No wonder Beethoven said he "poetized" in the woods and sang in his music. Dvorak makes but a pretty oat-pipe lay beside that symphony. And for simple feeling, for pastoral mood does Dvorak with all his peasant mind and heart, match the bewigged, town-loving Cantor that wrote his "Christmas Oratorio" probably in his stuffy living-room hard by his Leipsic church? It is the difference of genius in Bach from talent in Dvorak.

In the midst of all this "nature music," as Mr. Gericke has been calling it, and perhaps for foil to it, came Mr. Strube's new concerto for violin. Last spring he wrote it for Mr. Adamowski, and Mr. Gericke added a scholarly and musicianly cadenza, as it seemed at a single hearing in rather severer style. Yesterday Mr. Adamowski played the concerto and Mr. Strube himself conducted the orchestra. The listeners had round upon round of applause for both. It is good to know that a composer of such worth sits modestly week after week among the first violins, and that there is a fellow-virtuoso in the same company to play it so sympathetically. And if Mr. Strube had not been one of ourselves, so to say, his concerto would have deserved its warm welcome. Here at last was a modern composer who was writing a concerto for violin not because it is a part of the whole duty of man, but because the work gave him pleasure, while he sought to impart that pleasure to his hearers. A violin concerto actually sounded spontaneous and fanciful, and was even alive with feeling for the instrument—for the beauty and graces of its tone more than for its technical possibilities.

Not that Mr. Strube's concerto is any be-



lated masterpiece in its kind. There is not body and largeness enough in his musical ideas for that. Maybe, too, the masterpieces among concertos, for the time at least, have all been written. But the concerto is music of persuasive, even fascinating lyrical and elegiac charm, bright and animated with shimmering tonal fancies that once and again flash brilliantly. Mr. Strube respects established forms, but he bends them easily and freely to his purpose and his harmonies, modulations and adornments often have a fresh and imaginative individuality. He is skilful and fanciful when he sets his solo instrument against wood winds or fuses its tone with one or another orchestral group. Almost always the result is the charm of winning euphony. The concerto is supple throughout—in the finale Mr. Strube risks no less than twelve variations on a theme in Passacaglia form—and throughout there is a fine, clear, soft plangency in the whole tonal impression. Sometimes, too, it is a brilliant plangency shining against a background of flowing sensitive phrase. So one fancies at moments one of the new Frenchmen might write a violin concerto. So too, one also fancies, when Mr. Strube lingers too persistently in the higher register of the violin, Richard Strauss might linger. But it is enough—more than enough—that at last some young composer, and one of our own, has written a concerto of spontaneous charm in itself and of lively feeling for the violin that is to play it. Yesterday it sounded the better for the fineness of Mr. Adamowski's tone and for the skill with which he fused every technical grace or accomplishment into the whole musical design.

H. T. P.

#### Concerts Next Week

Mr. Strube's new concerto for violin, with Mr. Adamowski to take the solo part, is to be played at the ninth pair of Symphony Concerts on Friday afternoon and Saturday evening of next week. One of the first violins of the orchestra has written it, and another of them is to play it. Already we know by several tests the worth and the interest of Mr. Strube as a composer, and Mr. Adamowski is, perhaps, the figure of longest and most familiar standing in the whole band. For the rest of the programme, Mr. Gericke has made what he was calling the other day a "nature" programme. It comprises Dvorak's overture, "In der Natur," the pastoral from Bach's Christmas Oratorio, and Beethoven's "Pastoral" symphony.

#### NINTH SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The novelty of the ninth Symphony program was Gustav Strube's concerto in F sharp minor for violin and orchestra, with Timothee Adamowski as soloist. The work is still in manuscript and its first performance was at the Friday afternoon rehearsal. The other numbers were Dvorak's overture, "Nature," the shepherd's music from Bach's "Christmas" oratorio, and Beethoven's "Pastoral" symphony. Mr. Strube, who has been associated with the Boston Symphony orchestra for about 14 years, is a composer of great ability, many of his works having been performed at concerts in this city by the Symphony orchestra and other prominent musical organizations. His latest violin concerto, which is dedicated to Mr. Adamowski, gives great prominence to the solo instrument, the orchestral background, though substantial, being of secondary importance. A work, in short, written by a violinist for his favorite instrument, and a thoroughly interesting and sane composition through each of the three movements.

Mr. Strube indulges in but few "surprises" in modulations or orchestral effects. The piece is full of melody, the score is written with a thorough understanding of the limitations, as well as the capabilities of the violin, and although abounding in brilliant passages, it is not to be classed as a "show piece," but as a scholarly contribution to musical literature, and one that is not so abstruse as to be enjoyed only by the musical expert. It is downright good music, and Mr. Adamowski, who had memorized the concerto, played it splendidly, doing even better work than usual. His intonation was nearly always correct, he gave the variations of the three-note motive in the first part very sweetly, and the upper register fingering and broken phrasing in the next movement were commendable in every way. In the finale the variations of the themes were clearly shown and the difficult cadenza, written by Mr. Gericke, was played dexterously and smoothly. Mr. Adamowski and Mr. Strube were received with great favor, before and after the concerto performance.

Mr. Gericke's program was in keeping with the spirit of the season and opened with "Nature," the first of Dvorak's triple overture, "Nature," "Life," "Love." The sweet and gentle suggestiveness of the charming work was given with exquisite effect, showing the orchestra at its best in music of the simpler form. The shepherd music by Bach, this also with a pastoral atmosphere, was played expressively, and in Mr. Strube's concerto, which the composer led, the work of the orchestra was as sympathetic and perfect in execution as one could reasonably desire. Beethoven's beautiful "Pastoral" symphony, grandly played throughout, closed the program.

The soloist this week will be Mme Emma Eames, who will be heard in an aria by Mozart and Schubert's "Die Allmacht." The symphony in C minor, by Amherst Webber, will be given for the first time in this country; Elgar's overture, "In the South," will be played for the first time in Boston, and the other selection announced is Tchaikowsky's "Francesca da Rimini." Dec. 24/05

Doubtless the Symphony Hall managers intend to be as considerate as possible to the unmonied public who cannot afford to pay fancy premiums for their music and who must perforce accept humbly the twenty-five-cent seat conditions that are meted out to them, but to an inquiring mind the logic of some of those conditions is not quite clear. The enthusiastic and devoted music lover hies her—and frequently him—to Symphony Hall steps one hour, sometimes two or even three hours, before the doors are opened at one o'clock. The line lengthens as the hour approaches and sometimes it obstructs the sidewalk. There are five hundred seats, we believe, which, for the rehearsal, are sold at twenty-five cents each; when those are gone no others are sold. At one o'clock the doors are opened and the crowd mounts quietly to its allotted place, there to wait for an hour and a half more until the concert begins. It is a long and tedious ordeal for music's sake and one wonders why it cannot be made easier for those who display such real devotion to it. It would seem as though it might be feasible to open the doors at two o'clock, instead of one o'clock, as it only takes a few minutes to fill the seats, and thus obviate the long and tiresome wait. It would seem as though the devotees might be allowed to stand inside the lobby until the appointed hour, where protection from the wintry blasts could be secured. But perhaps there is a deep-lying reason for it all which a prying mind must not seek to fathom, and the indigent music lover can thank luck that she no longer has to sprint up six flights of stairs in a headlong rush as in the old Music Hall days, when muscle and brawn secured the seats. Perhaps some day the "twenty-five-cent Symphoners" may be accorded further concessions. Trans. Dec. 30/05

#### Musical News

Mengelberg, the Dutch conductor who conducted two Philharmonic concerts in New York last month and heard our orchestra between whiles, has been telling his friends in Amsterdam that it is one of the three or four finest bands in the world. Only three, he believes, can be compared with it—the orchestra of the opera at Vienna, Mr. Wood's in London and, modestly, his own.

## NINTH SYMPHONY CONCERT TIMELY

Herold

Programme Chosen Suitable

for Christmas Season, with  
Thought of Nature and Man's  
Rejoicing Predominant.

### TWO CHRISTMAS PASTORALS FEATURES

Mr. Strube's New Violin Concerto Was Admirably Played  
by Mr. Adamowski—Mr.  
Gericke Conducted Concert.

The ninth concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra was given last night in Symphony Hall. Mr. Gericke conducted and Mr. Timothee Adamowski was the solo violinist. The programme was as follows:

Overture, "Nature".....Dvorak  
Pastorale from "Christmas" oratorio.....Bach  
Violin concerto in F-sharp minor.....Strube  
Symphony No. 6, "Pastoral".....Beethoven

It will be seen that this programme was arranged chiefly with reference to the Christmas season and the thought of nature and man rejoicing in the birth of the Saviour. The stickler for facts, "absolute facts," might say that there has been fierce dispute even among the devout over the precise date of this event, and that deep thinkers have differed as to the year, naming years between 746 and 754. A list of these disputants with the record of their conclusions may be found in Gabriel Peignot's "Recherches Historiques sur la Personne de Jesus Christ."

Joseph Scaliger proved, at least to his own satisfaction, that the divine birth was in the month of April; but Scaliger was an erratic and occasionally malicious person; not always to be trusted. Did he not at the age of 60 dance in his doctor's robe the Pyrrhic dance before his Emperor to the amazement of the latter and of all the court? Furthermore Scaliger wrote about the squaring of the circle. Not a man to be chairman of a committee or to serve as foreman of a jury.

The world at large has accepted the day that has long been celebrated with ecclesiastical pomp and household good cheer, and the association of oriental shepherds and their flocks with a raw or ice-bound December does not strike the New Englander as incongruous. In the Christmas music of today—and much of it is poor stuff—there is usually a pastoral episode, and shepherds sing



of approach the grade in the rhythm of the Siciliana.

Nor is it pure fancy to represent the historic and enviable shepherds as musical. The lot of the shepherd, as described in the Bible, was full of hardship and of danger, and it was dull. Then, as even now in Syria, he would pass an hour away in playing on some musical instrument, a little harp, a timbrel, or on something not unlike the pipes of Pan.

#### Gave Two Famous Christmas Pastorals of Bach, Handel.

The two famous Christmas pastorals are those by Bach and Handel. Both these compositions have been tinkered for modern use, and neither one of them has been improved thereby. Of the two, the one by Handel in the "Messiah" is by far the more poetic in its simple, naive beauty, with its air that might have come from the pipe of some rude shepherd clad in his sheepskin mantle. What matters it whether Handel heard the melody piped by pifferari in Rome to street madonnas, or whether the tune came to him? The music has the atmosphere of that memorable night with wondering stars. Bach's is laboriously simple; he felt the need of a certain amount of scholastic development; he was not content with an impression; his shepherds had been to a conservatory.

Dvorak's overture, which the composer wished played in company with the "Carnival" ("Life") and the "Othello" ("Love"), was performed for the second time at these concerts. It gives a glimpse of parochial nature, nature as seen in a corner of Bohemia, with a dance hall not far away, not nature the universal mother. And once or twice Siegfried entered and the Czech forest begins to murmur for him. Yet the music is often pretty, and it soothes, and so it, too, has its uses. We cannot always be listening to strains of woe and despair, to snivel and whine, or to music illustrative of the horrors in the story of Thebes or of Pelop's line.

These two amiable compositions, with Beethoven's Pastoral, filled the breasts of many with a gentle joy, and Mr. Strube's new violin concerto was not in violent contrast.

The development of Mr. Gustav Strube as a composer is worthy of curious study. He had, to begin with, a sound, diversified, practical education as a musician. There are few orchestral instruments, if any, which he cannot play, and, naturally, the piano is familiar to him. He was brought up in the composer's straight and narrow path at Leipzig, and it is not probable that he strayed from it as a teacher in the Mannheim conservatory.

In his first orchestral work he paid homage to the memory of Joan of Arc with an overture, and thus added his name to the list that fills 90 large octavo pages in Huet's "Jeanne d'Arc et la Musique," a list that begins with Adolphe Adam and ends with Widor.

His tribute was orthodox, and in his rhetoric there was nothing to disturb the most sensitive. He also wrote his symphony, without a title, without a programme, in four movements, and according to the rules.

The scherzo followed the adagio. But in his first violin concerto (1897) Mr. Strube showed clearly a tendency to be modern, in the sense of the word that is so obnoxious to those who are dismayed by the complications of latter-

day music and fear lest their minds give way if they listen to the quietly heterodox or to the open and pronounced blasphemers against long established forms. He acquainted himself with forbidden dissonances; he learned new rhythms; he no longer took J. C. Lobe's treatise on instrumentation as the key to paradise. He heard music by Chabrier, Loeppler, the wild Russians, heated by vodka till they screamed in their passion, the cerebral Frenchman, the extraordinary Richard Strauss; he heard this music, and his own Rhapsody for orchestra was in 1901 frankly and delightfully nihilistic. He was perhaps equally audacious three years later in his fantastic overture, but the public accustoms itself quickly to the unusual and it hears after three years with other organs of audition and understanding. His string quartet performed here last March would have shocked his teachers. They would have mourned him as one wandering after strange gods. In his symphonic poem "Longing," produced a month later, there was a blend of sensuousness and mysticism that made a direct appeal.

Last night he came before the Symphony audience with a new violin concerto, for which Mr. Gerieke wrote a cadenza. Fortunate Mr. Strube! His compositions do not grow restive from lying in a portfolio.

#### Frankly Melodic and in More Conventional Line.

It was said of Ambroise Thomas that he anxiously trimmed sails to catch any wind of popularity that might drive him toward the haven of success. If Mr. Strube has heard, and meditated, and assimilated, and from year to year shaped his musical expression, his speech has been his own, and he has said honestly what came to him to say.

In this concerto he is frankly melodic, and as a rule his melody is in a more conventional line than in his rhapsody and fantastic overture; but his harmonic thought is often ultra-modern, and his orchestration is super-refined. The first movement is compact and interesting throughout. The themes are fresh and the material is deftly handled by the orchestra, while the solo instrument indulges itself in arabesques and in pas-

## CHRISTMAS CALM PERVADES CONCERT

Journal

Ninth Symphony Brings Out Series of Pastorals Appropriate to Season and Temper of Audience.

An air of placidity brooded over the ninth Symphony concert, a condition that not even Mr. Strube's somewhat unconventional violin concerto did little to disturb. An attempt had perhaps been made to bring the program into the Christmas mode; at any rate there was a bit of Bach from his "Christmas Oratorio," and almost everything else was pastoral, as if the country flavored music was in some way suggestive of the Christ-Child. The result was at least peace in the hall and good-will toward Mr. Gerieke and the rest.

Mr. Adamowski, the soloist of the evening, played Strube's new concerto, and he played it well. Where it sounded harsh and uncouth from his violin, the fault was the composer's, for the work had many moments of bald ugliness both of themes and orchestration. The first movement, especially, was for the most part barren of invention and devoid of beauty. The second part, a reverie, was the best of the three, although the variations of the last movement were clever so far as their mechanics went. Altogether it must be said that the concerto is an ungrateful task for a soloist, and cannot become popular.

Dvorak's mellifluous "Nature" overture, charmed by its sincere thoughtfulness, and Bach's very artificial and tinkling pastorate delighted by reason of its exquisite playing. The genial and hearty Beethoven symphony—apotheosis of the city man's views of rusticity—was a joyous ending to a concert that asked little except calm appreciation.



AMHERST WEBBER,  
PIANIST.

## MUSICAL MATTERS

### THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Adv. PROGRAMME. Dec 25. 05  
Overture, "In die Natur".....Dvorak.  
Pastorale from Christmas Oratorio.....Bach.  
Concerto for Violin, No. 2.....Strube.  
(New, First time.)  
Soloist, Mr. T. Adamowski.  
Symphony No. 8, "Pastoral".....Beethoven.

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin." The concert of Saturday consisted of several touches of nature. There was nature according to Dvorak, and nature according to Beethoven, there were birds warbling in all keys and on all instruments, there was a severe thunder storm, and there were shepherds and other "happy peasantry" on the scene.

Dvorak's views of Nature had rather a picnic flavor; it was an artificial grove with a bowling alley, a village green and rustic dances that were called up to the reviewer's mind by the strongly rhythmic phrases of the overture. Yet at times a very diluted Siegfried appeared and one thought of "Waldesweben" and water. The work, in short, does not impress us as being as powerful as much other music from the same master.

The Bach Pastorate was as beautiful as ever. It was a fine chance for the woodwind to display itself, and the English horns and clarinettes were in excellent form. How gloriously refreshing, in these hysterical days, is the blessed serenity, the constant surety of Bach! The audience seemed to share the reviewer's opinion, for the simple and unaffected work was enthusiastically applauded.

Solo

Mme. E



Then came Mr. Strube's annual composition. It was with surprise and pleasure that we noted a change in the style of this composer. Instead of seeking frightful dissonances he presented a quite intelligible work, not devoid of melody.

There was still a sufficiency (perhaps an excess) of originality, and the ingenuity of the figure treatment in the first movement, the contrasts of the variations of the last movement and the experiments in odd rhythms, kept the auditor alert through all the measures. One can commend also the "violinistic" character of the work; it is written by a man who knows exactly what is feasible upon the solo instrument.

The second movement is the best of the composition. In this Adagio the composer is in what old Weller called "a referee," and he presents some very effective passages upon the G string in a poetic manner. These Mr. Adamowski gave in an impassioned manner. In fact, all through the work Mr. Adamowski was at his very best, and the technical difficulties with which the concerto was liberally strewn did not seem to trouble him in the least.

The cadenza of the last movement was written by Mr. Gericke and was brimful of double-stopping of difficult character. Not the slightest blur or lapse from intonation was noticeable in its performance, and the finale, in which Mr. Strube has taken a leaf out of Brahms' note-book, was a technical triumph.

But the work is not a concerto. It is really a set of violin solos with orchestral accompaniment. The soloist is in the foreground almost all the time, and the impression is anything but symphonic, which ought to be the result of a true concerto. The mere interpolation of an occasional "tutti" for the orchestra does not make a work orchestral.

It might not be fair to compare the work with the concertos of Brahms or of Beethoven, but if one places it beside even the second or third concerto of Bruch our meaning will be made clear. A true concerto is an orchestral work with a thread of solo interwoven through its fabric, not a solo with an obliging orchestra in the background.

Mr. Strube conducted his own work, and both soloist and composer-conductor received an ovation at its close. It was certainly well directed, superbly played, and had many moments of charm, wherefore the enthusiasm was not misplaced.

Then we all went back to "Nature" and listened to the first important piece of "programme-music" ever written,—Beethoven's "pastoral symphony." It suddenly came upon us that the first 4 notes of this symphony are practically the same figure as the first notes of D'Indy's string quartette. Beethoven, however, does not wear them quite so threadbare as the modern Frenchman. A word of praise must be spoken for the clearness of the performance of the contrabass figure in the development.

Mr. Gericke loves the second movement

of this symphony, but we cannot help finding it a little prolix. Beethoven's brook, like Tennyson's, seems to "go on forever." Nor do we care for those final birds, which are ticketed in the score like poultry in a shop-window, and which tootle out alone, while the rest of the orchestra pauses in breathless suspense. The case is hopeless! We have had too much of Richard Strauss' brandy and Franz Liszt pepper ever to care for musical gruel again.

Mr. Gericke spared not a single repeat, even giving the exposition of the first movement twice. The Scherzo was given finely, with perhaps a trifle of too much finesse in the village dance, and the storm was the most effective part of the whole work.

How much Beethoven effected with small means! The violoncellos and contrabasses against each other in unequal groups, the blare of the trombones (only the second time that they had been used in symphony) and the piping, long notes of the piccolo, made a tempest that causes one instinctively to reach for his umbrella. There has been much bad weather in music since that time; Berlioz, St. Saens, Wagner, Rossini, Verdi, and a host of others have had their little thunder-storms, but none of them have eclipsed this particular hurricane.

The fact that Beethoven causes the shepherds to appear, after the tempest, upon the clarinette and French horn, causes one to remember that he seemed ignorant of the effect of the English horn, which is "par-excellence" the shepherd's pipe of the orchestra and has been used as such by Berlioz, Rossini, Wagner, Schumann, et id genus omne. Beethoven never used the English horn in any orchestral score.

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## Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1905-06.

# BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.

## X. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30, AT 8, P.M.

### Programme.

WEBBER.

SYMPHONY in C minor.

I. Molto sostenuto; Allegro.

II. Andante.

III. Scherzo: Trio.

IV. Prelude: Allegro.

(First time.)

MOZART.

SCENE, "Ei parte" and RONDO, "Par Pietà" from Act II. of "Così fan Tutte."

TSCHAIKOWSKY.

ORCHESTRAL FANTASIA after Dante, op. 32, "Francesca da Rimini."

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SONG with ORCHESTRA, "Die Allmacht."

ELGAR.

CONCERT OVERTURE, "In the South." op. 50.  
(First time.)

Soloist:

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CONCERT OVERTURE, "In the South." op. 50.

(First time.)

Soloist:

Mme. EMMA FAMES.



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The orchestral part of the programme was strongly characterized by its melodic richness and the direct and powerful appeal of its music to the general heart. It moved throughout on a lofty plane, yet was clothed in the simplicity of real art. It exploded no freakish school, yet was distinctly modern and expressed in cadence and harmony of the nature to which the Caucasian race has been musically accustomed by centuries of development. Consequently it went straight to the mark.

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Schubert's adoring hymn to the Almighty was sung by Mme. Eames with glorious power, beauty and exalted fervor, and the enthusiasm she evoked nearly equalled that roused by the Tschaiakowsky piece.

Elgar's florid and harmonious overture, picturing the joy and loveliness of life in Italy, with reminiscences of the stern power and glory of Rome, was in mighty company, and would have suffered much by contrast to its fellows if it had not possessed sterling merits of its own and offered a pleasing offset to the more strenuous numbers that preceded it.

## CARNEGIE GIFT

Century old. It is a landmark, three-quarters of a century old. The building is from \$400,000 to \$500,000. The contents are valued at \$100,000. The building is owned by Samuel Mottson, whose place is owned by the Carnegie Foundation. The building is a room in the second story of the Commercial House, burning down the roof and ruining the building. The building is a landmark, three-quarters of a century old.

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# IN THE WORLD OF MUSIC

## A BRILLIANT SYMPHONY CONCERT YESTERDAY

A Masterpiece of Tschaikovski's, Elgar's Italian Overture and a New and Unpretentious Symphony—Many Concerts Next Week—The Month's Calendar—Runciman Writes Sensibly of Programme Music

Trans. Dec. 30, 1905  
Altogether, the Symphony concert, yesterday, was the most brilliant, thus far, of the series. One of the masterpieces of the music of our time, Tschaikovsky's "Francesca da Rimini," was played in a fashion that revealed much of its pictorial and imaginative power, something of the passionate creative instinct behind it, and all of its tonal bite and beauty. For the first time we in Boston heard the eager, changeful and richly colored overture, "In the South," to which Italy, and spring in Italy, inspired Elgar. A new symphony by a young Englishman, Amherst Webber, disclosed, and very unexpectedly, a composer who was content to please the ear and the fancy—the rarest of reserves among the strenuous young symphonists, big with ideas and ambitions, of today. Finally an eminent singer from the Metropolitan Opera House, Mme. Eames, sang with all her singular individuality of tone and purity of phrasing in an air from Mozart and with a new breadth of voice and manner in Schubert's "Almighty." No audience on a Friday afternoon, since the concerts of the winter began, has applauded so often, spontaneously, and heartily. After Tschaikovsky's fantasia it had Mr. Gericke bowing at least half as many times as it had Mme. Eames after her singing.

Perhaps this was taken that here in Boston at least "Francesca da Rimini," hissed and hooted once in stupid Berlin, has come into its own. Some of Tschaikovsky's music—and most of all his "Pathetic" symphony—has been played so persistently that every shortcoming in it seems to glare at the listener. As much of it is coming with familiarity to seem only sound and fury with the inevitable contrasts and reactions—more illustrative of the Slav temperament and the peculiar phases of it in Tschaikovsky than of the art of music large and naked. But his orchestral fantasias, which are really symphonic poems, hold their own and heighten it. Repetition has not staled them. Tschaikovsky's imagination and invention rarely flag in them. They seem indeed to lift him out of himself. In many respects, moreover, they are models of what such descriptive music should be—largely yet poignantly delineative, pliant yet not splintering the logic of musical form and development, surcharged with imagination, yet giving all that it kindles rich and legitimate expression in the normal

terms of potent melody, striking harmonies, and significant modulations. Perhaps it was cold baths, as Tschaikovsky, often absorbed in his physical well-being, wrote in a letter. Perhaps it was the fires, as his brother hints, that a first hearing of "Carmen" lighted in him. But certainly "Francesca" at each new hearing seems the most inspired of all these fantasias—one of the authentic and enduring achievements of the music of our time.

Not in Berlin or in Paris has the large delineative power of music, its power to summon atmosphere and to suggest what may not be spoken or written or wrought in paint or marble so poignantly, been carried higher than in the wind-lashed, shuddering, shivering, tortured hell that begins Tschaikovsky's tone-poem. The bitter winds streak and smite through the long crescendos. Pale averted ghosts flitter and gibber in the figuration. And then Francesca and Paolo come entwined, their pain forgetting in the joy of their embrace, in that wonderful melody for clarinet and violins—the climax of Tschaikovsky's melodic invention—that suggests them, the longing of them, the tragedy of them, the faint background of the garden where they read and kissed, and the wan awakening when Lancelotto came. Give but the title for a clew and some faint notion of the tale, some little spark of answering imagination, and the suggestive power and the searching beauty of music can hardly go further. And with superb sense of imaginative contrast it is a darker and louder-moaning hell that Tschaikovsky sends to close over them: Our orchestra, and especially Mr. Grisez in the clarinet melody, seemed often to seize and impart his very imaginings.

It fares ill with music, unless it all be masterpieces, that stands side by side with "Francesca da Rimini" on a concert programme, and it fared especially ill yesterday with Elgar's new overture. To put it prosaically, a year ago last spring Sir Edward "ran down" from London to Italy. Everyone who has ever done it knows the downright elation of leaving London on a gray, wet morning and emerging the next afternoon in a warm flood of Italian sky and sunshine. You must do something, if it is only to jump up and down, in the sheer elation of it all. Sir Edward naturally betook himself to music-making, and the joy that was warm within him speaks in the beginning of the overture. (In form it is very free, indeed—a loose series of thematic sequences with an occasional long-drawn melody.) Then he began to take thought of the Italy around him and also—it is easy to suspect—of the Italy of poetry, old and new. It is a land where gentle shepherds pipe. They shall and do in an episode of the overture. It is a land where Caesars and their armies strode up and down, and stride they do through many long pages of music paper slashingly and weightily. It is a land of melancholy retrospects. Shall we muse upon its contrasts in fine-drawn and slowly-curving plaintive melody? But, after all, it is the land of the joy of life and light, and so the long overture



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Boston American — Dec. 31, 1905

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# NOVELTIES AT THE SYMPHONY

Traveller

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Amherst Webber's symphony in C minor was given for the first time in America. It is a work written along classically serene lines and bears no touch of the tumultuous, fevered grasp for musical sensation. It was heard with pleasure.

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Dec. 30, 1905

Altogether, the Symphony concert, yesterday, was the most brilliant, thus far, of the series. One of the masterpieces of the music of our time, Tchaikovsky's "Francesca da Rimini," was played in a fashion that revealed much of its pictorial and imaginative power, something of the passionate creative instinct behind it, and all of its tonal bite and beauty. For the first time we in Boston heard the eager, changeful and richly colored overture, "In the South," to which Italy, and spring in Italy, inspired Elgar. A new symphony by a young Englishman, Amherst Webber, disclosed, and very unexpectedly, a composer who was content to please the ear and the fancy—the rarest of reserves among the strenuous young symphonists, big with ideas and ambitions, of today. Finally an eminent singer from the Metropolitan Opera House, Mme. Eames, sang with all her singular individuality of tone and purity of phrasing in an air from Mozart and with a new breadth of voice and manner in Schubert's "Almighty." No audience on a Friday afternoon, since the concerts of the winter began, has applauded so often, spontaneously, and heartily. After Tchaikovsky's fantasia it had Mr. Gericke bowing at least half as many times as it had Mme. Eames after her singing.

Perhaps this was taken that here in Boston at least "Francesca da Rimini," hissed and hooted once in stupid Berlin, has come into its own. Some of Tchaikovsky's music—and most of all his "Pathetic" symphony—has been played so persistently that every shortcoming in it seems to glare at the listener. As much of it is coming with familiarity to seem only sound and fury with the inevitable contrasts and reactions—more illustrative of the Slav temperament and the peculiar phases of it in Tchaikovsky than of the art of music large and naked. But his orchestral fantasias, which are really symphonic poems, hold their own and heighten it. Repetition has not staled them. Tchaikovsky's imagination and invention rarely flag in them. They seem indeed to lift him out of himself. In many respects, moreover, they are models of what such descriptive music should be—largely yet poignantly delineative, pliant yet not splintering the logic of musical form and development, surcharged with imagination, yet giving all that it kindles rich and legitimate expression in the normal

terms of potent melody, striking harmonies, and significant modulations. Perhaps it was cold baths, as Tchaikovsky, often absorbed in his physical well-being, wrote in a letter. Perhaps it was the fires, as his brother hints, that a first hearing of "Carmen" lighted in him. But certainly "Francesca" at each new hearing seems the most inspired of all these fantasias—one of the authentic and enduring achievements of the music of our time.

Not in Berlin or in Paris has the large delineative power of music, its power to summon atmosphere and to suggest what may not be spoken or written or wrought in paint or marble so poignantly, been carried higher than in the wind-lashed, shuddering, shivering, tortured hell that begins Tchaikovsky's tone-poem. The bitter winds streak and smite through the long crescendos. Pale averted ghosts flitter and gibber in the figuration. And then Francesca and Paolo come entwined, their pain forgetting in the joy of their embrace, in that wonderful melody for clarinet and violins—the climax of Tchaikovsky's melodic invention—that suggests them, the longing of them, the tragedy of them, the faint background of the garden where they read and kissed, and the wan awakening when Lanciotto came. Give but the title for a clew and some faint notion of the tale, some little spark of answering imagination, and the suggestive power and the searching beauty of music can hardly go further. And with superb sense of imaginative contrast it is a darker and louder-moaning hell that Tchaikovsky sends to close over them. Our orchestra, and especially Mr. Grisez in the clarinet melody, seemed often to seize and impart his very imaginings.

It fares ill with music, unless it all be masterpieces, that stands side by side with "Francesca da Rimini" on a concert programme, and it fared especially ill yesterday with Elgar's new overture. To put it prosaically, a year ago last spring Sir Edward "ran down" from London to Italy. Everyone who has ever done it knows the downright elation of leaving London on a gray, wet morning and emerging the next afternoon in a warm flood of Italian sky and sunshine. You must do something, if it is only to jump up and down, in the sheer elation of it all. Sir Edward naturally betook himself to music-making, and the joy that was warm within him speaks in the beginning of the overture. (In form it is very free, indeed—a loose series of thematic sequences with an occasional long-drawn melody.) Then he began to take thought of the Italy around him and also—it is easy to suspect—of the Italy of poetry, old and new. It is a land where gentle shepherds pipe. They shall and do in an episode of the overture. It is a land where Cæsars and their armies strode up and down, and stride they do through many long pages of music paper slashingly and weightily. It is a land of melancholy retrospects. Shall we muse upon its contrasts in fine-drawn and slowly-curving plaintive melody? But, after all, it is the land of the joy of life and light, and so the long overture



ends as it began.

An ingenious and imaginative series of mood-pictures, but rather too ingenious to seem quite spontaneous, except at the beginning. Listening brought little of the sense of a burning creative instinct behind as did the hearing of Tschalkovsky's tone-poem. Elgar made his overture. Strenuously he seeks melodies, but they are either short-breathed or long-winded. They will not stand—the miracle of that clarinet melody aside—beside the Russian's inventions. Intricate is Elgar's score, far more intricate than all Tschalkovsky's chromatics, and very richly and variously, even gorgeously, colored. But often it leaves a persistent impression of bright scrappiness, as though we listeners were looking into an instrumental kaleidoscope with Elgar turning it very briskly. It is all interesting; the beginning, the end and the striding Romans are great fun to hear, but it is not Elgar at his best.

Mr. Webber with his symphony was in very good company indeed and by simplicity and unpretentiousness held his place in it. These are the days of strenuous young composers who would put the universe—or a little less—into their first symphonies, and in a new form besides. Mr. Webber is content with the traditional structure and sequence of a symphony. He is academic by free choice, but very seldom dryly so. Still more is he content with themes that are only tonal fancies without any hint of that besetting universe and its woes in them or in their development. Like our Mr. Strube a week ago in his new violin concerto, Mr. Webber seems only to seek spontaneity, pleasant fancy and charm. Often he gains them. He has written a short, light, continent and graceful symphony that is agreeable musical entertainment. Such entertainment is worth the having, but very rarely in these days will these mighty young symphonists deign to give it us. There is individuality in this willingness and still more in one curious trait of Mr. Webber's music. At a first hearing it is a temptation at least to call his an operatic symphony. He has spent much of his working years in opera houses in New York and in London, and as our ears heard them yesterday, there was distinct operatic cut and flavor in his melodies and his treatment of them. A sort of romance (Andante) makes the slow movement of the symphony. It seemed mainly the broad, luscious cantilena dear to romantic tenors. It is easy to fancy vague tinkling echoes of ballet music here and there in the bright, delicate scherzo. The dark introduction to the final movement might prefigure a tragic scene of music-drama, and now and again is there a faint smell of the footlights in the first? Rubinstein wrote a "dramatic" symphony. Perhaps Mr. Webber, and unconsciously, has written an "operatic" one. H. T. P.

## EAMES SOLOIST, NEW SYMPHONY

Tenth Rehearsal of Symphony  
Orchestra Today—Will In-  
clude Webber's and El-  
gar's Compositions.

Herold Dec. 27, 1906

The 10th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra will be in Symphony Hall this afternoon. Mr. Gericke will conduct. The programme will include a symphony in C minor by Amherst Webber, Tschalkovsky's impressive "Francesca da Rimini," an orchestral Fantasia after Dante, and Elgar's "In the South" overture.

Mr. Webber is an Englishman, though he was born at Cannes. He was educated musically at Dresden and Paris, and he afterward took a musical degree as well as the degree of M. A. at Oxford. He was for some years répétiteur at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, and at Covent Garden in London, which is his dwelling place. It may be remembered that he was pianist for Mme. Eames at her concert here not long ago. Mr. Webber has written a one-act opera which was produced successfully at the Waldorf Theatre, London, toward the end of the last musical season. This symphony, composed about three years ago, has been played at a Philharmonic concert in Warsaw. The performance this afternoon will be the first in America. The symphony is written in orthodox form and it is simple and unpretentious.

Elgar's overture will be played for the first time in this city. It was played in Chicago and in New York in the fall of 1904. The composer, sojourning in Italy, mused on the ancient glory and the present beauty of that country and was moved to composition. The overture is of an ultra modern nature and is scored sumptuously.

Mme. Eames will appear for the third time at these concerts—her first appearance was as the soprano of a quartet in Schumann's music to "Manfred," before she went to Paris to study with Mme. Marchesi. She will sing this afternoon the scene and rondo from act 2 of Mozart's "Cosi fan tutte" and Schubert's "The Almighty."

The programme of the concerts of next week will include Rubin Goldmark's overture to "Hilawatha," Beethoven's violin concerto (Mr. Hess violinist), Richard Strauss' "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks" and Brahms' Symphony No. 2, in D major. There will be no concerts on Jan. 12, 13, for the orchestra will be on its third trip. The programme of the concerts of Jan. 19 and 20 will include Chausson's symphony (first time), Beethoven's piano concerto in E flat major (Miss aus der Ohe pianist) and Glazounoff's "Kremlin" (first time).

### Mme. Eames at the Symphony Concert—

From A Tribute to the Band Jan. 1-06

Mme. Eames's voice is the most individual voice among all our eminent singers. It is easy to imagine, in the ripeness of time, a successor to Sembrich with a voice as brilliant and as finely capable of the essential virtues and the glowing ornaments of song. Other singers have had, other singers will have, the youthful freshness, the resonant energy that are among Gadski's best traits. Nordica's is—or was—a dramatic soprano in the full glories of ripe and practised maturity, but a conventional maturity after all. No voice, however, of our time has sounded quite like Eames's, and it flatters us who take our pleasure in that individuality, to fancy that no voice ever will. Her tones, for example, seem singularly disembodied. They convey little sense of a distinct personality behind. They are absolute music of the voice, so to say, writing itself on the air. They give the delight of pure sound. And in those disembodied tones is as singularly crystalline a quality. If sound may be compared to light, the impression as one listens is akin to that of clear autumn sunshine on a still day. Mme. Eames's tones are as effortless, as transparent, clear and shadowless. They fill the ear without sense of beginning or end, of edge or joint, as that autumn sunlight fills the eye. They are curiously translucent. The lights of the composer's melodies, moods and ornament, play through Mme. Eames's tones as through some clear, finely cut and translucent precious stone. When she sang the air from Mozart's "Cosi Fan Tutte" at the Symphony concert Saturday night, the music seemed now to touch the bright facets of her voice, and again to pour its radiance through the whole clear crystal of it. When she sang Schubert's "Die Allmacht," his inspiration flooded and warmed that crystal. For the moment Schubert's was the pure essence of praise, almost the "music of the spheres" that Rubenstein calculated to make, as though one could calculate such music, and that Schubert made all unwittingly—when it is sung in such tones as Mme. Eames's.

The singer should have been the heroine of the concert. She would, but for Tschalkovsky's "Francesca" and the conductor's and the orchestra's playing of it. They rose high on Friday afternoon. They outstripped themselves Saturday night. They played as though the imaginings that burned in the Russian as he wrote, burned also in them and leaped to full expression. Of the mastery of the medium that made such expression possible, there was properly no thought until the morning after. Add such a reading of such music to "The Death and Transfiguration" that Mr. Gericke gave us in Strauss's tone poem earlier in the season, and to his playing of Siegfried's apotheosis in "Götterdämmerung," and it is time to have done with the complaint that our conductor has not the imagination, the

power, the fire that ultra-modern music demands. He has them now by every sign and—what is as much—an orchestra that can achieve all to which they move him. It was good to see the audience call every man of it to his feet. H. T. P.

Mme. Eames of the Metropolitan Opera will be the singer at the tenth pair of Symphony concerts in Symphony Hall, next Friday afternoon and Saturday night; a new symphony will be played for the first time in America; and an overture by Elgar for the first time in Boston, making altogether a promisingly interesting programme. When Mme. Eames sang here two weeks ago, she denied us Mozart, though she sings the music of no other composer more admirably. Next week, however, she will sing a rondo from his "Cosi Fan Tutti." Her other number—to suit her new largeness of style—is Schubert's "Die Allmacht" in its orchestral setting. Amherst Webber, a young Englishman, is the composer of the new symphony. He came to America first as one of the répétiteurs of the Metropolitan Opera House, and this winter he has been Mme. Eames's accompanist. He has written some pleasant songs, and a little opera in the old Italian style that was sung in London last summer. His symphony, too, has been played in Warsaw. Elgar's overture, "In the South," is the music to which a visit to Italy a year ago last spring inspired him. There is the joy of light and sunshine, after the gray damp of an English winter, in it; musings over the ruins that recall the Italy of Roman emperors and imperial armies, pastoral contrasts and throughout rich and individual instrumentation. The remaining number of the programme is Tschalkovsky's glowing symphonic poem, "Francesca da Rimini," the only moving and enduring translation of the tale of the lovers of the garden into music. It is more than safe to say that it will outshine all the rest of the programme.

On Thursday evening, in Sanders Theatre, the orchestra gives the third concert of its series in Cambridge. Schumann's first symphony, that Mr. Gericke played so thrillingly a few weeks ago; Liszt's "Tasso," Professor Paine's pagan prelude to "The Birds" of Aristophanes, and Grieg's concerto for piano in A minor, make the programme. In the concerto, Mr. George Proctor plays the pianoforte part.

ist:

EAMES.



# PLAY SYMPHONY NEW TO BOSTON

Herald Dec 3, 1905  
Orchestra at Tenth Concert  
Gives Work Written a Few  
Years Ago by Amherst  
Webber, an Englishman.

The programme of the 10th concert given last night by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Gericke conductor, in Symphony Hall, was as follows:  
Symphony in C minor.....Webber  
Scene and rondo from "Cosi fan tutte" Mozart  
"Francesca da Rimini".....Tchaikowsky  
Song, "The Almighty".....Schubert  
Overture, "In the South".....Elgar

The symphony and the overture were played for the first time in Boston; the symphony, played for the first time in this country, was composed in England about three years ago, and it was performed at Warsaw in October 1904.

Mr. Amherst Webber is an Englishman. He was born at Cannes; he studied music at Dresden and Paris; he took a musical degree as well as the degree of M. A. at Oxford; he has been a repetiteur in London and New York opera houses; he has written an opera, which was produced successfully last June, and when he was about 35 years old he girded up his loins and said to himself: "Lo, I will write a symphony." Nor was there any one to shake his determination.

Few composers have the patience to wait, as Brahms did, till they are 43 before they allow the public to know their first symphony. When we studied music in certain German cities we gazed awestruck at long-haired youths who had composed at least one symphony apiece, and we remember in Munich a singularly gifted being who confided to us after he had put down two or three quartets of beer that he had written three symphonies, each one of them a masterpiece, but for some reason Hermann Levi would not produce any one of them, and he hinted at something revengeful and sinister in the conductor's refusal. The years have slipped away and the dust must now be thick on those inspired manuscripts, if the amiable enthusiasts themselves are not now dust.

The young composer today when he feels urged by the demon within him to write an orchestral work chooses, as a rule, a subject for a symphonic poem. He wishes to paint in tones a legend, heroic episode, moving tale or to translate a picture or a statue or a cathedral into music. (We have often wondered why no one has chosen "The Stock Exchange" for a title, with a generative theme typical of greed, and with a tragic ending, which for dramatic pur-

poses would have more significance than an auriferous apothecia.) But Mr. Webber in spite of his foreign education and associations is an Englishman at heart and naturally conservative. Who has not known young English artists in Paris, resolute against any temptation of the impressionists and making innumerable sketches for "Orpheus and Eurydice" or "Orestes Pursued by the Furies" to be painted in the good old classical manner?

Mr. Webber said of his symphony: It is written so much on traditional lines that any synopsis for the benefit of an audience would be superfluous. A long discussion of the merits and failings of the work itself would also be superfluous, for the symphony is evidently by a man who has melodic fertility and certain symphonic ideas; but his melody is not often distinguished and he is not yet able to carry out fully his ideas or to express them with conviction. In the first movement, for instance, there is thematic material to serve amply a skilful technician's purpose, but in working out this material there is repetition with modifications rather than true and logical development.

There is the intention, the purpose; there are some excellent ideas; there are here and there effective colors and contrasts of colors, but the movement is episodic, the music is at times thin, and it limps. The second movement, which is practically a romance, has a prettiness that recalls to us the favorite exhibition piece of the best pianist in the village where we spent our boyhood. This piece was entitled "Moonlight on the Hudson." It was a sweet thing, and the pianist, a rather elderly maiden with a long curl, took off her rings before she began to play.

The scherzo has the elements of immediate and passing popularity, and in the finale Mr. Webber shows, perhaps too plainly, that he has written exercises in fugue.

We have no sympathy with those who assail a composer because he comes before the public with a first symphony. No doubt Mr. Webber will compose a better one, now that he has heard his first. He is a modest man, and he probably judges his own work more severely today than do they who are not so much interested in it. Let him remember that a distinction may be made between a tune and a melody. Mr. Vernon Blackburn once defined the former as a melody that is over-ripe.

The themes in this symphony are occasionally tunes, and there are whole pages that might well go into an opera. The audience was well disposed, and Mr. Webber bowed in acknowledgment of the applause.

Tchaikowsky, it seems, was not wholly satisfied with his wind-storm music in "Francesca da Rimini," but he expressed his disappointment before he had orchestrated the pages. He composed the fantasia "with love," and he believed that this love for the work had brought success.

The fantasia is familiar to the Symphony audience, but never has it been played here with so much dramatic intensity, and never has it seemed so emotionally impressive. It is not a flawless work, and as a whole it must be ranked below the composer's "Romeo and Juliet," and his fifth symphony; but what a wealth of imagination there is in it! What directness and poignancy of appeal! Two of the chief characteristics of the man are revealed in this music; his grim and murky despair at

the thought of the question of all questions; his ineffable tenderness when reminded of the woe of any human being.

The performance of this fantasia was the chief feature of the concert, and it is a pleasure to record the fact that the applause was spontaneous and long continued so that Mr. Gericke was forced to bow again and again in acknowledgment, nor was the audience satisfied until the orchestra had risen from the seats. Conductor and players richly deserved the tribute.

Some months ago President Hadley of Yale University, in giving an honorary degree to Sir Edward Elgar, characterized him in a loud and manly voice as the greatest living musician, not knowing that Mr. Humperdinck would be in New York in December, and might possibly visit New Haven to hold sweet communion with a critic of such force, insight and discrimination. An English musician should not be disregarded and put aside simply because he has been knighted and given honorary degrees. These honors, it is true, have put Elgar in a class to be viewed always with suspicion, but he may yet rise above the inevitable rewards of conventional mediocrity in art.

No work by him that has been performed here explains the extraordinary pother made in England, where many hail him as greater than Richard Strauss, and some speak of him as a modern and improved Bach. In the more important compositions that we have heard there are pages which show an indisputable talent, but there is also much that is inherently commonplace, much that is sentimental, much that is peculiarly dull, dull with an Elgarian dulness. He is certainly skilled in the art of orchestration. His vocabulary is rich and highly colored, and there is often a marked incongruity between the rapid or jejune or maudlin thought and its expression.

This overture, we are told by those near Sir Edward, is intended to suggest the joy of living in Italy with its historic past and its present beauty. The music, then, should be both pictorial and suggestive. According to Mr. Jaeger's analysis, there is the melancholy produced by "contemplating the contrast between the eternal rejuvenescence of nature and the instability of man's greatest and proudest achievements"; the Roman legions enter and do their duty; there is a "lonely shepherd's plaintive song floating toward the serene azure of the Italian sky"; there are many other things, among them a motto-phrase which stands throughout the overture for "Sunshine, the Open Air and Cheery Optimist."

While "In the South" does not deserve the extravagant eulogies provoked by the first performance in London, it nevertheless is an unusually well constructed work, with passages of genuine eloquence. Perhaps the most disappointing episode is that said to be suggested by the thought of the Roman legions—the episode that reminded Mr. Blackburn—who worships Sir Edward—of the famous sentence in Sir Thomas Browne's "Urn Burial."

Here Sir Thomas and Mr. Blackburn himself rose to far more imaginative height than Sir Edward. But Elgar is seldom, if ever, imaginative. He at times has fancy—which is not the same thing. Judging from the purely technical standpoint, this overture is often masterly. Furthermore, it is remarkably euphonic, both in massive effects and in charm-

ing detail—as in the episode in which the solo viola was beautifully played by Mr. Ferris.

On the whole this overture is by far the most interesting orchestral work by Elgar that we have heard, not so much from any distinction in thematic material, but from the use of this material and by reason of a breadth and spontaneity of thought that we miss in his other works.

Who, however, hearing the overture, would have thought that Italy was in the composer's mind, had it not been for the assurance given by Elgar's commentators?

The performance was admirable in all respects; but such performances are now the rule, not the exception, under Mr. Gericke's baton.

Mme. Eames sang Fiordiligi's scene and rondo from the second act of "Cosi fan tutte" and Schubert's "The Almighty." She is a lyric, not dramatic soprano and this song of Schubert is not for her. A woman must have a powerful voice, one that is powerful without effort, in elemental nature, and dramatic authority to make this declamation effective.

Her technical performance was better in certain respects than when she sang here recently in concert, yet it was not what we have a right to expect from this singer, and young students hearing her last night could learn by noticing what to avoid.

Nevertheless, her technical shortcomings might have been pardoned or ignored, had she shown an active mind or a sympathetic soul in her interpretation of the Scene and Rondo. There was little or no interpretation. Her performance was unintelligent; it was wellich heartless. The nearer thought of the ancient orator on whose lips icicles formed while he was speaking.

Mme. Eames was heartily applauded.

"Hiccup!"

## MUSICAL MATTERS

### Emma Eames With Symphony Orchestra.

Amherst Webber's C minor symphony and Sir Edward Elgar's overture, "In the South," were the orchestral novelties of the 10th Symphony program. Mme Emma Eames was the soloist in vocal compositions by Mozart and Schubert. Tchaikowsky's "Francesca da Rimini" fantasia completed the list of selections. Mr Webber is a young English musician who was here a few weeks ago as accompanist with Mme Eames' concert company, and several of his smaller compositions, mainly songs, have been received with favor in this country. The symphony played by our orchestra is new to this country and is



Mr Webber's first attempt at a work on so large a scale. It is in four short movements and, according to the author, "is written so much on traditional lines that a synopsis would be superfluous." The symphony is a creditable piece of work for so young a musician, and although there are frequent thin places in the instrumentation, the scoring generally is effective. There is not much in the first movement that indicates originality in ideas or musical expression; but in the second movement the treatment of the cello part is worthy of special mention, and in fact the string scoring throughout shows considerable skill. The scherzo is rather vague in form, and the finale is excellent not only in outline but in development and instrumentation. Mr Webber has "told his story" pleasingly and is to be congratulated for his good work. The performance by the orchestra was satisfactory, and after each movement the applause was very hearty.

Elgar's overture, "In the South," is a bright and cheery piece of music, suggesting balmy skies, pastoral joys, shepherds and their flocks, some turbulent episodes and a generally exuberant spirit which is illustrated by ever varying tempos and combinations of instruments that make up a brilliant descriptive work. It is delightfully free in form and the elaborate score is filled with exquisite "surprises," given to the different contingents of the orchestra. The orchestra played as if inspired and closed the program in a glorious manner amid showers of plaudits. The somber atmosphere of the "Francesca da Rimini" fantasia was artistically revealed in the interpretation by Mr Gericke's forces.

Mme Eames was in better voice than when she appeared here a few weeks ago and her two contributions showed that the great artist hardly did herself justice at her former recital. She sang the Mozart aria from his almost forgotten opera, "Cosi fan Tutte," with beautiful expression and clarity of tone, although somewhat lacking in warmth. In Schubert's "Allmacht" she was not so satisfactory, for Mme Eames' voice lacks the dramatic quality required to make this song impressive. Aside from that her performance was marked by brilliancy and an almost flawless technical finish. Mme Eames was given demonstrative evidences of appreciation after each selection.

Prof Willy Hess will be the soloist at the concerts this week, the last concerts before the third monthly trip. He will play Beethoven's concerto for the violin. The other works to be performed are Rubin Goldmark's "Hiawatha" overture, Strauss' "Till Eulenspiegel" and Brahms' second symphony.

## TWO NOVELTIES AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Contributed by Englishmen to Program — Mme. Eames Appears

## Twice — Tchaikowsky Work Superbly Rendered.

The tenth Symphony concert was notable for its two novelties, both, curiously enough, by Englishmen. One was a full-fledged symphony, the work of Amherst Webber, a man whose name had never before been seen on our programs as a composer. The work is frankly a return to the placidity and classicism of the Brahms style; no attempt is made to stun or even to surprise; no strivings for the tumultuous orchestration or the impressionistic tone-color of today's moderns are to be found. The result is pleasing for its very lack of pretension, and it shows Mr. Webber to be a man of taste, a musician of accomplishments and a force that ought to be seriously reckoned with in the musical development of England.

The other Briton, the well-known and over-lauded Elgar, was represented by his overture "In the South." The work might bear any title; it is in no way unmistakably expressive of Italy. It has much beauty, however, some passages of deep and sonorous suggestiveness and is, on the whole, the best specimen of Elgar's industry that has yet come across the ocean.

But spite of the "first-times," the great and overwhelming feature of the concert was the irresistibly emotional and splendidly virtuoso performance of Tchaikowsky's great "Francesca da Rimini" tone-poem. Never has it had such a reading in this city, and Mr. Gericke and the men themselves had to arise and bow to the enthusiasm.

Mme. Eames sang a bit from "Cosi Fan Tutti" and Schubert's "The Almighty." In neither did she appear to any special advantage.

## MUSICAL MATTERS

### THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

ad: PROGRAMME.  
Amherst Webber, Symphony in C minor.  
(First time.)  
Mozart, Recitative and Rondo from Act II,  
"Cosi fan Tutte."  
Mme. Eames.  
Tchaikowsky, Symphonic poem, "Francesca da Rimini."  
Schubert, Song with orchestra "Die Allmacht."  
Mme. Eames.  
Elgar, Overture, "In the South."  
(First time.)

When Mr. Webber recently appeared as pianist and accompanist at Mme. Eames' concert we little suspected that he had a symphony up his sleeve. But he has come back to Boston with a composition in the great epic form and has won a good success at the leading symphonic concerts of America. Were the symphony the work of one of our resident composers we should have roseate adjectives flying; but we do not get as deeply excited over the stranger within our gates.

Nevertheless, the new symphony is a worthy addition to the modern repertoire. Mr. Webber has not tried to push beyond the 24 known musical keys; he has not invented a new system of musical vagueness; he has not even discovered any new chords, or dissonances, or progressions; and he employs an orchestra that is quite moderate and conservative.

The first movement makes a good impression. After an introductory lament there enters an agitated chief theme in minor against a gentle subordinate theme in major, in excellent contrast. The closing theme is again in a perturbed and fiery vein, and brings the exposition to a well-marked ending. There is no repeat of this first section; at least none was made on Saturday. The development section was not very remarkable, although it was sorrowful even to the muted-horn point, and the recapitulation was shortened. The coda was especially effective, with some fine augmentation of the figures and an excellent climax. A brief but good Sonata-Allegro.

The slow movement, which came next, seemed the weakest part of the composition. There was some tender conversation between the violins and the violoncellos, but nothing that seemed of long breath or inspired. The scherzo shows an ease in scoring that deserves recognition. There was both impetuosity and originality in this movement, a strong contrast at the trio and an especially fine returning passage.

The finale had a chief theme that seemed as if Mephistopheles were singing his serenade in Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust," but this did not weaken the movement. Here one found excellent development extending even to the fugal point, the woodwind, beginning with the bassoon, doing some contrapuntal work that was very clear and interesting.

This finale was the best movement of the entire work, and shows that there is much of promise and already much achievement in the composition of Mr. Webber. There was hearty applause, and the composer was obliged to bow his thanks from the balcony, where he sat.

We are glad to hail a new composer who is neither extreme nor radical, and we shall watch his growth with interest. Such a symphony had a good right to performance in our series, and the music dictionaries must add the name of Amherst Webber to their list.

Mme. Eames appeared to better advantage in this concert than in the recent one given in Boston. She sang the Mozart aria with much sweetness, and seems to

have gained in the lower register, for her deep notes were remarkably round and full. But the high notes were not as resonant as of yore, and one suspected her of "saving her voice" all through the aria, although she sang the recitative effectively.

Mme. Eames was never a vocal spendthrift, but the economy when the alt octave was reached was too self-evident. In "bel canto" she was very smooth and tender. Her chief success, however, was made in the Schubert number.

It meant a great deal to arouse the audience to enthusiasm after the tremendous effect of the Tchaikowsky number, yet the artist did this, and did it legitimately. At the end she had reserve force enough to make a very broad and telling climax. She was recalled several times, and floral tributes were also in evidence.

"Francesca da Rimini" was a blaze of orchestral brilliancy plus musical ideas. Such music still causes us to hope that out of Russia there may yet come a physician for our ailing and suffering art of Music. It was not in the obvious effects of howling winds or fierce crashes that the triumph of the work lay, but whether in mighty climaxes or in the simplest solos there was a graphic portrayal of Dante's poem. The utter sadness of Paolo and his love, the brooding melancholy that hung over the doomed pair, from these touches to the roar of infernal tempests, every musical thought was played as if the orchestra were quite in love with the work.

Yet we may single out the passages for flute, for clarinette and for the muted violoncellos as being most nobly performed. At the end the enthusiasm of the public burst forth in a torrent; rarely have we seen such a demonstration at these concerts. After Mr. Gericke had twice acknowledged the plaudits he caused the orchestra to rise and share in the ovation, which then went up to fever heat.

We do not think for an instant that the fact that everybody took such delight in the work is proof that it is weaker music than that which cannot be understood!

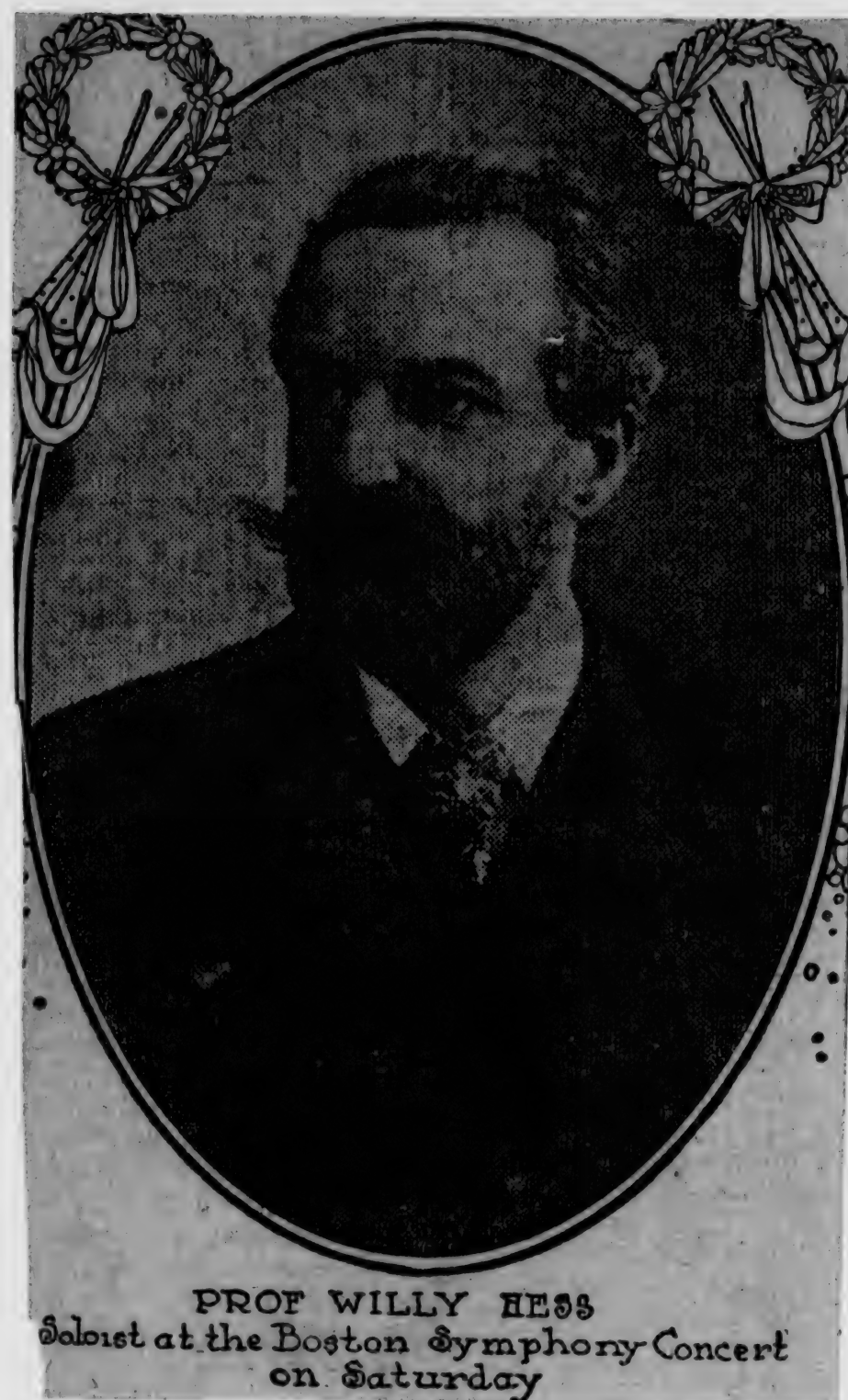
Dr. Elgar shrivelled somewhat before the chromatic whirlwinds. His "In the South" is an Italian picture, but unfortunately Berlioz, Richard Strauss and Charpentier had been in Italy before him. When we heard the powerful rumblings and the fortissimo touches of the overture we did not think of ancient legions marching on the Appian Way, we only felt that the Chianti and the Fritto Misto had disagreed with the Englishman.

Even the tender viola theme, well played by Mr. Ferir, could not make headway against the glorious melodic touches of Tchaikowsky. We are certain that, had London heard this work in the same juxtaposition that we did at this concert, there would not have been so much enthusiastic writing about it.

The coda climax was the most effective portion of the composition, as it ought to be, but we scarcely feel inclined to rank this opus with Elgar's set of orchestral variation.

Louis C. Elson.





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## *Symphony Hall.*

SEASON 1905-06.

# BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.

## XI. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, AT 8, P. M.

### Programme.

- RUBIN GOLDMARK. OVERTURE to "Hiawatha."
- BEETHOVEN. CONCERTO in D minor for VIOLIN and ORCHESTRA,  
op. 61.  
I. Allegro, ma non troppo.  
II. Larghetto.  
III. Rondo.
- RICHARD STRAUSS. "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks," op. 28.
- BRAHMS, SYMPHONY No. 2, in D major, op. 73.  
I. Allegro non troppo.  
II. Adagio non troppo.  
III. Allegretto grazioso, quasi Andante.  
IV. Allegro con spirito.

### Soloist:

Professor WILLY HESS.

There will be no Public Rehearsal and Concert next week.





PROF WILLY HESS  
Soloist at the Boston Symphony Concert  
on Saturday

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## ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS.

The 11th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra will be in Symphony Hall this afternoon. The orchestral pieces will be Rubin Goldmark's overture to "Hiawatha," Richard Strauss' amazing rondo, "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks," and Brahms' genial symphony in D major, No. 2. Rubin Goldmark is a nephew of the composer of "The Queen of Sheba," which is now playing at the Metropolitan Opera House, the composer of "Sakuntala" and other overtures, etc. Rubin was born in New York in 1872. He studied there and in Vienna. In 1894 he went to Colorado Springs for his health and directed a conservatory of music. This overture, in which, by the way, there is no attempt to use Indian folk-tunes as thematic material, was played here at a Symphony concert Jan. 13, 1900. Mr. Gericke announced a repetition of it a season or two ago, but for unavoidable reasons the overture was not played. A violin sonata by Mr. Goldmark, who now lives in New York, has been played here at a Kneisel concert.

Mr. Felix Weingartner, conductor, with the New York Symphony orchestra, will give a concert in Symphony Hall on Wednesday evening, the 17th. The programme will be as follows: Mendelssohn's overture to "Fingal's Cave"; Schumann's Symphony in B flat major, No. 1; Berlioz's Fantastic Symphony.

Mr. Walter Damrosch, the regular conductor of the New York Symphony orchestra, will give a concert in Symphony Hall on Thursday afternoon, the 18th, when the programme will include: Tchaikowsky's Symphony No. 5, Brahms' piano concerto No. 1 (Mr. Joseffy, pianist), Debussy's prelude to "The Afternoon of a Faun," and Parade de Foire and Theme Varié from Lalo's ballet "Namouna." *Handwritten: Handl Jan 5-6*

## IN THE WORLD OF MUSIC

### MR. HESS SURPRISES A SYMPHONY AUDIENCE

**A Remarkable Performance of Beethoven's Violin Concerto—The Concerts of Next Week and Weeks to Come—Mr. Converse's First Opera—Sembrich in Boston Twenty-Two Years Ago and the Transcript's Impression of Her—A Grist of Musical Miscellany**

Unless Mr. Hess is a man of very continuous inspiration, he will hardly play Beethoven's concerto for violin tonight as he played it yesterday afternoon. Not often in his life—it was easy to surmise—has he played as he did then, and certainly we that have watched him for more than a year as the concert-master of our orchestra have never guessed that even at his best such mastery of the power of sound and such feeling for the beauty of it lay in him. The many that have inadequately performed it have made Beethoven's concerto a cause for doubts and fears. Of a Kreisler, a Heerman, or an Ysäye at his best, we may expect it without such trepidation. But when we see our concert-masters week after week sitting at their desk at the head of the first violins, we are prone to forget that they also are virtuosos, though they do not wander every year or two half across the world. We used to do that with Mr. Kneisel until his playing of some concerto reminded us anew of his real worth. We have had hardly time as yet to become so accustomed to Mr. Hess. We are still in a measure discovering him, and there was surprise to heighten the impression—if it were not a Symphony concert sensation would be the word—that he made yesterday. On no Friday afternoon this winter has there been such spontaneous applause, and, much more significantly, such rapt listening as rewarded him.

In solo passages in his orchestral work, and in his own quartet, Mr. Hess has taught us to expect warmth and vigor in his playing. Yesterday they rose to controlled fire that burned the whiter because it was so tempered. The best quality of his tone is its bright life. It might be broader and deeper. Now and then it even misses some of the darker colorings of the music to which it is giving being and voice. But the glow of it is unmistakable and insistent. It sparkled through the rondo that ends the concerto. It touched brilliancy in the ceaseless ornament and elaboration of the opening allegro. It spread over the larghetto like sunshine burnishing the flowing stream of a still river. It is a fine fire, clear and white, not red and smoky. And out of this fire comes a supple and re-

sponsive life that makes that tone near irresistible. When Clement played the concerto "for the first time on any stage" in Vienna nearly a hundred years ago, it could hardly have come to him more as a new and living thing than it seemed to come yesterday to Mr. Hess. At moments he touched the virtuoso's uttermost feat, the re-creation of familiar music, and he touched it chiefly by the life that was in his tone.

Like a thing of life, it bent to every curve and figure of the music. Or it flowed over long reaches of broader melody. Or it seemed to leap to meet some cascade of ornament. A hundred tonal tints flashed and sparkled, brightened or faded in it. The intensity and the suppleness of it were equally steady. And always it was transparent. It was like a mirror through which the listener saw Beethoven's music, but a mirror that gave it life and sent back emotion to them that were looking into it. Other violinists have played Beethoven's concerto more broadly, more nobly, if you will, with more of what we like to call the grand style. But there is not one to recall that has played it with such a quivering sense of the life in the music, with such a fine and penetrating fire, as did Mr. Hess. The others, maybe, "interpret" the concerto. He made it alive again with the very breath of life. To do that may even be the finer and the more difficult achievement. For it sinks the man in the music. It has been our custom to reserve the soloist at the Symphony concerts for the supplementary review of Monday. After such a performance as Mr. Hess's was yesterday, it is the orchestra's part of the concerto, though Brahms and Richard Strauss made it, that falls into second place. — H. T. P.

## NEW DELIGHTS IN THE OLD MELODIES

*Journal* — Jan. 8, 1906

**Eleventh Symphony Concert Saturday Presented Strauss, Beethoven and Brahms Works.**

The eleventh Symphony concert, though devoid of any new thing, had much to please in a serene and happy way. Even Richard Strauss' "Till Eulenspiegel," that once made old Music Hall audiences sit up and wonder what stuff and nonsense was being uttered by the orchestra, is now "just as easy." And the rest, was absolute placidity.

Goldmark, the younger, wrote his "Hiawatha" overture when he was trav-



elling in the Rocky mountains, we are told. It bears no trace of any impression that the great out-of-doors might have made on a different composer. Coleridge-Taylor, the English negro, did infinitely better in flavor and suggestiveness before he had ever seen America. This work is merely a well made, pleasant overture of no distinction.

The Strauss tone-comedy grows clearer and really more beautiful with each hearing, although Saturday night's performance of it was not equal in spirit and effervescence to that of the Philadelphia orchestra last season under Strauss' own baton.

The peaceful and classic Brahms Symphony in D major made a very deep impression. Mr. Gericke is a master interpreter of the great Viennese, and his orchestra is responsive to his will, whether in this or any other work.

Mr. Hess played the Beethoven violin concerto with admirable care and taste, and was rapturously applauded.

## Willy Hess, Symphony Orchestra Soloist.

Stroke ————— Day 7.06  
Two Sousa Concerts—Sembrich in a Song Recital.

Kneisel Quartet — Other Events of the Week.

Concert Master Willy Hess was the soloist at the 11th Symphony rehearsal and concert, playing the Beethoven D major violin concerto. The other program numbers were the overture to Goldmark's "Hiawatha," "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks," Strauss and Brahms second symphony. The Hiawatha music has little of the typical Indian peculiarities of harmony and suggestiveness of rough life in the forest, Goldmark taking a more poetic view of his subject when arranging his tone pictures. It is a cleverly written work, fragmentary in most of its thematic material, some of which is admirably developed, and interesting as a whole. The performance was smooth, the excellence of the crescendo passages in the climax being worthy of special note. The phrases given to the horns were also played with splendid tonality.

Prof Hess has established himself in a prominent position by his playing, his musical endowments having been shown in many ways since he became a member of the orchestra, and his interpretation of Beethoven's great violin concerto further increased his artistic

standing in this city. The concerto, with the problematic four D sharps and three cadenzas, is a masterpiece of its kind, and the player who can interpret it in the proper spirit is an artist beyond question. Mr Hess' reading of the first movement was about as satisfying as one could expect to hear, all the ornamentations being given with a musical beauty that left little to be desired as to purity, though a little fuller tone one would have been acceptable at times. In the second movement the pianissimo figurations were never lost, and every shade of the larghetto was shown in exquisite tonal colors. The closing part was, perhaps, the most brilliantly performed, for Mr Hess exhibited an abandon and a confidence in execution that he had not previously shown. The applause with which he was greeted at the close of the performance was so prolonged that the artist was recalled a half dozen times to the stage.

Richard Strauss evidently indulged in some musical pranks when he wrote the "Till Eulenspiegel" piece, for it is full of odd and chaotic measures, rapid changes in tempo, strange modulations and freakish instrumentation, a whimsical tone puzzle that amuses—and that's about all. The proper effect was produced by Mr Gericke's men who, after a splendid performance of the concerto, showed to equal advantage in this merry trifle by the audacious Richard. The Brahms symphony was given impressively.

There will be no Symphony concerts this week, as the orchestra will be away on its third monthly trip. For the next pair of concerts, Jan 19 and 20, Miss Adele Aus der Ohe will be the soloist, playing Beethoven's E-flat major pianoforte concerto. The symphony in B-flat major, by Ernest Chausson, will be played for the first time in Boston, and Weber's "Freischütz" overture and Liszt's symphonic poem, "Orpheus," will complete the program.

## FAMILIAR PIECES GAVE PLEASURE

Hand —————  
Symphony Concert Greatly Enjoyed—The Overture to "Hiawatha" Pleasing, but Name Not Inappropriate.

MR. HESS EXCELLENT IN BEETHOVEN CONCERTO

Played with Ease of Accomplished Virtuoso and Taste

## of Sound Musician—Reisenauer Recital.

The Boston symphony orchestra gave its 11th concert last night in Symphony Hall, Mr. Gericke conducted. The programme was as follows:

Overture to "Hiawatha".....Rubin Goldmark  
Concerto in D Major, for violin....Beethoven  
"Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks".....

R. Strauss  
Symphony in D Major, No. 2.....Brahms

This concert, though it was too long, gave great pleasure to many. Mr. Gericke has a peculiar gift for presenting Brahms in the best light, and the symphony chosen last night is one of the composer's most genial works. The Rondo, of Strauss, which, when it was performed here, seemed to many highly respectable and earnest souls the music of a madman, and to some purists the abomination of desolation, now is accepted, yea, enjoyed, and it seems simple after acquaintance with Strauss' "Heldenleben" and "Don Quixote."

Rubin Goldmark is the nephew of his uncle, and he is thus handicapped, for, hearing his music, some watch intently to find traces of the composer of the "Sakuntala" overture, and all are bound to make comparisons. The "Hiawatha" overture was played here about six years ago, but we doubt whether anyone who heard it then remembered a section or even a phrase. The first inquiry after a second hearing is "Why Hiawatha?" As far as the significance or the color of the music is concerned, the piece might better be entitled "Bajazet" or "Nali." There is no suggestion of American forest life, there is no reminder of Lo, the poor Indian. And, by the way, how would any one differentiate in music between American forest life and the forest life of another country? This seems to be a reasonable question. The first thing to be avoided, of course, is any reminder of Seigfried.

Few German composers can escape from the hero when they portray a forest scene today. As soon as they enter the wood the trees begin to weave the old familiar spell, and the hearer expects every moment to see Mime enter and hear the dragon roar. Just as when a modern German composer gives a solo phrase to an English horn, Tristan is discovered on the stage.

Mr. Goldmark does not take us into Siegfried's forest, though now and then we catch glimpses of it, but he gives us little or no suggestion of fresh and free out-door life. His themes and harmonies are oriental in their languor and sultriness rather than occidental. In this respect the mulatto Coleridge-Taylor has fared better in his treatment of Longfellow's poem, but Mr. MacDowell has been more successful in his "Indian" suite, and not because he used Indian folk-tunes for some of his thematic material, but because he had the imagination of the western mind. Mr. Goldmark is an oriental, and his musical expression is that of his family.

Let all thought of "Hiawatha" be dismissed, and the hearer may well find a mild pleasure in the overture, for the music is sonorous and euphonious, there are pleasing themes, there are climaxes, and the workmanship is solid. These qualities are readily taken

by some for individuality and imagination. Let us not be misunderstood. The overture was composed when Mr. Goldmark, then not a man of robust health, was 24 years old. It was composed when he was director of a conservatory. The music under these circumstances nevertheless was highly creditable to him. But he is the nephew of his uncle.

Mr. Hess gave an excellent performance of Beethoven's concerto. Some may have wished to hear him in another concerto, and we could easily sympathize with them. It would do Beethoven's concerto no harm to put it on the shelf for several years, as far as these Symphony concerts are concerned. But no one refused to pay Mr. Hess' ready tribute for his performance. He played with the ease of the accomplished virtuoso and with the taste of the sound musician, and his triumph before the audience was complete.

We have heard "Till Eulenspiegel" played with a more marked flow of musical adventure and in a vein of more rollicking spirit. Last night there was once or twice the thought of disconnected episodes and Till taking his pleasure seriously, like Froissart's Englishmen. But with this exception the performance as a whole was orchestrally brilliant. Nor could Mr. Goldmark have complained in any respect, if he had been present, of the interpretation of his overture.

## MUSICAL MATTERS

### THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Adv. PROGRAMME, Day 8.06

Rubin Goldmark, Overture, "Hiawatha."  
Beethoven, Concerto for violin.  
Soloist, Prof. Willy Hess.  
Richard Strauss, "Till Eulenspiegel."  
Brahms, Symphony No. 2.

We are glad that Mr. Rubin Goldmark did not think it necessary, in composing his "Hiawatha" overture, to seek out aboriginal themes and label them "Indian melodies." There is really nothing to exploit in the melodies or themes of the red men. Many of them are tribal rather than national music, few of them are attractive, and not one of them is familiar to the auditor, either in contents or in style, as folk-music always ought to be.

We have heard Burton's Indians, have investigated at the Trans-Mississippi exposition, have had the advantage of conference with America's greatest authority on this subject—Dr. Walter Fewkes—and have studied Baker, Fillmore, Cushing, Fletcher and Krehbiel, and believe that interesting as the Indian music may be to the ethnologist, it offers nothing substantial to the musician.

Therefore we are glad to hear a "Hiawatha" who did not present aboriginal figures. More important, however, was the lack of any Indian suggestion of any kind. "Hiawatha" might have been named "Abelard" or "George Washington" without disturbing the auditor's fancy. There was great beauty in the chief theme, and some woodland warbling in the coda, but nothing that very graphically pictured the hero as set forth by Longfellow. It was pleasing, well-formed and musically writing, promising much better things. It is



discovered, to be "le neveu de son Oncle," and in this case Uncle Karl overshadows the younger Goldmark, who has, however, done better and more characteristic things than this overture.

The chief triumph of the concert was won by the soloist. After the performance of the Beethoven concerto, Prof. Willy Hess ("Willy" by the way, is not the diminutive of "William") was recalled 5 times with very great enthusiasm. He deserved the tribute. We have heard the concerto given with more breadth, but never with more ease or with better ensemble. The intonation was flawless, and the perfection of the passages in high position and the purity of the difficult phrases in double-stopping were notable. The cadenzas were the acme of brilliancy, and the orchestra throughout supported its chief violinist loyally.

The orchestral peak of the concert was "Till Eulenspiegel," which was performed with a technique that we do not believe any other orchestra in the world could have equalled. It was not made quite as broadly humorous as Strauss gives it, but the jests and gibes were clearly brought out, nevertheless, and the stately pomp of the burghers and phillistines was put in good contrast with the squeaking figure of the arch-rogue, who was as lively as the Irishman's flea.

There is genius in every measure of this work, which is one of the strongest justifications of programme-music in existence. One requires no printed book to follow the chief points of this story—the music tells it all. The shrill mockery of Till, the pomposity of some of his enemies, the wild cries of "catch him!" after one of his pranks, the village dance, the final capture, the sentence to death, the doleful walls of the repentant Till, and his final squeak as his wind is cut off, all of these points are self-apparent and require no warrant from the composer, who has altered the old version which allows Till finally to cheat the gallows.

There was great applause after the performance, and Mr. Gericke and the orchestra deserve the highest praise. Very few can imagine how much of labor such a smooth performance of so difficult a work represented.

Sir Edward Elgar recently stated in one of his lectures that if Strauss chose he could give us one of the greatest of symphonies. We wish that this chief orchestral genius of the present would so choose and leave for a little while his extremes, as represented by the "Domestica" and "Salome," and give to the world one masterpiece in the good old form. When one listens to such a recent work as the second symphony of Brahms one is convinced that the lemon is by no means squeezed dry, that there is much yet to be said in the symphonic form.

The symphony received an authoritative performance in which every beauty was well conserved. Especially the third movement, rather an intermezzo than a scherzo, with its quaint wood-wind passages (not altogether unlike the Pastorale of Bach's

There was an exodus before the last part of this work. Possibly it was not to be considered as an especial "Brahms exodus," for the programme was almost a half-hour longer than usual, and suburbanites have their regular habits. But those who stayed to the end heard a glorious climax to a great work; it was altogether a masterly interpretation of a masterpiece.

Louis C. Elson.

#### Strauss and Brahms at the Symphony

##### From : Concert

We are beginning to hear a new Strauss in our orchestral concerts as some years ago we began to hear a new Wagner in our opera houses. The first generation of singing-actors that we heard in Wagner's music dramas were all for the bigness and the vehemence of them, for the large dramatic effect; however, it might be gained, rather than for the musical means. Then came the new generation of singing-actors to show us that it was precisely by these musical means that Wagner was most potent. In the same way the first Strauss that we heard at our orchestral concerts was all hugeness, violence and seeming excess, even to cacophony. You may have the acridness, the poignancy, the occasional grandeur, the mighty striving of his music, our conductors seemed to say to their audiences. The rest—but sometimes we that listened were not so sure that there was a rest. Now we know that there is, and because we know, more and more of us are coming to understand, feel and admire Strauss's music. More than any conductor in America Mr. Gericke has revealed to his audiences the intellectual weight of Strauss's music, the large design and significant proportioning of it, the pictorial effect and the melodic suggestion in it. He gives, though in less degree sometimes than other conductors, the nearly superhuman power of Strauss, but he gives also the subtleties, even the beauties, as the old poetry books used to say, of his music. Therefore he has persuaded us until his audiences last Friday and Saturday heard "Till Eulenspiegel" as comprehensive and impressive music. Clearly there was intelligent musical and emotional response to it instead of the old vague excitement and confused wonder.

Our conductor could hardly have done these things for Strauss had he not an orchestra as quick of musical understanding and as fine in musical discrimination and imagination as he. And it is by these same qualities that when he and it play a symphony of Brahms's as they did the second at the last pair of concerts, that they go to the very heart of it. There is no obscurity, no crabbedness, no lack of unity, none of the outworn reproaches to Brahms's music when they play it. They understand and feel and their audiences with them. More even; they sang their way through the second symphony, and, bright or dark, it could hardly have seemed sadder, purer, more disembodied song.

H. T. P.

## Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1905-06.

# BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.

## XII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 20, AT 8, P. M.

### Programme.

WEBER.

OVERTURE to "Freischuetz."

BEETHOVEN.

CONCERTO for PIANOFORTE, in E flat major.

LISZT,

SYMPHONIC POEM. "Orpheus."

ERNEST CHAUSSON,

SYMPHONY in B flat major.  
(First time at these concerts.)

### Soloist:

Miss ADELE AUS DER OHE.



something of a handicap (as Napoleon III. discovered) to be "le neveu de son Oncle," and in this case Uncle Karl overshadows the younger Goldmark, who has, however, done better and more characteristic things than this overture.

The chief triumph of the concert was won by the soloist. After the performance of the Beethoven concerto, Prof. Willy Hess ("Willy," by the way, is not the diminutive of "William") was recalled 5 times with very great enthusiasm. He deserved the tribute. We have heard the concerto given with more breadth, but never with more ease or with better ensemble. The intonation was flawless, and the perfection of the passages in high position and the purity of the difficult phrases in double-stopping were notable. The cadenzas were the acme of brilliancy, and the orchestra throughout supported its chief violinist loyally.

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"Christmas Oratorio") was delightful.

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Louis C. Elson.

### Strauss and Brahms at the Symphony

#### Trans: Concert

We are beginning to hear a new Strauss in our orchestral concerts as some years ago we began to hear a new Wagner in our opera houses. The first generation of singing-actors that we heard in Wagner's music dramas were all for the bigness and the vehemence of them, for the large dramatic effect; however, it might be gained, rather than for the musical means. Then came the new generation of singing-actors to show us that it was precisely by these musical means that Wagner was most potent. In the same way the first Strauss that we heard at our orchestral concerts was all hugeness, violence and seeming excess, even to cacophony. You may have the acridness, the poignancy, the occasional grandeur, the mighty striving of his music, our conductors seemed to say to their audiences. The rest—but sometimes we that listened were not so sure that there was a rest. Now we know that there is, and because we know, more and more of us are coming to understand, feel and admire Strauss's music. More than any conductor in America Mr. Gericke has revealed to his audiences the intellectual weight of Strauss's music, the large design and significant proportioning of it, the pictorial effect and the melodic suggestion in it. He gives, though in less degree sometimes than other conductors, the nearly superhuman power of Strauss, but he gives also the subtleties, even the beauties, as the old poetry books used to say, of his music. Therefore he has persuaded us until his audiences last Friday and Saturday heard "Till Eulenspiegel" as comprehensive and impressive music. Clearly there was intelligent musical and emotional response to it instead of the old vague excitement and confused wonder.

Our conductor could hardly have done these things for Strauss had he not an orchestra as quick of musical understanding and as fine in musical discrimination and imagination as he. And it is by these same qualities that when he and it play a symphony of Brahms's as they did the second at the last pair of concerts, that they go to the very heart of it. There is no obscurity, no crabbedness, no lack of unity, none of the outworn reproaches to Brahms's music when they play it. They understand and feel and their audiences with them. More even; they sang their way through the second symphony, and, bright or dark, it could hardly have seemed sener, purer, more disembodied song.

H. T. P.

## Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1905-06.

# BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.

## XII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 20, AT 8, P. M.

### Programme.

WEBER.

OVERTURE to "Freischuetz."

BEETHOVEN.

CONCERTO for PIANOFORTE, in E flat major.

LISZT,

SYMPHONIC POEM. "Orpheus."

ERNEST CHAUSSON,

SYMPHONY in B flat major.  
(First time at these concerts.)

### Soloist:

Miss ADELE AUS DER OHE.



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*Symphony Hall.*

SEASON 1905-06.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.

XII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 20, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

MENDELSSOHN, OVERTURE, "Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage."

BEETHOVEN. CONCERTO for PIANOFORTE, No. 5, in E flat major, op. 73.  
I. Allegro.  
II. Adagio un poco moto.  
III. Rondo: Allegro ma non troppo.

LISZT, SYMPHONIC POEM, No. 4, "Orpheus."

ERNEST CHAUSSON, SYMPHONY in B flat major, op. 20.  
I. Lent; Allegro vivo.  
II. Très lent.  
III. Animé.

(First time at these concerts.)

Soloist:

Miss ADELE AUS DER OHE.

The Pianoforte is a Steinway.

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## The Symphony Concert and Miss aus der

Ohe Jan. 22, 1906

There was only a faint ripple of applause after the performance of Liszt's "Orpheus" at the Symphony concert on Friday, and there was none too much after the repetition on Saturday night. Mr. Gericke and his men played it sympathetically. His sense of proportion and continuity and their command of an unbroken, undulating tone suited the broad flow of the music, rising in a large crescendo, falling in a long diminuendo. It had not been heard in Boston for ten years, and it was almost as novel as Chausson's symphony. Yet, once again, it seemed the neglected, unheeded waif among Liszt's tone-poems. "Les Préludes" is becoming hackneyed. "Tasso" is firmly established in orchestral repertoires the world over. "Mazeppa" has almost as sure a footing. "The Battle of the Huns" is making its way. "Hamlet" has been decently buried. "Die Ideale" and "Prometheus" have no very strong hold on life. But "Orpheus" is merely neglected, though in it are some of the very same qualities that are turning "Tasso" classic. The design, musical and emotional, is large and simple. The tone-poem begins at the softest, mounts gradually to a swelling climax, falls little by little, and vanishes as softly as it began. Through it Liszt would have the god himself move, coming, going, swaying men and nature by the beauty and the power of his insistent song. Steadily underneath we hear his harp. (We should have heard it the more clearly had there been the second harp that our orchestra often needs.) The design is lucid and imaginative equally as musical structure and emotional utterance. There is Liszt's characteristic rhapsodic vein and his characteristic orchestral pomp. There is almost none of his undue prolixity, or of his sounding emptiness, as though he were filling the pages and waiting meantime for a new idea. The melodies of "Orpheus" seem no less persuasive, and the development of them no less pregnant than they are in some of the symphonic poems that conductors choose oftener when they would put Liszt on their programmes, and that audiences are quicker to applaud. The sweep of "Orpheus" is quite as large and rhapsodic, even if a lyric gentleness, as befits, has replaced the fiery power of "Tasso" or "Mazeppa." None the less audiences are warm to them and cold to the other. If the music itself does not persuade them, print never will. But now and then the hardened reviewer, no less than Mr. Gilbert's unhappy policeman, likes to mother a neglected child.

For foil to Liszt's pomp there was the lyric elegance of Mendelssohn's overture, with its little pictures of a calm and a lively sea—musical watercolors beside Liszt's musical frescoes. And for foil as well to Mendelssohn's lyric and Liszt's rhapsodic vein there was the large and ordered eloquence of Beethoven's "Emperor" concerto. Miss aus der Ohe and the orchestra played

it with a broad tonal splendor, a nobility of accent, a lofty restraint that were of the matter and the manner of the music. It sounded grandiose. It exalted form and instrument. It seemed to fuse and lift pianist and orchestra into its calm power and beauty. In the greatness of the music the listeners forgot the pianist who was imparting it to them. It was her purpose and her reward. It has been often her characteristic distinction.

## MUSICAL MATTERS

Adele Aus Der Ohe the  
Symphony Soloist.

Mr Tucker's Sunday Concerts  
—The Longy Club.

Various Announcements  
of the Week.

Jan. 21, 1906

Chausson's symphony in B-flat major was the novelty at the 12th Symphony rehearsal and concert. The work was new to this city, though the first performance in this country was by the Boston Symphony orchestra. This was in Philadelphia last December, Vincent d'Indy conducting. It is modern French music, with here and there a touch of the Wagnerian style; a representative work by a disciple of a new school which the resources of the modern orchestra permit to "have its fling" in individuality of expression, some of which are musical problems that no one but the student, expert or devotee can easily comprehend. Chausson's symphony is in three movements, through which the severity of the mood suggested in the first one is quite strictly maintained. The composer delights in chromatic effects, the brass contingent has plenty of prominent passage work that is excellent in matter, and the thematic material is admirably handled, as if after Chausson had found a motif to suit he juggled it among the various groups of instruments. And skilfully it is done throughout the



whole piece.

In the second movement, which is very somber as a whole, the arrangement of the musical dialogue is masterly, the numerous short phrases being allotted the different instruments in such a way that they run together and blend admirably. Here the treatment of the horn parts is very effective. In the final movement the new school style of development finds vivid illustration in thunderous crescendos, abrupt changes in tempo and key, extreme contrasts, modulations that are peculiar, to say the least, and in other so-called "surprises" to the ear. No choir in the orchestra is slighted in producing these effects.

The performance was uniformly good. The perfect manner in which the different instrumental groups took up their cues in the second movement deserves special mention, for everything went smoothly. The intricate figures of the last movement, many of them for solo passages, were voiced in perfect harmony, and the ensemble work was of the usual high standard of merit. The symphony is a work of importance as a type of modern composition in which skill in instrumentation, and not the musical matter, is most prominent.

Miss Aus der Ohe appeared as soloist, playing the Beethoven E-flat major piano concerto, Mendelssohn's overture, "Sea-calm and Prosperous Voyage," and Liszt's poem, "Orpheus," completed the program. Beethoven's noble work was finely interpreted by Miss Aus der Ohe, who, although lacking some of the masculine vigor necessary to compass the breadth of expression necessary for the concerto, nevertheless gave renewed evidence of a pianistic skill which has won for her a rank with the foremost pianists of her sex. The audience cordially greeted the artist and insistently recalled her at the close of her performance.

The Mendelssohn overture and the Liszt poem were each given in a sympathetic manner, the first being specially charming in its suggestions of pleasant voyaging, tranquillity and peaceful sea pictures. The orchestra's part in the concerto was performed in thorough accord with the soloist.

Saturday, Jan. 27, will be the 150th anniversary of the birth of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, naturally a date not to be passed without notice by our orchestra. Consequently, Mr. Gericke heads the 13th program of the season with what is generally acknowledged the greatest of Mozart's symphonies, that in C major, called "The Jupiter." The other selections will be "La Kremlin," a symphonic poem by Glazounoff, first time at these concerts, and Mendelssohn's E minor violin concerto, Miss Marie Hall playing the solo part.

## THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

### PROGRAMME.

Mendelssohn—Overture: "Sea-Calm and Prosperous voyage."

Beethoven—Concerto for Pianoforte, in E-flat major.

Miss Aus der Ohe, pianist.

Liszt—Symphonic Poem, "Orpheus."

Ernest Chausson—Symphony in B-flat major.

(First time at these concerts.)

The overture was substituted for the "Freischütz" overture, which had been announced. Perhaps it was generosity which suggested the change, for that work had been played on Wednesday, by Weingartner and the New York orchestra, and had made no very strong impression.

We value Mr. Gericke's reading of it quite as highly as the more theatrical one of Weingartner, and technically the work was bound to have been superior. The trumpets did some excellent playing at this concert, and the conventional triumph at "Schon seh' ich das Land!" was quite brilliantly executed.

### Concerts Next Week

Next Friday and Saturday Mr. Gericke completes, for the time, the notable series of large ultra-modern compositions that he has been playing at the Symphony concerts for the last month. He began, after the orchestra returned from its January journey to other cities, with Chausson's symphony. Last week came Glazounoff's tone-poem, "The Kremlin." This week we are hearing Mahler's fifth symphony, and for the fifteenth pair of concerts d'Indy's first symphony, "On a mountain air," stands on the programme. It runs in three movements, and it adds a piano, for which the composer has written an elaborate part, to the usual instruments. The symphony is less intricate and intellectual, more readily comprehensible and of more sensuous appeal than the second, which Mr. d'Indy himself conducted for us last December. Mr. Heinrich Gebhard, of our resident virtuosi, takes the pianoforte part in it. The programme begins with Haydn's symphony in C major, and between the two symphonies comes Saint-Saëns's concerto in A minor, for violoncello and orchestra. In it, Elsa Ruegger, the Belgian cellist, pleasantly remembered from her previous visit to America, plays the solo instrument. The following week the orchestra pays its monthly visit to New York and the cities southward to Washington and westward to Buffalo.

## MUSICAL MATTERS

### THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

#### PROGRAMME.

Mendelssohn—Overture: "Sea-Calm and Prosperous voyage."

Beethoven—Concerto for Pianoforte, in E-flat major.

Miss Aus der Ohe, pianist.

Liszt—Symphonic Poem, "Orpheus."

Ernest Chausson—Symphony in B-flat major.

(First time at these concerts.)

The house-programme gave the old mistranslation of the Mendelssohn title—"Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage." The analytical programme gave it more sensibly as "Sea-calm," etc. There is a big difference between "Calm Sea" and "Becalmed at Sea," and Mendelssohn attempted (rather feebly) to picture Goethe's words,—

Dreadful stillness on the waters,  
Without motion rests the sea,  
And the sailor sees around him  
Only flat monotony.  
Not a breath of air is stirring;  
Solemn silence, as the grave.  
In the whole wide, vast horizon,  
Moveth not a single wave.

A weaker presentation of Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner"—

Day after day, day after day,  
We stuck, nor life nor motion,  
As idle as a painted ship  
Upon a painted ocean.

Which Mendelssohn has made still weaker by some placid and conventional music. There is no part of the musical voyage where the steward or the basin is requisite, spite of the fact that Mr. Gericke managed to draw more out of the introduction than we have ever heard done before. It was a very fine performance of a tepid work. It is by no means such a seascape as "le grand Paysagist" (as Mendelssohn was sometimes called, because of his tone-pictures) brought forth in the "Hebrides" overture, and even the pretty water-picture of "The Fair Melusina" makes a stronger overture than this one.

Schubert and Beethoven have treated this same subject of Goethe in vocal forms, but there seems not to be enough in it to inspire the composer. We wish, however, that some of our great modern colorists would turn their attention to Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner"; that would make a grand topic for a symphonic poem.

The overture was substituted for the "Freischütz" overture, which had been announced. Perhaps it was generosity which suggested the change, for that work had been played on Wednesday, by Weingartner and the New York orchestra, and had made no very strong impression.

We value Mr. Gericke's reading of it quite as highly as the more theatrical one of Weingartner, and technically the work was bound to have been superior. The trumpets did some excellent playing at this concert, and the conventional triumph at "Schon seh' ich das Land!" was quite brilliantly executed.

Not many female pianists can satisfactorily interpret Beethoven's "Emperor" concerto, and Miss Aus der Ohe is the chief of the few that are able to do so. Her playing was thorough, earnest and most musicianly in its attention to ensemble. There was surety everywhere, and nowhere was there any attempt at personal display.

There was virility in the first and last movements and the Rondo was bravely attacked and dashingy carried through. The cadenza of the first movement was splendidly worked up. It is interesting to note how Beethoven gradually turned away from the personal exhibition which was involved in this showy part of the concerto, which Mozart had so complaisantly allowed to all artists.

Not satisfied with composing cadenzas for his works, so that the improvising style might be done away with, in his 4th concerto for piano, Beethoven warns the player—"La Cadenza sia corte!"—"Make your cadenza short!" But in this work he unites the orchestra with the piano in such a way that the soloist was forever balked of his chance of interpolating his private fireworks.

The cadenza was generally put in the coda of the work or movement, so that it became merely a means of winning a personal triumph for the player, often at the expense of the composer. Mendelssohn tried to circumvent this point by placing the cadenza in the middle of the first movement of his violin concerto, as will be noticed in the next concert.

To return to Miss Aus der Ohe; she played with vigor, without vehemence; everything was broad, nothing spasmodic; and she was deservedly recalled again and again at the end of the noble work. And how well the composition wears! Much of our modern music is of the sick-room or of the asylum. Oh that we might get back to the musical health of Beethoven!

"Orpheus," by Liszt, gave splendid opportunities to the harp and the oboe, and Mr. Schuecker and Mr. Longy played superbly. But the horns were indecisive once or twice. We have recently noticed a lack of surety once in a while, in this important department of the orchestra. This symphonic poem is not comparable to "Les Preludes." Its vagueness, and its rambling style become tiresome long before its final cadence is reached. It might be well to change its title to "Morpheus."

The Chausson symphony is great at times and padded at others. It does not, on the one hand, attain the glorious figure treatment and the sustained power of the Cesar Franck symphony (the best modern French symphony), nor, on the other, does it have any of the boredom and "claphering with notes" of the D'Indy Symphonie Mathematique.

There are some noble climaxes in the work. All is not clear (on a first hearing) and the first movement seems a musical Corot, a suggestion, an impression, rather than a clear picture, but there is origi-



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nally and sincere passion in many of its phrases.

The second movement seemed big with Fate. It presented gloom and suggested tragedy. Yet it had contrasts of deep tenderness which caused the sombre touches to become the more intense.

Its finale was still intense, and it was something of a triumph that three movements (it has but three) without any real relief of brightness to their earnestness, should yet be far removed from monotony. The chorale-like theme in the finale was very grand, and the development of the 3-noted figure (D, B-flat, A, descending) was carried out with something of the power with which Franck treated a similar 3-noted figure in his symphony.

And a word of compliment is due to the excellent playing of the trumpet in this finale, and above all to the superb manner in which Mr. Gericke interpreted the new work. Not a climax was lost, and the power, intensity and passion were caught up in a manner that must have surprised those who deemed our conductor only "academic." Louis C. Elson.

## BOSTON TRAVELER SYMPHONY IN 12TH CONCERT

Miss Adele aus der Ohe was the soloist at the 12th concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra.

In place of the overture to "Der Freischutz," announced for performance, Mendelssohn's overture, "Sea Calm and Prosperous Voyage," was played. The change was due to the performance of the first named work Wednesday evening by the New York Symphony orchestra. The substituted overture is interesting, but not enthralling.

The reading of Liszt's symphonic poem, "Orpheus," accentuated all the better qualities of that somewhat feeble work, which has a pompous, brass introduction.

The most interesting work given was Chausson's symphony in B flat major, given for the first time in Boston. This, one of the most pretentious works of this French composer, is euphonious and delightful. It is good music, of the kind that has inherent claims to being exempt from dust blown shelves.

Miss Aus der Ohe gave a spirited performance of Beethoven's concerto for piano in E flat. Pronounced applause was her reward.

## TWELFTH CONCERT IS MOST NOTABLE

Symphony on Saturday Night Plays  
First Time Her Chausson's B Flat.

Journal Jan. 22, 1906

The twelfth Symphony concert, on Saturday night, was notable chiefly for the first performance here of Chausson's symphony in B flat. This much-discussed work, one of the latest products of "Young France," is not so very radical, after all, nor at all formidable in the hearing.

It is clear, direct, often simply melodious in an appealing way, and it has very much of the accepted symphonic form, with scholarly transitions from one movement to another. Yet there are difficult passages here and there, hard food for the ordinary musical digestion. It wins no popularity at a first hearing, which, of course, may mean very little as to its value. It had all the advantage of a very beautiful and finished performance.

Mendelssohn's old-fashioned, but still beautiful "Calm at Sea and Prosperous Voyage" was read and played with dainty imagery. It is the custom nowadays to jibe at this not over-strong bit of nautical tone-picturing, and yet it does suggest the lazy swell of ocean, the whistling of the wind and the smell of spray. Sea-poems are difficult in music, and a better than Mendelssohn in this particular genre is not easy to find.

Liszt does not shine in his "Orpheus" symphonic poem, and, although the playing of it was dramatic and noble, its effect was small. Adele Aus der Ohe played the well-known Beethoven concerto for pianoforte with much feeling and power.

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## Symphony Hall.

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### SEASON 1905-06.

# BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.

## XIII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 27, AT 8, P. M.

### Programme.

[Mozart, born at Salzburg, January 27, 1756.]

MOZART.

SYMPHONY in C major with Fugue, Finale, "Jupiter." (K, 551.)

I. Allegro Vivace.

II. Andante Cantabile.

III. Menuetto: Allegretto: Trio.

IV. Finale: Allegro molto.

MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY. CONCERTO in E minor for VIOLIN, op. 64.

I. Allegro molto appassionato.

II. Andante.

III. Allegretto non troppo. Allegro molto vivace.

GLAZOUNOW.

SYMPHONIC PICTURE in three parts, "The Kremlin," op. 30.

(First time at these concerts.)

Soloist:

Miss MARIE HALL.



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The second movement seemed big with Fate. It presented gloom and suggested tragedy. Yet it had contrasts of deep tenderness which caused the sombre touches to become the more intense.

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(First time at these concerts.)

Soloist:

Miss MARIE HALL.





MISS MARIE HALL  
Who will appear at Carnegie Hall this afternoon

## IN THE WORLD OF MUSIC

### MOZART AND GLAZOUNOFF AT THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

The Russian's "Kremlin" for the First Time—Coming Concerts—News of the Day *Trans. Jan. 27, 1906.*

Mozart, with his unpretending symphony in C-major, that an after generation called his "Jupiter" symphony, began Mr. Gericke's programme yesterday afternoon. Glazounoff's frankly pretentious "Symphonic Picture in Three Parts: The Kremlin" ended it. The apt and elegant Mendelssohn made a slender bridge between the two with his concerto for violin in which Miss Marie Hall, very warmly and deservedly applauded, played the solo part with particular simplicity of feeling and graceful and shimmering tone. The world over, conductors have been making their "commemorative" programmes for the Mozart anniversary that falls today. Most of them, it is safe to say, have followed the conventional way in such things—one of Mozart's last symphonies, a concerto with a virtuoso to play it, the overture to one of the operas, and a fragment or two, instrumental or vocal, to round the list. Mr. Gericke, by a fortunate flash of originality, has seemingly preferred to honor Mozart by comparison or rather contrast. A short programme contained his "Jupiter" symphony and Glazounoff's "Symphonic Picture;" yet two compositions—and both genuinely music—could hardly be farther apart. Mendelssohn's concerto, after all, was not a bridge. It was only a resting place and much nearer to Mozart than it was to Glazounoff.

A band of Russians and a Russian conductor might doubtless have made more of Glazounoff's "tone-pictures" than did Mr. Gericke and our orchestra. Its playing of them was steadily vivid and moving, but such music as Glazounoff and some of his brethren write is still primitively racial, and there are traits in it that stir their countrymen and find expression through them as they cannot through any cosmopolitan body of cultivated virtuosi. Mozart's symphony, on the other hand, was ideally played. A few weeks ago, when the companion symphony in G-minor was on the programme, the ear detected, or fancied it detected, a slight sharpness of accent that lessened Mozart's perfect roundness of tone and a slight over-precision that similarly diminished his supple elasticity. There were no such specks on the performance of the "Jupiter" symphony. The orchestra gave out a flawless body of fluent tone. The quality of it was often the quality of pure song. Mr.

Gericke's balancing and proportioning of it was as near to perfection as even such a band and such a conductor may come. Every undulation of melody, every leap of some passing figure, every glint of rhythm, and every tonal shading came spontaneously, pliantly, completely. Pure beauty and suppleness of tone, pure felicity and animation of execution could hardly have gone further. Before the first movement had finished we listeners were ready to believe in the perpetual youth of Mozart. Music, existing for the sake of its own beauty in substance and form, could not have sounded fresher and more alive. Perhaps there was a touch of sentiment in all of us for the moment from conductor and players through the elect ladies of the parquet to the humblest occupant of the "rush seats." Somehow it was in the atmosphere that Mozart should sound altogether fascinating and altogether beautiful again. He did. You listened so as to say in long breaths, and you were surer than ever that it was Keats that wrote the motto, to this symphony, twenty-odd years afterward, in his ode to a Grecian urn. The particular line seems trite, to put in cold type. It did not seem so, if it happened to leap to mind under the charm and joy of this performance of the "Jupiter" symphony.

The chairs on the stage filled. The omniscient programme book ran through a long list of instruments from "three flutes, one interchangeable with piccolo," to bass drum, cymbals and gong, and we listeners were face to face with Glazounoff, the Kremlin and the festival that he has imagined within its gates for musical portrayal. (Mendelssohn had come and gone in modest, gentleman-like fashion. It was Mozart, who knows neither time nor fashion, that ears were still hearing.) Then came pompous music, festal music, pictorial music, richly colored and keenly varied—half an hour of it. And through all that time it was semi-barbarian music. For these Russians of the Russians—Glazounoff, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Liadoff and the rest—are still semi-barbarians who have mastered the use of a set of emotional edged tools. The fully civilized West gave them those tools—the expressive resources of music—and taught them by example and precept how to employ them. Then these semi-barbarians looked about for material to which they could turn the means that the West had given them.

They cast their eyes to the East, and they embodied its gorgeous and palpitating picturesqueness in such music as Rimsky-Korsakoff's familiar "Scheherazade." Or they searched their own sensitive and changeable temperament. In their moments of despair they found such music as Tchaikovsky's piercing slow movements, and in their moments of riot such as his reeling finales, smoking with the fumes of vodka. Or they heard the folk tunes, listened to the legends, bent to the dances, or



watched the rivers and plains and shrines of their own Russia, and into "tone poems," fantasies, ballets and all sorts of free and pictorial forms went the musical ideas and the musical moods that this contemplation inspired. It is the composer who has flowered in the cultivation of the West, like Strauss or d'Indy, who may not easily invent vivid and striking melodies. These Russians have them at their fingers' ends. They may take them from folk song or they may imitate such melodies in their own inventions. The cultivated composer inclines naturally to make music by intellectual process. The semi-barbarians of Russia are hot and spontaneous with feeling. He tempers his instrumental coloring as subtly as he may. They are all for gorgeous profusion of line and ornament, for loud pomp and glow. His musical palette is chiefly shades, theirs almost all primary colors.

Glazounoff's "symphonic picture" utilizes and blends many of these traits. "The Kremlin" is delineative music, though less seemingly of the moods that the palace might inspire than those of a pompous and popular festival, passing within it. There is Oriental flavor once and again in the music, for the Kremlin is a palace of the gorgeous East that happens to stand in snowy Moscow. The thematic bases of the music are usually folk-tunes or invented imitations of them. The treatment is warmly and poignantly imaginative and thick and glowing with instrumental colors. The bolsterous din and rhythm of the crowd streaming through the gates, or the sonorous coming of the welcomed prince, alternate with some fitful vision that takes form in Oriental harmonies or in broad and mysteriously sombre ecclesiastical progressions. The composer's means to this delineation are full, sure and keen. The crowd dances, sings, riots, loses its breath, vanishes even in the first "symphonic picture." It is a half-barbarian crowd set, if one likes, in such a large barbarian fantasy as is the Kremlin itself. Solemn rite and churchly procession, heavy with mystery and magnificence, resound through the second "tone-picture," and against its deepest suggestion Glazounoff throws the inevitable tinkle of Oriental rhythms and instrumental coloring. For the third "picture" hear the crowd striding and shouting to greet its prince. He comes in tonal opulence and brilliance. They rejoice in shrill or sonorous din.

Glazounoff's imagination is large and hot. He commands his musical resources with unwavering surety. He heats them, he overwhelms them, rather than bends them to his emotional and pictorial ends. His "symphonic picture" is a huge and glowing splotch of tonal colors. The Kremlin is such an architectural splotch. Therefore, his music presumably gains its end, but it is as semi-barbarous as the pile that impelled him to write it. And after Mozart.

H. T. P.

## TRIBUTE TO MOZART BY THE SYMPHONY

Journal — Jan. 29, 1906

The thirteenth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra fell upon Jan. 27, the 150th anniversary of the birth of Mozart, and in recognition of the occasion the great symphony in C major with fugue finale, popularly known as the Mozart "Jupiter" Symphony, was played. Miss Marie Hall was the soloist and was heard in the well known Mendelssohn concerto in E minor for violin, op. 64. "The Kremlin," styled a Symphonic picture in three parts, by Glazounoff, was given its first performance by the orchestra.

The Symphony was played splendidly. Mr. Gericke evidently was imbued with the spirit of the occasion and never did the great work receive a more sympathetic reading.

Miss Hall was heard to fine advantage in the Mendelssohn concerto. There are few great violinists who have visited Boston who have not taken a hack at this time-honored composition. There are splendid opportunities in it for the virtuoso, and Miss Hall improved them all. She was given an ovation at the conclusion of the concerto.

The "Kremlin" is a big, sonorous composition. It is an effort to depict peasant revelry, religious feeling, and the pomp and ceremony of Russian life. The three parts are styled Popular Feast, In the Monastery, and Entrance and Meeting of the Prince. The second part is by far the most impressive. It teems with religious coloring mingled with something of the Orient.

### Miss Hall at the Symphony Concerts

Two months ago Marie Hall, the violinist, then newly arrived in America, gave two recitals here. She was known only by report from London and New York, and those reports had not kindled the curiosity of our distrustful public. Miss Hall's audiences were dolefully small, and she played with almost a pathetic resolution to win them. Friday and Saturday she returned at the Symphony concerts. Each audience heard her eagerly and recalled her time and again with genuinely hearty and spontaneous applause. Boston had discovered her, and probably when she gives a third recital here next month the discoverers will flock to hear her. The moral needs no pointing—especially for managers and virtuosos. Apparently there is only one way to our public for the newcomer—through the Symphony concerts. Yet Miss Hall was as excellent a violinist at her recitals as she was on Saturday evening, and she deserved as much to be "discovered" in November as she did in January. She had, indeed, come to America with a very stable reputation behind her. In exactly the same fashion, half the musical part of the town is asking itself now why it did not go to hear Weingartner. Yet that eminent conductor was not altogether unknown to fame before he alighted at the South Station.

Mendelssohn's concerto that Miss Hall played at the Symphony concerts confirmed in her all the finer traits that her recitals first disclosed. Her technique is supple and sure, seemingly uncalculated and unforced mastery. The tone, like the tone of all this new Bohemian school of violinists, is of singular evenness, pliancy and fineness. It is never large and rarely deep, but throughout it keeps a shimmering brilliance and delicacy of texture. It always undulates, and it is always lucently clear. For such a quality of tone and such technical mastery Mendelssohn might almost have written his concerto. It is a delicate show piece in the first movement, never obtrusive, elegant when it is most bent on virtuosity. There is grace in it to the smallest ornament. So Miss Hall played it and with a simplicity that made the music fresh again. Her tone sang gently in the slow movement, and in the last it had all the rhythmic point and piquancy that Sevcik infuses, somehow, into his pupils. It was good to hear the concerto so sympathetically and understandingly played for what it really is, naively here, wistfully there, brilliantly when the music bade, lightly always and always with appropriate elegance. It sounded spontaneous again, because those are the qualities that have given it lasting life. To turn it strenuous is to make it old-fashioned. Evidently Miss Hall has discriminating musical insight.

H. T. P.

Trans. Jan. 29, 1906

## MUSICAL MATTERS

Marie Hall, Violinist,  
at the Symphony.

Mme Szumowska's Piano  
Recital Tomorrow.

Various Musical Happen-  
ings of the Week.

Globe — Jan. 28, 1906

A graceful and wholly appropriate tribute to the genius of Wolfgang Mozart, the great composer, was paid this week on the 150th anniversary of his birth, by the 13th Symphony orchestra rehearsal and concert; the place of honor on the program being given to the magnificent "Jupiter" symphony in C major, with fugue, written by the maestro in 1788 when he had few friends save Frederick William of Prussia. The stately nobility of the work received a dignified treatment at Mr Gericke's hands wholly in keeping with its character.

The grand outpouring of a soul suffering keenly from its unwelcome surroundings is here put into exquisite music. The second or "andante" movement, is arranged also for organ, and is heard in churches sufficiently often to make it familiar to many. The opening theme of four measures in the finale is one quickly recognized as having been used by many composers of ecclesiastical music, from Bach, Handel and Beethoven down, as well as by Mozart himself in other compositions, notably in the "Sanctus" of his "Mass in C."

Mr Hess, concertmeister, ably conducted the lovely Mendelssohn E minor concerto for violin, in which the soloist was the young English virtuoso Miss Marie Hall, always heard with pleasure. It was just a year ago (to be exact Jan 29, in Jordan hall) that Fritz Kreisler played the same concerto with masterly skill; and it is high praise to say that Miss Hall's scholarly reading bears favorably the comparison. Both Kreisler and Miss Hall are unimpeachable in their interpretations, bringing to bear upon the subject a sweeping power carrying everything, for the time being,



before it. The method of the two artists in playing the second as well as a part of the third movement was very different, yet both was sufficiently skilful and individual to be delightful. In Miss Hall's reading the "appassionato" movement was a thing of memorable worth.

Glazounoff's "Symphonic picture" of "The Kremlin," filled with brazen suggestions of haunting bell-tolling and other weird sounds in and about this historic place of sumptuous mystery and barbaric Russian splendor.

It was treated with marked attention to its suggestions of princely feasts, processions and religious rites—the monastery theme being wonderfully brought out by the temple gong and vivid oriental coloring. The last movement was splendid with brass wind orchestration, and fittingly closed a program of great interest and beauty.

The 14th symphony rehearsal and concert will witness again the skill in pianoforte playing of that excellent musician, Mr Harold Bauer, whose Schumann concerto will undoubtedly be given splendidly, as so noble a composition deserves to be. A special feature of the program will be a "first time" symphony, "Number 5," by Gustav Mahler, and the Beethoven "Egmont" overture will be included in the program.

## SYMPHONY PAYS HONOR TO MOZART

At 13th Concert the 150th Anniversary of Musician's Birth Is Observed—Modernity of Master's Music.

MISS MARIE HALL IN MENDELSSOHN WORK

"The Kremlin" an Unfamiliar Russian Musical Picture Is Given—Mozart "Jupiter" Symphony Heard.

Herald Jan. 28, 1906.

The programme of the 13th concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Gericke conductor, given in Symphony Hall last evening, was as follows:

Symphony in C major, "Jupiter,".....Mozart  
Violin concerto.....Mendelssohn

Symphonic picture, "The Kremlin," Glazounoff  
Mozart was born at Salzburg Jan. 27, 1756. The "Jupiter" symphony was played last night to celebrate the 150th anniversary of the birth of the wondrous boy.

It is meet and proper that such anniversaries should be celebrated with pomp and ceremony. In this life that is "so daily," as Jules Laforgue complained, a life of tomorrow rather than of today, we are inclined to patronize the ancient worthies who in their own period were very modern, or to speak jauntily of them as bores, with their works of "only historical interest." Mozart has not escaped. Many concertgoers yawn at his name and wonder why such men as Richard Strauss and Vincent d'Indy can praise him with glowing cheeks. They suspect this attribute of worship to be a pose. Remind them of the fact that to such widely different characters as Rossini, Chopin, Tschaiakowsky, Brahms, the musician of musicians was Mozart, and they say lightly, "There's no accounting for tastes; surely you do not pretend to maintain that Mozart is a man of this generation."

No, Mozart was neither a symbolist nor a pessimist. He was not a translator of literature, sculpture, or painting into music. His imagination was not fired by a metaphysical treatise. He simply wrote music which came into his head and disquieted him until it was jotted down on paper. He did not go about nervously seeking for ideas. His music is never the passionate cry, never the wild shriek of a racked soul. His music is never hysterical, it is never morbid. It is seldom emotional, as we necessarily and unhappily understand that word today. Perhaps for these reasons it is still modern, immortal and not merely on account of the long and exquisite melodic line, fitting, inevitable background, delicate coloring. Music that is only the true voice of a particular generation is moribund as soon as it is born.

Not long ago in Paris the G minor symphony of Mozart and Debussy's prelude to "The Afternoon of a Faun" were played at the same concert, and Mr. Louis Laloy, a bitter foe of formulas, a singularly sensitive and aggressive radical in his tastes and opinions, was struck by a certain artistic similarity in the two works that are of a different character, for the symphony is purely abstract and the prelude is descriptive. He found a similarity in the "candid grace of inspiration, in the natural logic of the thought," and also in the quality of tonal effects and in the orchestral color, "which is all luminous, an orchestra in which not a note is lost, where everything has its value and charms the ear before it speaks to the heart; divine sportiveness, paradisaical visions, music full of the sun and of enchantment." And he asked this significant question: "Is not the purest art that which ignores all suffering?"

In this country we do not know Mozart's music in its perfection. The three operas that are performed are heard in a huge theatre where the charm of the music quickly evaporates, where the musical fluid cannot enwrap the hearer. "Don Giovanni," "The Marriage of Figaro," "The Magic Flute," should be performed in a small opera house with a little, but careful chosen orchestra, with singers of sensuous voices trained admirably in the old

style, with a stage so arranged that there need not be tedious waits between groups of arias or ensembles. The symphonies are played in vast concert halls by swollen orchestras, with wood-wind instruments doubled in the hope to balance the force of strings. Only the chamber music of Mozart is heard under favorable conditions. And yet how potent, how irresistible is Mozart's music a century after it occurred to him.

Think of the men and women, mere creatures of a legend or a librettist, who are now flesh and blood, who are better known to us, through Mozart's musical characterization, than are our highly respectable neighbors in the block. Donna Anna, the most superb woman in all opera; Donna Elvira, Zerlina, the heroic Don Giovanni, whose true character is questioned as eagerly as that of Hamlet; the Countess and Susanna and Cherubino—compare Mozart's Page with the Cherubino of Beaumarchais—that jealous and intriguing gentleman, the Count, Antonio the gardener; Pamina, Papageno. Then there are the two Coquettes with their delicious music in "Così fan tutte"—an opera, alas, that is not in the repertory of our opera companies. Even the more fantastical creatures, the Statue of the Commander with his tread, that strikes terror to the stoutest soul; the Queen of Night with her attendants—they are so definitely fantastical that they are real. We think of them. We know them by Mozart's music.

And this music, whether it vitalizes stage characters or is absolute as in the three famous symphonies and the chamber works, is as the music on Prospero's isle: "Sounds and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not." The analyst may find pleasure in praising the unsurpassable workmanship, which is akin to the spontaneity of natural phenomena; he may marvel at the simplicity of plan and expression; the simplicity that is the despair of interpreters, for it is the touchstone of their own art or artificiality—and Mozart himself, when he told his Emperor that his opera had just the right number of notes anticipated the judgment of time; but he is still far from explaining the peculiar and ineffable tenderness of this music that caresses and soothes and comforts.

The serenity, the classic suggestion of emotion without the distortion that accompanies passion would grace a tragedy by Sophocles or a comedy by Congreve. Mozart's music is essentially Grecian, yet now and then it reminds one of Watteau. Hazlett said of it that it should seem to come from the air and return to it; but he characterized it with finer appreciation when he said without mention of Mozart's name: "Music is color without form; a soul without a body; a mistress whose face is veiled; an invisible goddess." For form with Mozart is the form of fire, which, according to Plotinus, surpasses other bodies in beauty "because it obtains the order of form; for it is the most subtle of all, bordering as it were on an incorporeal nature." And for this reason Debussy is the spiritual brother of Mozart, moderns both, yet classics.

Miss Marie Hall made her first appearance at these concerts. She played the too familiar concerto of Mendelssohn, although, as we are informed, she would fain have played Tschaiakowsky's, for virtuosos have their specialties. Miss Hall has given two recitals here,

but she was heard last evening to much greater advantage, for, in addition to certain technical accomplishments, she displayed an individuality that was not before this so fully recognized. There was an indisputable charm in her performance, nor was the fascination merely in the quality of tone.

She was not so successful in the andante as in the first movement and in the finale, and, curiously enough, there was more sentiment in the song episodes of the first movement as she played them than in the deliberately sentimental andante. Yet she was individual throughout, nor was there, as is so often the case with young violinists, especially women, the constant suggestion of a pupil just escaped from the master and endeavoring to follow faithfully his rules and precepts. Miss Hall gave much pleasure and the audience was correspondingly grateful.

Glazounoff's "Kremlin" was performed here for the first time and we have no record of a previous performance in this country. The composer calls his work a symphonic picture. There are three sections. The first, "Popular Feast," might serve as music for a spectacular ballet. The second, "In the Monastery," is by far the most effective section, by reason of its oriental ecclesiastical character, the solemnity of its chants, the orchestral effects which are at times bizarre. The score of the third movement, "Entrance and Meeting of the Prince," calls for a brass band which should be placed at a distance from the orchestra. There was no band last night, but we doubt whether its absence was of serious injury to the music, which, without patriotic or national significance to outsiders, seemed boisterously ineffective.

This music might well suit a national or local festival. It might serve as an illustrative accompaniment to tableaux vivants with gorgeous stage setting and costumes, but as concert music, with the possible exception of the second section, it is disappointing. There is nothing of the wild imagination that characterizes Glazounoff's "Stenka Rasine," which is by far the most original work of this composer that has been heard here.

The symphony was beautifully played. Mr. Gericke took great pains with "The Kremlin," and the performance was brilliant whenever the music allowed brilliance. There are apparently two Glazounoff's—the young man who had enthusiasm and glowing fancy, the composer of "Stenka Rasine," and the older man of fatal fluency who writes either sonorous ballet music or symphonies after an approved model. In the second section of "The Kremlin" there are suggestions of the earlier Glazounoff; the other movements reveal the composer of glittering and unmeasuring music for spectacular shows.

st:

BAUER.



# MOZART'S BIRTH HONORED AT SYMPHONY.

*Boston American*  
His 'Jupiter' Is Played Superbly,  
and Marie Hall Wins  
Triumph.

By Kent Perkins.

From Mozart to Glazounow! From the elegance, sprightliness and classic beauty of Vienna to the barbaric tumult of Tartar and Cossack! From the refinement of civilization in its fairest flower to the savagery of the Mongol horde in its gusty brutishness! That was the leap that Mr. Gericke and his orchestra asked their hearers to take last night at Symphony Hall in celebration of the 150th birthday of Mozart!

Though the abysmal fall was somewhat eased with the playing of Mendelssohn's brilliant and charming violin concerto in E minor, op. 64, by Miss Marie Hall, the plunge was so violent that the audience seemed hardly to know whether to like it or not. No more effective means could be taken, however, to show by contrast the noble refinement and vernal beauty Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony and no more striking method could be employed to exhibit the startlingly frank barbarism of the Russian character as portrayed in Glazounow's symphonic picture, "The Kremlin."

The orchestra never voiced the tripping delicacy and the fluent tracery of Mozart with more consummate skill and it is hard to believe that the beautifully melodious song of the andante was ever sung more exquisitely than it was last night. This movement roused the audience to fervid enthusiasm and it was realized that Mozart's memory had been fittingly honored.

Miss Hall, a slip of a girl, so slender and lithe that it did not seem possible she could have the physical strength to last through the concerto, which has been made familiar by most of the great violinists that have appeared here, fairly astonished her hearers by the strength, fullness and shimmering beauty of her tone and by the grace and abounding spirit of her expression. She was rewarded with a whirlwind of applause and shouts of approval that forced her to come forward four times, and it looked for a while as if the people would break all Symphony bounds and demand an encore.

With the classic cadences of Mozart and Mendelssohn still lingering in their ears the audience was hurled into the seething, strident, bombastic fierceness of "The Kremlin," which had its first symphony concert performance.

Of course, the orchestra played the piece superbly. Yet there was of necessity a bit too much elegance in its work, a spirit of chastened refinement that belongs to civilization and of which the symphony artists could not be expected to divest themselves so suddenly, if they ever could do it.

It requires an orchestra of Russians properly to picture the rude festival folk song themes of the first movement, the ecclesiastical mood of the second or "monastery" part, with its chant that savors of abject fear and the horror of the "Dies Grae" rather than the adoring or triumphant note we are familiar with in the Western Church, and only Muscovite musicians can really touch the blare, the blatant, brazen oriental bombast of the third part, where the "Entrance and meeting of the Prince" are figured forth.

Mr. Gericke is to be thanked for the Glazounow "picture," and it is to be hoped more Russian music will be heard in Symphony Hall, even if his artists fail to become real Cossacks, for the music of no nation is so characteristic, so illuminating in portraying a people's spirit as is that of the Slav. Listen to Glazounow, to Tschalkowsky, to Rimsky-Korsakoff and you will hear the titanic, savage forces that are clashing in Russia to-day and you will get a vivid realization of the dreadful chaos out of which a new civilization is forming. You will more clearly understand why czarism is doomed and why Russia must be drenched in still more blood before it reaches the light.

## 14TH SYMPHONY CONCERT

Harold Bauer, pianist, was the soloist of the 14th Symphony concert last evening, and the programme was as follows:  
Overture, "Egmont".....Beethoven  
Concerto for pianoforte, op. 54.....Schumann  
Symphony No. 5.....Mahler

The feature of the concert apart from the soloist was the first performance in this city of Gustav Mahler's fifth symphony. The composer is one much discussed in Europe at the present time, and he has written many large works for orchestra in the most ultra-modern spirit. The symphony, so designated, but it is one in name only, is a series of musical pictures in three parts. The first in two sections, one a funeral march, a most effective, yet fantastic, bit of orchestral scoring. The second section is more vague, and is much less of interest. Part two is a scherzo that in portions suggests a waltz movement that is very "taking," and if carried out in this vein would become immensely popular. But the end of this movement is not so satisfactory, although scored in a highly original manner.

Part three has for its first section an adagietto that is the gem of the work, melodic and highly poetic in conception. A superb bit of orchestral tone color. The finale begins with a fugal exposition of an interesting theme and the contrapuntal development is exceedingly clever, leading to a most brilliant climax. As a whole, the symphony impressed greatly and the performance was masterly in every way.

Mr. Bauer was heard at his best in the poetic concerto of Schumann, and the work received an interpretation that was memorable, being also an ideal exhibition of subjective pianism. The pianist received an immense ovation and numerous recalls, and he deserved them fully.

## MUSICAL MATTERS

### Adm! SYMPHONY CONCERT.

#### PROGRAMME.

Mozart—Symphony in C major. "Jupiter."  
Mendelssohn—Concerto for Violin.

Soloist, Miss Marie Hall.

Glazounoff—Symphonic Poem, "The Kremlin."

The Jupiter symphony was upon the programme in honor of the 150th anniversary of the birth of Mozart. It was better than giving a "Mozart Programme," which would have become tiresome. Music is an Art that is more changeable than any other and pictures the emotional and the psychological character of its age; its shifting character is its greatest element of strength.

It is therefore only natural to state that, admire Mozart as we may, he does not come as close to us as Tschalkowsky, or Richard Strauss, while a whole concert devoted to his music would be no more delightful than an entire programme made up of readings from Richardson or Spenser.

But the single symphony was entirely delightful, and again proved its title to being the broadest and noblest orchestral work of the 18th century. We begin to doubt if there is as good an interpreter of Mozart in this country as Wilhelm Gericke; he made the "Jupiter" manly and sturdy, as if it were a forerunner of the "Heroic" that came 16 years later. There was much applause consequent upon the work, showing that the public are still deeply interested in a good Mozart number, well performed.

After this Mr. Hess took the baton and led a brilliant performance of the Mendelssohn violin concerto. This work occupies the neutral ground between popular and classical music; it is not intense, as Bruch's G minor concerto, nor complex as Brahms' concerto, nor symphonic as the great Beethoven concerto, but it combines melody and technique in such a suave and graceful manner that it pleases public, classicist and performer alike, and it becomes the favorite visiting card of many a good violin soloist.

Miss Marie Hall was excellent in the work, best in the first 2 movements, but very brilliant in the finale also. Her broad tone and free bowing, her clear intonation, even in the highest positions or in harmonics (there are only a few "natural" ones in the work) were very effective. The cadenza, which Mendelssohn slyly placed in the middle of the first movement, to avoid having too much of the personal triumph in the work, was without flaw.

But there was something greater than this, which appealed to the musician; it was the sympathetic vein in which the

beauties of the first two movements were revealed. We suspect that Miss Hall is greater than this concerto, that she can do deeper and nobler work. However that may be, she certainly made a tremendous success with it on Saturday, arousing the public to something like a frenzy of enthusiasm, and being recalled again and again.

One feels impelled to give to her the title that was once applied to Norman-Neruda,—"Die Geigen Fee!"—"The Fairy of the Violin!"

The Kremlin has about as much history interwoven in its stones as the Tower of London itself. It was conceived in barbarism, steeped in slaughter, and has been the scene of assassination even in most recent days. Under the foundation of the Kremlin of Nijni-Novgorod it is said that they buried a living woman, in conformance with pagan custom, and the Moscow Kremlin has scarcely been less terrible in its Oriental savagery.

This Orientalism, this barbaric splendor, Byzantine superstition and religious pomp have all been translated into boisterous tones by Glazounoff. Russia is teaching the world a lesson as regards nationality in Music; the motto,—"Para Domoi"—"Let us get Home,"—expressing the ardent desire to get away from foreign influence, which made Grieg Norwegian and Smetana Bohemian in their musical expression, finds its fullest application in Russia to-day, and even the noisy and bacchanalian touches were graphic and gave a new flavor to the concert. In this case it was not necessary to scratch the Russian to discover the Tartar, for the latter stood clearly revealed.

The Greek Church theme of the second movement was another new flavor. Those who have read Hatherly's book on "Byzantine Music" have some idea of the weird melodies that exist in this field, and, in spite of the great advance made by Bortniansky, the Russian Palestrina, the foundation of much Muscovite religious singing is to be sought for in these.

The Finale was as boisterous as the beginning. Like Tschalkowsky's "1812" explosion, this work attempts to portray a great popular festival and stops at nothing to achieve its end. It was tubas and trombones to the front most of the time. Nor was it unpleasant to hear,—for once; one felt that it was a true picture even if rather a repulsive one, and it appealed to one's curiosity, if no deeper.

Mr. Gericke had evidently prepared the work with much care, and he led it with a commendable abandon. The brasses blew until their lips were almost bleeding, and the violins played brilliant figures that were almost lost in the tumult. The 10 minutes' walk in the corridors became, at this concert, a Rubicon that separated civilization from barbarism; from Tennyson to Gorky could not have been a greater leap.

Louis C. Elson.





BAUER REDRESSES THE WRONGS OF HUMANITY.

## *Symphony Hall.*

SEASON 1905-06.

## BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.

### XIV. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, AT 8, P. M.

#### Programme.

BEETHOVEN.

OVERTURE to Goethe's "Egmont" op. 84.

SCHUMANN.

CONCERTO in A minor for PIANOFORTE and ORCHESTRA, op. 54.

- I. Allegro affettuoso.
- II. Intermezzo—Andantino grazioso.
- III. Allegro vivace.

GUSTAV MAHLER.

SYMPHONY in C sharp minor, No. 5.

#### PART I.

- I. Dead March. With measured step. With great precision. Like a funeral train. C sharp minor.
- II. Stormily restless. With utmost vehemence. A minor.

#### PART II.

- III. Scherzo. With force but not too fast. D major.

#### PART III.

- IV. Adagietto. Very slow. F major.
- V. Rondo. Finale. Allegro. D major.

First time at these concerts.

#### Soloist:

Mr. HAROLD BAUER.

The Piano is a Mason and Hamlin.





BAUER REDRESSES THE WRONGS OF HUMANITY.

## *Symphony Hall.*

SEASON 1905-06.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.

### XIV. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, AT 8, P. M.

#### Programme.

BEETHOVEN.

OVERTURE to Goethe's "Egmont" op. 84.

SCHUMANN.

CONCERTO in A minor for PIANOFORTE and ORCHESTRA, op. 54.

- I. Allegro affettuoso.
- II. Intermezzo—Andantino grazioso.
- III. Allegro vivace.

GUSTAV MAHLER.

SYMPHONY in C sharp minor, No. 5.

#### PART I.

- I. Dead March. With measured step. With great precision. Like a funeral train. C sharp minor.
- II. Stormily restless. With utmost vehemence. A minor.

#### PART II.

- III. Scherzo. With force but not too fast. D major.

#### PART III.

- IV. Adagietto. Very slow. F major.
- V. Rondo. Finale. Allegro. D major.

First time at these concerts.

#### Soloist:

Mr. HAROLD BAUER.

The Piano is a Mason and Hamlin.



## MUSICAL MATTERS

### THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

PROGRAMME. Feb 5 1906

Beethoven—Egmont Overture.

Schumann—Piano Concerto in A minor.

Mr. Harold Bauer, Pianist.

Mahler—Symphony in C sharp minor. No. 5.

If "Freedom shrieked when Kosziusko fell" (and possibly he fell upon her toes) she also shrieked in the "Egmont Overture" when the Netherlands won their liberty. Beethoven was a democrat to the heart's core, and always at his strongest when writing about the emancipation of mankind, as witness the finale of the 9th symphony and this overture.

One felt the advance in orchestration in listening to this overture, for when it was written the first violins arose in indignation against the passage near the end which took them up to four-lined "C," while at this concert the passage was as easy as possible for our musicians. The piccolo, however, might have screamed a little louder in those final whip-snap runs. But the performance was on the whole an excellent one and the Gericke reading most earnest and unaffected.

Mr. Hess now took charge of the orchestra and gave an excellent reading of the Schumann concerto. With Mr. Harold Bauer as the pianist one need scarcely be told of the result,—it was something glorious. Yet the orchestration is almost infantile compared with the great modern works; but Brahms and Schumann, with their monochromatic tone-coloring tower above Mahler or Berlioz, because great musical thoughts are always more powerful than great musical scoring.

To us this Schumann concerto was one of the greatest musical delights we have had in a long time, and the public seemed to be of the same mind, for there was deep attention and frenzied applause.

Mr. Bauer played the work in strong and manly fashion; there was more of the Florestan than the Eusebius side of Schumann in the interpretation, but that was no fault, and there was sufficient of romance in the second movement. There was a surety in the playing of this great soloist which had its peculiar charm, and the climaxes were worked up with splendid breadth.

The cadenza of the first movement was superbly played. Altogether, therefore, the work, the conductor, and the soloist, deserved the very great applause which followed the end; Mr. Bauer was recalled over and over again. Then the audience rested and tried to gather strength for the Mahler symphony.

The fifth symphony of the prolific Mahler made the public sit up. No one could drink it in with dreamy delight or in a relaxed frame of mind. Yet it was intensely dramatic and deeply interesting. Boston owes hearty thanks to Mr. Gericke for this

introduction to one of the most significant works of the present. It displays a distinctly greater command of thematic material than can be found in the D'Indy symphony,—No. 2.

If Mahler is occasionally dissonant, frequently complex, we feel that the idea presented sometimes demands this expression; yet this complexity is often carried too far. Like Strauss, Mahler can write beautiful melody when he wishes, and there is something more tangible in this symphony than in many of the celebrated puzzles of the modern school.

The opening movement with its Funeral March was tremendously impressive, stronger than anything that we can remember in the most modern school except the "Death and Transfiguration" of Strauss. Even Franck's symphony (the very best of the latterday French school) paled beside it, while the other Gallic productions simply shrivelled up. It began with a figure that recalled the fanfare of Mendelssohn's Wedding March, but it soon struck out in an individual path. The solo trumpet was constantly at work and Mr. Kloeppel played nobly.

It was immediately noticeable that this composer did not deliberately seek for ugliness or asceticism. He brings in changing melodies and has a long theme harmonized in mellifluous sixths, which our modern ascetics would avoid as if they were poison. The wild tumult and fierce combat that followed was very impressive, and had the composer revealed a definite plot (a "programme-music" story) we imagine that the movement would at once capture the public.

But Mahler prefers not to give a definite picture; he wishes each auditor to thrill with his own chosen emotion; he writes "absolute music," in which we are at liberty to wreath our own fancies around the tones. Yet every part of the symphony suggests some striking and dramatic plot. Beethoven once wrote at the head of the first great piece of programme music—the Pastoral symphony,—"Mehr ein Bild der Empfindungen als Malerei" ("more a picture of impressions than a painting") but this "Mahlererei" suggests both.

After the great threnody with which the work began there came a glorious theme upon the cello. But now the faults of the Mahler system began to reveal themselves. The movement was prolix. There were so many sharp contrasts that they began to pall. The orchestra alternately roared and whispered to the audience. The movement was constantly theatrical without a theatrical plot to sustain it. It was fragmentary, and even the most striking ideas were not carried to any discernible conclusion.

Yet there was much skill displayed everywhere; there was canonic effect, contrapuntal treatment of most learned kind, and, after a long series of explosions, there came a grand chorale, or at least the outline of one. The movement was played with a superb abandon, and the "nuances" which are so important, were given flawlessly. We begin to suspect Mr. Gericke of orchestral greatness. He has never risen



to such a height before, exquisite as his detail work has been. The whole performance was a great triumph for him and his orchestra.

The next movement, a Scherzo (but with 2 Trios) showed the merits and defects of Mahler vividly. There were delicious dance themes that were smothered in complexity. One melody overlaid another in such a way that they all seemed to neutralize each other.

Again the contrasts were most theatrical and sometimes seemingly uncalled for. It was as if all the dancers in the ball-room had cramps. It was difficult to perform and difficult to follow. A little further along this path and all of our performers and some of the auditors will need to seek some Sanatorium for mental repose.

The 1st and 4th movements were the most intelligible and most beautiful parts of the long work. The latter, an Adagietto for strings, gave a little repose to the over-worked audience. The exquisite melody of the violins, taken in augmentation in the violoncellos, was a touch of real music, as we understand it, and from the first notes to the long-drawn-out appoggiatura at the close, there was evidence of ability to compose in the most intelligible and charming manner.

The finale gave evidence of contrapuntal skill above everything else. There was a tremendous amount of fugal writing that made the violins earn their salary thoroughly. Amid all the complexity there was a rustic flavor that was not without its effect.

Mahler here seems to be a second Bruckner (who was his teacher) plus theatrical touches which are not to be found in the older composer's works. Yet we gathered more inspiration from the simply scored concerto of Schumann, with its direct appeal to heart and brain, than from all this tremendous effort of a contrapuntal and orchestral giant.

We feel as if Music were upon the wrong path. The whole effort of the ultra-modern composer seems merely to discompose the auditor; to puzzle, to weary, to crush him. In the older days Music was a divine stimulant to what was best in him, to exalt him, and sometimes even to please and refresh him. That Mahler can write beautiful themes is evident. That he chooses to treat them with the utmost complexity, is, we think, a defect. What is the sense of using Music to make life so hard for the orchestral player, for the public, and for the reviewer?

Louis C. Elson.

## SYMPHONY GIVES MAHLER'S WORK

Highly Fantastical Fifth Symphony  
Performed for the First  
Time in Boston.

*Journal* Feb. 5, 1906

Gustav Mahler's fifth symphony, called "The Giant," was performed for the first time in this city by the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the fourteenth concert Saturday night. It is a stupendous work, the creation of a composer who cares not for tradition or anything else, but who seeks and gets almost exaggerated musical expression for his ideas without regard to instrumental limitations.

It is a noble work and not one the average student would love at first hearing. Its violence and vehemence, its abruptness, harsh contrasts and seemingly unreasonable demands upon individual and ensemble performers make it too much for immediate digestion. The symphony is in five movements, programmed without the usual tempo instructions in Italian, the warnings and instructions being translated so that all may understand and heed. The first movement is a funeral march, military in the extreme, with an exquisite "trio." The second is wildly emotional, a fitting setting to "Inferno." The scherzo has a refrain, a beautiful slow waltz, while the fourth movement in F major adagietto is very sensuous. The finale is disappointing. Throughout the symphony is fantastical and in the hands of a less competent orchestra would prove impossible. Mr. Gericke was enthusiastic and read the work with rare grace and artistry. It was given a brilliant performance.

Harold Bauer, pianist, gave an exquisite and perfectly artistic performance of Schumann's concerto in A minor. Beethoven's Egmont overture opened the concert.

## A SYMPHONY BY MAHLER FOR THE FIRST TIME

*Trans* 743.06

A Notable Performance at the Symphony Concert—Mahler's Traits as the Music Revealed Them—His Unique Command of Instrumentation and His Use of It—Concerts and Recitals of Next Week—The Cecilia's Programme—Coming Concerts

The Mahler whom we in Boston heard yesterday in the first of his symphonies to be performed here seemed hardly the Mahler whose music has been so eagerly championed and so bitterly condemned these last eight years in Germany and in Austria. Audiences have hissed and squalled at one or another of his five symphonies—they can still on occasion take their music very demonstratively in Germany—and audiences have applauded and cheered them. Some reviewers have slighted them and scorned the composer. Others have extolled them rapturously, and placed Mahler himself almost side by side with Richard Strauss. There have been Mahler "banquets," where the chief course was vehement and laudatory speechmaking, and there have been angry protests to every conductor who has ventured, if only for curiosity's sake, to put a symphony by Mahler on his programmes. As for the musical world outside of Germany and Austria, it has been told to weariness that these symphonies were of extraordinary length and that they required extraordinary forces to perform them. There are more important and interesting things about them. But the fifth of Mahler's symphonies, that Mr. Gericke put on his programme, hardly bore out even these premonitory warnings. Report had declared that to perform it required an hour and a half. In fact, it lasted fifty-five minutes, perhaps ten or fifteen minutes longer than does an ordinary symphony of large dimensions, but it held the interest of the audience to the end, with fewer desertions than are usual at the afternoon concerts and with no visible signs of weariness. The introductory pages of some of Mahler's earlier symphonies do ask an enormous and intricate orchestral and choral apparatus. In this fifth he has been content with a full modern orchestra, ample in its wood-winds and horns and in its subordinate instruments. Perhaps the new version of the score which Mahler himself prepared only two months ago and which Mr. Gericke used accounts for these surprises.

Moreover, while the symphony was steadily interesting and now and then boldly individual and strikingly impressive, there was nothing portentous, so far as a single hearing might disclose, in its matter or its manner. In no sense did it seem "epoch-making," "revolutionary," "gigantic"—we are quoting assorted German epithets—or "impudent." Like most ultra-modern and

highly individual music, it will provoke very different opinions in different hearers; but it warrants very scantily either the ecstatic admiration or the savage attacks that it and Mahler's other symphonies have excited and maintained overseas. Perhaps from openness of mind, much hearing in sympathetic performances and from an even and discriminating musical temper, we at the Symphony concerts have come to take the ways of ultra-modern music more or less for granted. Usually they interest us; sometimes they move us in their kind—yet they seem to madden some of our brethren—and no farther away than New York.

Mahler, for example, used the sanctified symphonic form very freely and loosely. He condenses or extends it; he modifies, varies and reshapes it according to his imaginative purpose, ideas and sensations and the musical expression that he would give them. But the Medean and Persian lawgivers did not fix the symphonic form unalterably. (A few hidebound pedants have done that in their stead.) And the beginning and the end of a form, in music or in any other art, is to give fullest and clearest expression to the individual ideas and imaginings behind. If the composer or the artist in general have them in him to express, he will shape the form to his needs, while the significance and the power of these ideas and the beauty and appeal of these imaginings will justify all his freedom. Contrast the eloquence and range of the later quartets of Beethoven, for example, with the ordered tinkle of Haydn's. Yet both are nominally of the same musical form. So Mahler, in this fifth symphony has moulded prescribed forms to his intellectual and emotional purpose. Sometimes he departs far and freely from them. Sometimes he follows them more or less closely. Do his ideas and imaginings and the expression of them justify the departure? The expression, as it seems to us, certainly does. It is something—nowadays, when we are all restless—to be musically interesting in any form for fifty-five consecutive minutes.

Mahler's themes in his fifth symphony and in his fourth which was played in New York fifteen months ago, lack, like most themes in ultra-modern music, frankly melodic character. They do not sing as Mozart's or Schubert's sing. They are the embodiment of thoughtfully evolved musical ideas rather than the impulsive upspringings of spontaneous musical temperament. They have not the splendid finality and inevitability of Beethoven's, for example. We moderns—and Mahler with the rest of us, hollow-eyed enthusiast though he is—do not affirm anything with such majestic surety. Mahler's themes, like Strauss's in his "tone-poems" or d'Indy's in his symphonies, are the fruit of intellectual process and selection for expressive ends. Strauss's are individually poignant and acrid; d'Indy's are individually fine and haunting; Mahler's, in this symphony have an individual big-



ness and breadth that promise large, fruitful and moving development and expression. They sound like the themes of no other composer.

Mahler, however, no more develops his themes in the old sense of enrichment, enlargement and illustration than do Strauss, and especially d'Indy theirs. Rather, he varies them and reconstructs. He divides and subdivides them, so to say, and treats each fraction with ingenuity and imagination. Sometimes he seizes a suggestion buried in them; again he pursues some remote modulation; yet again—for the music is full of such contrasts—he is content with some almost obvious implication in them. In this treatment of his themes he is masterful and fertile. His polyphony seemed hardly as intricate as Strauss's or as subtle as d'Indy's, but it is as firm and pliant of intellectual and technical grip and as unflagging in invention. Like them he catches and shapes new and strange harmonies—sometimes irresistibly. If the man were less sincere, he would seem now and then to pursue the bizarre for its own sake—to make the Philistines sit up champing, even as Strauss likes to make them. But Mahler is of another cast of mind. To himself—and to the world, if he chose—he can probably give a definite reason for his most daring and perplexing modulations. However much we that listen fail to grasp their purpose, that purpose was clearly in his mind.

Not from Mahler's themes or from his treatment of them, still less from his variations of established forms, spring what power and beauty there are in his music as this fifth symphony disclosed it. Their source, as it seemed equally in the immediate listening and in the subsequent reflection, is a command of instrumentation and an imagination in it that is unique and almost marvellous. Schubert's passion found voice in his melodies; Beethoven's in the magnificent march of his symphonic movements; Brahms's in austere contemplation. d'Indy finds its voice in fine and disembodied subtleties of tone; Strauss's in the painting and the unrolling of superb musical canvases. There is passion in Mahler too, hot, deep, passion. There is intellectual force as well. His instrumentation is the voice of both. Thereby he is a twentieth-century Berlioz.

This instrumentation is not merely the technical mastery, the acquired suggestiveness of the practised, meditative and watchful conductor. It seldom betrays the careful reflection behind and the ingenious calculation of the effect before as Strauss's often does. It is not, seemingly, the result of long striving and searching and polishing for the apt, the precise, the ultimate instrumental word as is d'Indy's and Debussy's. Doubtless all these processes have contributed to it, but Mahler does not often let our ears hear them. Rather in him is something very like a genius for instrumentation, for the power of it, for the beauty

of it. Time and again, in the fifth symphony, he makes his instrumentation amazingly intricate, yet the euphony of it delights the ear. Equally he can give it a naive and lovely simplicity. He can make a single instrument or a group of instruments flash like tongues of fire. Some of his instrumental backgrounds are like tonal mosaics of very delicate and wholly harmonious colors and of perfect jointure. There are details in his instrumentation that sound almost as inspirations. He has a painter's sense of comparative instrumental "values." His themes and his treatment of them take significance to the mind, shape to the fancy and appeal to the emotions chiefly through the instrumental coloring of them. The rhythmic depth and force, "as of a funeral march" in the first movement of the symphony; the rhythmic charm and caress of the laendler that makes the third; the impetuous restlessness of the second; the lyric sweetness of the fourth; the exhilarating sweep of the last, lie chiefly, as it seems to us, in the power and the beauty—almost the genius—of the instrumentation. By it, more than by any other capacity of music, he discloses ideas, imparts mood, compasses atmosphere, clothes his imaginings. What these would be naked the sympathetic listener neither knows nor cares. The instrumental investiture is enough. Often it is finely poignant or vividly pictorial. Almost always it is irresistibly sensuous. Of such instrumentation our conductor and our orchestra are past masters. They overcame the endless difficulties with which Mahler, who seems to write for an orchestra of Mahlers, achieves his end. Yet we that listened barely saw or felt them.

We have written of Mahler's symphony as of "absolute" music, because it is as such that most of those that listen to it are likely to hear it. "May programmes perish from the earth" was his toast at a supper in his honor. Yet he made them, though without detail, or permitted others to make them, and with infinite detail, for some of his earlier symphonies. There is a little "programmatic" suggestion in the few directions to conductor and band ("Stormily restless—with utmost vehemence," for example), that he prefixes to each movement of this fifth symphony. No doubt there was a programme—or more properly a definite succession of poetic ideas—in his mind as he wrote. There is in the last analysis, as Mr. Newman was saying a few weeks ago in this column, behind all music that is emotionally potent. In his fourth symphony Mahler was indeed writing measurably delineative music. In the fifth there is no hint of such purpose that the average imaginative listener can readily detect. No more is it music that would suggest the stress and strain and turnings and twistings of some intellectual conflict of ideas as does d'Indy's in the symphony that he conducted here. Mahler's is music of mood and passion. Often it summons the power and the

beauty of ordered, imaginative and impassioned sound. Doing so, as often it kindles the mind and stirs the emotions. Thus it brings intense sensations. Within the limits palpably set by the composer, the listeners may give those sensations what color and significance they will. H. T. P.

## MUSICAL MATTERS

### First Performance Here of Mahler's Symphony.

Marie Hall's Farewell Recital  
---Cecelia Society.

### Concerts of Interest During the Week.

Globe — Feb. 4, 1906

Mr Harold Bauer was the soloist at last week's Symphony rehearsal and concert, playing the piano part in Schumann's A minor concerto. The program opened with Beethoven's "Egmont" overture and closed with Gustav Mahler's C sharp minor symphony, a bone of musical contention offered for the first time in this city. The distinguished pianist has so firmly established himself in the good graces of the music-loving public, and his high standard of interpretation has been so consistently maintained, that when it is said Schumann's work was performed by Mr Bauer in a thoroughly sympathetic manner it is readily understood that the beauties of the concerto were delightfully revealed by the gifted soloist. Aside from the splendid contrasts in thematic material and the brilliant playing of the elaborate coda in the first part, there is no need to reiterate praise for the artist whose skill has seemingly conquered about all the secrets of the keyboard. In the second movement and at the allegro his arpeggios and chord runs in the numerous piano and pianissimo passages were the acme of delicate finger work. That Mr Bauer is popular was shown by the

generous receptions and later by the recalls to the platform.

Considerable interest has been awakened in the C-sharp minor symphony, by Gustav Mahler, a Bohemian composer whose works have been a fruitful theme for discussion in Germany. This symphony, the fifth, verified the reports of dissensions and variations in opinion regarding it, for it is as fantastic, incoherent and overwhelmingly discordant in the main as any one of the latter-day compositions heard at our concerts in recent years, not forgetting Richard Strauss in his wildest flights of imagination.

The piece is really "gigantic" in its dimensions and requires a very large orchestra, according to the composer, to do justice to the work. There are five parts and Mahler supplies no argument, merely directions such as "with measured step like a funeral train," "stormily," "scherzo," "very slow," etc, leaving the auditor to judge of the import of the music and invent an analysis to suit.

Mahler evidently is a masterhand at instrumentation, for the score bristles with difficulties for the executants, and the bizarre measures are thickly strewn throughout the whole piece. Much of it sounds chaotic, yet the intervals in which the composer shows comparative lucidity in treatment of his themes are melodic and give brief glimpses of a rich imagination that soon runs riot in dissonants and inharmonic utterances. Out of this tumultuous composition may be selected for praise, and likewise enjoyment, the scherzo, which, in the greater part, is beautifully written, especially for the strings. The pizzicato effect was given splendidly by this contingent.

To commend the performance must be largely a matter of form, based upon the usual high grade of work by our orchestra. The horn passages in the first part sounded clear and euphonious and the various attacks appeared to be taken promptly. The "restless" suggestions were vividly shown and the scherzo, as has been mentioned, was played admirably and made the best impression of any portion of the symphony. There were fortissimo passages a-plenty, which doubtless emphasized in proper form the writer's ideas and the wielders of the instruments of percussion labored faithfully and well to bring about desired results.

Beethoven's "Egmont" overture was performed in the proper spirit, the brilliant finale going with notable dash. The orchestra gave Mr Bauer splendid assistance in the concerto, and in the Mahler symphony it evidently acquitted itself to the satisfaction of Mr Gericke.

The name of Vincent d'Indy will appear on the program of next Friday afternoon and Saturday evening, as Mr Gericke will present the Symphony, No. 1, for piano and orchestra on a "Mountain Air." At its former performance in this city Mr Bauer was the pianist. At its performance this week the pianist will be Mr Heinrich Gebhard. The first number on the program will be Haydn's symphony in C major; the second will be Saint-Saens' concerto for cello, in A minor. The soloists will be the Belgian cellist, Miss Elsa Ruegger.



# MAHLER'S FIFTH SYMPHONY GIVEN

First Performance Here of His Colossal Work at the 14th Symphony Concert Last Evening.

A COMPOSITION OF LENGTH AND STRENGTH

Mr. Bauer's Delightful Performance of Schumann's Piano Concerto "The Pipe of Desire" at Popular Prices.

The programme of the 14th Symphony concert, Mr. Gericke conductor, given last night in Symphony Hall, was as follows:

Overture to Goethe's "Egmont"....Beethoven  
Concerto in A minor for piano...Schumann  
Symphony in C sharp minor, No. 5...Mahler

This concert was one of unusual interest. Mr. Gericke conducted the great overture without attempting to find in it effects that the composer did not imagine or contrive; he let the music speak for itself; he did not interrupt the flow of the main movement by changing deliberately the tempo at the appearance of the heavy chords, which are by some supposed to typify the Duke of Alva or Spanish oppression in the Netherlands. There have been German post-Wagner conductors who were sad offenders in this instance, Franz Wuellner, for instance. Mr. Gericke did not sentimentalize by means of impertinent slackening the pace and so-called "interpretation" of measures without special significance, and thus was his reading the more effective.

Mr. Harold Bauer gave a very musical and charming performance of Schumann's concerto. There was an exquisite sense of proportion; there was both poetic expression and suggestion, and in the last movement, which is rhythmically often a stumbling block to many, he played with an apparent simplicity that would have deceived any one not acquainted with the peculiar difficulties. The concerto displayed Mr. Bauer at his best, and all in all his performance is to be ranked with his memorable one of Cesar Franck's quin-

tet with the Kneisels a few seasons ago. Mahler's first symphony was produced in 1894, if not in 1891. Each symphony excited in turn hot discussion. The composer was by some hailed a genius; by others he was mocked as a madman. Now the term "madman," as applied to one that has departed from the conventions or invented something new in art, has lost any peculiar significance of reproach. Disraeli frankly admitted that he was on the side of the angels; the student of musical history can well afford to run the risk of espousing the cause of the madmen. Mahler has his band of wild-eyed partisans, his pamphleteers, who, no doubt, have done him harm. His foes have served him. His five symphonies have been played in German cities; they have been frantically applauded and fiercely hissed; his first symphony has been played even in London (1903), but no one of his important works had been heard in Boston before last week. The first performance in this country of any symphony by Mahler was that of the fourth, in New York, in 1904. The fifth was performed at Cincinnati March 25, 1905. These performances and those of last week in Boston have been the only ones in America.

Conductors have had a reasonable excuse for not producing the second and the third, which demand an extraordinarily large orchestra. The second, also, calls for solo voices and mixed chorus; the third for a solo contralto, female chorus, and boy choir. The two symphonies are very long—the second consumes an hour and 40 minutes. Furthermore, the technical difficulties are great.

Thanks Due to Mr. Gericke for Producing Mahler's Work.

Mr. Gericke therefore deserves hearty thanks for producing one of Mahler's symphonies, producing it with the infinite care in preparation that is characteristic of the man. The production of a work of such huge dimensions, a work peculiar in structure and in its musical speech, does not contribute necessarily to the immediate popularity of a conductor. There are concertgoers who do not like to hear new music unless it makes a direct appeal to them in ways that are obvious, familiar, approved. They do not wish to exert themselves mentally at a concert.

Like Polonius, they are for a jig or a tale of bawdry, or they sleep. Or, fortified with scraps of pedantic information, they turn deaf ears to that which is new, as did the Mastersingers hearing Walther's free rhapsodic song. Vexed, bored, sometimes dimly conscious that there is something in the music which is strangely beautiful or great, and that in the course of time they, too, may understand and enjoy it, their vanity is piqued at the moment, and they either leave the hall, unwilling to confirm their suspicions, or they remain in sullen silence to show courage, as well as disapproval.

The conductor and the orchestra have rehearsed with the utmost patience and with anxious care. Extra rehearsals have been called. The hearer jauntily pronounces a snap judgment: "The symphony does not mean anything. I couldn't make anything out of it. Why does Mr. Gericke put such stuff on the programme?" But is this fair to composer, conductor, orchestra? We all remember how Cesar Franck's great symphony was at first regarded here as the abomination of desolation; how Richard

Strauss' "Don Juan," when it was first played here, was ranked as a slap in the face from a lunatic or a charlatan; yet last season both symphony and symphonic poem were repeated "by request," listened to with grateful attention and applauded tumultuously.

There is no programme for Mahler's fifth symphony, and the composer abhors analytical notes. He wishes the audience to hear his music, not to read about it while it is playing. This music needs no programme. It is eloquent in itself.

It has been said that life in Vienna influenced its moods; that the opening dead march was suggested by the military funerals in Vienna; that the scherzo, a Laendler, is characteristically local in spirit; but Mahler's mighty dead march with its episode of shrieking and heaven-defying grief is universal music, and the dance was an expression of joy or of religious feeling centuries before Austria was a marquisate, centuries before the Sultan Soliman laid siege to the Kaiserstadt with his army of 200,000 men. Fortunately for Mahler, the characteristics of his symphony are not merely local.

The movements that will make a direct appeal to the average audience are the dead march, the second movement, or rather the section of it that contains the second theme announced by the cellos and the fourth movement, an exceedingly poetic adagio with themes of rare beauty, especially beautiful in these days when too many themes are purely of cerebral invention. The portions of the Scherzo which are frankly in slow waltz time will please those who do not at one hearing appreciate the significance of the ideas that are tributary to the main waltz themes, or the surprising technical skill displayed in the treatment of the motives. The Rondo Finale is not as a whole so impressively sonorous as the other movements, although the use of the choral which has already appeared in the second movement is most effective.

No Two Persons Hear Music in One and the Same Way.

Music which reaches the heart as well as the nerves and the brain is of all music the most difficult to describe so that a reader who did not hear it can understand in some degree why the emotion of the composer made its irresistible way. Purple phrases and resounding rhetoric may be a sanitary relief to the writer, but they do not convince the reader who had not the opportunity of being moved. It should also be remembered that no two persons, intelligent and sensitive though they may be, hear music in one and the same way. Each is "reminded by the instruments," but that which is awakened in the breast of each is seldom, if ever, the same.

Mahler has been reproached for his poverty of thematic invention. The reproach, as far as this symphony is concerned, is unjust. The simplicity of some of the themes is the simplicity that marks genius. The rich beauty of some of them is enhanced by the spontaneity. The dramatic stab of other themes is equally spontaneous. Nor is there any suspicion of insincerity in the treatment of these themes. Whether the mood, be one of grim resignation, wild despair, naive joy in mere existence, contemplation of beauty in nature or in woman, or whooping exulta-

tion, it is never feigned, never forced. The hearer knows that Mahler himself had these mighty or whirling or calm and solemn thoughts and expressed them in his own grandiose or passionate or excited manner. The personality as well as the individuality of this music is overpowering.

The reminiscence-hunter has driven the hunter after forbidden intervals and progressions out of the field, and he will find the happiness peculiar to his kind in detecting here a few measures that suggest thoughts in Beethoven's Ninth, and here a cry that sounds for a moment as though it had been wrenched from Berlioz, and there the Kundry theme from "Parsifal," but in a long work of such amazing originality in conception and execution, such reminders serve a purpose; they entertain those who are unable to find anything else in the symphony that deserves their approbation.

Orchestral technic in this period, when expression is reckoned as of more importance than thought, runs in the streets, as Goethe said of talent. There are a few passages in the symphony that are scored thickly, harshly; yet they make their way, and the instrumentation as a whole is strikingly sonorous, while there are many instances of remarkably individual orchestral expression. The finale on the whole is orchestrally perhaps the least interesting; yet the music itself is potent; it recalls that music heard by De Quincey in an opium dream, the music that suggested to him the "undulations of fast gathering tumults \* \* \* multitudinous movements, infinite cavalcades, tread of innumerable armies." It is music of a mighty preparation; nor does the choral at the end disappoint the expectation.

Music That Is Human Even When Most Fantastical.

This music of Mahler has blood in it. It is human even when it is most fantastical. Its extravagance in expression is titanic, but never incredible. It contains an elemental quality that is often confounded by the super-refined with coarseness; the display of native strength that alarms all feeble folk and all the genteel; this quality is found in nearly all the great in art, from Aeschylus to Thomas Hardy, from Bach to Tchaikowsky. It is never to be confounded with downright vulgarity which is always inartistic, while this peculiar coarseness is heroic whether it be found in Victor Hugo or Verdi, in Henry Fielding or in Wagner. You find it in Shakespeare, Cervantes, Rabelais. You find it in Beethoven and Michael Angelo.

This symphony has blood and tears, frantic joy and wild despair; it also has the saving quality of humor, as in the scherzo. Mahler has expressed his thoughts in a heightened musical speech of the richest harmonic, contrapuntal and orchestral vocabulary. After two hearings, it is an amazing work, full, as is nature, of inequalities, no doubt, but it is the symphony of no ordinary man and no ordinary musician. Long as it is, it rivets the attention from the beginning to the end, and last night the great majority of the audience listened gladly to a new and compelling voice.

The performance was one of extraordinary brilliance, one of which both Mr. Gericke and the orchestra may



well be proud. The orchestra was one of virtuosos controlled by the intelligence and the will of a leader who had made the Symphony his own. To particularize is always invidious, yet it may be allowed for once to praise especially the manner in which the first trumpeter performed his arduous and formidable task.

Such a symphony should not be heard once and then put away for a season. It should be heard at two or three concerts in succession, and then impressions might be turned into firm convictions.

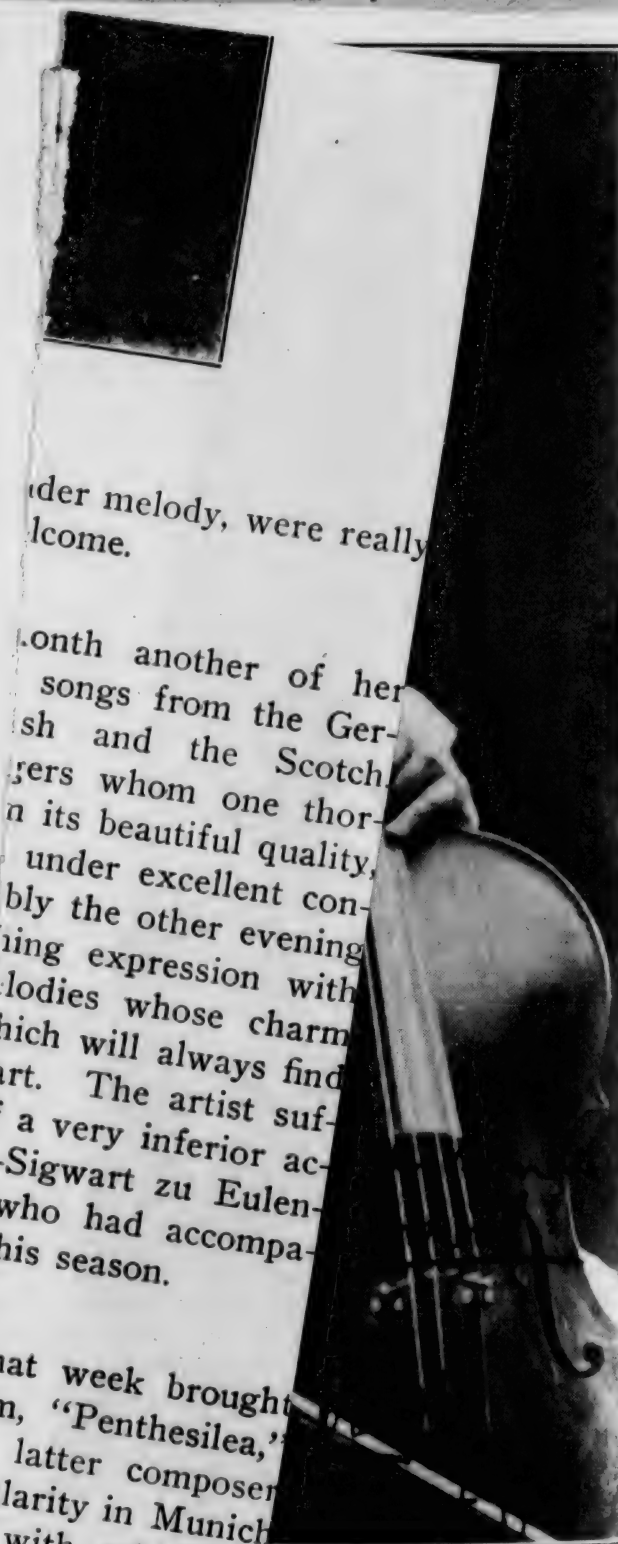
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Side by side with all these go on one hand imaginative play with the dance. (Recall the glorified waltz and the masque at the Capulets' in Berlioz's symphonies. Or on the other, measure after measure that seems inchoate striving, muddy obscurity or unimpressive distortion. It is the dramatic and poetic rather than the purely musical quality of Mahler's themes that most impresses the listener. It is not the purely musical development of them, but the emotional and dramatic appeal of his variations and transformations of them that give them significance. They tell as parts of a huge vision in which death and love, despair and elation, agony and resolution pass before the beholder's eyes, rather than as parts of a musical fabric. Yet Mahler, like Berlioz, chooses an established form, and in a measure regards it. Above all it is in the instrumental investiture that Mahler most expresses all that he is imagining, and would put into tones. In his instrumentation he touches power and brings beauty. By that instrumentation he most seizes and aways his hearers.

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Drawn Feb. 6. 1906



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## Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1905-06.

## BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.

### XV. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10, AT 8, P. M.

#### Programme.

HAYDN.

SYMPHONY in D major (B. & H. No. 2.)

- I. Adagio; Allegro.
- II. Andante.
- III. Menuetto: Trio.
- IV. Allegro spiritoso.

SAINT-SAENS.

CONCERTO for VIOLONCELLO and ORCHESTRA, in A minor, No. 1, op. 33.  
Allegro non troppo.—Allegretto con moto.—Come prima.

VINCENT D'INDY.

SYMPHONY on a MOUNTAIN AIR, for ORCHESTRA and PIANOFORTE, op. 25.

- I. Assez lent, modérément animé, un peu plus vite, etc.
- II. Assez modéré, mais sans lenteur.
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#### Soloist:

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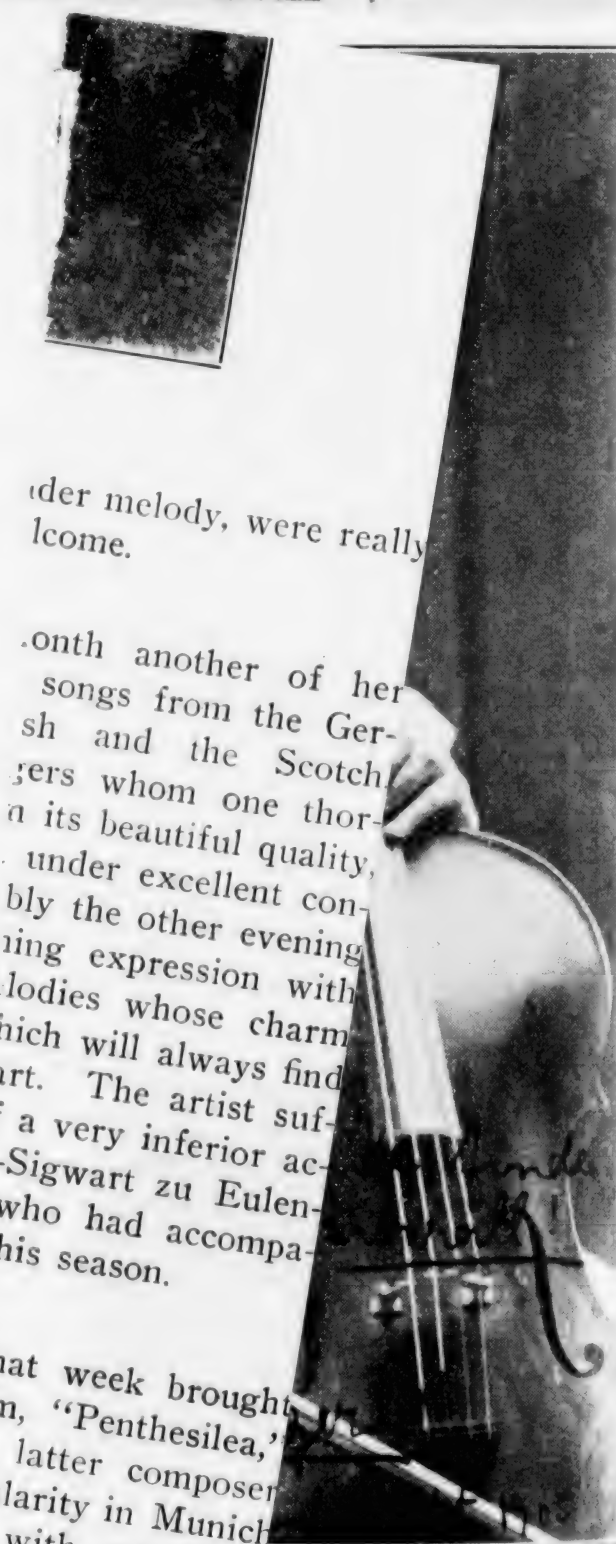
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## MUSICAL MATTERS

### THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

*Adm* — PROGRAMME. Feb 12/1906  
Haydn—Symphony in D minor.  
St. Saens—Concerto for Violoncello and Orchestra, A minor.  
Soloist, Miss Elsa Ruegger.  
D'Indy—Symphony on a Mountain Air. Piano and Orchestra.  
Pianist, Mr. Heinrich Gebhard.

The Haydn symphony received an excellent reading and performance. In the slow movement there were a few dramatic touches that seemed but tepid beside the effects that we are accustomed to in these Mahlerian days. We have supped full of horrors, and Haydn's theatrical points seem almost like an endeavor to paint a battle-scene with a pot of cold cream. Even his picture of Chaos ("Creation") and his thunder storm ("The Seasons") do not arouse anything deeper than the curiosity of the auditor; his tempests seem but sprinklings of rose-water.

But when he remains his own jovial and melodious self he has a charm that does not fade. Therefore the finale of this symphony, with its drone bass, its hearty rusticity, and its genial tunes, was the most pleasing and most effective part of the work, and the slow movement, in which more powerful things were attempted, the weakest.

We believe, when posterity has accomplished its shifting, that Saint-Saens will rank with the best of the French composers of the last half of the 19th century. His 20th century compositions show a little falling off, possibly due to age, or to having written too much. It seems more difficult to write a great cello concerto than one for the piano or the violin; at all events there is no cello concerto which rises to the rank of the violin concertos of Beethoven, or Brahms, or Bruch, or even Mendelssohn, while there are a dozen piano concertos which excel the best cello concertos ever composed,—and we reckon St. Saens' work among these latter.

Miss Ruegger bestrides her violoncello with more mastery than ever before. Her intonation is always secure even in the most trying passages of double-stopping; her broad tones in C-string work were commendable; and above all there was a sympathetic quality that deserved warm praise. She rose to the brilliancy of the finale in excellent shape, overcoming its technical difficulties with artistic ease.

The orchestra, too, was very effective in this work, and Mr. Hess gave good support to the soloist. Our present concert-meister is proving himself a conductor of good rank. The orchestra has much to do in this concerto. St. Saens has not made it a violoncello solo with accompaniment. The orchestral parts are not mere background, but even the transitions and returning-passages become integral parts of the work. At its end there was great applause, and Miss Ruegger was recalled 3

times with much fervor.

D'Indy's "Symphony on a Mountain Air," for piano and orchestra, is a much more intelligible and a much more beautiful work than that *Symphonie Mathématique* with which he followed it. Mountain air is known to be good for consumptives and asthmatics, and it seems also to be good for those suffering from tonal complications. The work is not classed as a piano concerto. The piano part is sunk in the ensemble far more than it would have been in a Chopin, Schumann, or Liszt concerto, but scarcely more than is the case in large portions of Brahms' second, or Beethoven's Fourth or fifth concertos.

Mr. Gebhard deserves much praise for his surety of performance, although occasionally we found the instrument too prominently in the foreground.

The use of piano as a definite orchestral color is by no means new, but it has never been very successful. Glinka and Berlioz were the first to use it thus, and, in later times St. Saens and our American composer, Van der Stucken, have employed the piano as an integral part of the orchestra, but the instrument does not blend well with the orchestra when thus employed; when used as a foil, a contrasted color, in solo work, it is much more successful.

There is an immense amount of thematic development in this work. It does not much matter if the mountaineer could no longer recognize his own melody, so long as the musical auditor could trace it through its various transformations. The intellectuality of M. D'Indy is not tiresome, in slicing up this theme, and the transformations do not seem so labored or so ascetic as the figure treatment in his second symphony or his string quartette.

The presentation of the mountain air upon the English horn in the first movement, and the viola in the second, gives a variety that is very agreeable; both instruments picture dreamy melancholy, yet the string and wind tone afford sufficient contrast. There are strong climaxes in the work, and the finale is a wild revelry such as Bizet could have given gloriously, in fact it suggests the Carillon of that composer's "Arlesienne." It gives more of the Bourree effect than of the Tarantella, although it finally presents a touch of the latter rhythm.

A word of praise may be interpolated here for good playing on the horns. A short time ago their playing seemed insecure and their tones sometimes "broke," but in the Mahler symphony, and in this work, they have done some difficult playing perfectly.

We found the symphony more interesting on a second hearing than at first, and this is but natural in so complicated a development of figures and themes. Nevertheless we still feel that the direction which D'Indy and some others are taking, towards the extreme of complexity, is an error, a sort of musical "imperial madness."

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each succeeding composition is pressed by them further along the thorny road, in an endeavor to outvie all other composers and all their own preceding compositions.

Strauss was not content to stop with his great "Death and Transfiguration" or "Till Eulenspiegel," but must needs picture a Brobdignagian household in a foolishly named "Sinfonia Domestica," and then an opera that seems on the portico of the madhouse, and he will undoubtedly try to advance (?) still further, since Mahler and the pack are at his heels.

D'Indy achieves this masterful "Mountain Air Symphony" and immediately urges his muse beyond it, taking, in his string quartette, 4 notes which Beethoven developed sensibly for a few phrases in his Pastoral Symphony (the first 4 notes of the first-movement) and juggling with them an hour, and giving a degree of note-figuring in his second symphony that places Arithmetic far above Poetry.

Loeffler shows his orchestral power, and his poetry, too, in "The Death of Tintagiles," and feeling his orchestral strength, plunges into every morbid subject that he can discover, discarding everything except glow of tone-colors in his later works. And, as some find these things different from all that has gone before, as they only half-understand them, and the bitter flavor is new to their jaded palates, they hail these abnormal things as great.

We must wait with patience the revolution; we must abide the coming of a great orchestral tone-master who will bring Music to a more rational, a less eccentric path. Meanwhile, we ought to be thankful that our mad geniuses are so extreme, for it will make the illness shorter.

Louis C. Elson.

## MUSICAL MATTERS

Two Soloists Heard at the Symphony.

Elsa Ruegger and Heinrich Gebhard Assisting Artists.

Haydn's D major symphony, the cello concerto in A minor by Saint-Saens, with Miss Elsa Ruegger as soloist, and D'Indy's symphony on a mountain air, Mr Heinrich Gebhard playing the piano part of the latter work, made up the

program for the 15th Symphony rehearsal and concert in Symphony hall. It is seldom that a woman elects to become a cellist, the violin or piano being more in her line; yet Miss Ruegger has many times given evidence here and elsewhere that she made no mistake in her choice, for the young artist's work is of the highest merit and ranks with cellists of the sterner sex who have world wide reputations. The Saint-Saens' concert does not call for the deepest emotional expression, simple themes elaborately figured and contrasted forming the greater part of the three movements. Miss Ruegger played the work splendidly throughout, her fingering being very true and the lights and shades showing skilful bowing. The intricate jumps in chord passages were managed admirably, the notes being clear and void of the too familiar rasping sound, and the whole interpretation was brilliant and melodic and displayed the young woman's splendid qualities in most favorable light. Miss Ruegger's reception was most flattering in warmth and spontaneity.

The D'Indy symphony is charming in character and suggests little or nothing of the later works by the French composer. The plaintive little mountain air that runs through the three movements is cleverly apportioned to the different contingents including a piano, which is treated as part of the orchestra, and there are delightful combinations of piano and harp in the first and third parts. The second movement is stately in character, the other two lighter and more lively, although the liberal use of the wood winds almost continually emphasizes the pastoral character of the composition.

Mr Gebhard performed his part excellently, always retaining the proper relation to the other instruments, although at times the piano appeared a silent and unnecessary factor on account of the orchestral preponderance. The horns in the second part were in splendid harmony and the piano figurations here were also delightfully introduced. The various groups of instruments played in perfect unison and the whole work was so thoroughly enjoyable that it partly effaced in some minds the D'Indy of the present day.

The program opened with a standard interpretation of the Haydn symphony, which though old-fashioned in spots is still a grand work. The orchestra, under Mr Hess, played its part in the cello concerto in thorough accord with the soloist, Miss Ruegger.

The orchestra will be away this week on its fourth trip. The program for Feb 23 and 24 will include the overture to Weber's "Der Freischutz," Rubinstein's D minor piano concerto, Mr Ernest Hutcheson of Baltimore, soloist, and Mahler's fifth symphony, the latter given by request.

## Boston Transcript

324 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1906

### IN THE WORLD OF MUSIC

#### CONTRASTS OF A CENTURY AT THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

From Haydn to d'Indy by Way of Saint-Saens—Mahler's Symphony to Be Repeated—Concerts of the Week and the Month to Come—A New Pianist

A symphony by Haydn, a concerto for violoncello by Saint-Saens, with Miss Ruegger to play the solo part, and d'Indy's fantasia, variations, or symphony, as he chooses to call it, "on a French mountain song," made the programme at the symphony concert yesterday afternoon. It leaped from 1795 to 1886 in the two symphonies, pausing at 1872 for the concerto. It embraced as well the music of three widely different men in as widely different styles. It may be worth while to try to fancy each of them as he sat down to the writing of that music.

Haydn, released from his service to Prince Esterhazy in Vienna, had made a contract with Salomon, the London manager, to write so many symphonies and other pieces, and to "preside" at the performance of them. Never before had he earned so much for his work. Never had Vienna honored him as London was now honoring him. Never had fresh surroundings and a general sense of well-being so stimulated him, though probably he was not directly conscious of the stimulation. So he wrote this symphony in D major for Salomon's concert on the 4th of May, 1795, with never so much as a thought that an orchestra would be playing it overseas in America on the 9th of February, 1906. Probably he took no thought of anything but his "job," as he calls it in his diary. He invented his melodies. He developed them and figured them according to his fancy, feeling, and the taste of the time. He bent his chosen form to his needs, with no thought again that he was broadening and remodelling it for his successors. The symphony "sounded." Now it was placid. Now it was sprightly. It would gratify Salomon. Probably it would please the audiences that heard it. He had put into it what fancy and feeling and scholarship there were in him. He had touched it even with the new elasticity and dignity of life and spirit that the change in his circumstances had brought him. After all, he was only a maker of music, a weaver of patterns in tones for the sensuous pleasure those

patterns might give. He was a craftsman, working industriously and rather affectionately at his craft. What feeling his love for it kindled in him went into the music. So did the animation of his own spirit. It happens that the weaving of patterns in tones gives very much the same sensuous pleasure in 1906 as it did in 1795. Perhaps even that pleasure may be heightened by the warmth of mood, the felicity of accent, the fluent melody and the grace of ornament with which Mr. Gericke and his men played this same symphony yesterday. But Haydn was no prophet of the future. He was much too busy with an agreeable present.

Seventy-four years later Saint-Saens duly set himself to the writing of a concerto for violoncello. No virtuoso, so far as records go, had commissioned him to write it, and there was none whom he was eager to oblige. It is hard to believe that any composer, in these days, ever wrote such a concerto from an irresistible and pursuing impulse. If he did, the impulse must have fainted and nearly vanished in the actual process. But the making of such a concerto is a part of the whole duty of a rounded composer if he is to leave a becoming assortment of baggage behind him. Symphonies, "tone poems" and operas are his vocation, perhaps even concertos for violin or piano. When he writes for 'cello it is rather a scholarly avocation. Saint-Saens took thought of the limitations and capabilities of the chosen instrument. Steadily he subdued himself to those limitations; now and then he illuminated those capabilities. He took thought also of the orchestral part of the concerto, that it should serve the solo 'cello and yet be interesting in itself. Scholarship and practice rather than imaginative individual invention suggested his musical material and his treatment of it. The result was well-made music, skilfully suited to its purpose, always in good taste, more interesting than much that has been written for the 'cello, and holding its place in the repertory for the instrument these thirty years. It is music for its own sake as much as Haydn's symphony, but it is the music of scholarship and reasoned purpose rather than the outflow of spontaneous talent and temperament.

D'Indy has long loved mountains, bare and rude mountains. Out of them his family came. To them he likes to return. In those mountains he heard a melody, that young girls sang full-throated. It caught his ear, kindled his fancy and dwelt in it. There was suggestion in it to his musical imagination. He felt in the imaginings it lighted some of the moods that the mountains awakened in him. Here was matter for musical thought and expression. He chose his form and named it a symphony, with the mountain song linking the three movements that compose it and providing the material for them. More properly it is a fantasia, and very reasonably it is a set of variations on a large scale of



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the mountain song. He added a piano to the usual symphonic orchestra. Often he joined or contrasted harp and piano that he might express his musical ideas and suggest the emotions behind the more clearly and precisely.

Then d'Indy in his turn took thought, deep, sedulous, ingenious thought. Out of that thought came variation upon variation of his chosen mountain song, and subtle development of the musical material in it. Steadily, however, these variations and these subtleties served feelings that were not purely musical. Perhaps, here and there, listening imaginations kindled by a spark from the composer's might hear the breath, soft or fierce, of mountain winds, catch the clear glint of mountain sunshine, feel the cool calm of wooded rustling valleys, or the stable might of cliffs and slopes above. There should be something of the wildness, the loneliness, the grip and weight and rest of mountains in the music. The listener should hear the voices of the full-throated girls in their wistful song and their dances on a Saint's Day festival. Thought should shape the contents of the symphony; feeling color it, after its kind, and every needful instrumental voice give it expression. Learning and ingenuity should be but the aids to these ends, and in the finished symphony should be intellectual, emotional and sensuous design, contents, and expression as in some poem in tones.

Haydn, Saint-Saëns, and d'Indy each in turn accomplished his purpose. To each of them Mr. Gericke and our orchestra, with Miss Ruegger in the concerto and Mr. Gebhard in the piano part of the symphony gave understanding and imaginative expression. Music it all was, but music that curiously ranged and contrasted the old, the new, and the mediocrity that sits between. H. T. P.

## D'INDY WORK BY SYMPHONY

Traveller — Feb. 6/12

Two symphonies and a concerto made up the programme of the 15th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Saturday night. Miss Elsa Ruegger, 'cellist, was the soloist for Saint-Saëns' concerto in A minor, while Heinrich Gebhard was at the piano during the performance of Vincent d'Indy's "Symphony on a Mountain Air," for orchestra and piano. Haydn was represented by his symphony in D major.

D'Indy's recent presence as a visiting conductor of this orchestra made the performance of his symphony doubly interesting. While the symphony is not comparable with the one in B flat major of the same composer, it is a work of merit. It contains more of the elements that make for "popularity" than does the D'Indy symphony just referred to, which probably will be

## 15TH SYMPHONY CONCERT

The programme of the 15th Symphony concert at Symphony Hall last evening was as follows:

Symphony in D.....Haydn  
Concerto for violoncello.....Saint-Saëns  
Symphony on a "Mountain Air," with piano obligato, Op. 25.....D'Indy

Elsa Ruegger was the soloist, and the pianist in the D'Indy symphony was Heinrich Gebhard. The Haydn symphony, although more appropriate nowadays for a small orchestra in a medium-sized hall, was given in a manner that was highly pleasing to the audience. The symphony by D'Indy was the feature of the concert, and this was its second performance here in Boston, the first, with Harold Bauer as the assisting pianist, being nearly four years ago.

It is difficult to preserve recollections of such a work as this, heard only once, and with a lapse of several seasons intervening. The central themes are folk songs heard among the Pyrenees, and they are characteristic and pleasing. The structure is apparently not so complex and learned as the second symphony of this composer, heard under his direction last December, but is more pleasing and comprehensive to the average listener. The piano part is prominent, and occasionally the symphony assumes more the work of a concerto. The whole is a work of much character, imagination and ingenious in treatment. The performance was exquisite in detail, and Mr. Gebhard contributed much toward the success of the general presentation.

Miss Ruegger returns after an absence of some four years, with added technical equipment, and played with a maturity as to artistic interpretation that was lacking on former occasions. Her performance was marked also by a tone that was fairly powerful, and there was great applause, as well as several recalls, as a reward for her admirable work. There will be no rehearsal and concert this coming week.

ranked in time to come a world's masterpiece. The worked played Saturday night is "nearer the ground," so to speak, and is more melodious. Mr. Gebhard met all the requirements of the score with ample artistic resources.

The Haydn work is in the usual style of this composer. The melodies are more or less frank and always agreeable, and the entire composition is distinguished for its delicacy. In this and the other symphony Mr. Gericke led his band with great care.

Miss Ruegger made her third appearance at a symphony concert in Boston, and was rewarded by prolonged applause. She played with discretion and restraint.

There will be no concert this week, the orchestra being on its fourth trip for this season. At the next concert, Feb. 24, Mahler's fifth symphony will be repeated, in accordance with requests.

## D'INDY AND HAYDN CONTRASTED AT SYMPHONY.

Broad Jump Is Taken by Mr. Gericke and His Players from 18th Century Elegance to Modern French Music

By Kent Perkins.

Again Mr. Gericke and the Symphony Orchestra took a long musical leap last night at the fifteenth concert of the season in Symphony Hall. It was a jump from the melodious Eighteenth Century elegance of Haydn in his Symphony in D Major (B. & H., No. 2), to Vincent d'Indy, the ultra-modern Frenchman. A stepping stone midway in this broad space was furnished by a Saint Saëns' concerto in A Minor, No. 1, for violoncello and orchestra, op. 33. Miss Elsa Ruegger was the solo 'cellist.

The hall was crowded, but many regular Symphony patrons were not present and their seats were occupied by substitutes. Whether this was due to a lack of interest in D'Indy or the absence of a renowned soloist would be hard to determine. Perhaps both causes were operative.

If it were possible for a Symphony concert to be uninteresting this one would have been so, but like the famed beverage of Kentucky, all Symphony products are good, though some are better than others. The level, unmoving beauties of Haydn were sounded with charming nicety and all the expressiveness that they were capable of receiving. Miss Ruegger was received with warm friendliness and was called out thrice after the concerto.

The D'Indy piece was given with consummate skill and sympathy. It was his symphony based on a mountain air for orchestra and piano and the Symphony artists were efficiently aided in the interpretation of the work by Heinrich Gebhard, who was at the piano. D'Indy is a lover of the mountains. He speaks of them with deep affection. He lives much among them. Consequently when he takes a peasant melody of the lofty hills and uses it as the basis of a musical phantasy, as in the symphony of last night, the result is infused with much more sincerity and is less marred by pervading affectation than are most of his musical efforts.

The mountain melody that he uses is a simple, sweet little song with a plaintive lilt. It runs through the whole work and is adorned with many beautiful harmonic decorations. It is not swamped by the variations that are built upon it. D'Indy allows it to be heard in its full length most of the times when it appears, and

consequently, the work as a whole does not give the impression of being a jumble of more or less harmonious sound that much of his music does. The little mountain song makes it coherent and human.

There is none of the composer's alleged "intellectuality" in the work. There are suggestions of lofty sunlit peaks, of mountain vistas, of forest mystery, of storm beaten cliffs of glittering starlight in high altitudes and of a rollicking peasant festival. Therefore on the whole the symphony seems like real music, and that too of a more than ordinary character, and is not merely a chaotic succession of orchestral stunts.

There will be no Symphony concerts next Friday and Saturday, as the orchestra will be on tour. At the sixteenth pair of concerts in the following week Gustav Mahler's symphony No. 5, which was produced a week ago, will be repeated by request and will be heard with great

## SYMPHONY TO PLAY D'INDY COMPOSITION

Distinguished Frenchman's  
First Big Work Will Be  
Heard Next Week.

## LOCAL MUSICAL NEWS.

The name of Vincent d'Indy will again appear on the Symphony programmes, for on next week, Friday afternoon and evening, the Symphony orchestra, with Heinrich Gebhard, pianist, will play the distinguished Frenchman's first symphony, for orchestra and piano, "On a Mountain Air." This work has already been heard in Boston, having been played in April, 1902, with Harold Bauer at the piano. It is by all odds the best-liked and most popular of d'Indy's compositions, and when played in New York this season by the New York Symphony orchestra it attracted most favorable notice.

The symphony is in three parts. It was composed in 1886 and performed for the first time at a Lamoureux concert in Paris on March 20, 1887, with Mme. Boddes-Pene at the piano.

Two other numbers will figure on the programme. The first will be Haydn's symphony in C major (B & H No. 7), and Saint-Saëns' concerto for the violoncello, No. 1, in A minor.

The soloist will be Miss Elsa Ruegger, the popular Belgian 'cellist.





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*Symphony Hall.*

SEASON 1905-06.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.

XVI. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

WEBER.

OVERTURE to the opera "Der Freischuetz."

RUBINSTEIN.

CONCERTO in D minor, No. 4, for PIANOFORTE and ORCHESTRA, op. 70.

- I. Moderato.
- II. Moderato assai.
- III. Allegro assai.

GUSTAV MAHLER.

SYMPHONY in C sharp minor, No. 5.

PART I.

- I. Dead March. With measured step. Like a funeral train. Suddenly faster, passionately, wildly. A tempo. C sharp minor.
- II. Stormily restless. With utmost vehemence. A minor.

PART II.

- III. Scherzo. With force but not too fast. D major.

PART III.

- IV. Adagietto. Very slow. F major.
- V. Rondo. Finale. Allegro. D major.

Repeated by request.

Soloist:

Mr. ERNEST HUTCHESON.

The Pianoforte is a Steinway.





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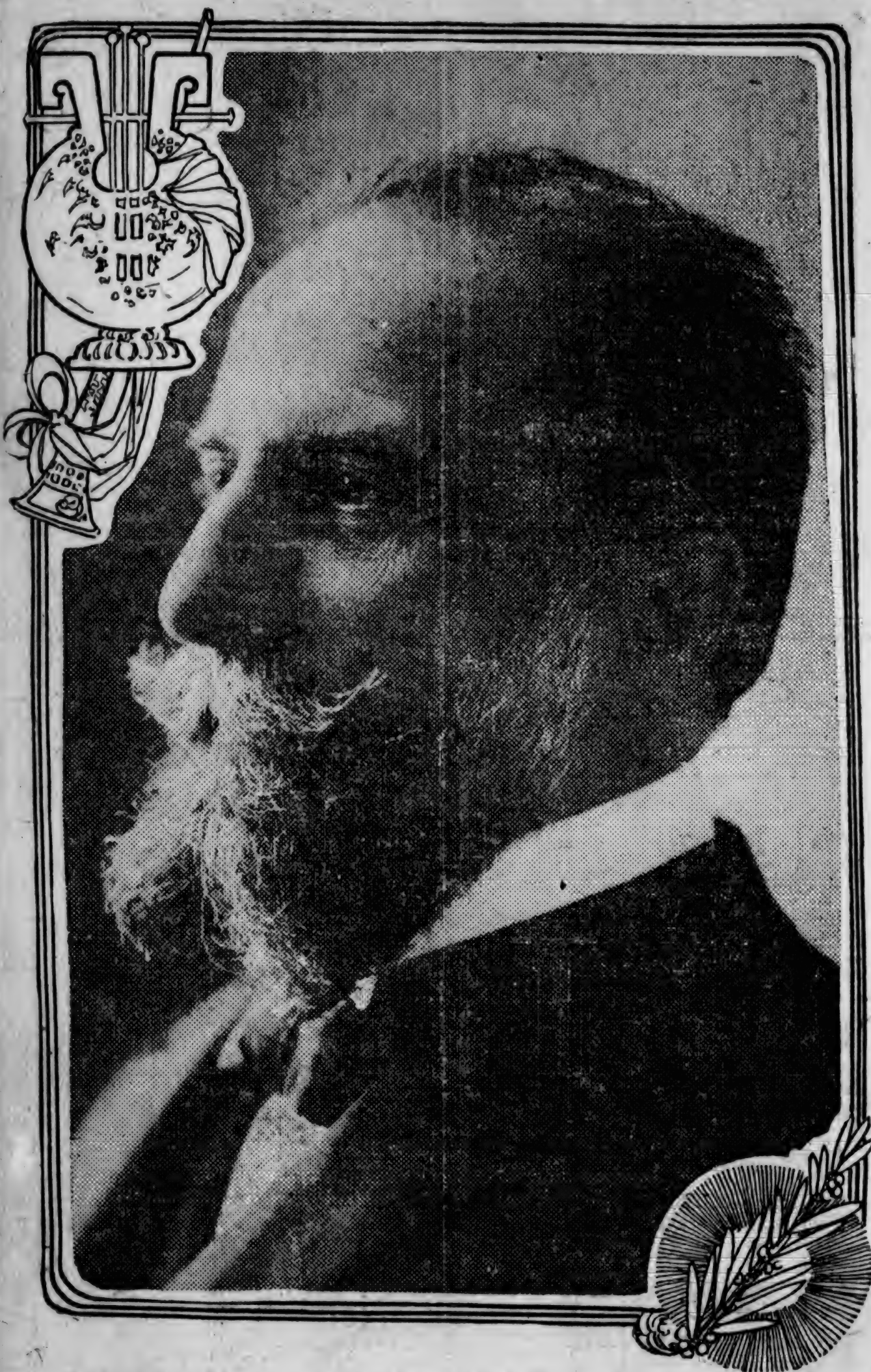
Soloist:

Mr. ERNEST HUTCHESON.

The Pianoforte is a Steinway.



## Wilhelm Gericke, Conductor of Boston Symphony Orchestra, Who Has Resigned



[Photo by Chickering.]

## GERICKE RESIGNS AS CONDUCTOR OF THE SYMPHONY

Will Leave the Boston Orchestra at End of Present Season.

HAD BEEN OFFERED  
THE POST FOR 1906-7

Agreed Under Certain Conditions, Which Were Not Accepted.

WHO WILL SUCCEED  
HIM NOT ANNOUNCED

Mr. Gericke Says That He Is Planning to Return to Europe.

Mr. Wilhelm Gericke has resigned his position as conductor of the Boston Symphony orchestra. His resignation will take effect at the end of this season, the 25th of the organization. The last concert of the season will be on April 28.

There have been rumors of late, especially in New York, to the effect that the orchestra would have a new conductor next season, and a music journal of New York named not long ago Mr. Vincent d'Indy as the coming man. This prophecy fell on deaf ears, for Mr. d'Indy is not a conductor by profession; his time is devoted to composition and the supervision of the Schola Cantorum, in which he is much interested. He

was invited to conduct certain concerts of the Boston Symphony orchestra this season solely as a prominent representative of the modern French school, and not as a virtuoso or a routine conductor.

Inasmuch as these rumors, at first vague, began to assume a more definite shape, a reporter of The Herald called on Mr. Gericke yesterday afternoon at his home in Brookline. Mr. Gericke received the reporter and when he was asked whether there was any foundation for the reports concerning his resignation and his consequent return to Europe, he courteously gave the desired information.

It appears that Mr. Gericke was offered an engagement as conductor of the Boston Symphony orchestra for the season of 1906-1907. After due reflection he informed Maj. Henry L. Higginson that he would accept the offer on certain conditions, which he named. These conditions did not meet with Maj. Higginson's approval. Mr. Gericke therefore felt obliged to decline the offer. The correspondence between Maj. Higginson and Mr. Gericke was closed early this week.

The news of Mr. Gericke's resignation will be heard by the lovers of music in this city, and it is not too much to say throughout musical America, with sincere regret; but this is not the time to speak at length of his unwearied devotion to the duties of his position, of his high ideals, of his invaluable services to musical art.

Mr. Gericke, conductor of the court opera of Vienna and of the Gesellschaft's concerts of that city, was invited in 1884 to be conductor of the Boston Symphony orchestra. He accepted the invitation, and began his duties in October of that year. He resigned his position in the spring of 1889. Then came Mr. Nikisch (1889-1893) and Mr. Paur (1893-1898). Mr. Gericke was again invited to be the conductor, and he has held the position since the fall of 1898. Thus at the end of this season he will have been the conductor of the Boston Symphony orchestra for 13 years.

In answer to a question about his plans for the future, Mr. Gericke said that he should return to Europe. (The orchestra, at the end of this season, will have given at least 111 concerts.) Mr. Gericke had nothing to say about his successor, who he might be.

## LEADER GERICKE GETS AN OVATION

Journal — July 26. 06

The warm and remarkably long-continued applause that greeted Mr. Gericke when he appeared upon the stage at Saturday evening's Symphony concert was testimony to the personal esteem in which he is held and to the general regret among music lovers that after a few more concerts he will be seen here no more. Conductors will come and go, but it is doubtful if any



will ever head our orchestra who will "wear" better, month in and month out than Gericke.

The great event of the evening was the repetition of Mahler's Fifth Symphony, heard here for the first time only a few weeks ago. The colossal work compels no less of admiration than before. It is an astounding new voice in art, a magnificent outpouring of a great man's heart. It may be iron music, for the most part, but the iron is magnetized. One may deride its savage cacophony, call it the wild outburst of musical madness, but no one can fail to sit up and hear its message. Therein is its essential difference from the formally abstruse and supernaturally dull symphony of Vincent d'Indy's, over which so much Boston discussion has recently raged. This work has all varieties of expression, from the overpowering splendor of pathos in its first movement to the supreme loveliness of its adagietto. The performance was again extraordinarily fine and compelling.

Weber's "Freischütz" overture was played with supreme finish and care, but it made little or no emotional effect. Mr. Ernest Hutcheson, the soloist, gave Rubinstein's D minor piano-forte concerto with brilliant and fluent technique, although he lacked something in the more poetic passages of the noble work.

## MUSICAL MATTERS

Sixteenth of Season's Symphony Concerts.

Tucker's Sunday Chamber Concerts—Operatic Society.

Hammerstein Grand Opera—Current Gossip.

Globe Feb. 23-1906

For the program of the 16th Symphony rehearsal and concert Mr Gericke repeated the long and difficult Mahler symphony No. 5, first played here three weeks ago; Mr Ernest Hutcheson was soloist in Rubinstein's fourth piano concerto and the concerts opened with the overture to Weber's "Der Freischütz." Since the puzzling Mahler composition

was first heard here the orchestra has introduced the work to New York and there appears to be many men of many minds about the meaning, importance and coherence of this form of musical utterance; the resulting criticisms being, as usual, widely at variance as a rule. As to the length, wealth of thematic material and skill in orchestration opinions are a unit; but aside from these points there is little unanimity shown in the notices of the performance.

Possibly Mr Gericke gave a smoother interpretation yesterday than at the earlier performances, which would be quite natural by reason of his men being more familiar with the score; but it did not appear to be any more effective, the contrasts were no more pronounced and the riot of dissonants sounded about the same. It was a "gigantic" work when revealed three weeks ago and a second hearing impresses the auditor with the sense that it will become one of the standard numbers in the repertory of big orchestras.

The scherzo and the first movement, the "Dead March," again appeared to give the greater satisfaction of the five divisions. The horn phrases in the first part were of beautiful tonality, a repetition, possibly improved a bit, of the former performances, and in the dainty scherzo the strings were notably good in the pizzicato measures. The necessary energy was displayed in the fortissimo passages to make them effective, yet the vagueness of the work remained despite the skill shown in its interpretation.

The soloist was Mr Ernest Hutcheson, a pianist, who is well and favorably known, his contribution being the piano part of Rubinstein's D minor concerto. Mr Hutcheson delivered the pompous opening phrases with impressive force and showed commendable finger dexterity in the long coda and cadenza. The poetic nature of the second movement was admirably indicated, and in the final movement there was plenty of dash and celerity, though lacking some in clarity, in his execution. His work was thoroughly pleasing and deserved the plaudits with which he was greeted at the close of his performance. The orchestra provided the usual reliable assistance, and in the Weber overture gave renewed evidence of its skill in ensemble work which made the familiar number very enjoyable.

Two novelties will be given at this week's concerts, Mr Frederick Converse's musical setting of Keats' ballade, "La Belle Dame Sans Merci," and Ernst Boehe's symphonic poem, "Odysseus Ausfahrt und Schiffsbruch." The soloist will be Mr David Bispham, who will be heard in the Converse selection, an aria from Marschner's "Hans Heiling," and an old English song, Mendelssohn's overture, "The Fair Melusina," and the second symphony by Richard Strauss will complete the program.

## An "Orchestral Trip" Feb. 12-06

"There will be no concerts next week," said the programme at the Symphony concert Saturday night, "the orchestra will be making its February trip." And after the last climax of d'Indy's symphony, conductor and band disappeared from view here in Boston not to return to their own stage for a fortnight. Where do they go and what do they do meantime? Early Sunday evening they leave Boston for Philadelphia. There they arrive Monday morning. Monday evening they give a concert in the old Academy of Music. Tuesday morning they go to Washington. There in a theatre at the unusual hour of 4.30, they give a concert Tuesday afternoon. Two reasons dictate the unusual hour. The only presentable concert rooms in Washington are the auditoriums of the theatres. Therefore the concert must take place in the afternoon, so that it may not interfere with the regular evening performance. The hour, 4.30, suits the convenience of the officials and clerks in the departments of the Government, and they make a large part of the audience. The same evening the orchestra turns back to Baltimore, and there on Wednesday night it gives the third concert of the trip. Immediately afterward it leaves for New York. There it arrives Thursday morning, and on Thursday evening and Saturday afternoon it gives concerts in Carnegie Hall. Between whiles, on Friday evening it appears in Brooklyn, and since the Academy of Music there was burned, in a "Baptist Temple."

These six concerts are the regular routine of each of the monthly trips. Sometimes they end with the matinée on Saturday in New York, and the orchestra returns that evening to Boston. Of late, however, it is becoming the custom to add a concert or two on Monday or Tuesday evening of the next week in some small city, like Hartford or Albany or Poughkeepsie, that the band visits only occasionally. On the present trip, for example, the orchestra leaves New York next Sunday morning for Buffalo, and there it gives a concert on Monday evening. The next morning it starts eastward, halting at Troy for a concert on Tuesday evening. Immediately afterward, it departs for home, and on Wednesday it is back here again in time for rehearsals for the next pair of regular concerts.

It is Mr. Gericke's strict rule to make his programmes for these concerts in other cities from music that we in Boston have already heard in the regular course of the season. Usually there is some variation in the programme for each of the six or eight concerts abroad, but often the material for them comes largely from the two concerts that the orchestra has given at home in the fortnight preceding its departure. Sometimes, however, the music chosen has

been played here earlier in the series. As with the music, so with the soloists. Sometimes the same singer or virtuoso appears at each of the concerts of the trip. Sometimes two or three are distributed through them. But almost invariably they have previously assisted at the concerts at home. Here, for example, are the programmes for the trip that begins today:

Philadelphia—  
Weber: Overture, "Freischütz."  
Saint-Saëns: Concerto for Violoncello.  
Mahler: Symphony No. 5.  
Soloist, Miss Elsa Ruegger.

Washington—  
Beethoven: Overture, "Egmont."  
Schubert: Unfinished Symphony.  
Schumann: Concerto for Pianoforte.  
Tchaikovsky: "Francesca da Rimini."  
Soloist, Mr. Harold Bauer.

Baltimore—  
d'Indy: Symphony for Orchestra and Pianoforte.  
Mendelssohn: Concerto for Violin.  
Mahler: Adagietto from Symphony No. 5.  
Tchaikovsky: "Francesca da Rimini."  
Soloist, Miss Marie Hall.

New York—  
Beethoven: Overture, "Egmont."  
Schumann: Concerto for Pianoforte.  
Mahler: Symphony No. 5.  
Soloist, Mr. Harold Bauer.

Brooklyn—  
Weber: Overture, "Freischütz."  
Schubert: Unfinished Symphony.  
Schumann: Concerto for Pianoforte.  
Tchaikovsky: "Francesca da Rimini."  
Soloist, Mr. Harold Bauer.

New York—  
Haydn: Symphony No. 2 (B. & H.).  
Mendelssohn: Concerto for Violin.  
d'Indy: Symphony No. 1, for Orchestra and Pianoforte.  
Soloist, Miss Marie Hall.

Buffalo—  
Goldmark: Overture, "In the Spring."  
Aria.  
Saint-Saëns: Concerto for Violoncello.  
Wagner: Bacchanale, from "Tannhäuser."  
Songs with Pianoforte.  
Tchaikovsky: Symphony No. 4.  
Soloists, Miss Edyth Walker and Miss Elsa Ruegger.

Troy—  
Beethoven: Overture, "Egmont."  
Schumann: Concerto for Pianoforte.  
Wagner: Bacchanale, from "Tannhäuser."  
Tchaikovsky: Symphony No. 4.  
Soloist, Mr. Harold Bauer.

## D'INDY'S MUSIC AT THE SYMPHONY

Elsa Ruegger, 'Cellist, Plays Saint-Saëns' Concerto and Haydn's No. 2 Opens Concert.

Journal Feb. 12, 1906

Haydn's D minor symphony, written for an orchestra of forty, was given at the fifteenth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra Saturday night by a complete modern band of ninety or



more performers, the wood wind being doubled to balance the big aggregation of strings. The exquisite composition did not suffer for the enlargement served to bring the work in its entirety from the small hall for which it was intended to the big auditorium.

There is a difference of opinion concerning the advisability of performing a work like this of Haydn's by use of a large orchestra in a large hall. The symphony was given, of course, a superb, scholarly and thoroughly adequate performance.

Miss Elsa Ruegger, cellist, was soloist. She played Saint-Saens' concerto in A minor, a short, thoroughly enjoyable piece, in which Miss Ruegger displayed a bigger tone than formerly, together with perfect technique. She was recalled four times.

D'Indy's symphony, "on a mountain air for orchestra and pianoforte," was the third number. Heinrich Gebhard was mentioned as pianist, although the piano is but an ensemble instrument in the work. The harp player's name was not programmed, yet he with his instrument was fully as important in the symphony. The solo instrument in the work is apparently the horn, but as the symphony is purely orchestral the performers are not mentioned except the pianist, probably because he sits conspicuously in front. The symphony is noble and at times inspiring, richly orchestrated and played in Mr. Gericke's most happy mood.

## HEAR SYMPHONY ON MOUNTAIN AIR

Earlier Work of D'Indy One of  
Numbers on Programme at  
Fifteenth Concert of the  
Boston Orchestra.

THIRD APPEARANCE OF  
MISS RUEGGER, SOLOIST

Haydn Symphony That Has  
Brought in Money Also Per-  
formed—Miss Hall's Last  
Violin Recital.

The programme of the 15th concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Gericke conductor, given last night in Symphony Hall, was as follows:

Symphony in D major (B. & H. No. 2) Haydn  
Concerto in A minor No. 1 for 'cello.....

Saint-Saens  
Symphony on a mountain air for orchestra  
and piano, No. 1.....D'Indy

Haydn himself was well pleased at the first performance of this symphony. The concert was a brilliant one. Brigida Banti, the singer, who enchanted all that heard her, who lived gayly and died in the poorhouse; Anne Marichelli, who by her will left a sum of money to Napoleon Bonaparte; Viotti, the violinist, and the great oboist, Ferlendis, who then made his first appearance in London, and two singing men of renown were the soloists. It was Haydn's last benefit concert in the city where he was highly honored. He entered in that note book in which he entered many curious observations and reflections: "I took in this evening 4000 gulden (about \$2000); one can make as much as this only in England." Furthermore, the orchestra on this occasion numbered about 60. The orchestra of the first six concerts was made up of about 40.

The Herald has before this discussed the injury done the symphonic music of Mozart and Haydn by performances in a great hall by modern orchestras, in which the wind instruments are doubled in the hope of obtaining a just balance with the great band of strings. It has also referred to the attempt of some in Germany to play this music under more favorable conditions. Thus Reznicek, who has been conducting concerts of old music in Berlin, gives them in a comparatively small hall and with a small orchestra. And so in London when Mozart's birthday was celebrated last month by the Concert-Goers' Club in Bechstein Hall with Mr. Wood as conductor, the symphony in E flat, composed when Mozart was 8 years old, the introduction to "Bastien and Bastienne," composed when he was a few years older, the ballet music from "Idomeneo," the great symphony in G minor and some other pieces were played by an orchestra of only 36.

It would be an interesting experiment to hear in this city a symphony by Haydn or Mozart played in Jordan or Chickering Hall by a small orchestra of picked men. But in the present apathetic condition of the Boston musical public it would be prudent to defer the experiment.

The symphony played last night stood the unreasonable test of a huge hall much better than others of Haydn and the performance was one abounding in vitality and at the same time one of most careful finish in the details.

The intense admirers of the ultra-modern French school, which has been so recently discovered by them that they have the furious and iconoclastic zeal of recent converts, are ready to sneer at Camille Saint-Saens and to class him with the periwigged. They forget there was a time when Saint-Saens himself was looked on as a dangerous radical, a disturber of established order and pleasant, confident dreams. They blind themselves to Saint-Saens' great merits, to his talent that

is akin to genius: his calm mastery of technique, his exquisite sense of proportion, his clearness, his logical arrangement of musical thought, the artful simplicity and effectiveness of his orchestra.

It is true that he has probably said his say, that his latest works have little true life; it is also true that his music was never deeply emotional; but his best works—and they are not few—are strikingly individual in their lucidity and elegance. This 'cello concerto, for instance, has distinction, and there are charming pages, as those of the minuet, which is the very essence of Saint-Saens. It also has the merit of being short—a great merit in a 'cello concerto, for a little 'cello in solo goes a long way. Miss Ruegger played in the fitting spirit, and displayed both tone and general artistry.

D'Indy no longer calls his "Wallenstein" a symphony; and his symphony "Jean Hunyadi" (1876), was thrown overboard by him long ago. There is a difference of almost 20 years between the composition of the symphony on a mountain air and that of the symphony in B flat major which, played here under the composer's direction, irritated certain highly estimable persons who, to use the cant of the period, are not wholly "in touch with the modern musical movement."

When this symphony on a mountain air was produced here about four years ago, with Mr. Bauer as the pianist, it gave great pleasure to many, and we are inclined to think that it will for some years to come enjoy greater popular favor than the superb work which will in due time be ranked as one of the great symphonies of the world. The reasons for this present preference are not far to seek, for the music of the first symphony has elements of immediate popularity. The fact that a pianist is seen at work excites the attention of those interested in a soloist rather than in a conventionally scored symphonic work, and their name is legion; yet the pianist is here no more a soloist than the oboist or the English horn player. Indeed, it is a pity that the piano was placed last night in a dominating position, for this position, no doubt unavoidable, gave one unacquainted with the character of the work the idea that the symphony might be a thinly disguised concerto, whereas it is nothing of the kind; the piano is an instrument in ensemble.

Again, the chief melody, which as treated by D'Indy at times bears a curious resemblance to Bruant's canaille ditty, "a la Villette," and the tributary themes are more obviously melodic than those of the second symphony, and the treatment of them is franker. It may also be said that the harmonic speech of D'Indy is here more in accordance with familiar musical usage; that there is more of superficial interest; and that the peasant and boisterous jollity of the finale makes an immediate effect on the nerves.

D'Indy has more than once looked to the hills for inspiration, and at times in this symphony he dwells among them. The atmosphere is often that of the cool mountains, and there are suggestions of nature that are of fragrant and of outdoor beauty. The first two movements contain passages that are contemplative and serene; yet the hearer, though he stands with the composer above the every-day and garish world, is not lost in the clouds, nor does he find, as in some of D'Indy's compositions, the air too nipping and eager.

There is much pure and noble music

in this symphony, and the fine taste of the composer keeps him from vulgarity in the finale where it would be easy, almost permissible, to be extremely vulgar—both rhythmically and orchestrally. The orchestration throughout is rich and sonorous, and it is especially rich in discretion. Mr. Gebhard played well his part, and the performance in general was one of the highest poetic excellence. Mr. Gericke conducted with gusto and spirit and the imagination displayed in his interpretation was in full sympathy with that of the composer.

## GERICKE RESIGNS FROM SYMPHONY.

Because Wilhelm Gericke and Henry L. Higginson could not agree on certain terms concerning the former's contract as conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra for the season of 1906-07, Mr. Gericke has handed in his resignation to take effect at the end of this season. It is rumored that Mr. Vincent D'Indy is to be the new conductor.

## SYMPHONY REHEARSAL.

Boston Orchestra Will Give 16th Public Performance—Bispham

Will Sing.

The 16th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Gericke conductor, will take place in Symphony Hall this afternoon. The overture to "Der Freischuetz" will be played for the 13th time at these concerts and those who heard Mr. Weingartner's concert will be interested in any possible difference in the readings of the overture. Mr. Ernest Hutcheson, now of Baltimore, will play the piano part of Rubinstein's concerto in D minor. This will be Mr. Hutcheson's second appearance here with the orchestra. At the request of many, Mahler's fifth symphony, which made such a deep impression a few weeks ago, will be repeated.

The concerts of next week will be of unusual interest. Mr. Frederick S. Converse's ballad for baritone and orchestra, "La Belle Dame Sans Merci" (Kats' poem) will be performed for the first time in public, with Mr. David Bispham as the singer. The ballad was composed in 1902, and it is in the nature of a symphonic poem with voice part. Mr. Bispham sang it here with piano accompaniment at a private concert March 29, 1903. He will sing next week the once celebrated aria from Marschner's "Hans Heiling" and the old English song, "Drink to Me, Only with Thine Eyes." Ernst Boehe's symphonic poem, "Ulysses' departure and shipwreck," will be played here for the first time. It is the first of a cycle of symphonic poems based on the Ulysses legend. The composer, who is about 25 years old, lives at Munich. The programme will also include Mendelssohn's overture to the legend of "The Fair Melusina," and Richard Strauss' symphonic fantasy "From Italy."



## STEINBACH TO CONDUCT?

Signs That He May Be Gericke's  
Successor

Changing Plans, He Sails for Boston  
Tomorrow

A Mature German with a Notable  
Career

His High Reputation as a Conductor of the  
Classics

Of all the more distinguished conductors in Germany none has seemed to those that knew the field there and the work here, so likely to succeed Mr. Gericke with the Symphony Orchestra as Fritz Steinbach of Cologne. As long ago as last autumn, when hints of Mr. Gericke's retirement began, there were plausible predictions that Steinbach would be the new conductor, and now there is reason to believe that negotiations with him are in progress, and so far advanced that he is on his way to Boston to continue them. Mr. Steinbach is leaving Liverpool tomorrow on the Cymric, which sails directly to Boston. She is due here on Saturday, March 17, or Sunday, March 18. A week later on Friday, March 23, and Saturday, March 24, Mr. Steinbach is to conduct at two concerts of the Philharmonic Society in New York. Visiting conductors to that orchestra usually have two or three rehearsals with the band, beginning on the Tuesday or Wednesday preceding the concerts. Thus Mr. Steinbach would have two or three days to spend in Boston.

The particular reason for believing that he has an important errand here is the fact that, to come to Boston, he has suddenly altered the arrangements that he made originally with the Philharmonic Society. Pressed by work at home, he wished to spend as few days as possible on the journey and in New York. He intended to travel on a fast German ship and reach New York only on the Tuesday or Wednesday preceding his concerts there, and to return as soon as his work was done. Now he has changed all these plans. He will sail for Boston direct, by a comparatively slow ship, and he will spend a day or two here, apparently, before he goes to New York. Now, too, he gives no intimation of a hasty return to Germany.

Steinbach is a man of vigorous middle age, with a strong, smooth face

and a quietly commanding presence. For twenty years he has been a conductor in Germany, first at the opera at Mayence, then with the court orchestra at Meiningen, and now with the noted Gurzenich Orchestra at Cologne. In recent years, as "star" conductors have become the musical fashion, he has paid visits to other cities in and out of Germany, and his reputation is now European. In London, in particular, he has been warmly liked. His coming to the Philharmonic Society for a pair of concerts will be his first visit to America. Usually he has been applauded almost equally as a conductor in the classics, which he cultivates especially, and in ultra-modern music. When he last appeared in London, Mr. Baughan, one of the most judicious of English reviewers, wrote of the concert in the Daily News:

"Herr Fritz Steinbach is now so well known that his performances hardly require detailed criticisms. Yet there was much that was suggestive in his conducting of the second symphony of Brahms. Herr Steinbach and his Meiningen Orchestra first made us see what a wealth of dramatic and emotional feeling there is in Brahms's music, which so often has been called dull and dry. The English admirers of the composer accepted Herr Steinbach's readings from the first without as much as the faintest show of resentment that the traditional British performances had been broken. Brahms at one time of his life had had a good deal to do with the Meiningen Orchestra, and so it was supposed that Herr Steinbach's readings must have been inspired by the composer himself. I very much doubt if that really was the case. At any rate, I have heard on good authority that much of Herr Steinbach's interpretations are peculiar to himself, and are against the Meiningen tradition. But a composer is not always the very best judge of how his music should be played, or, at any rate, he is not always able to give an orchestra a just idea of what he really wants. To me it seems that Herr Steinbach's expressive conducting of the Brahms melody and the vigor he gives to music which is too often made dull and lifeless are very characteristic of the composer. The most satisfying performance of the afternoon was that of Richard Strauss's 'Til Eulenspiegel.' There is no need to tell admirers of the composer that the Humoreske is not merely humorous, but in its own way as serious a symphonic poem as 'Zarathustra.' Herr Steinbach's reading brought out this aspect of the work with more sharpness than I remember to have heard before. At the same time, the rhythm and the orchestration were so finely chiselled that the composition

sounded clearer and more connected than usual."

From another source comes a little summary of Steinbach's career and a hint at his reputation as a conductor of the classics. Steinbach bears a cumbersome title, which was given to him by the Grand Duke of Saxe-Meiningen when he was in his service, so as to enable him to gather and command all the available musical forces in the grand duchy on festival occasions. He is a grand-ducal-general-musik-direktor, and was Von Bülow's successor as court conductor at Meiningen, whither he went in 1886. There he remained until 1903, when he was called to Cologne as municipal conductor and head of the Cologne Conservatory of Music, succeeding Franz Wüllner. Steinbach is a native of the Duchy of Baden, and was born in 1855. He studied at the Leipsic Conservatory, and carried off the Mozart prize. Thence he went to Vienna, and as a pupil of Nottbohm laid the foundations for his special excellence in the conducting of the classics. He is not a champion of the modern tendencies in music so much as he is a classicist with peculiarly strong leanings toward Beethoven and Brahms. "To Nottbohm," said Steinbach in an interview in The Musical Times of London, last year, "I owe almost everything."

Young Steinbach displayed unmistakable talent for composition, but soon abandoned it for conducting. In 1880 he was appointed conductor of the Municipal Theatre at Mayence, and he held the post until called to Meiningen to be Von Bülow's successor. "It was in this capacity," says The Musical Times, "that he laid the foundation of his fame as a conductor of the classics, and more especially of Brahms. He had made the acquaintance of Brahms some time previously, for it was he who had recommended Steinbach to Nottbohm. The close friendship between the composer and the young conductor continued till the end of Brahms's life. Not a year passed without their meeting. In the summer Steinbach would visit his friend at Vienna or at Ischl, and every winter Brahms travelled to Meiningen to hear the court orchestra discourse Bach for his special delectation. Thus we may assume that Steinbach's peculiarly unconventional readings, so full of life and feeling, of Brahms's symphonies and other works, must have had the composer's fullest approval."

And here, finally, is a note from a correspondent in Germany, who has often heard Steinbach, about some qualities in his conducting: "His command over the orchestra is remarkable. He is overflowing with energy, and holds his men with a grip of iron. I shall never forget the effect his conducting produced here a few years ago at the Joachim sixtieth jubilee. An orchestra of two hundred picked performers had been brought together, in which there were one hundred and twenty string players, all of the Joachim school. Joachim himself said that never in all his life had he heard such an orchestra; and it was the conduct-

ing of Steinbach, as well as the size and excellence of the band that produced such remarkable results. His symphony concerts at Cologne are among the best in Germany. He gets the very best out of his men, and makes them play with wonderful brilliance and warmth of tone." At Cologne, moreover, between his orchestra, the conservatory, a choral society, and his own visits to other cities, Steinbach has had as much and as taxing work as the conductorship of our orchestra, with its hundred concerts each season and its monthly journeys, would require of him. He has flourished under it.

## STEINBACH NOT FOR SYMPHONY

Story That Cologne Music Director-General Is Coming to  
Lead Boston Orchestra Em-  
phatically Denied.

The New York Times stated yesterday that "there are circumstances which, put together, would seem to indicate that the next conductor of the Boston Symphony orchestra will be Fritz Steinbach, who is coming from Cologne to conduct the last concert this season of the Philharmonic Society. Herr Steinbach is music director-general at Cologne, and his services there are arduous. So are those of the Boston conductor, but American salaries are considerably larger than those paid even to music directors general, and it may be that Mr. Higginson, who refused to give Mr. Theodore Thomas \$14,000 a year when he went to Chicago, will now be willing to put up that amount or something like it to secure the services of as well known a conductor as Herr Steinbach."

The Tribune names circumstances that point to the "likelihood" of Mr. Steinbach's engagement here and adds: "There is much significance also in the fact that Mr. Willy Hess, the concert master of the Boston orchestra, used to occupy the same place under Herr Steinbach in Cologne."

This article is signed "H. E. K.," the initials of Mr. Henry E. Krehbiel, the music critic of the Tribune.

The Herald states on the best of authority that there is no foundation for the article that appeared in the Tribune.

Mr. Steinbach is not seriously considered as the successor of Mr. Gericke, and there are no negotiations of any



nature whatever with Mr. Steinbach. The Herald is also authorized to say that the statement "Mr. Higginson refused to give Mr. Theodore Thomas \$14,000 a year when he went to Chicago" is wholly false.

Fritz Steinbach, whose name has thus been used, was born at Gruensfeld, in Baden, on June 17, 1855. He studied at Leipzig and also with his brother Emil, who was conductor at Mayence, where Fritz was second conductor from 1880 to 1886. From 1886 to 1902 he was conductor of the Meiningen orchestra, and in 1902 he was called to Cologne to conduct the Guersnich concerts and direct the music conservatory of that city. He is a conservative musician, who has composed highly respectable chamber music. As a conductor he is best known as an interpreter of Brahms.

### Mr. Gericke's Successor and "The Rising Market"

The writers about music in New York have been as warm in just praise of Mr. Gericke, apropos of his retirement, as have ours in Boston. Now, like the rest of us, they are speculating about his successor. One has predicted Weingartner, apparently because he is the most eminent conductor who has visited America; and another chooses Dr. Muck of the Berlin opera because he will soon be disengaged. Others prefer, more wisely, to survey the field and consider the conditions which are likely to influence the choice. One of these, beyond doubt, is the steady increase, actual and expected, in conductors' salaries. Of this "rising market," and of its influence upon orchestral music in America, Mr. Krehbiel writes very sensibly in the Tribune as follows:

"When Mr. Gericke came to America his salary was looked upon in some circles as princely, and there were few conductors in Europe who did not envy him his position. But a great change has taken place since then. Conductors have become 'star' performers in the eyes of the public, and Mr. Nikisch, who was Mr. Gericke's immediate successor in Boston, is now earning in Europe more than twice the sum each year that Mr. Higginson paid him. The policy of engaging a different conductor for each concert, which was followed for a time in Berlin, and has now become the rule in Vienna, London and other capitals, as well as in New York, has tended to increase the importance of the men who could catch popular attention, not only in the eyes of the directors of concert organizations, but also in their own, and the demands of the 'stars' have gone up proportionately. As an illustration, it is reported that Mr. Safonoff has set his figure as conductor of the Philharmonic Society in New York at \$20,000 a year, with a set term of three years. Mr. Weingartner has finished the first portion of an engagement for three terms with the New York Symphony Orchestra and an auxiliary committee, for which he is paid \$12,000 for conducting sixteen concerts. It is said that Mr. Mengelberg of Amsterdam, Mr. Fiedler of Hamburg, Mr. Schuch of Dresden

and other European celebrities, when consulted on the subject of an American engagement, all mentioned figures as an annual salary, for which the best of their predecessors much less than a generation ago would have gladly worked for nearly a decade."

Such financial expectations, Mr. Krehbiel believes, will have much to do with the choice of Mr. Gericke's successor. Yet, he continues, "with all its prestige and success in its native city and elsewhere, the Boston Orchestra is not a money-making institution. It cannot be one under existing conditions. The orchestras of Philadelphia, Chicago and Cincinnati and the New York Symphony Orchestra, with its Weingartner attachment, live only because of large contributions by enthusiastic admirers of orchestral music, of the personality of the imported conductor, or of the cities in which they live. The policy successfully carried out for three years by the Philharmonic Society is also dependent upon the public spirit of a few rich men. But this thing cannot go on. Orchestras cannot count on such benefactions forever. The Pittsburgh orchestra seems to be in the throes of dissolution. Under the best of conditions as they have prevailed with reasonable salaries, no orchestra has been self-supporting except the Philharmonic Society, whose members do not depend upon their concerts for a living, but take the proceeds in payment of their services, whether they be \$25 or \$200 each for the season.

"It is not likely that any of the permanent orchestras in the cities mentioned will ever be freed from the danger of collapse until they become really permanent through the operation of generous and permanent endowments. To meet the growing demands of the 'star' conductors will only hasten the time of dissolution. A conductor, like every other artist, is worth what he can draw. The time is not come as yet when any one of them can take the place in popular admiration of the solo singer and instrumentalist who provides the variety in concert schemes that audiences still crave. This has been demonstrated in New York this season with Weingartner's concerts. If the successor of Mr. Gericke, who earned every cent of his salary, is to be a high-priced 'star,' days like those of Mr. Higginson's early trials will return to that generous and artistic-minded gentleman."

## BISPHAM TO SING CONVERSE BALLAD

At 17th Symphony Rehearsal Today "La Belle Dame Sans Merci" Will Be Given for First Time in Public.

Herald ———— Feb. 2, 1906

The 17th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Gericke conductor, will take place this afternoon in Symphony Hall. The programme is one of unusual interest. Mendelssohn's overture to the legend of the Fair Melusina is the first number. Mr. Frederick S. Converse's "La Belle Dame Sans Merci," a ballad for baritone and orchestra, will be performed here for the first time in public. Mr. Bispham will be the singer. He sang the ballad with piano accompaniment at a St. Botolph Club Sunday concert, March 29, 1903.

The first performance with orchestra in public was last night in Providence, R. I., at a Boston symphony concert, with Mr. Bispham as the soloist. The text is the original version of Keat's famous poem. Mr. Converse composed the music in 1902. It is in the nature of a symphonic poem with voice part. There are extended orchestral interludes expressive of the moods of the text.

Mr. Bispham will also sing the well known aria from Marschner's "Hans Heiling." Ernest Boehe's "Departure and Shipwreck of Ulysses," from a cycle of four orchestral episodes based on incidents in the voyages of the hero, will be played here for the first time. The music tells of Ulysses, exulting after the fall of Troy, his longing for his wife Penelope, the joyful setting-sail and the shipwreck due to the wrath of Neptune. The composer, about 25 years old, lives in Munich, where he was born. The son of a Bavarian military officer, he was educated for the army, but he determined to be a musician. He has composed two songs with orchestral and groups of songs with piano accompaniment.

Richard Strauss' "From Italy," a symphonic fantasia in four movements, will be the final number.

The programme of the 18th concert, March 9 and 10, will be as follows: Goldmark's overture to "Sakuntala"; a violin concerto in C minor by Emile Jaques-Dalcroze (first time here), played by Mr. Henri Marteau; Debussy's prelude to Mallarmé's "Afternoon of a Faun," and Schubert's symphony in C major, No. 7. Jaques-Dalcroze, a Swiss, was born in Vienna. Since 1892 he has been professor of harmony at the Geneva Conservatory, and thus a colleague of Mr. Marteau, to whom the concerto is dedicated. He has composed operas, orchestral music, cantatas, songs, piano pieces.

### Mahler at the Symphony Concert

The second performance of Mahler's symphony on Saturday evening renewed and confirmed the impression that, so far as it discloses him, he is a twentieth-century Berlioz. In matter and in manner it is grandiose. He rears a huge musical structure and seeks to give each detail in its due place and significance. Yet the end leaves the listener with the impression that the structure has not reached the breadth and the height of Mahler's imaginings or each detail burned or caressed as he would have it. Elemental passions and moods, jostling, jarring, striving, choking each other one instant, leaping over each other at another, but always at highest pitch, always fantastical and always striving for fuller expression, fill this structure. The very hugeness of the composer's imaginings, the very intensity of them stand in their own and the composer's way. When they attain to as full expression as Mahler can give them there are moments of such power as those that end the symphony, of such transporting beauty as that of the adagio and of such deep and lambent pictorial impression as that of the "dead march" at the beginning. The strife and torture of other parts of the symphony Mahler lifts sometimes to a wild agony that Berlioz might have envied.

Side by side with all these go on one hand imaginative play with the dance. (Recall the glorified waltz and the masque at the Capulets' in Berlioz's symphonies. Or on the other, measure after measure that seems inchoate striving, muddy obscurity or unimpressive distortion. It is the dramatic and poetic rather than the purely musical quality of Mahler's themes that most impresses the listener. It is not the purely musical development of them, but the emotional and dramatic appeal of his variations and transformations of them that give them significance. They tell as parts of a huge vision in which death and love, despair and elation, agony and resolution pass before the beholder's eyes, rather than as parts of a musical fabric. Yet Mahler, like Berlioz, chooses an established form, and in a measure regards it. Above all it is in the instrumental investiture that Mahler most expresses all that he is imagining, and would put into tones. In his instrumentation he touches power and brings beauty. By that instrumentation he most seizes and sways his hearers.

All these are the traits of Berlioz and in higher or lower degree Mahler has them. Now he outstrips the Frenchman; now he lags behind. Often the musical resources and conditions of 1905 give him the advantage over Berlioz struggling with those of 1830. But the impression that Mahler's fifth symphony under Gericke was upon some of his hearers very like that which Berlioz's "Fantastic Symphony" made the other day under Weingartner. The one conductor matched the other in imaginative grasp of the music and communicating power to impart it with its fullest force.



to his hearers. That even in Tschalkovski's "Francesca" have Mr. Gericke and our orchestra given such intense sensations. And "Francesca" is pastime, technically, beside this fifth symphony.

H. T. P.

# MAHLER'S GIANT SYMPHONY IS COLOSSAL.

*American* — July 4.06  
Great Work of Eccentric German Composer Is Produced Here for First Time.

HAS RARE BEAUTIES AND SUDDEN SHOCKS

By Kent Perkins.

Mr. Gericke delights in two kinds of Symphony programmes—those in which harmony of style prevails from beginning to end and those where vivid contrasts are exhibited. When he introduces a new composer or a new "school" of music, he employs contrast to aid his hearers to appreciate readily the characteristic attributes of the novelty.

Last night he made a brilliant audience at Symphony Hall acquainted with Gustav Mahler, about whose head ever since it appeared above the surface of modern German music a fierce war of invective and praise has been waged.

From Athens to Coney Island.

It was as if Mr. Gericke first took the throng to Athens as a musical Cook's guide and displayed the classic majesty and serene beauty of the Acropolis, letting them wander at will about the Parthenon and the temple of the Wingless Victory and then whisked the crowd off to Coney Island on Saturday night.

Beethoven's majestic overture to Goethe's "Egmont" and Schumann's concerto in A minor op. 54, with Harold Bauer as the soloist, furnished the magic atmosphere through which Athens glistened. Mahler conjured up Coney.

The orchestra and Mr. Bauer lent powerful aid in the transformation scene. The "Egmont" music was played with a sym-

pathetic nobility of expression that is beyond praise. Mr. Bauer surpassed himself in the delicious sweetness of his tone, his masterly command of the instrument and his artistically restrained power. His playing roused intense enthusiasm.

After hearing Mahler's Fifth Symphony, by which the composer was introduced here for the first time, one can easily understand why he is both execrated and lauded, why he is hissed by one part of his audiences and showered with extravagant plaudits by another. Mahler is a Teuton through and through; so are his divided audiences. For those who take music as seriously as some people do religion there is justification for both cabages and laurel wreaths in last night's symphony, and doubtless his other works are like this one in wide variety. Consequently he is both cursed and blessed.

Truly a Gigantic Work.

The piece is called the "Giant Symphony" and with reason. It is huge in all its proportions, in the required size of the orchestra, in variety of instruments, in its length, in the fertility of imagination displayed in conception and development and in the immensity of the shocks by which one is made at least to sit up and take notice, whether he likes the jolts his nerves receive or not.

Its framework and its themes are distinctly Germanic. There are many beautiful melodies and many glorious harmonies. Its novelties and idiosyncracies lie mainly in the strange and surprising ways in which the deep basses of brass, wood-wind and strings are used and the queer frills with which many of the harmonies are fringed by ingenious use of percussion instruments.

What surprises and sudden contrasts he employs! In the midst of a swimming melody dressed out in a full-voiced harmony that carries one along as easily and sonorously as does Sousa at his best, something seems to go wrong, and a "little German band" in a tenement backyard could not make a more hopeless mess of things.

Again you say: "Ah! here we are in the class with Schumann. Could anything be more exquisite than this lyric!" when, bing! you are dropped into the middle of a New York crowd drowning the chimes of Trinity with fishhorns on New Year's eve.

Part II. is for the most part a beautiful Scherzo in waltz time and movement. The people were carried away with the grace and daintiness of it last night, when without warning they were pitched apparently into the train shed of the South station with all the trains starting at once for everywhere on the wrong tracks. It was so realistic that dozens of suburbanites seized their wraps and started for the door.

With all his eccentricities and bizarre effects Mahler is worth hearing and his "New music" has this advantage over the extreme "new" French music as exemplified by D'Indy: it is human.

## MUSICAL MATTERS

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Adv: 3477 PROGRAMME. 1906

Weber.....Overture to "Der Freischütz"

Rubinstein.....Concerto in D minor, Op. 70

Soloist, Mr. Ernest Hutcheson.

Mahler.....Symphony in C sharp minor, No. 5

When Mr. Gericke came forward to be-

gin the concert there was applause so continuous and prolonged that it seemed as if every auditor wished to impress him that Boston is sorry for the fact that he is going away. At the end of the overture also the plaudits were so emphatic that it was evidently another personal tribute. This is but just, yet we feel that Boston will not fully recognize what it loses until some time in the future.

Some time ago Mr. Gericke confidentially informed the present writer that this would probably be his last Boston season, and we have therefore watched, for the last four months, with especial care, to note whether this was because of failing power or the great fatigue caused by the fearful exigencies of the modern school. We have found our conductor not only vigorous and active, but greater than at any previous epoch in his career.

His programmes have been anything but conservative, and the most difficult of modern works have been interpreted with as much effect as those classical numbers which appeal more especially to Mr. Gericke's taste. The discipline and technique of the orchestra (due to Mr. Gericke more than to any other) have never been better than at present.

Among the names prominently spoken of in connection with the future conductorship are Fritz Steinbach and Gustav Mahler. The position of the latter, in Austria, has recently become rather shaky. Yet we do not believe that the Vienna musical despot would be tolerated in Boston for a single season.

As regards the reading of the overture it was not so exaggerated as the Wein-gartner interpretation of a few weeks ago, yet it was amply dramatic and struck us as being decidedly more effective. One cannot distort Weber's theatrical touches into anything like the dramatic force of a Berlioz or Strauss, and any effort to do so is wasted.

One can cordially praise the interpretation which Mr. Hutcheson gave of Rubinstein's fourth piano concerto. There was a lack of emotional power in the slow movement, but this was amply atoned for by the excellent ensemble, the careful shading and the perfect surety of other portions of the work. Mr. Hutcheson was recalled several times and he fully earned the popular verdict. That the piano was often prominently in the foreground must be charged to Rubinstein rather than to his interpreter.

The work is unequal and ranges from inspiration to padding. Its first movement is strong enough in spite of its great length, and its great climax in the coda of double octaves was most brilliantly given by Mr. Hutcheson. This exhibits the leonine quality which was in Rubinstein when at his best.

The slow movement is but a thinly disguised piano solo, but, if one does not demand the true concerto structure and effect, it is popular and melodic. The finale exhibits Rubinstein at his worst, for it is wholly manufactured and artificial music. It is the master of routine work making a deliberate display of his wares. But, after all, this is not the only prominent con-

certo which falls off in its third movement. Even Beethoven managed to fade out somewhat in topping off with such an energetic rondo.

And we had Mahler again! We shudder to think of the possibility of some of the modern works being played to us until we understand them. We cannot say that the work gained on a second hearing. The element of surprise had worn off and the fierce contrasts and sudden "sforzandi" did not seem more effective than at the first performance. We again felt (spite of Mahler's avowed opposition to definite programme-music) that such theatrical music demands an explanation, requires a definite story.

The first movement, the Adagietto (of which the "etto" is a misnomer) and the superbly contrapuntal finale are the best parts of the work, and if Mahler had broken the four-movement rule on the side of brevity instead of prolixity (there are five movements), and had called his work a "Festival Symphony," it might be a welcome addition to the standard repertoire.

We cannot quite appreciate the need of choking off every melody in its infancy, in the manner which is pursued by Mahler. Nor can we quite discover the "raison d'être" of such overwhelming difficulties as the ultra-moderns insist upon peppering their works with. We have had this fact borne in upon us by a recent examination of the piano score of Strauss' "Salome," which sets a new stunt for the acrobats of the present to surpass. To illustrate where Music, hellish hag (certainly no longer "Heavenly Maid"), has arrived, we may give a few points of the work, which Mahler, Reger and others must now try to surpass.

The chromatics in "Salome" begin with the second note of the score. At times we find the bass in a flat key and the other harmonies in sharps (not in enharmonic unity either), so that the Scriptural precept—"Let not thy right hand know what thy left hand doeth,"—is given a new meaning. All rhythms are interwoven, with a strong predilection for 5-4 and 7-4.

As regards tonality, it has gone so far that it is utterly unnecessary for Strauss to give any key signature to his music, although he still follows the old custom in this.

It is impossible to know whether one is playing true or false, and any misprints could not be detected by any known musical rule. The libretto is a compound of Lust, stifling perfumes and blood, and cannot be read by any woman or fully understood by any one but a physician. Kundry's pleadings with Parsifal, which we once thought rather too strong for decency, are icy and chaste in comparison with the love-making of Salome.

Intermingled with this, of course, are strokes of genius. The lofty denunciations of Jochanaan, the squabbling disputes of the five Jews with their conflicting dogmas, the dramatic figure treatment, the inflexible reiteration of Salome,—"Ich will den Kopf des Jochanaan!"—and the wonderful Dance of the Seven Vells, which we will undoubtedly soon hear in our symphony concerts, these are all lightning flashes of the musical Jupiter Tonans.



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But the path is wrong and no one seems to stop long enough to ask—'Whither?' There will be no questioning, but Mahler will sit down at his desk and see if he cannot out-Herod Herod, or rather out-Salome Salome. He has already got a new effect by beating kettle drums with rods instead of drumsticks, and in the symphony of Saturday we heard the xylophone, with which Mr. Gericke was forced to replace the striking of blocks of wood which Mahler suggested.

Meanwhile Wagner's "Music of the Future" has become the music of the past, and he is much too simple for the modern neurotic. The new flat is—"In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou hear thy Music!"—

and the perspiration of the auditor is much less than that of the conductor and the musicians.  
Louis C. Elson.

### SYMPHONY IN NEW YORK.

(Special Dispatch to the Sunday Herald.)

NEW YORK, Feb. 17, 1906. It was a pleasing, but not a highly important programme that Mr. Gericke presented in Carnegie Hall this afternoon at the Boston Symphony orchestra's fourth matinee. Haydn's D major symphony, the 12th of the "Salomon" set; the Mendelssohn violin concerto and D'Indy's "Symphony on a Mountain Air," for orchestra and piano, made up the list. Miss Marie Hall, violinist, and Heinrich Gebhard, pianist, were the soloists.

## Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1905-06.

## BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.

### XVII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, MARCH 3, AT 8, P. M.

#### Programme.

MENDELSSOHN.	OVERTURE to the Legend of "The Fair Melusina," op. 32.
F. S. CONVERSE.	BALLADE for BARITONE SOLO and ORCHESTRA, op. 12. "La Belle Dame sans Merci" (after the Poem by Keats.) (First time at these concerts.)
ERNST BOEHE.	THE FIRST of FOUR EPISODES for ORCHESTRA. "Ulysses' Departure and Shipwreck," from "The Voyage of Ulysses," op. 6. (First time at these concerts.)
MARSCHNER.	ARIA for BARITONE, "Upon that Day," from "Hans Heiling."
RICHARD STRAUSS.	SYMPHONIC FANTASIA, op. 16. "From Italy." I. On the Campagna. II. Amid Rome's Ruins. III. On the Shore of Sorrento. IV. Neapolitan Folk-life.

#### Soloist:

Mr. DAVID BISPHAM.



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## BISPHAM SINGS WITH SYMPHONY

*Traveller* ——— *Mich 5.06*  
Famous Baritone Joins Orchestra  
in Composition by Converse.

Instead of presenting two or three long works, as has been the order at most of the concerts recently, the Symphony orchestra, Saturday night, gave five of such length that the concert took but little more than the usual time. Two were heard for the first time at these concerts.

Proximity made the performance of Frederick S. Converse's ballade for baritone and orchestra, "La Belle Dame sans Merci," with David Bispham as the soloist, of most interest. This symphonic poem by the professor of music at Harvard was written to Keats' lines.

The music contains passages of exquisite poetry and beauty, such as the fairy music. But the music of the dream lacks the horror-inspiring and awesome atmosphere demanded by the lines. The orchestral part is preferable to the music for the voice. Mr. Bispham sang well and the ballade as a whole is well worth hearing.

The other work new to Boston, Ernst Boehe's "Departure and Shipwreck of Ulysses," is the product of a man of 23, whose work on which his musical reputation finally will rest will not be done for many years, probably. This is, perhaps, as well, for the first number in the cycle on the Grecian hero is by no means a work of exciting genius. It is euphonious and that, perhaps, is the best that may be said of it, for thematic originality and strong handling of musical tools are mostly absent.

"From Italy," a symphonic fantasia, written by Richard Strauss about 20 years ago, was interesting as showing how Strauss' later genius has evolved, and how much higher he has attained in his flight.

An aria from "Hans Helling," Marschuer, by Mr. Bispham, and the overture to "The Fair Melusina," Mendelssohn, completed the programme. The orchestral work throughout was excellent.

## A SYMPHONY CONCERT OF MANY LEGENDS

*Traveller* ——— *Mich 3.06*  
Mr. Converse's New Ballad—Boehe and  
Homer Make a Tone Poem—A Week of  
Chamber Concerts—The Musical Calendar—"The Pipe of Desire" Again

The first phrases of Mendelssohn's overture, "The Fair Melusina," with which Mr. Gerlicke began yesterday, seemed to foreshadow the warm, clear, untaxing pleasure the Symphony concert was to give to the end. They were imagined with felicity and developed with grace. The mermaid-Melusina, enticing to mortal lovers when her silver-gray scales are hidden, swam through them. They had Mendelssohn's concise elegance, his euphony, and his transparent nicety of feeling. They charmed spontaneously. Of course he soon began to fall away. Try as he may, he seldom keeps his best level for long. By the time the amorous count was wooing the mermaid, the music ceased to touch the fancy so brightly. Mendelssohnian commonplace a little shadowed it; there were patches of elegance only. But Mendelssohn was quick to recover himself. Time and again the charm returned not only of the music as music, but of legend gently told and even of Melusina's watery, wavy elfland.

So Mendelssohn in the thirties wove his music about mediæval legends. Next Mr. Converse wove his of 1906 about another mediæval tale. Keats retold it, even before Mendelssohn discovered the Fair Melusina—the tale of the haggard knight who walked by the withered sedge on the songless lake, who had ridden with the wild-eyed lady of "the kisses four" and seen the wan pageant of her ghostly lovers—the fair woman who is merciless. There is an introduction, melancholy of mood, wan of tonal color, hollow of tonal substance—like the thin clear light of a gray autumn afternoon. There are ominous drum taps. Then the singer begins the ballad. His tones, the piping oboe, and the pale insistent strings summon the picture of lake and knight. The singer's voice tells his tale. The orchestra keeps it a tale of phantoms—vague, remote, emptied. The walling oboe, the hollow woodwinds, the darkening strings, the faint high tinkle of the harp make atmosphere. But human once was one of the phantoms and human was his passion. The orchestra evokes it, now in warm, undulating, enticing climax, now with a grewsome shrillness, then in restless modulations, again in broken splinters of tone. Steadily the music clings equally to the large mood and the vivid details of the verse. There is an elfin flicker, for example. The train of ghostly lovers passes swift and wan—phantoms again of passion. There is the chill sharp awakening. And the knight walks again by the melancholy lake in the thin light.

Oftenest Mr. Converse seems to treat the singer as one more instrument added to his orchestra. His tones narrate and give the clew, while the instruments impart the mood, bring the atmosphere and color the imagined picture. Throughout the ballad is vivid music. The contour and contents of melodies, modulations and rhythms; instrumental combinations and tints serve the single purpose of expression. Behind is the understanding that chooses wisely what music may express and heighten, and the imagination that kindles to the matter and the means until it fuses both into one whole. The large mood and the pregnant detail are equally within Mr. Converse's grasp. His command of his orchestra—explicit, supple, suggestive—steadily serves some imaginative purpose. He is developing an instinct for the incisive and the persuasive phrase. And the range of his imagination and of his power of expression widens. Here with Keats's ballad he is writing the music of phantoms that once were warm with passion. The listener feels both. The ghosts tell in tones their own wan tragedy, and the music is at once picture and speech, a little tone-poem side by side with Keats's, rather than "after" it.

Then the mediæval legends yielded to Greek. Ernst Boehe is a young composer of Munich who is hardly twenty-five years old and who was not that when he wrote his four "episodes for orchestra" out of Ulysses's voyages as the Odyssey tells them. Homer may yet be the fashion among German composers. Bunge has made a whole cycle of operas out of that same Odyssey, though only in Dresden do audiences take much and abiding joy of them. Now Boehe reads it, thinks of his orchestra and quickly sets pen to music paper. Perhaps he has read as a boy reads—it is the only way to read Homer. Only a young imagination would send the victorious Greeks clattering, clumping, shouting, up to the walls of Troy as Boehe does in his music, or start them so lustily on their homeward voyage. Reading Homer has long been a perilous pastime for young poets. It makes them wish to say similar things of their own. Perhaps it will soon be as dangerous for young composers.

Boehe, however, is writing a tone-poem. There must be what the analysts sometimes call "a slow section." There it is in a trice—Ulysses musing upon Penelope awaiting him in the lordly house at Ithaca, longing, constant. Better still, when his ship goes to wreck that melody of Penelope shall be as a musical life-preserver, and float Ulysses through tumultuous seas of tone. Being young, which is no reproach, and also modern, Boehe asks a very large orchestra, and he scores for it with what in these days of youthful orchestral virtuosi, we shall soon be calling academic brilliance. Sometimes he succeeds in making his "tone-picture." He has even his moments of individuality in his tonal-coloring, but not so often in his melodies. Yet the fresh wind of youth does blow through the music, and that is the breath of the Odys-



sey—and the mere eagerness of it is buoyant to hear.

Not even yet were we done with legends of creatures of earth and elfland. There is one behind Marschner's moribund opera, "Hans Heiling," the gnome king who loved the princess, and from it Mr. Bispham sang that air, beloved of baritones, in which Hans with a pretty suavity likens the love that is burning in him to the tortures of hell and similar distressing things. It is operatic agony of an elder day, intended to be sung agreeably with more heed of the audience in front than of any legend (or torture) behind. It is fair to take it for what it is and to say that Mr. Bispham sang with what little sensuous quality remains in his voice, with admirably clear enunciation, keen understanding and expression and as rounded phrases as a certain stiffness of tone permitted. It was as unsensuous singing in tonal quality as it was intelligent and imaginative in everything else. Of such, too, was his singing of Mr. Converse's ballad, but there he had short phrases oftener than a flowing melody. As for the orchestra, it had been as a perfect instrument that was human besides. It continued so through Richard Strauss's "Italian" fantasia; but that and other music of Italian inspiration deserves a little article to itself.

H. T. P.

## MUSICAL MATTERS

### David Bispham Heard at the Symphony.

The American composed, Mr. F. S. Converse, was represented on the 17th Symphony program by his ballade for baritone solo and orchestra, op. 12, which is a musical setting for Keats' poem, "La Belle Dame Sans Merci." Mr. David Bispham, the soloist, also sang the baritone aria, "Upon That Day," from Marschner's opera, "Hans Heiling." The remaining numbers were Mendelssohn's overture to "The Fair Melusina," the first of four episodes for orchestra, from "The Voyage of Ulysses," first time here, and Richard Strauss' symphonic fantasia, "From Italy." In selecting the Keats poem for musical illustration Mr. Converse chose a lyric full of emotional contrasts and one that evidently appealed to his imagination as a combination of the earthly and mysterious to which he could give vivid expression through in-

strumentation that would suggest the various ideas set down in the ballad. This he has succeeded in accomplishing in a way that shows him to be gifted with the art of musical language in a broad sense, for within the past three or four years his compositions have been frequently heard in this city and their value has been indorsed by Mr. Gericke and other prominent musicians.

Although the vocal portion is consistently a part of Mr. Converse's scheme the orchestration is so full that the omission of the solo would scarcely be noticed, especially if the program supplied the words. The story of the fairies and the unfortunate knight is told in vigorous style, Mr. Converse showing the moods of the text quite convincingly, though at times the chaotic episodes appear to be carried to excess, as if the composer took delight in cross modulations and peculiar combinations in progression.

But it is splendidly scored, and although Mr. Bispham did not quite do justice, musically, to the vocal part, he sang with great expression and dramatic warmth, and the work was greeted with many signs of appreciation. Mr. Bispham's voice sounded husky. Probably it has been overtaxed this season, and, aside from the display of his usual skill in tonal coloring, his singing was not up to his past standard. He was more satisfactory in the Marschner aria than in the Converse music.

Boeche's "Ulysses" number, played here for the first time, is one of those seething, tempestuous and anon tranquil sea pictures of a subject that has often been used, and in this instance, at least, handled with considerable skill. The orchestra in this and the Converse work showed ensemble playing of the highest order and responded perfectly to Mr. Gericke's baton, when the slightest uncertainty in attack would have turned a smooth performance into one of disastrous results, the nature of the pieces being so largely inharmonic.

The Mendelssohn overture opened the program in a delightful manner. The Strauss fantasia, which shows the fiery Richard in his youthful and gentler vein, went well. The third movement was a triumph for the strings, and the final movement was given with splendid sonority and brilliancy.

The French violinist, Henri Marteau, will be the soloist this week. He will play for the first time here a C minor concerto for violin and orchestra by Jaques-Dalcroze, a Swiss composer. The orchestra numbers will be the overture to "Sakuntala," Goldmark; Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun" and Schubert's C major symphony.

Sincere regret will be felt by music-lovers of the whole country over the resignation of Mr. Gericke from the Symphony Orchestra. The superstitious will say it is because this is his 13th year of leadership. *Record Feb 23 1906*

## LEGENDS TOLD ON VIOL STRINGS

Landscape Also Shares Programme of Seventeenth Concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

### NEW WORKS HEARD FROM TWO COMPOSERS

Numbers by Converse and Boeche Presented by Conductor Gericke—Rudolph Ganz to Be Heard.

*Herald* — *Feb. 4, 1906*

The programme of the 17th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Gericke conductor, given last night in Symphony Hall, was as follows:

Overture to "The Fair Melusina".....Mendelssohn  
La Belle Dame Sans Merci, ballad for baritone and orchestra.....F. S. Converse  
Ulysses' Departure and Shipwreck.....Boeche  
Aria from "Hans Heiling".....Marschner  
"From Italy," symphonic fantasia.....R. Strauss

The music of this concert was illustrative of landscape and legend. Mendelssohn, the charming landscapist, is not so poetical in the "Melusina" overture as in the "Fingal's Cave," yet there are delightful glimpses of the water in which the mermaid-woman disported herself, and there is the suggestion, as Schumann put it, of "fables of the life far down in the watery abyss," of treasure which the sea has snatched from land-dwellers, of submarine castles and strange rulers and women for whom mortals pine and waste away if by chance they see them.

Mr. Converse wrote his music to Keats' "La Belle Dame Sans Merci," about four years ago. He himself describes it as in the nature of a symphonic poem with voice part: "there are extended orchestral interludes expressive of the moods of the text." The ballade was first performed in public last Thursday night at Providence, R. I., with Mr. Bispham, baritone, at a concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Perhaps it would have been better if Mr. Converse had written a ballade or symphonic poem without a voice part, and left the hearer to his own imagina-

tion, aided by the remembrance of the poem. There are verses of such haunting beauty and exquisite melody that any deliberate addition of music, note against syllable, does not enhance the glory of the text, which serenely bids defiance to the composer, who, if he unites an orchestral piece of surpassing power and wild imagination and entitles it "Kubla Khan," or "La Belle Dame Sans Merci," does not apparently attempt to vie with the poet after the manner of an ingenious interlinear translator. It is hard to imagine music for the voice that would express even approximately the spirit or the form of Shelley's famous lines to the skylark or of some of Swinburne's early poems and ballads.

It is true that Mackenzie wrote a purely orchestral ballade, "La Belle Dame Sans Merci," but who remembers five measures of it, although it has been played twice at these concerts? Sir Alexander Mackenzie is a sound musician, a man of parts, yet who instinctively associates his name with that of Keats? We can think of only one line that must irresistibly have appealed to Mackenzie, as a thrifty Scot: "The squirrel's granary is full."

Furthermore Mr. Converse is happier in writing for the orchestra than for the human voice. He has shown this in his "Pipe of Desire." He makes his effects easier with orchestral instruments; his orchestral diction is more expressive and dramatic.

Now there is much that is truly poetic in Mr. Converse's ballade. The fairy music, the measures that suggest the appearance and the wiles of the Lady met in the Meads, is often finely imaginative; for instance the treatment of the orchestra in the verse beginning: "She took me to her elfin grot." On the other hand the music of the dream, in which the knight saw the pale and warning kings, and princes too does not fully express the horror of the scene; there is not blood-chilling spectral quality. The mood of the poem is well established at the beginning; the ending is effective, but in the love music there might well be more sensuousness. John Keats was a sensuous being. If his poems do not give ample proof of this, his letters show it and at times unpleasantly, for the expression of this sensuousness is that of prying Cherubino rather than that of a strong man.

The strength of Mr. Converse's ballade is in its orchestral thought, and the voice part, although Mr. Bispham last night declaimed it with evident feeling, does not contribute materially to the expression of the poet's mood or to the description of the detail.

Mr. Bispham revived the old air dear to all honest and dishonest German baritones. The music is now as old-fashioned as is the text itself. Yet Marschner in his day was reckoned an advanced romanticist and there is no doubt but that Wagner borrowed sundry ideas and formulas for his "Lohengrin" from Marschner's "Templer und die Juedin." Mr. Bispham sang the air as we have often heard it sung in Germany, i. e., chiefly with gusto.

Ernest Boeche, whose "Departure and Shipwreck of Ulysses" was played here for the first time, is a young gentleman of Munich. His father, an army officer, naturally thought that his son would follow his example; instead of which, as Judge Boompotter would say, with a noble disregard of logical sequence and grammatical construction, the wretched youth deliberately turned musician.



Boeche three or four years ago wrote this piece, the first of four orchestral episodes based on incidents in the adventurous life of the wily and much enduring Ulysses. It was his first important work, although among the preceding songs two with orchestra had attracted some attention. It is said that the prevailing mood of the majority of his songs is one of sadness and that he sought for verses that drip melancholy. Meditating an orchestral work he be-thought himself of Ulysses, the hero of many long forgotten operas and also of Bungert's operatic tetralogy. The cycle is now complete: "Departure and Shipwreck of Ulysses," "Circe's Isle," "Nausicaa's Lament," "Ulysses' Home-Coming."

These episodes—at least two of them—have been played in many German concert halls, and the composer is looked on by some as a coming man, if he has not actually arrived. It is hard to see why the episode performed here last night should make either a sensation or his reputation. It is perhaps surprising that a man of 23 years should show an intimate knowledge or orchestral resources. Passages in this work sound exceedingly well, as far as mere sound is concerned. When the musical thought itself is examined it does not stand even a moderate test. The themes are common, without any marked individuality, and their treatment is seldom harmonically or contrapuntally effective. The themes have been labelled carefully by Boeche's first teacher, Dr. Louis, but Ulysses in this music is a sorry hero, and his companions march to a brass band as firemen at a country muster. Penelope, or—to speak by the card—the thought of Penelope, is not an appealing theme.

If there is talk about musical portraiture of the sea, Mr. Boeche might study to advantage the score of Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Scheherazade" and "Sadko," or that of Paul Gilson's remarkable work, or that of Debussy's third nocturne. Old Neptune may blow lustily on all the trombones at once in Boeche's music; the ocean in its fury is hardly suggested. Without the programme published in the score for concert use, there would be little thought of angry wave and cruel expectant rocks. The music is all on the surface. Its brilliance is cheap veneer. Yet something might be expected from this young orchestral technician if he had exposed original ideas, even if they were extravagant and alive with the reckless enthusiasm of youth.

Richard Strauss, conservative, became associated with von Bülow and Alexander Ritter, and he wrote "From Italy" after he had listened to their urgent and radical words; but there is little of the Strauss of today in this music composed about 20 years ago. He says that through Ritter he came to understand Liszt and Wagner; but his acquired knowledge is shown only timidly and at long intervals in this fantasia. The third movement is pleasantly pictorial. And in the finale the well known tune of Denza does yeoman's service. But compare for a moment this work with "Don Juan," which came soon after. With "Don Juan," "Macbeth"—which has not been performed here—and "Death and Transfiguration"—the true Strauss came into the world to stir up strife and dissension, to win his way by mighty thoughts audaciously expressed. "Educational" or "historical" concerts are as a rule boring; yet it might serve a purpose if extracts from Strauss'

Symphony in F minor and "From Italy," and the symphonic poems "Death and Transfiguration" and "Heldenleben" were played in one concert.

Who knows whether Boeche, now chiefly concerned in decoration, and perhaps led by the daily sight of the Glyptothek and the Pinakothek, those lonely temples shivering in a Munich fog, to set music to Grecian legends, may not in time evolve musical thoughts, strong, beautiful, and his own? Wagner had done nothing at 23 years of age to be compared with this music of Boeche, and if it be said that Boeche is fortunate in coming after Wagner, it should not be forgotten that Beethoven and Berlioz had done much before "Rienzi" came into the mind of Wagner.

The performance of the orchestra was most excellent throughout. Mr. Gericke was warmly greeted; the new works and Mr. Bispham were applauded with more than perfunctory courtesy.

*Journal Feb. 24, 1906*

Next week's symphony program will attract particular interest by the presence on it of two important novelties, one by an American and Bostonian, the other by a Muenchner. The first will be a ballade for barytone and orchestra, a setting of Keats' "La Belle Dame sans Merci," by Frederick Converse. Mr. Converse has been very prominent in the public eye of late because of his opera, "The Pipe of Desire," which met with such general approval when recently performed in Jordan Hall. The ballade is a considerably earlier work, having been written two or three years ago, but this will be its first performance at the symphony concerts. The other novelty is a symphonic poem called "Odysseus Ausfahrt und Schiffbruch," by Ernst Boeche. The other orchestral numbers will be Richard Strauss' symphonic fantasia "Aus Italiens," which has not been played here for six years. The solo artist will be David Bispham, one of the most popular of American barytones. In addition to the Converse ballade he will sing "An Jenem Tag," from Marschner's "Hans Heiling," and an arrangement of "Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes."

# FELIX WEINGARTNER MAY SUCCEED GERICKE

*Record Feb 23 1906*

## Who Has Resigned As Leader of Boston's Famous Symphony Orchestra

Now that Wilhelm Gericke's announcement of his resignation as conductor of the Symphony Orchestra has opened the lips of those who had been pledged to silence, it may be stated that Gericke's determination to leave was made at the opening of the present season and has been known to his intimates all winter.

That attempts have recently been made to change his decision is true, but Gericke had made up his mind to return to Europe and, it is whispered, was not wholly disconsolate when Maj. Higginson informed him that his imposed conditions for remaining another season could not be approved.

While neither Maj. Higginson nor Mr. Gericke will discuss the probable successor of the latter it is said that Felix Weingartner has been approached and has agreed to consider the matter carefully.

### WEINGARTNER IN FIRST RANK.

Paul Felix Weingartner in Europe is reputed among the first rank of living conductors. He was born in Zara, Dalmatia, June 2, 1863, and was educated in the Gymnasium at Gratz, studying music at the same time with W. A. Remy. His first Ops. were published in 1880. After that he studied at the Leipzig conservatories, winning the Mozart prize, and he also studied under Liszt at Weimar, where his first opera, "Sakuntala," was produced. This was in 1884.

Until 1889 he was conductor at theatres at Königsberg, Danzig and Hamburg. In 1891 he became second kapellmeister at the Berlin court opera house, but ill health compelled him to retire in 1897, he retaining, however, the post of conductor of symphony concerts of the Royal orchestra. From 1898 he has lived in Munich as conductor of Kaim concerts.

He is the author of 22 ops. and also of a number of books. An opera of his called "Genesius" was produced in Berlin Nov. 15, 1892, but was so hostilely received that it was withdrawn after the second performance, but afterward produced else-



FELIX WEINGARTNER

where with success. He is regarded as a composer whose writing and music is *fin de siècle*.

Mr. Gericke was invited in 1884 to be conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. He accepted the invitation, and began his duties in October of that year. He resigned his position in the spring of 1889. Then came Mr. Nikisch (1889-1893) and Mr. Paur (1893-1898). Mr. Gericke was again invited to be the conductor, and he has held the position since the fall of 1898. Thus at the end of his season he will have been the conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra for 13 years.



# BISPHAM APPEARS WITH SYMPHONY

*Journal*  
Orchestra Gives an Artistic Interpretation to a Rather Archaic Overture From Mendelssohn.

That Mendelssohn still has power to charm by the extreme delicacy and beauty of his music at its best was proven anew by the favor given his "Melusina" overture, which started things at Saturday's Symphony concert. Few bars of imaginative music have a greater poetic appeal than the wavering, flickering loveliness of the opening phrases of the overture. The work as a whole sags in the middle, and is getting to sound rather old-aged. But its moments of rare fascination are yet enough to warrant its occasional production, particularly when it can come to the ear in the form of such delightful playing as our orchestra gives it.

An "episode for orchestra," "Ulysses' Departure and Shipwreck," by Ernest Boehe, made its debut at these concerts. Needless to say, it is in the ultra-modern style of tone-painting, heavy with big daubs of color and as a rule cleverly orchestrated. Yet it appears to signify little except the noise that must have attended the aquatic smash-up of the Greek hero. In a word, it is uninspired and uninspiring.

David Bispham sang a new Converse work for voice and orchestra, a setting of Keats' "La Belle Dame Sans Merci." It is quite characteristically Converse; that is to say, it has a rather vague and uninteresting vocal part accompanied by an orchestral dress of richness and clear-cut musicianship. Mr. Bispham sang it with artistic feeling, but his voice is now not especially warm nor pleasing. In the Marschner aria from "Haus Heilings" he covered his defects better and was highly interesting and effective.

At the last was Richard Strauss' early work, the symphony "From Italy," not heard here recently. Though it shows the beginning of the real Strauss, it is not essentially suggestive of the land of the olive. It is good music, with a grip of its own, but it is chiefly valuable as showing what a loss to the world there would have been had Strauss never gotten beyond its style.

## Italy According to Strauss

The ultra-modern composers are creating a new Italy in their music. Every one of them has sensations that cry for expression when he first visits it, and nearly every one puts them forthwith into tones. Elgar had an Italian holiday two or three years ago, and then and there he wrote his overture, "In the South," that Mr. Gericke played a few weeks ago. Richard Strauss, who loves Italy, saw and felt it first twenty years ago, and as soon as he was back at Munich, wrote his symphonic fantasia, "From Italy," that ended the Symphony concert on Saturday. Two movements are the suggestions of the desolate quiet of the Campagne, and of the shimmering, lapping sun-kissed sea of the Bay of Naples. Another musing on the memorials of the Cæsars' Rome; the fourth rollicks with Neapolitan street songs. Recall the imaginative material of Elgar's overture—the sheer joy of Italy, the march of Roman armies, the haunting sadness, with all its brightness, of an Italian landscape in the spring. In both is a new sort of musical impressions of Italy and a new sort of expression for them. Not so long ago, the Italy of most composers was a land of an incessant tarantella, with occasional pauses in which a shepherd piped a pastoral tune, or a mule-train wound up a slope with tinkling bells, or, maybe, a lover thrummed a serenade. Even Charperitler, sensitive modern though he is, could find little more for his impressions of Italy. Strauss and Elgar are opener-eyed and more imaginatively minded. They, like true moderns and with true poetic instinct, have felt the appeal of Italian landscape, and colored their music with the moods that it evokes. They have felt the persistent and contrasting appeal of a mighty past—one of the strongest and deepest of Italian impressions—and sought to mirror it in their music. Both have widened and refined the musical material with which the moods of Italy overflow. Both have begun the emancipation of music about Italy from tinkle and tarantella. It is artistic work, worth the doing. It is a shining example to young composers. It has made music about Italy fresh and stimulating again. It is one more musical channel for imagination and expression that the ultra-moderns—bless them—are widening and deepening.

*From*

H. T. P.

The 18th concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Gericke, conductor, was given last night in Symphony Hall. The programme was as follows:

Overture to "Sakuntala".....Goldmark  
Concerto in C minor for violin.....  
Prelude to "The Afternoon of a Faun,".....  
Symphony in C major.....Debussy

When the overture to "Sakuntala" was first played in Boston, it became immediately popular, as the story goes; it was heard often and with delight, and it seemed as though it would take the place of the overture to "William Tell," though we have not been able to find the record of any performance of "Sakuntala" on the organ. There was much talk here as in Europe about its oriental sultriness, languor, and sensuousness, its swooning harmonies and lush orchestration.

Smells of all the sunburnt south,  
Strange spice and flower, strange savor of crushed fruit,

And perfume the swart kings tread underfoot  
For pleasure when their minds wax amorous,  
Charred frankincense and grated sandalroot.

A reader of the criticisms of 25 or 30 years ago would infer, if he did not know the overture, that Goldmark had paraphrased in music the "Ananga-Ranga" or the "Kama-Shastra," or even "The Scented Garden" or some other improving eastern treatise. Hearing the overture today does not suggest such musical eroticism, but the work is still listened to with great delight, and it is not unlikely that it will be the one to carry down the composer's name safely through many years of the present century. For there is more than "local color" in this music. "Local color" may or may not be a musical illusion. Weber, the critic some years ago of the Temps in Paris, boldly declared there was no such thing in itself. He went too far; but how does a New Englander know what oriental color in music really is if he has not heard the music of the east in the east, and surely he would not be reminded if he sojourned in India of Goldmark's music by the music he heard there. We have been taught to believe that the employment of certain scales and harmonies and rhythms and instrumental combinations give oriental color, and when we hear music written according to this formula we say decisively: "Ah! How oriental!" And a native of India hearing the same music might say in reply: "Not a bit like it."

But Goldmark's overture is sensuous and dramatic, well constructed and original. The sensuousness and dramatic force are contagious.

ny Hall.

1905-06.

NY ORCHESTRA.

KE, Conductor.

NCERT.

CH 3, AT 8, P. M.

amme.

E to "The Fair Melusina."

for BARITONE and ORCHESTRA.  
time.)

IC POEM, "Odysseus Ausfahrt und  
" time.)

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e only with thine eyes."

No. 7. "In Italy."

Soloist:

Mr DAVID BISPHAM.



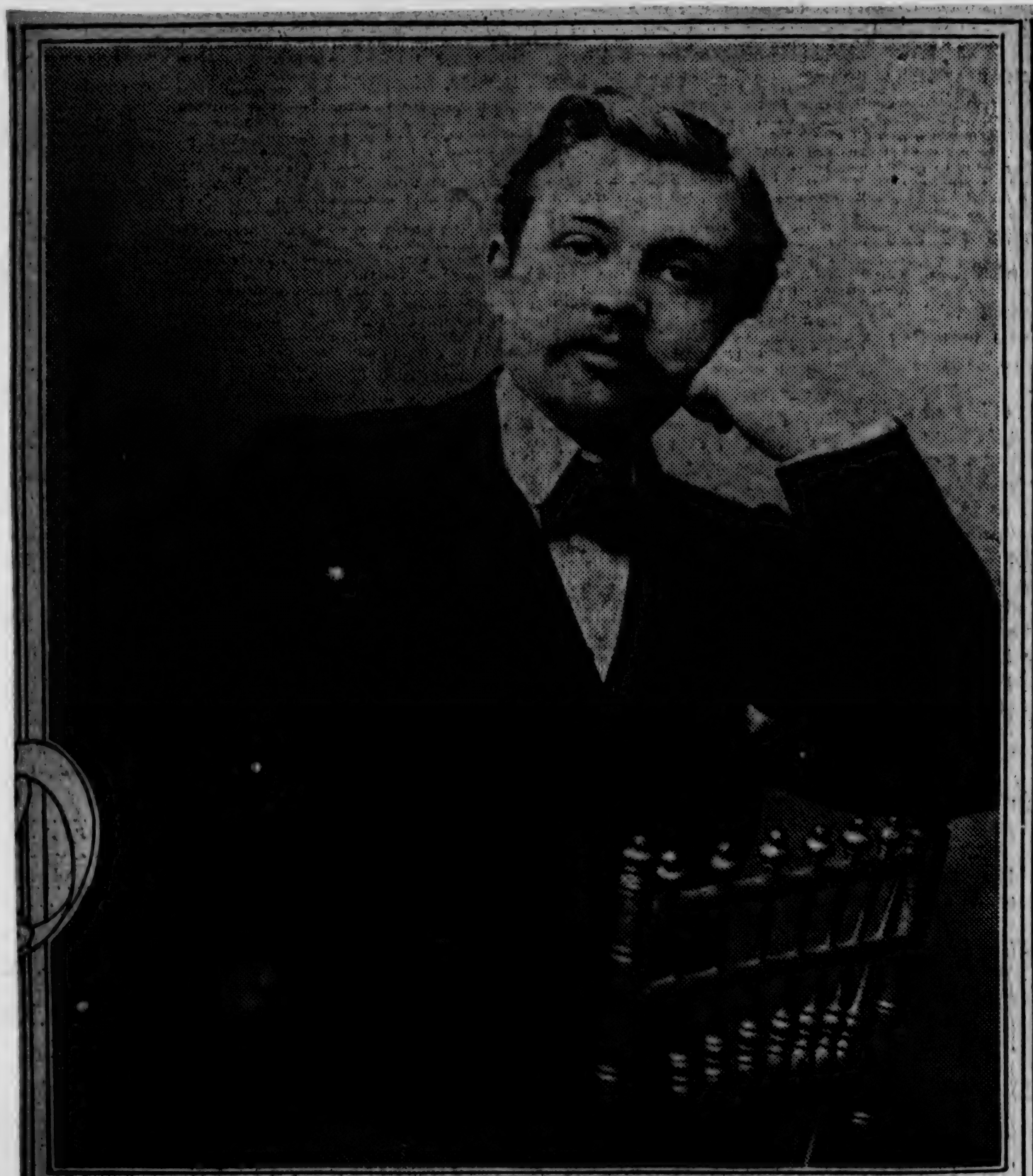


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HENRI MARTEAU, VIOLINIST

*Symphony Hall.*

SEASON 1905-06.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.

XVIII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, MARCH 10, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

- |                  |  |
|------------------|--|
| GOLDMARK.        | OVERTURE to "Sakuntala," op. 13.   |
| JAQUES-DALCROZE. | CONCERTO in C minor, for VIOLIN and ORCHESTRA, op. 50.<br>I. Allegro con ritmo.<br>II. Largo.<br>III. Finale quasi fantasia (Allegro appassionato.)<br>(First time at these concerts.) |
| DEBUSSY.         | PRELUDE to Stéphane Mallarmé's Eclogue, "The Afternoon of a Faun."   |
| SCHUBERT.        | SYMPHONY in C major, No. 7.<br>I. Andante: Allegro, ma non troppo.<br>II. Andante con moto.<br>III. Scherzo: Allegro vivace. Trio.<br>IV. Finale: Allegro vivace.                      |

Soloist:

Mr. HENRI MARTEAU.

There will be no Public Rehearsal and Concert next week.





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# MUSICAL MATTERS

*Globe*  
**Henri Marteau, Soloist  
at Symphony Concert.**

**Plays for the First Time Here  
Dalcroze's Violin Concerto.**

**Piano Recital by Arthur  
Rubinstein—Gossip.**

The novelty of the 18th Symphony program was Dalcroze's C minor concerto for violin and orchestra which Mr Henri Marteau played for the first time in this city, the original performance having been given by the same artist about five years ago in Geneva. The work is dedicated to Mr Marteau, and both he and Dalcroze are connected with the conservatory at that place. The other selections chosen by Mr Gericke were Goldmark's overture to "Sakuntala," Debussy's prelude to Mallarme's "Afternoon of a Faun," and Schubert's grand C major symphony. A very long program, and many in the audience left before the close of the concert and missed the wonderful finale of the Schubert number. Dalcroze's concerto is in three movements, the orchestration fairly bristles with difficulties for the soloist as well as the band, and the boldness of some of the instrumental combinations and the fullness of the solo score, in which also are found unusual melodic forms, makes the work very interesting. With such a performance as that given by Mr Marteau and the orchestra all the merits of the composition received due recognition. The interpretation was one long to be remembered with pleasure.

Although Mr Marteau has not been heard with the Symphony orchestra for a dozen years his frequent appearances here in concerts and recitals have shown him to be a virtuoso of high rank and his fame in this country and abroad is well deserved. He has made the concert going public acquainted with many violin compositions by musicians comparatively unknown and his repertory

probably covers as wide a field in musical literature as any contemporary artist. In the Dalcroze concerto Mr Marteau shows about every phase of violin mastery that is known. In the first movement, and part of the third, the chord phrases are so numerous that the physical demand, aside from the bowing, is very taxing. In the second part there are contrasting theme episodes that require double finger work of the most facile nature and the "stumbling blocks" in the last movement only permit surmounting by an artist of Mr Marteau's skill.

Mr Marteau's performance was singularly effective and sympathetic as soon as he "got into the mood," which mood was not apparent for the first few minutes. Then he gave an exhibition of virtuosity that was nearly flawless. Whether it was the rather novel character of the work, the splendid playing of the soloist and the orchestra, or the combinations of the three, that aroused the enthusiasm of the audience it would be difficult to determine; but whatever the cause the result was an outburst of applause that indicated warm appreciation of a spirited and artistic interpretation of a meritorious work. Mr Marteau was recalled and recalled to the platform.

Under the direction of Mr Hess the orchestral support in the concerto was inspiring and wholly adequate in every way in its companionship with the solo artist. Mr Gericke led the other selections; and very satisfactory was the "Sakuntala" overture and the dainty and fantastic Debussy prelude. Of the interpretation of the magnificent seventh symphony by Schubert general praise is due.

The orchestra will be away this week on its fifth trip. The program for the 19th rehearsal and concert will include the overture to "Tasse," D'Harcourt; Liszt's E flat piano concert, Mr Rudolph Ganz soloist; E. A. Mac Dowell's symphonic poem, "Lancelot and Elaine" and Beethoven's eighth symphony.

## MUSICAL MISCELLANY

### MORE AND JUST PRAISE FOR GERICKE

**Le Gallienne Turns Wagner Into Poetry—  
The Philadelphia Orchestra Polls Its Audience for a Final Programme—Some Interesting Results—Another Operatic Rebellion—Musical News**

Next week, on the final "trip" of our orchestra for the current season, Mr. Gericke will be making his last appearances as conductor in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington and Brooklyn. The audiences at the monthly concerts in these cities are as steadfast in attendance and almost as intimate with conductor and band as are ours, each week, at home. They have been so for years, except in Washington, and they are the flower of the musical public of each city. There is every sign that they will show their regard for Mr. Gericke as they take leave of him, and from Baltimore come reports of a more substantial token of it than applause and wreaths. Meanwhile, since his approaching retirement became known, the musical reviewers of these cities have been writing warm and just praise of him. None has been so sincere and so discriminating toward both the conductor and his men as has Mr. Aldrich of the New York Times. He wrote there last Sunday:

"What the Boston Orchestra is Mr. Gericke has made it. The character it has had as an artistic instrument and the style of its performance are as they are because they have been moulded exactly by his ideals and methods. High ideals and strenuous methods they have been. He has never spared his men any of the pains and labor that he considered requisite to obtain the exact effect he was aiming at in any work, in any passage, in any single bit of orchestral color or phrase or adjustment of tonal balance. But neither has he spared himself. A 'passion for perfection,' it has been well said, has been at the foundation of Mr. Gericke's work as an orchestral conductor, and he has wreaked himself upon the Boston Orchestra to make it what he would have it. Greater technical perfection in the playing of an orchestra it is vain to seek, but there is something finer, subtler, more elusive than technical finish in orchestral performance that Mr. Gericke has given the Boston Orchestra; the perfect euphony, the perfect balance, the exact adjustment of the color and quality of every phrase, so that there shall be just so much of one instrumental color, just so much of another, and the resultant mixture shall be the precise one that belongs to the harmony of the whole."

"Mr. Gericke has been charged with sacrificing spirit, breadth, and the fiercer sonorities of modern orchestral music in his anxiety to keep this sort of quality. Whatever it may have been once, it is now an unjust charge. Especially in the later years of his work here, he has shown a continually increasing sympathy with compositions of the modern schools of music, has played them frequently, and with fine enthusiasm and devotion. Who will not say that Mr. Gericke's performance of Strauss's 'Don Quixote,' for instance, for the first time in New York, was not superior in almost every respect to the performance the composer himself gave of it not long afterward? Besides all its other excellencies, it had the very important one that the orchestra did not break down in the middle. This is something, and it is something that has always been felt to belong to the Boston Orchestra under Mr. Gericke—its absolute certainty, its unquestioned perfection of preparation. When it plays a piece it is able to do it as Mr. Gericke intends, and until it is able to, this piece is not played."

"It has been said, also, that Mr. Gericke has exhausted his men and overburdened and worried them with rehearsals, with endless repetitions and stoppings. Perhaps; but the result of it has been that these same men have played as scarcely another body of the kind in the world can play; that the Boston Symphony Orchestra is absolutely perfect in its way. And that, too, is something. Another conductor would have done differently, would have got other kinds of effects, would have accomplished another order of results; but—to return to the original proposition—as it is now, the Boston Symphony Orchestra is the product precisely of Mr. Gericke's strenuous, unwearied activities. Those who are grateful for its achievements must express their gratitude first of all to him."

## MUSICAL MATTERS

### THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

#### PROGRAMME.

Goldmark—Overture to "Sakuntala."  
Jaques-Dalcroze—Violin Concerto, C minor.  
Soloist, M. Henri Marteau.  
Debussy—"The Afternoon of a Faun."  
Schubert—Symphony in C major.

And a mighty long programme it was! It began brilliantly with the Goldmark overture, which was applauded to the echo. Again and again Mr. Gericke was obliged to bow his acknowledgements. We imagine, however, that this exceptional enthusiasm was in part a personal tribute to Mr. Gericke. The public seem to delight in showing him their appreciation of his past services. It may be added that these services were never more thorough than at present; he seems in the very zenith of his powers.



Mr. Hess deserves especial praise for the manner in which he interpreted the new Swiss concerto. It was a difficult composition to conduct and it received adequate performance both in the orchestral and the solo parts. Mr. Henri Marteau has broadened in style since we last heard him and his performance was praise-worthy in the highest degree.

Such massive G-string work, such perfect double-stopping, such pure harmonics (in the finale of the slow movement) one can seldom hear. The audience went into frenzies of delight and recalled the great artist over and over again at the end of the composition. And this triumph was the more remarkable when one considers that the work itself was not of a popular sort.

In fact this new violin concerto is another of those bizarre attempts to wake up weary critics by unheard-of combinations. No one may object to liberty of form in a concerto.

After all, the concerto is the freest expression of the sonata-form, and even the precise Mozart, who founded the classical form of concerto, made occasional deviations, while Liszt led the concerto into the rhapsodical vein almost a half century ago. Therefore M. Jaques-Dalcroze has "carte blanche" to use any form he wishes in concerto-writing. But the oddity of the orchestration, the strange progressions, the fearfully abrupt contrasts, made the composition one of the modern music puzzles.

It was marked "First time at these concerts," and a witty auditor remarked that he would be happier if it had stated "Last time at these concerts." Yet we suspect that there is more to the work than at first sight appears. We should be glad to hear it again if only to solve our doubts.

While the first, general impression was unfavorable, we found some points of remarkable beauty and skill in the concerto. The gloomy, portentous, restless fugue, in the first movement, beginning on the bassoons and running through the wood-wind and the brasses until it permeates the whole orchestra, was one strong point. The beauty of the passages on the muted strings was another. The contrasts of the slow movement were effective, and so was the clumsy "brusquerie" of parts of the finale.

And there was very much figure treatment. Let no one suppose that our ultra-modern school lacks intellectuality. On the contrary, the mental exercise is pushed as far as it was in the 15th and 16th centuries, when Music and Mathematics were twin sisters. Figure treatment is constantly in evidence in this concerto, as it is in the works of D'Indy, Mahler, Reger, "ed id genus omne."

Yet we cannot say that this "Marteau" hit the nail on the head by making his "rentree" with this work, for it has all the prolixity of the long-winded latter-day composers. Nowadays a Sinfonietta takes an hour in performance, and a full-blooded symphony or concerto extends into infinity.

The grace of Debussy made a good foil to the pleasant sour of this violin work, and we yielded more to its romantic charm than ever before. Yet this forlorn Faun

ought not to have appeared on this particular programme. Its "afternoon" extended too far into the evening. Even without this interesting zoological specimen the programme would have been an hour and three-quarters in length.

Finally Schubert like a poultice came to heal the blows of Jaques-Dalcroze. To think that once upon a time Vienna rejected this C major symphony as being too intricate to understand and too difficult to be played! Mahler is avenging Schubert by giving Vienna symphonies that are twice as hard and not half as melodious. We wonder if tune-writing were again obligatory in Music whether the most prominent of our living composers could compete with Schubert.

It is seldom that one witnesses an exodus during a performance of a Schubert work, but on this occasion the prolixity had been extreme and for once Schubert's "divine length" seemed excessive, wherefore there was a long procession towards the doors at the end of the Andante, and the grand finale, with its development of that powerful figure of four ponderous knocks, was listened to by only the faithful old guard which may be bored but never surrenders. The performance of the symphony was an especially fine one. Louis C. Elson.



RUDOLPH GANZ.

## IN THE WORLD OF MUSIC

### MARTEAU REAPPEARS AT THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

A New Concerto by Dalcroze and a Symphony of Schubert—Few Concerts Next Week—The Musical Calendar—News of the Day *Trans. N.Y. 10.1906*

By all accounts that courtly mind, that genial and polished imagination that lived as Addison, was never much or pleasantly stirred by music! If only it had been, and if the days of its activity were these days of ours, the concert of yesterday afternoon would have set it to a new account of "The Pleasures of the Imagination," and we should have the acute and expert sympathy needed to describe to us how perfect was the pleasure that was given to us who heard the music of yesterday afternoon.

For there some hundreds of us, fleeing from a wet and dreary world without, had hurried in to warmth and cheer and music. And if never before had it been set forth what music is really for, then there it was most plainly put before any that chose to remark it—in the rush of enchanting sound within, and its two hours of grateful interruption to the rush of wind and snow outside. Outside, the cold and pelting elements; inside, Debussy with his quiet wood and faun, and the sunshine of Schubert. Outside, the cold hard world that we find with our raw feelings every day, that beats us and baffles us, that is filled with haggling competitors, uses us ill and deprives us of all that we want. Inside, the world of make-believe, where yearning sees itself satisfied, where joy is celebrated and fun is real, where the ills of the world are at least in fancy righted and we who have suffered them are soothed in their imagined banishment. That is what music is for—to set our imagination on horseback, as it were, that for a too brief hour or two it may gallop away from the vexed world of reality and arrive at whatever heaven it selects.

For such retreat yesterday Mr. Gericke had prepared one of those programmes with which of late months he has been regularly astonishing his followers. They have searched the literature for orchestra, have found the new thing of eternal worth, have found things new among the eternal old, have mixed all these so that contrast should add light to their shining. Yesterday there was Goldmark with busy strings, businesslike horns and drums, a collection of irreproachable platitudes to deliver, and a general tendency to illustrate that famous line in one of Milton's famous sonnets. And why, till we have made seemly disposal of hat and coat and have safely put the hard world behind us, should there not be some honest maker of music who also shall serve though he only stand and wait? Goldmark

went to prepare a way for Debussy.

And a remarkable performance we had of Debussy's faun music, sunny, sylvan, dreamy, full of indefinable yearning, and worthy the sacrifice of anything needed to prepare its way. Of misty pool it sings, and of the thrill that misty pool gives one who suddenly and excitedly discovers it on mounting a little hill. Of quiet, subdued sunset and evening stillness Debussy discourses, and of the mystery they spread over the mind. But most he can convey that ineffable longing that has settled over everything human at some time or other. It may come at any time—in the night, when the imagination is horribly alone with itself. It may come when you are caught in the thickest of crowds. Haply it is faltering and comes but seldom. But most it steals upon you out of green woods or gray sky—a yearning vague as the sky, a wish of the vexed imagination to be larger than itself, to occupy a lot larger than the human—and for the rest indescribable, except as Debussy describes it. Flute and Mr. Gericke, orchestra and Debussy, sang that yesterday till wood and sky were there, and the faun and his pipe, to personate you and all that you felt and would say if you could. It was a notable performance.

For ending to the programme there was Schubert's unending great symphony in C, whose length is heavenly, said Schumann, and whose themes are like heavenly guests. Themes of ravishing beauty Schubert has there put upon the paper, certainly, and in inexhaustible bounty, and arranged in a pattern that has symmetry along with its largeness, coherence along with bulk. Its design is immense. There is but one thing this is like in the effect it gives. Your man who walks along the street is accustomed to the quick rhythms of street sounds—the swift click of the street-car wheel on its rail, the rapid striking of a clock, the tattoo of his own heels on the flags. Set him a lubber on an outgoing ship and he gets a tremendous impression as the vessel leaves the harbor, and there begins to come the long, slow, regular, steady heave of the waves against the side. The second one brings him to notice. The third establishes the rhythm, and his whole system of thought has to accommodate itself to this new pulse, slow, agonizingly slow, that staggers him with his first sense of the immensity of things and the irresistible force of their procession. There is something of the same sense of largeness and majesty in Schubert's symphony. It moves with a Jove-like, stately leisure. It looks out upon the world and speaks with the repose and contentment of a god, for whom time does not exist and who speaks and does as he wills. It takes all the time it chooses to its charming, and half the wonderful spell that it exerts is the very deliberateness of the exertion. Mr. Gericke in playing it played it with perfect yielding to its first exaction—he gave it design. He made it what it is, an Alhambra melted into music—a structure of vastness, overlaid with intricately and endlessly graceful detail.



These things made large enjoyment, and yet salient in them stood the appearance of Mr. Marteau, to fiddle with our orchestra for the first time since 1893. So long an absence made him important before he made himself charming. The charm he created for himself, moreover, by the force of his personality and his art, and without great aid from the music of Mr. Jaques-Dalcrose, whose concerto he had brought along to play. Jaques-Dalcrose, the information goes, is interesting because he is Swiss—the first of his country to make much music. Of Swiss extraction he is, but of Viennese birth. And the Alps, it must be said, have lost much height in going down into Austria. How much of the charm of the Helvetian's tunes were Marteau and how much Jaques-Dalcrose makes a delicate point in metaphysics—which will be neglected to nobody's sorrow. For the rest, the concerto seems, at least on first hearing, made up of some fustian, much honest buckram and patches of real cloth-of-gold. For much of the time it kept Mr. Marteau from being Marteau. It busied him with very careful and delicate and amazing execution of sixths and thirds and octaves that left the eye dry and the hearer's throat unchoked by sobs. It kept Mr. Marteau, much of the time, mounting Alpine steeps of arpeggios, icy cold. But the mountain song did break forth, and then we heard Mr. Marteau.

And the tone of Marteau! Kubelik's violin has the hard, glittering voice of success. Always from youth it has had the easy way of the wonder-child, and its tone sings that—a calm acceptance of the rapture stirred by its wonder, and a feeling and a comprehension for nothing else. Outside its feeling and comprehension the world goes on, occasionally busy with other things than wonder-children, full of people who toil and fail, full of other people who pity failure and lift it up. And all that and more is in Marteau's tone. And if you want to hear your immediate world, that gives you a struggle to live, that baffles you and hurts you and yet gives you friends and sunsets and all the rest of life—if you want to hear all that reduced to the single voice of a violin, go and hear Marteau play.

B. K.



HENRI MARTEAU,  
1892 ~ VIOLINIST



HENRI MARTEAU,  
1904.

## MUSIC TRICKERY MARKS CONCERTO

Unusual Orchestral Combinations in Accompaniment to Henri Marteau's New Violin Offering.

HEARD AT EIGHTEENTH  
SYMPHONY CONCERT

Goldmark's "Sakuntala" Also on the Programme—Mr. Stojowski's Piano Recital in Steinert Hall.

The 18th concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Gericke, conductor, was given last night in Symphony Hall. The programme was as follows:

Overture to "Sakuntala".....Goldmark  
Concerto in C minor for violin.....  
Prelude to "The Afternoon of a Faun,".....  
Symphony in C major.....Debussy

When the overture to "Sakuntala" was first played in Boston, it became immediately popular, as the story goes; it was heard often and with delight, and it seemed as though it would take the place of the overture to "William Tell," though we have not been able to find the record of any performance of "Sakuntala" on the organ. There was much talk here as in Europe about its oriental sultriness, languor, and sensuousness, its swooning harmonies and lush orchestration.

Smells of all the sunburnt south.  
Strange spice and flower, strange savor of crushed fruit,  
And perfume the swart kings tread underfoot  
For pleasure when their minds wax amorous,  
Charred frankincense and grated sandalroot.

A reader of the criticisms of 25 or 30 years ago would infer, if he did not know the overture, that Goldmark had paraphrased in music the "Ananga-Ranga" or the "Kama-Shastra," or even "The Scented Garden" or some other improving eastern treatise. Hearing the overture today does not suggest such musical eroticism, but the work is still listened to with great delight, and it is not unlikely that it will be the one to carry down the composer's name safely through many years of the pres-

ent century. For there is more than "local color" in this music. "Local color" may or may not be a musical illusion. Weber, the critic some years ago of the Temps in Paris, boldly declared there was no such thing in itself. He went too far; but how does a New Englander know what oriental color in music really is if he has not heard the music of the east in the east, and surely he would not be reminded if he sojourned in India of Goldmark's music by the music he heard there. We have been taught to believe that the employment of certain scales and harmonies and rhythms and instrumental combinations give oriental color, and when we hear music written according to this formula we say decisively: "Ah! How oriental!" And a native of India hearing the same music might say in reply: "Not a bit like it."

But Goldmark's overture is sensuous and dramatic, well constructed and original. The sensuousness and dramatic force are contagious.

Mr. Marteau has not been heard at these concerts since 1893. He was then in his 19th year, and he won all hearts by the charm of his youthfulness and the warmth and the enthusiasm of his performance. He has since visited the city from time to time, and the constant development of his art has been apparent.

Last night he played a concerto unknown here, except possibly to violinists, who may have wondered at its difficulties. Jaques-Dalcrose, a Swiss, born at Vienna, composed it and dedicated it to him. The concerto is inherently a virtuoso work, a show piece. Its form is free and unconventional, free to the verge of recklessness. That the composer has technic and also a vivid sense of orchestration is indisputable, but in composing it his aim seems chiefly to have been to provide a formidable task for the violinist and to make the audience sit up. With the exception of a beautiful song-episode just before the introduction of the fugal section in the first movement—this song-episode is repeated—and the second, an idyllic movement, which has delightful moments and true mood, the concerto for effect depends on orchestral trickery.

Unusual and surprising combinations of instruments certainly keep the hearer's attention diverted. Sudden contrasts in rhythm and emotion keep him on the jump. But there is little inherent strength or beauty of thought in the work with the exception of the passages above named. The work as pure music seems rambling, disjointed, inconsequential. We doubt whether a second hearing would change this impression, for an audience is surprised only once. When the surprise is known in advance, there is then opportunity for examining carefully the cheap cause of the surprise. The combination of a snare drum and a fiddle, for example, is not necessarily heroic or beautiful.

Mr. Marteau gave a remarkable virtuoso performance of this virtuoso concerto. The task was a most difficult one, and it is not surprising that the violinist's intonation, especially in the first movement, was occasionally impure. It would be ungracious to insist on this point, for as a whole Mr. Marteau's playing was one of extraordinary merit, one characterized by the finest technical and aesthetic qualities. His tone is not so luscious as when he first visited us, but it has a virility and a breadth that have come with the years, and he now displays a maturity and authority of conception and interpretation



that, with his virtuosic ability, made him among the great violinists.

It would have been better for the balance of the programme if the exquisite prelude of Debussy had come after a more solid and substantial work. On the other hand the performance of the prelude showed the difference between a true and rare artist, a man with the most poetic thoughts, a composer of unusual imagination, with an equally uncommon gift of expression, and a musician with a knack at orchestration, an experimenter with instrumental combinations and contrasts. How logical, how inevitable was this music of Debussy after that of Jacques-Daleroze! Why should we not now be as familiar with Debussy's "Nocturnes" as with the prelude to "The Afternoon of a Faun"? The third nocturne does not necessarily require a female chorus. Then there is a still later work, "The Sea," which should be heard here.

The concert ended with the performance of Schubert's symphony, which is still among those that are truly great. The work of the orchestra was excellent last evening. Mr. Gericke's masterly reading of the symphony is well known; Goldmark's overture was performed superbly, and Debussy's prelude was read and played with the indispensable grace and poesy.

## MARTEAU PLAYS NEW CONCERTO

Head of Violin Department at  
Geneva Conservatory Will  
Be Heard Today at 18th Public  
Symphony Rehearsal.

*Herald* — *March 9, 1906*

The 18th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Gericke conductor, will take place in Symphony Hall this afternoon. The concert will begin with Goldmark's familiar "Sakuntala" overture. Mr. Henri Marteau, who has not played at a symphony concert since 1893, will introduce a new violin concerto by Emile Jaques-Daleroze, new in this city. The composer was born at Vienna, though he is of a Swiss family. He studied music in Vienna and Paris, and since 1892 he has been instructor in harmony at the Geneva Conservatory, where Mr. Marteau has been for some years at the head of the violin department.

Jaques-Daleroze has composed operas, orchestral pieces, chamber music and cantatas, but he is perhaps better known in Europe by his many Swiss songs. The concerto was first played a few years ago by Mr. Marteau, to whom it is dedicated. It is described as a singularly original work.

The programme will also include Debussy's exquisite prelude to Mallarme's

great symphony in C major.

The orchestra will be on its last trip the 16th and 17th. The programme of the 23d-24th will be as follows: d'Harcourt's overture to the opera "Tasso" (first time here); Liszt's piano concerto No. 1 in E flat (Mr. Rudolph Ganz, pianist); MacDowell's symphonic poem "Lancelot and Elaine" and Beethoven's symphony No. 8.

## MARTEAU PROVES HIMSELF THE ARTIST

Faultless and Coherent Performance  
of Daleroze With the  
Symphony.

*Journal* — *March 12, 1906*

The unusual violin concerto by the Swiss composer Daleroze and its strong and masterly performance by Henri Marteau were the chief features of Saturday's Symphony concert. The work is immensely impressive at a first hearing. It begins in extraordinary fashion with huge masses of orchestral color and bold, broad sweeps on the lower strings of the solo instrument. This first movement, spite of its departure from old models, is thoroughly coherent and well made. The slow section displays rare beauty somewhat in the modern French style of mysticism, and the finale is a species of musical revelry that is at once attractive and artistic. The concerto as a whole is a welcome addition to the literature of the violin.

Mr. Marteau, whom Boston has known and liked ever since his days of youthful precocity, is now a man of 32. He always had talent and technical richness; he now adds the breadth and inspiration of a player in his prime, and his interpretation of the Daleroze work was as finished and superb a performance as one need care to hear.

All the other portions of the concert were more or less familiar; even Debussy's exquisite tone dream, "The Afternoon of a Faun," now seems like an old friend so quickly has its beauty made its way. Needless to say its performance by the orchestra was at the very acme of refined and delicate technique. Goldmark's "Sakuntala," overture, too, that beautifully colored piece of orientalism, was played faultlessly. As for the Schubert C major Symphony, its charm and classic appeal are still as potent as ever. It was read with loving care by Mr. Gericke, while the players gave to it their most spontaneous art.

## Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1905-06.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.

## XIX. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, MARCH 24, AT 8, P. M.

### Programme.

D'HARCOURT,	OVERTURE to the opera "Tasso." (First time.)
LISZT,	CONCERTO for PIANOFORTE and ORCHESTRA in E flat major, No. 1. Allegro maestoso.—Quasi adagio.—Allegretto vivace.— Allegro animato.—Allegro marziale animato.—Presto.
MACDOWELL,	Two SYMPHONIC POEMS, "Lancelot and Elaine." (after Tennyson), op. 25.
BEETHOVEN,	SYMPHONY No. 8, in F major, op. 93. I. Allegro vivace e con brio. II. Allegretto scherzando. III. Tempo di menuetto. IV. Allegro vivace.

### Soloist:

MR. RUDOLPH GANZ.

The Piano is a Mason and Hamlin.



that, with his virtuoso ability, rank him among the great violinists.

It would have been better for the balance of the programme if the exquisite prelude of Debussy had come after a more solid and substantial work. On the other hand the performance of the prelude showed the difference between a true and rare artist, a man with the most poetic thoughts, a composer of unusual imagination, with an equally uncommon gift of expression, and a musician with a knack at orchestration, an experimenter with instrumental combinations and contrasts. How logical, how inevitable was this music of Debussy after that of Jacques-Dalcroze! Why should we not now be as familiar with Debussy's "Nocturnes" as with the prelude to "The Afternoon of a Faun"? The third nocturne does not necessarily require a female chorus. Then there is a still later work, "The Sea," which should be heard here.

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SEASON 1905-06.

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WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.

## XIX. CONCERT.

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### Programme.

D'HARCOURT,	OVERTURE to the opera "Tasso." (First time.)
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### Soloist:

MR. RUDOLPH GANZ.

The Piano is a Mason and Hamlin.



## IN THE WORLD OF MUSIC

### EARLY MACDOWELL AT THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

Mr. Ganz Plays Liszt's Concerto with Tempered Brilliance—A New Overture—The Choral Art Society in Old Madrigals—Bauer's Farewell—Other Concerts to Come—Musical News

The grievous and irreparable fate that has stricken Mr. MacDowell in the ripening maturity of his powers has quickened curiosity about his music and esteem for it. Now, when he will write no more, we that profess an interest in serious music are lamenting him as the composer of just distinction that we should have hailed ten years and more ago—the composer, in fact, that Germans and Englishmen discovered at his true worth before some of us, his countrymen, did at home. MacDowell clubs are spreading knowledge and appreciation of his work; Mr. Hamlin Garland is much in earnest in the matter; and conductors are putting MacDowell's music on their programmes. Yet by its intrinsic force of imagination and its individual qualities of expression it was making its way, and will make its way, without any of these extraneous aids which the composer himself in his sincere and reliant heart but lightly esteemed. Moreover, it is not in his music for orchestra—hardly even in the "Indian suite," which excels all that went before, or in the piano concertos—that his most characteristic qualities run finest and shine clearest. They are in some of his songs and some of his piano pieces—most of all in his "Heroic" and his "Keltic" sonatas. Curiously, too, it is his earlier orchestral pieces that the conductors are oftenest choosing, and MacDowell's power to impart his imaginings as he himself saw and felt them, gathered strength and fineness slowly. Always his expression through an orchestra was individual, but for long it fell short of what he willed. The other day in New York it was the orchestral fragments, "The Fair Alda" and "The Saracens," that Mr. Damrosch chose for performance. And yesterday at our Symphony concert, it was "Lancelot and Elaine" that Mr. Gericke picked. Now all this music MacDowell wrote twenty years ago, when he was a very young man, and his friends recall how in later days he smiled gently at it as "youthful."

Persuade one's self as one may—and it is a time when one would think and write most warmly of MacDowell's music—the poetic and imaginative contents of "Lancelot and Elaine" and the musical expression of them do falter. Once and again, there is a poignant and vivid melody like the measures for the oboe that suggest Elaine, but

soon the musical picture wavers or turns cloudy. There are passages in the tournament music and in the music of Lancelot's overthrow that catch the voice and glamor of chivalry, only to become halting or misty. There are details of exquisite imagination and of very felicitous expression in the close of the tone-poem as the dead Elaine, "as though she smiled" drifts past Lancelot's eyes. But they are details only, though it is easy to add twenty more, some very subtle and others very poignant. Elsewhere the music wavers. By some curious and evasive sympathy, under such a performance as Mr. Gericke and his men gave of it, the listener half catches the fine intensity of mood and clear delicacy of understanding that Tennyson's poem awoke in MacDowell. As often he wholly feels that the composer cannot put what he would into his tones. The design that should be fine and clear blurs vaguely. The atmosphere that should pervade becomes fitful and obscure. The composer's poetic sensibility expresses itself oftenest and most vividly only in poignant or subtle details. The music is very seldom quite sure, quite final. Rarely does it summon unerringly the image that it would raise and transport the hearer with it, as Wagner does, for example, in the twenty measures of "Parsifal" through which the knights troop along the forest. Perhaps, however, some of this vagueness lies in the musical evasiveness of the Arthurian legends themselves. They have fascinated many a composer—Chausson for example—as they did MacDowell. Then when he would put them into tones, they have evaded him. Somehow they seem musically bodiless. Yet Tennyson isolated them, as the chemists say, in his verse, and MacDowell was more than half a poet too. Perhaps, he of all composers has come nearest to such achievement in his "Sonata Eroica" with its sub-title of "Arthur, flower of kings."

The rest of the concert was brilliancy rampant. In New York poor MacDowell had his orchestral fragments thrust beside Beethoven's eighth symphony, and yesterday "Lancelot and Elaine" stood over against it again. And that symphony is all quick surety of invention and expression. The themes, the development, the figures spring to life before the listener's very ears. The mere ardor of it transports. The high spirits of it smite. For the instant you forget that music could ever falter or blur—it must go irresistibly onward, as Mr. Gericke and the band played it, rippling up details and ornament out of the broad rush of the whole. The wind of fancy, almost a gale of it, blew through the music.

D'Harcourt's overture to his opera of "Tasso," the new music of the afternoon, went on and on, too; but it was a shallow stream, if it was turbulent now and then, and its brilliancy was altogether thin and superficial. How amiable the life of this Monsieur Le Comte d'Harcourt must be—"man of property," as the programme book respectfully called him—with the writing of



music and the performing of it for his pastimes! He has mused on the formal neatness of Saint-Saëns, the long-drawn sweetness of Massenet and the hollow tonal pomp of Meyerbeer and his children. He knows the ways of the Opéra at Paris. And poor old Barbier, librettist to Gounod ages ago as it now seems, made him a libretto out of the story of Tasso, and Mr. Gericke, chronically hard pressed for new overtures that are even presentable, found d'Harcourt's and played it. Steadily it "sounded"—now pompously, now stridently, now in amorous or repining cantilena. There was much ingenious workmanship in it. There was some brilliancy of tone. It had intelligence. But there was not a real melodic idea or a real musical emotion. Tasso, poet, courtier, lover, madman, leaps out of Liszt's tone-poem. The glow of his time is over him. D'Harcourt's Tasso is an operatic tenor, striding down to the footlights to salute his Leonora—and the audience—with a romanza. He is as amiable as the count himself.

Liszt's first concerto as Mr. Ganz and Mr. Gericke played it had genuine brilliancy, but a curiously tempered brightness. A pianist, if he have the inspiration, imagination and power, may play the concerto as though it were a magnificent impromptu, a glorious improvisation that catches up the orchestra with it and sweeps the audience into it, until virtuoso, band and listeners are drunk with the music. Or, if he choose, he may play it as Mr. Joseffy does, shifting with the nicest hand a delicate kaleidoscope of soft tonal tints—the glaring and torrential Liszt subdued to half-lights in a windless chamber. Mr. Ganz and Mr. Gericke have found a third way. Their Liszt was all brilliancy, but it was cool, calm, ordered, detached. There was no heat of fiery improvisation in it. Neither was there an unduly soft and shadowed radiance. Pianist and conductor kept the coolest heads in the world. The one was master of his instrument and the other of his band. There were melting fusings, sparkling contrasts and clear and pliant interplay of piano and orchestra. There were the nicest and the surest modulations and adjustments of tone. Mr. Ganz and Mr. Gericke grasped the whole design, the large moods, the smallest detail and the merely momentary fancies of the music. They were intelligence personified. They were masterful with an unerring mastery. They made the music as brilliant as the stars on a clear autumn night—and as impersonal.

H. T. P.

## MUSICAL *Hohe* MATTERS

Rudolph Ganz, Soloist  
at the Symphony.

Second of the Season's Concerts  
by Choral Art Society.

Bauer's Farewell Recital—  
Preludes and Echoes.

D. Harcourt's overture to the opera, "Tasso" was the orchestral novelty on the Symphony program last week; Mr Rudolph Ganz made his debut at these concerts as soloist in Liszt's E-flat major piano concerto, Mr E. A. MacDowell was represented by his symphonic poem, "Lancelot and Elaine" and Beethoven's eighth symphony completed the list. The "Tasso" overture is composed of brief excerpts from the opera and gives hints of various episodes in the story without attempting to utilize new thematic material to any great extent. Melodies of the opera are merely suggested, there is no extended development and the work is clearly an overture and not specially intended as a program piece. It was given an effective interpretation, the homogeneous work of the orchestra being up to its usual standard.

Liszt's piano concerto at the hands of Mr Ganz was a brilliant and refined performance, despite the almost monotonous character of the solo part. His finger work was charmingly crisp and delicate in the opening and closing portions, very tender, yet perfectly clear, in the legato passages in the slow movement. His pianissimo playing was notably distinct and the perfect accord between soloist and orchestra made the performance one fully deserving the enthusiastic plaudits given at the termination. Mr Ganz gives a recital here this week which will afford further opportunity to judge of his abilities as a pianist.

"Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight, and burned is Apollo's laurel bough," is the touchingly appropriate couplet on the program page referring to Mr MacDowell's intention to write an opera on an Arthurian legend, a purpose never to be consummated by reason of the sad affliction which has closed his career as

a composer. Mr MacDowell's poem, "Lancelot and Elaine," is generally accepted to be a musical picture of scenes in which the knight, Guinevere and Elaine figure, closing with the well-known incident pictured as "the dead steered by the dumb." The plaintive nature of the work, as a whole, and the beautiful orchestration with its many contrasting motifs, make a very appealing composition and the sad associations connected with the performance made the piece sound unusually impressive. It was magnificently played. And the grand Eighth symphony of Beethoven was also a fine example of ensemble work. The audience was lavish with plaudits for Mr Gericke, as well as the orchestra and soloist.

Mrs Hissen de Moss will be this week's soloist, singing arias from Handel's oratorio, "Joshua" and Mozart's "Magic Flute." The orchestral selections will include Bach's D major suite, Busoni's "Geharnische" suite, and Brahms' Fourth symphony.

## NEW OVERTURE *Handel* BY D'HARCOURT

Played for First Time in Boston  
at the 19th Symphony Con-  
cert—Is Prelude to the  
Opera "Tasso."

MR. GANZ'S BRILLIANT  
LISZT PERFORMANCE

Virtuoso and Permanent Con-  
ductors Are Compared—A  
Note on Orchestral Euphony  
—Coming Concerts.

The 19th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Wilhelm Gericke, conductor, was given last night in Symphony Hall. Mr. Rudolph Ganz was the pianist. The programme was as follows:

Overture to the opera, "Tasso".....D'Harcourt  
Piano concerto in E flat major.....Liszt  
Symphonic poem, "Lancelot and Elaine,"  
MacDowell  
Symphony No. 8.....Beethoven  
The overture was played here for the first time. It is a prelude to an opera in which Tasso and his Leonora are the hero and heroine and the ending is, of

course, tragic. There is little of merit in the overture; there is no wailing note; there is little to put a hearer in the fitting mood. On the contrary, much of the music is of a festal nature, and the chief theme of the main section of the overture has an operetta character. Perhaps Count d'Harcourt takes his operatic sorrows gayly. He is a man who has studied seriously, and, as an organizer and conductor of concerts, he has shown a fine taste and a high purpose in the selection of programmes. He has evidently a certain facility in scoring, but what he scores in this overture is commonplace.

The musical thought is superficial, and its brilliance is a jingle or simply decorative. Mr. Gericke, as is his custom, took the utmost pains with the performance. Perhaps either one of the symphonies of d'Harcourt would give a more favorable idea of his musical nature, but something whispers low that the experiment would be a risky one. Yet it is pleasant to think of a French count of wealth doing the best he can in art.

There is now a pathetic interest in MacDowell's music, but the interest need not be wholly one of sentiment. The composer told us a few years ago that he purposed to rewrite "Lancelot and Elaine," for he was by no means satisfied with it; that the music as he remembered it was "full of horns, horns, horns, nothing but horns." Yet there are some who prefer this symphonic poem to his "Indian" suite and find it more emotional and imaginative. The question, how closely MacDowell followed in music episodes in Tennyson's poem need not be discussed. The musical contents are more to the purpose than is any accurate transliteration of literary thought, and however MacDowell himself judged his work, there is much that is both beautiful and poetic in the music.

The "tournament" scene was no doubt inevitable by reason of a needed contrast, but it is the weakest part of the symphonic poem, which, composed about 20 years ago, has the freshness, the spontaneity, the enthusiasm of early manhood. It was a pleasure to hear the poem again, and to hear it, as the composer himself would wish, in a concert given without the slightest thought of deliberate boosting of American composers. MacDowell believed that if a composition written by an American is good enough to be played it should be put on a programme made up without reference to patriotism or chauvinism; it should stand by the side of works of composers with French, German, Russian or Scandinavian names. And this is the only opinion for an American composer to hold if he wishes to maintain his personal dignity and that of the art he serves.

We heard on Friday afternoon the Philharmonic concert in New York led by Mr. Steinbach and the impression made by him with the orchestra under necessarily unfavorable conditions was recorded in The Herald of yesterday morning. Last night we heard the Boston Symphony orchestra led by Mr. Gericke. The Philharmonic has been without a permanent conductor for three years. Foreign conductors have been imported and they chose programmes which they believed would best display their own most pronounced characteristics as orchestral leaders. Little by little the Philharmonic audience has had its taste debauched until now, by the confession of some of the best friends of the orchestra, the listen-



ers go to Carnegie Hall simply to be thrilled. If the conductor does not thrill them, if he does not make them sit up, they are restless, they yawn, or they leave the hall. The more sensational of the conductors exert their spell only for a season. The dram that intoxicated in 1904-5 is as slippery-elm tea in 1905-6. Furthermore the orchestra suffers without the discipline of a permanent conductor.

It suffers in perfection of ensemble; in the proportions of expression, in rhetoric, in euphony.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gives a great many more concerts in the season and it has been for several years under a most accomplished and indefatigable disciplinarian. Mr. Gericke is much more than a disciplinarian, but the first duty of a conductor is to drill his men, however loudly they may protest, until they have absolute mechanical proficiency, until the orchestra is a superb virtuoso. Last night the exquisite sense of proportion, the inimitable euphony, the virtuoso qualities of this rare orchestra were never so fully appreciated by The Herald as after a hearing of the long-established Philharmonic orchestra, with its honorable record of concerts.

The "virtuoso" conductor who asks and receives great sums for his peculiar "interpretation" of a celebrated work is an interesting and exciting apparition, and it is a good thing for orchestra and audience that he occasionally visits us and raises the vibrations of the hearers to an extremely high and nervous pitch. The man who by his steady and intelligent labor and by his indomitable will brings his orchestra to such a state of perfection that 24 concerts in a season are a delight to ear and understanding is, after all, the true orchestral leader that works for musical righteousness. Orchestral technic is quickly lost where there is not eternal vigilance. The "virtuoso" conductor may excite wonder for three or four concerts, but how about the other concerts in the long series?

Mr. Rudolph Ganz gave a brilliant performance of Liszt's concerto, which does not lose in brilliance with the passing years. His performance was on a higher plane than that of the magic worker exulting in strength and speed. It was thoughtfully considered; it was musically eloquent. He did not arrogantly call attention to his bravura; he did not show his physical power by brutal assaults on the keyboard. The concerto was presented as an organic whole, and episodes seemed natural and necessary. Technically and esthetically Mr. Ganz's playing was individual, charming, and impressive. The appreciation of the audience was expressed in no uncertain or perfunctory terms.

## MARIE HALL TELLS HER IMPRESSIONS OF BOSTON

One of Mr. Gericke's Farewell Speeches—  
The Ways of "Star" Conductors with the  
Admiring Ladies That Raise Funds for  
Them—More About d'Indy's New Tone  
Poem—The Summer Operas at Munich  
and Baireuth

Marie Hall, the young English violinist, who played in America from November

through February, and whom we in Boston remember pleasantly for her recitals here, is at home in London again. The moment after a singer, virtuoso or conductor returns to Europe from a first visit to America, it is the custom nowadays to interview them as to their impressions of their tour. Miss Hall gave hers interestingly and freshly with the nervous eagerness that is in all that she does. In the course of them she heaped fiery coals on our Bostonian heads by paying us compliments in return for our indifference to her except when she played with the Symphony Orchestra. The London Daily News sets down her talk; and here and there it is pleasantly youthful. It also illuminates the work that a virtuoso has to do, and the fatigues he (or she) must endure on an American tour:

"America is a delightful place, and the people are charming—wonderful—lovely. But for four months and a half I have been on a whirl, just one long, great whirl, with little intervals in which I played, and big intervals in which I was shaken by the hand and made the most glorious fuss of. This is the first time in all that while that I have been able to be really still if I wanted to. And now I am so glad, that I can't be still when I might be!

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"So far as I could see, however, America is not doing so much as it might for the popular cultivation of music. It has not the cheap schools that we have, nor are there popular concerts or any at which some of the seats are cheap. So great is the demand for concerts that high prices can be charged, and the people throng to them. Of the people themselves no one could praise them too highly. They are most generous-hearted and overwhelm you with kindness. Everywhere I was invited to countless houses, and found it most embarrassing, for everybody would treat me as if I were some kind of goddess."

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which is at once the measure and the portrait of the man and the conductor. One of the company writes of it this way: "At the close of two hours of delightful and friendly companionship, Mr. Gericke said his words of good-by to the men who had met to do him honor, by telling the following story: 'Many years ago in Vienna I heard Heinrich Esser conduct Flotow's opera "Stradella." I had at that time the contempt of the young men of my school for this particular school of Italian music. As the opera proceeded I found to my astonishment that Esser was giving the score the same careful interpretation that he would give to one of the great works of music. After the opera was over I met him and expressed my astonishment, and asked him to explain how he could treat so trivial a work with so much respect. I have never forgotten his reply: "My friend," he said, "whatever I have to do I try to do with honesty and sincerity." This,' continued Mr. Gericke, "made a deep impression upon me, and I have ever since endeavored to make it my rule of conduct in my professional life."

## Next 4 of Concerts Next Week

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is! Anyone who has  
als under his guidance



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 to Carnegie Hall simply to be thrilled. If the conductor does not thrill them, if he does not make them sit up, they are restless, they yawn, or they leave the hall. The more sensational of the conductors exert their spell only for a season. The dram that intoxicated in 1904-5 is as slippery-elm tea in 1905-6. Furthermore the orchestra suffers without the discipline of a permanent conductor.

It suffers in perfection of ensemble; in the proportions of expression, in rhetoric, in euphony.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gives a great many more concerts in the season and it has been for several years under a most accomplished and indefatigable disciplinarian. Mr. Gericke is much more than a disciplinarian, but the first duty of a conductor is to drill his men, however loudly they may protest, until they have absolute mechanical proficiency, until the orchestra is a superb virtuoso. Last night the exquisite sense of proportion, the inimitable euphony, the virtuoso qualities of this rare orchestra were never so fully appreciated by The Herald as after a hearing of the long-established Philharmonic orchestra, with its honorable record of concerts.

The "virtuoso" conductor who asks and receives great sums for his peculiar "interpretation" of a celebrated work is an interesting and exciting apparition, and it is a good thing for orchestra and audience that he occasionally visits us and raises the vibrations of the hearers to an extremely high and nervous pitch. The man who by his steady and intelligent labor and by his indomitable will brings his orchestra to such a state of perfection that 24 concerts in a season are a delight to ear and understanding is, after all, the true orchestral leader that works for musical righteousness. Orchestral technic is quickly lost where there is not eternal vigilance. The "virtuoso" conductor may excite wonder for three or four concerts, but how about the other concerts in the long series?

Mr. Rudolph Ganz gave a brilliant performance of Liszt's concerto, which does not lose in brilliance with the passing years. His performance was on a higher plane than that of the magic worker exulting in strength and speed. It was thoughtfully considered; it was musically eloquent. He did not arrogantly call attention to his bravura; he did not show his physical power by brutal assaults on the keyboard. The concerto was presented as an organic whole, and episodes seemed natural and necessary. Technically and esthetically Mr. Ganz's playing was individual, charming, and impressive. The appreciation of the audience was expressed in no uncertain or perfunctory terms.

## MARIE HALL TELLS HER IMPRESSIONS OF BOSTON

From *Ind. 24.1906*  
 One of Mr. Gericke's Farewell Speeches—  
 The Ways of "Star" Conductors with the  
 Admiring Ladies That Raise Funds for  
 Them—More About d'Indy's New Tone  
 Poem—The Summer Operas at Munich  
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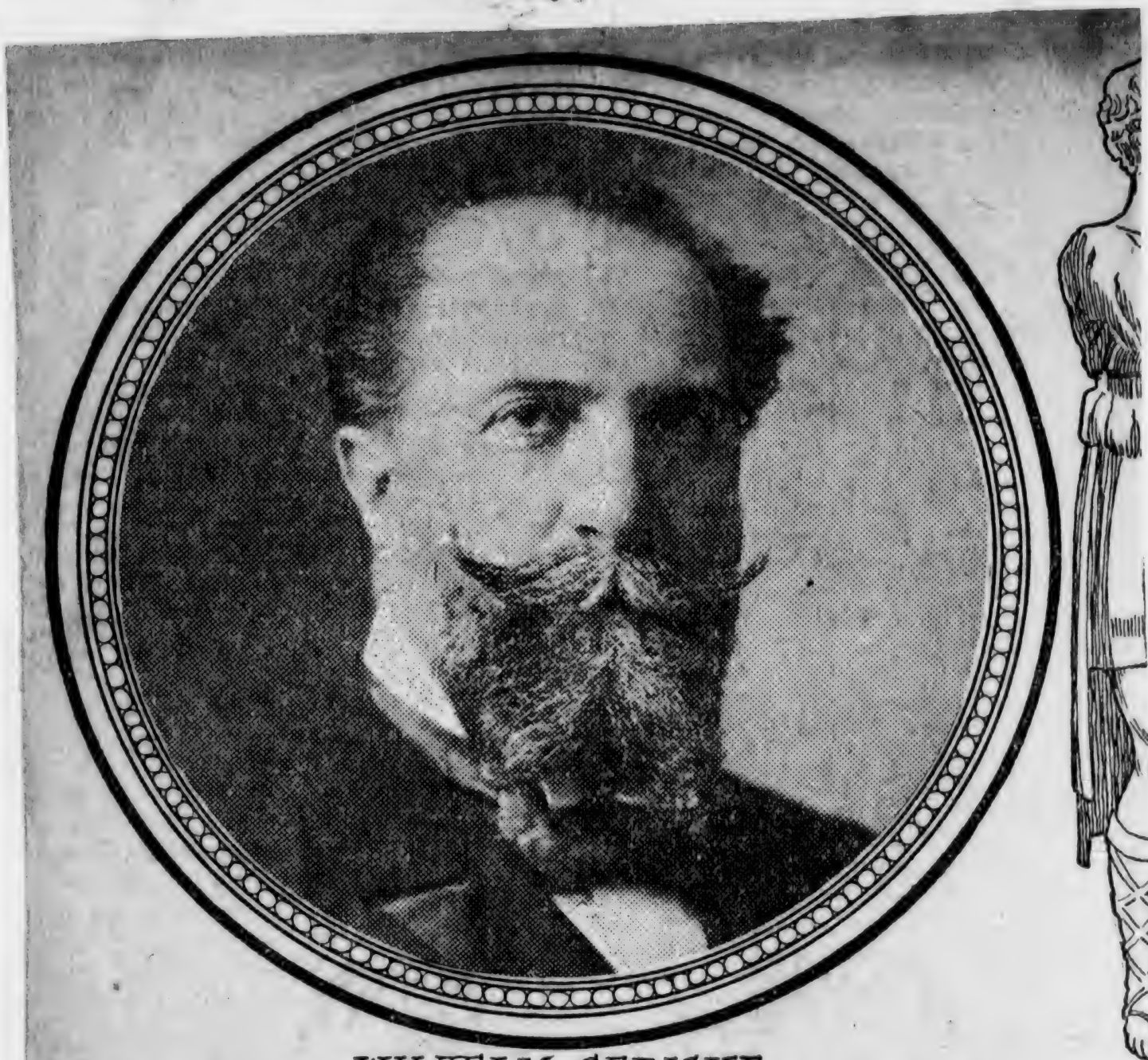
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## Another Dinner. Ind. 21.1906

After last Saturday's Boston Symphony concert at Carnegie Hall, two score friends of Mr. Gericke entertained him at a meal in the Café Martin. Walter Damrosch presided, and at the tables there sat beside the chairman, Gustav Schirmer, Rudolph Schirmer, Frank Damrosch, Arthur Whiting, Lawrence Abbott, Alexander Lambert, Richard Aldrich, H. E. Krehbiel, Rafael Joseffy, Ferdinand von Inten, David Mannes, Henry Harkness Flagler, Charles W. Clark, Marshall Kernochan, Richard Dixey, Rubin Goldmark, Charles E. Sampson, Dr. Edward K. Dunham, Dr. Baumfield, Paul Warburg and Charles A. Brewster.





**WILHELM GERICKE**  
*Who will leave the Boston Symphony Orchestra at  
the end of the season*

## Departure of Mr. Gericke

*N.Y. Times, March 4, 1906*    ❧ ❧ ❧  
**Technical and Artistic Perfection of the Boston Symphony  
Orchestra Due to Him---Question of His Successor.**

**N**EW YORK is concerned, with Boston, in the departure of Mr. Gericke from the head of the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the end of this season. New York is a faithful and enthusiastic supporter of this orchestra, and its interest in the conductor is only less than its interest in the problems concerning the conductors of its own orchestras. It is needless to say that Mr. Gericke's departure will be a cause of great regret among the attendants upon the Boston Orchestra's concerts in New York, and that the appointment of his successor is a matter of intense interest to them.

What the Boston Orchestra is Mr. Gericke has made it. The character it has had as an artistic instrument and the style of its performance are as they are because they have been molded exactly by his ideals and methods. High ideals and strenuous methods they have been. He has never spared his men any of the pains and labor that he considered requisite to obtain the exact effect he was aiming at in any work, in any passage, in any single bit of orchestral color or phrase or adjustment of tonal balance. But neither has he spared himself. A "passion for perfection," it has been well said, has been at the foundation of Mr.

Gericke's work as an orchestral conductor, and he has wreaked himself upon the Boston Orchestra to make it what he would have it.

Once before he resigned his place, after five years' labor, and returned to Vienna with shattered nerves. He came back in 1898, after nine years, but nothing had changed in Mr. Gericke's methods; and if anything had changed in the meantime in the Boston Symphony Orchestra, he set himself to work, undismayed and resolute, to change it back again.

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Greater technical perfection in the playing of an orchestra it is vain to seek, but there is something finer, subtler, more elusive than technical finish in orchestral performance that Mr. Gericke has given the Boston Orchestra; the perfect euphony, the perfect balance, the exact adjustment of the color and quality of every phrase, so that there shall be just so much of one instrumental color, just so much of another, and the resultant mixture shall be the precise one that belongs to the harmony of the whole. Mr. Gericke has been charged with sacrificing spirit, breadth, and the fiercer sonorities of modern orchestral music in his anxiety to keep this sort of quality.

Whatever it may have been once, it is now an unjust charge. Especially in the later years of his work here, he has shown a continually increasing sympathy with productions of the modern schools of music, has played them frequently, and with splendid enthusiasm and devotion. Who will not say that Mr. Gericke's performance of Strauss's "Don Quixote," for instance, for the first time in New York, was not superior in almost every respect to the performance the composer himself gave of it not long afterward? Besides all its other excellencies, it had the very important one that the orchestra did not break down in the middle. This is something, and it is something that has always been felt to belong to the Boston Orchestra under Mr. Gericke—its absolute certainty, its unquestioned perfection of preparation. When it plays a piece it is able to do it as Mr. Gericke intends, and until it is able to, this piece is not played.

It has been said, also, that Mr. Ge-

ricke has exhausted his men and overburdened and worried them with rehearsals, with endless repetitions and stoppings. Perhaps; but the result of it has been that these same men have played as scarcely another body of the kind in the world can play; that the Boston Symphony Orchestra is absolutely perfect in its way. And that, too, is something. Another conductor may have done differently, may have got other kinds of effects, may have accomplished another order of results; but—to return to the original proposition—as it is now, the Boston Symphony Orchestra is the product precisely of Mr. Gericke's strenuous, unwearied activities. Those who are grateful for its achievements must express their gratitude first of all to him.

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The question of his successor, as is the question of the conductor for the Philharmonic Society, is a very difficult one. The simple fact is that most of the greatest of European conductors could not or would not come at all, and that those who would demand sums that are beyond all reason. A singer at the Opera House is not—for any length of time—in receipt of a cachet greater than the money he or she can draw into the house. But the moneys that orchestral conductors are asking are more than can be driven into the concert halls under any circumstances. If they are paid, it means a certain deficit. If a public-spirited backer or committee of backers has met deficits for a series of years, they may be supposed to have done so in the expectation of some day "getting out of the woods." If the conditions are such that permanent financial gloom is the inevitable outlook, deficits are likely to become wearisome. Nobody has as yet come forward with an endowment ample to meet such deficits and intended to supply what the public is not expected ever to supply.

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Will Mr. Higginson secure some young man of great talent without a great name and bring him over to make his place and his success in this country? It would seem to be the most promising suggestion, if the conditions can be met, both for Boston and for New York. But it is a very difficult one. How find an unknown young man



of great talent? How be sure of him if you have found him? The accounts seem to indicate that Chicago has succeeded in this, in getting Frederick A. Stock to succeed Theodore Thomas; but there will be no chance to experiment and test in the case of Boston. Such experiment as has been made by the Philharmonic was unsuccessful—for it is more than probable that if young Dr. Kunwald had done better at his trial a month ago he might now be under consideration as the next Philharmonic conductor.

# An "Official" Statement as to Our Orches-

Trans. tra Jan. 8, 1906

The rather curious statement that follows was printed yesterday in several of the New York newspapers. It has to do with the policy of our orchestra, and it comes, they say, "with official sanction" from Boston: "The last pair of concerts (in New York) were distinctly of a special order, having been devoted entirely to modern French music, under the personal direction of Mr. Vincent d'Indy. While critical opinion regarding this music is by no means unanimous, the management is thoroughly content with the result of the experiment, for the bringing of Mr. d'Indy to this country gave an unusual fillip of interest to the season. But it is necessary to correct an impression which seems to have become more or less general that the coming of Mr. d'Indy meant the beginning of a new policy in the management of the orchestra, and that 'guest' conductors will be a feature of every season. This is not at all true. So far as can be seen the policy of the orchestra in the future will be the same as that of the past. The success of the orchestra has proved conclusively that the best results are obtainable only when a band works continuously under one conductor. It is possible, in case there should be another school of composition as distinctive and special as that of the 'younger' Frenchmen, that the Boston Symphony Orchestra would invite its chief exponent to conduct a series of its concerts in this music, as it did Mr. d'Indy. But the idea of having special conductors, even one in a season, has never been entertained." In Boston the impression that this statement seeks to remove is certainly "less general." No one here, so far as we know, has ever even surmised that, because the management of our orchestra has once entertained a guest of honor and made the occasion as notable as possible, it was about to plunge into the jealous quest and competition for "star" conductors. That is an affair of inferior bands that have to build up their public or that cannot hold the audiences that they once had. Moreover, it was as a composer, and not as a conductor, that Mr. d'Indy visited us.

## MR. GERICKE'S FAREWELL.

### The Last Concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's Season.

The last concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's New York series was given yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall. There was a very large audience, and the occasion was recognized as one of special and regrettable import, in that it was Mr. Gericke's last appearance as conductor of the famous orchestra in this city. Mr. Gericke conducted in a fashion that will be remembered as representing his best, and his men seconded him in every possible way in giving a performance of splendid spirit, finish, and euphony.

The orchestral numbers were all familiar. They began with the overture to "Der Freischütz," which was read without any attempt at emphasizing the effects which modern conductors love to make in this piece, but yet with great spirit and dramatic contrast. Goldmark's glowing "Sakuntala" overture followed, in which Mr. Gericke's tempos are somewhat faster than those of some other conductors in this piece. The symphony was Schubert's in C, whose heavenly lengths had not been unfolded in a New York concert hall for several years, and which were heard with manifest delight. It was a performance that warmed the hearts of all the lovers of Schubert's wonderful music, in which every beauty was brought out with consummate art and with a full appreciation of the supremely poetic and imaginative spirit of the work. It was a delight to hear all the instrumental touches so perfectly presented—from whom else shall the oboe theme in the Andante be heard so exquisitely blown?

Mr. David Bispham was the soloist and sang a ballad by Frederick S. Converse, a setting for baritone voice and orchestra of Keats's poem, "La Belle Dame Sans Merci," a work in which the composer has given more to the orchestra than to the voice that declaims the verses, making it a symphonic poem with a voice part and relying upon the orchestra to present the moods of the poem. He has written some strikingly descriptive music, orchestrated with distinction. As to its success in heightening and extending the power of the poet's words, there may be some doubt; and upon this must rest the success the musicians attempt. Mr. Bispham also sang the air, "An jenem Tag," from Marschner's opera, "Hans Helling," and in both he did some violence to the text through his distortion of the vowel sounds.

There was great and long continued applause for Mr. Gericke, who was again and again called out; and finally, when the audience would not go, he came to the front and spoke a few words, expressing his gratitude for the sympathy and kindness that had been extended to him in New York, and saying that he could never forget it. He had previously acknowledged much applause after the performance of the earlier numbers on the programme, and had shared it with his men by making them twice rise in a body to acknowledge it.

## The Last Orchestral "Trip"

The Symphony Orchestra left town Sunday evening for its last series of concerts, for the present season, in other cities. As usual, it goes, in order, to Philadelphia (Monday), Washington (Tuesday), Baltimore (Wednesday), New York (Thursday and Saturday) and Brooklyn (Friday), and Mr. Gericke will be making his last appearance in each of those cities as conductor. A week from today the orchestra plays in Bridgeport for the first time in any of its "trips," and on the following night it gives a concert in Hartford. Then it returns home. On the programmes of seven of the eight concerts Mr. Gericke has put a classical symphony, either Beethoven's or Schubert's, for his leavetaking, and at one of the concerts in New York he is to give Mr. Converse's ballad, "La Belle Dame Sans Merci," for the first time there. At four of the eight concerts Mr. Marteau plays with the band in the new concerto by Dalcroze that we in Boston heard last week. Here are the programmes in detail:

At Philadelphia, March 12—  
Bach: Suite No. 3, in D major.  
Jacques-Dalcroze: Concerto for Violin.  
Claude Debussy: "The Afternoon of a Faun."  
Beethoven: Symphony No. 3, "Eroica."  
Soloist, Henri Marteau.

At Washington, March 13—  
Beethoven: Symphony No. 2.  
Jacques-Dalcroze: Concerto for Violin.  
Wagner: Bacchanale from "Tannhäuser."  
Weber: Overture, "Freischütz."  
Soloist, Henri Marteau.

At Baltimore, March 14—  
Goldmark: Overture, "Sakuntala."  
Jacques-Dalcroze: Concerto for Violin.  
Claude Debussy: "The Afternoon of a Faun."  
Schubert: Symphony No. 7, in C major.  
Soloist, Henri Marteau.

At New York, March 15—  
Bach: Suite No. 3, in D major.  
Jacques-Dalcroze: Concerto for Violin.  
Claude Debussy: "The Afternoon of a Faun."  
Beethoven: Symphony No. 3.  
Soloist, Henri Marteau.

At Brooklyn, March 16—  
Mozart: Symphony in G minor.  
Dvorak: Concerto for Violoncello.  
Beethoven: Symphony No. 3.  
Soloist, Mr. Heinrich Warnke.

At New York, March 17—  
Weber: Overture, "Freischütz."  
Converse: Ballade for Baritone and Orchestra.  
Goldmark: Overture, "Sakuntala."  
Marschner: Aria from "Hans Helling."  
Schubert: Symphony No. 7.  
Soloist, Mr. David Bispham.

At Bridgeport, March 19—  
Weber: Overture, "Oberon."  
Aria.  
Beethoven: Symphony No. 2.

Aria.  
Liszt: Symphonic Poem, "Tasso."  
Tchaikovsky: Variations from Suite No. 3.  
Soloist, Miss Charlotte Maconda.

At Hartford, March 20—  
d'Indy: Symphony for Pianoforte and Orchestra.  
(Mr. Gebhard.)  
Mendelssohn: Concerto for Violin.  
Wagner: Bacchanale from "Tannhäuser."  
Wagner: Overture, "Tannhäuser."  
Soloist, Mr. Willy Hess.

The Berlin correspondent of the *Musical Courier* having within a short period heard three famous orchestras—the Boston Symphony, the Lamoureux in Paris, and the Berlin Philharmonic—makes these comparisons: *N.Y. Post Feb 20 1904*

It seemed to me that the Boston band was not as good as it used to be. The strings, especially, seemed weaker than formerly. There was a lack of sonority and brilliancy. The woodwind was magnificent, especially the first oboe. I know of but one other man in the world who equals him—Guidé of the Ysaye Orchestra in Brussels. The playing of the Bostonians, under Gericke, was very finished. There were great precision of attack, exquisite phrasing, as of one man, and other tokens of excellent discipline. There was, however, a lack of spontaneity and fire. The Boston Orchestra can easily rank as one of the five or six significant orchestras in the world, but those hyper-enthusiasts who proclaim it to be the greatest go too far. The Lamoureux organization also is an orchestra of the first rank. It is well balanced. I was especially pleased with the subdued quality of the brass. The German orchestras are nearly always too heavy in the brass. The woodwind produced a sweeter quality of tone than the local Philharmonic. The French strings were more sensuous and of a finer quality, but not so brilliant as the German. The rhythm of the Parisians was pronounced. The orchestra that satisfied me most, all in all, was the Berlin Philharmonic. This is due, no doubt, in a large measure to Nikisch, who is a far greater conductor than his Boston and Paris colleagues. Nikisch magnetizes the orchestra to a man; he controls them with a will of iron. He is in no sense a mere time beater. He pays little attention to petty details, but he throws onto his canvas a picture bold and strong in outline, of many and brilliant lines, characteristic, full of poetry and passion. Nikisch is by far the most poetic of living conductors. He has in his veins also the fire of his native Hungary. That is why the Berlin orchestra, under his baton, satisfied me more than the others.

One of the disappointments of the musical season has been the failure, once more, of Mr. Joseffy to give a concert in New York city. Perhaps he will relent and play, after all. In the meantime, he is the proud possessor of a letter from Saint-Saëns, in which that great composer says in regard to the new Joseffy "School of Advanced Playing": "It is really marvellous to discover so much that is new in a field which seemed exhausted by innumerable harvests."

The newest variety of gossip about Mr. Gericke's successor runs that we are to have a temporary conductor for a season or two, and then a permanent one who will not be free, until then, from his present engagements. *Trans. Mel. 15, 1906*





**FRITZ STEINBACH**  
Conductor of the next Philharmonic C

**Gericke and Higginson.**

The real reason for the resignation of Wilhelm Gericke as head of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was not the refusal of Colonel Higginson to raise the conductor's salary \$3,000 yearly—as has been whispered about in New York by certain irresponsible music reporters. No such refusal ever emanated from Colonel Higginson, for the very simple reason that no such demand was ever made by Mr. Gericke. The real reason for the resignation of that gentleman was this: With the expiration of Gericke's long contract this spring, Colonel Higginson did not find himself in a position to renew Mr. Gericke's engagement in future for more than one year at a time, and was willing to retain him on that basis and to make a contract from season to season. Mr. Gericke, in justice to himself, could not accept such an arrangement, and held out for a contract that would cover five years, or, at the least, three. Colonel Higginson remaining obdurate on the point of not

binding himself further ahead than one year, Mr. Gericke was compelled, much to his regret, to tender his resignation. There was no break of any kind between the conductor and the owner of the orchestra, and at no point of the negotiations did the discussion become acrimonious or even warm. Mr. Gericke and Colonel Higginson parted with mutual expressions of good will and hearty sympathy. This statement comes to THE MUSICAL COURIER from a high official source, and may be accepted as the authoritative reason for the departure of Wilhelm Gericke from Boston.

## STEINBACH MAY LEAD SYMPHONY

Eminent Conductor's Landing in  
Boston Gives Rise to Rumor  
About Town.

Journal ————— Mel. 17/1906

On board the White Star liner Cymric, which is expected to arrive at Charlestown from Liverpool and Queenstown some time this afternoon, will be Fritz Steinbach, the distinguished musical conductor. Mr. Steinbach is accompanied by his wife.

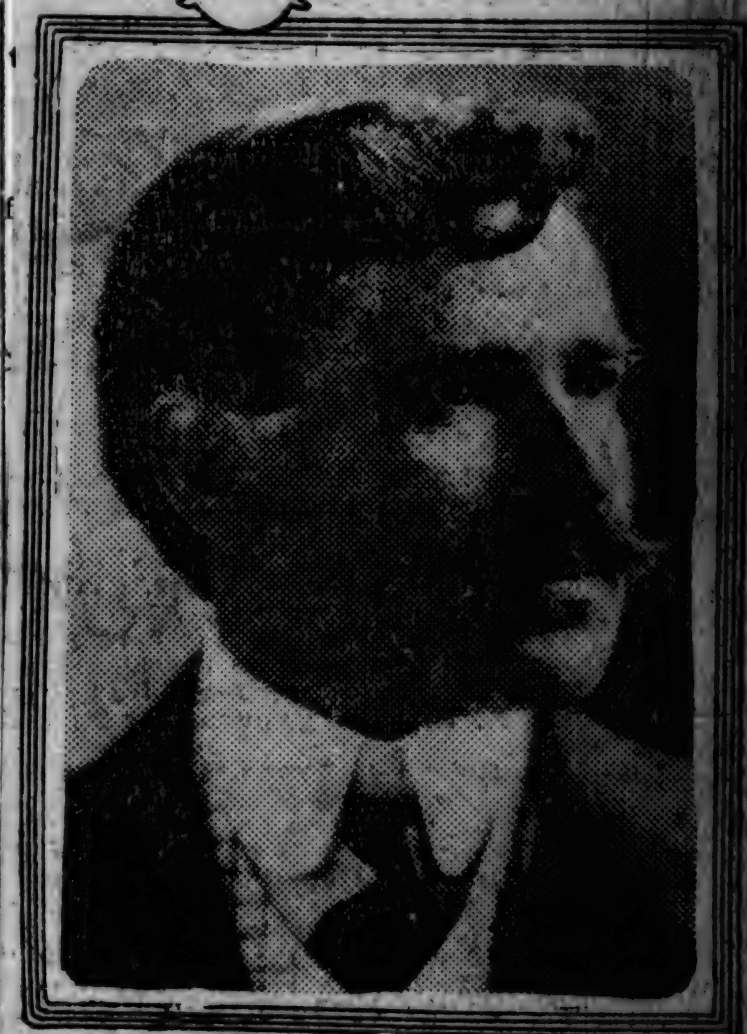
Fritz Steinbach is one of Europe's best-known conductors. He has led orchestras in nearly all the European capitals at various times, and though best known as a conductor of opera has had much success in concert work. He is coming to America to conduct several concerts for the New York Philharmonic, following the fashion set by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in inviting distinguished foreign composers to lead certain concerts.

The fact that Mr. Steinbach intends to land in Boston gives rise to the rumor that he will visit Col. Higginson, with a view to succeeding Mr. Gericke as conductor of the Boston orchestra. Symphony Hall sends out a positive denial that Steinbach has been invited to meet Mr. Higginson, nor is it likely that he will be selected as leader of the orchestra. Steinbach, although a good conductor, is not considered among the half dozen greatest in the world, and it is from one of these that the conductor is likely to be selected.

**Wanted--Symphony Rehearsal Ticket**  
For remainder of season. State location and price. Address C.G.H., Boston Transcript.  
(A):

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**ELLISON VAN HOOSE**  
TENOR





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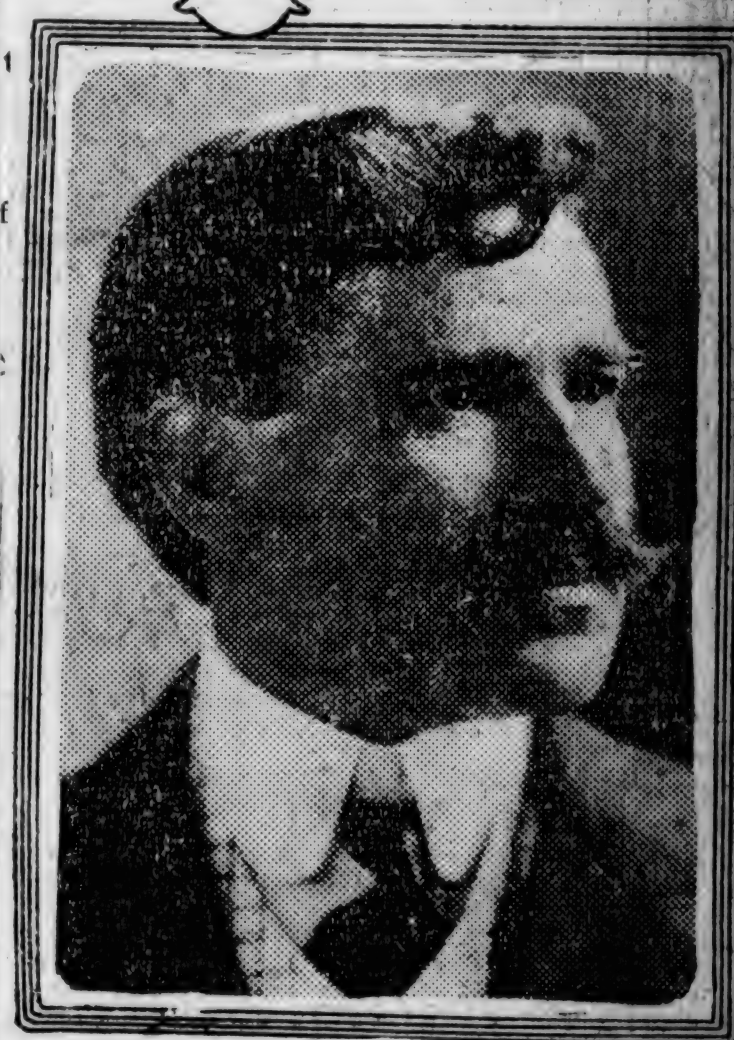
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**ELLISON VAN HOOSE**  
**TENOR**



Post. March 25, 1906

## 19TH SYMPHONY CONCERT

Rudolf Ganz, pianist, was the soloist of the nineteenth Symphony concert last evening, and the following was the programme presented:

Overture to "Tasso".....D'Harcourt  
Concerto for piano in E flat.....Liszt  
Symphonic poem, "Lancelot and Elaine".....MacDowell

Symphony No. 8, in F major.....Beethoven

The "Tasso" overture was new to this city. The opera was first given at Monte Carlo three years ago. The overture is pleasing music, often brilliant, and effectively scored.

Eugene D'Harcourt, composer of "Tasso," is a French musician of whom little if anything is known in this country, excepting to a very few. Somewhat over 50 years of age, he is living in Paris, and has been active for many years there, either giving concerts, composing music in many forms or writing articles on musical subjects. He is one of abundant means, and unlike many eminent composers, his life has been cast for the most part in pleasant places. None of his works have become known here, and the overture heard at this concert is believed to have been given for the first time in this country, as well as in this city. It was most effectively performed, as was also Mr. MacDowell's symphonic poem, "Lancelot and Elaine," a most imaginative work, and one that deserves more frequent performances, for it has not been heard here for over seven years.

Mr. Ganz made an exceedingly favorable impression on his first appearance at these concerts. He has a superb technique, a sympathetic tone quality, and apparently temperamental qualities, possessed by few of the younger pianists. He played the showy Liszt concerto with overwhelming brilliancy, ease of manner and authoritative grasp that gained him an immense ovation and many recalls. He is one of the best pianists heard here for some time, and his recital on Monday afternoon will be awaited with much interest.

## SYMPHONY GIVES NEW OVERTURE

"Tasso," by a French Nobleman,  
Programmed — Rudolf Ganz,  
Soloist, Aroused Enthusiasm.

A new overture by a rich French nobleman, more than a mere dilettante in his art, was an interesting feature of the nineteenth Symphony concert. Count

D'Harcourt, when he wrote his opera, "Tasso," was, of course, impressed by the tragic nature of his theme, and yet his overture sounds no prevailing note of gloom or sorrow. It does not prepare the hearer for an opera of large and elemental passion; perhaps purposely it is intended to put one into a mood of pomp and circumstance, and then let the onmarch of tragedy make its own special appeal. At any rate, the noble gentleman has produced something that is eminently respectable, rather tinkling and smooth as to its orchestral colors, and uninspiring so far as any deep emotions go. It arouses no special desire to hear the whole opera.

MacDowell's "Lancelot and Elaine" symphonic poem, the fruit of his early and perhaps unsettled years, still holds its own as a piece of imaginative beauty. After the French count's superficiality, it sounded like the clear call of a nature filled to the brim with poetry and bubbling over with the spirit of enthusiastic youth. MacDowell, stricken down, will compose no more—and great is the loss to American art—but what he has done already is still vital and seems likely long to remain so. The tone-poem was played sympathetically and with rare perfection—rare except to this orchestra, that is.

The soloist was Rudolf Ganz, and he chose Liszt's sparkling and sonorous E flat concerto. It was just the vehicle for his special gift, that of brilliant and crisp technique and a dashing style. He made the hackneyed work nobly impressive once more and aroused merited enthusiasm.

Beethoven's jovial Eighth Symphony brought the concert to a close, full of simple beauty. Its performance was admirable in every way.

## MUSICAL MATTERS

### THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

#### PROGRAMME.

D'Harcourt—Overture to opera "Tasso." First time.

Liszt—Concerto in E-flat major, No. 1, for pianoforte and orchestra.

Mr. Rudolph Ganz, Soloist.

Macdowell—"Lancelot and Elaine." Symphonic Poem (after Tennyson). Op. 25.

Beethoven—Symphony, No. 8, in F major, Op. 93.

The concert was one of more than ordinary interest, and the programme excellently balanced. The presence of a new soloist, the performance of a new work, and the repetition of a great native composition combined to make the occasion noteworthy. D'Harcourt's "Tasso" overture, after an apparent start in the vein of modern dissonance, changed its character almost at once and displayed the most suave melodic style.

Its themes were attractive. Its orchestration always effective, if not strikingly powerful, and the many "cantilena" passages most pleasingly melodious. If the work had a fault, it leaned too much to-

ward the light and popular vein. But this tendency is not a bad one, at present; for many modern composers have misled us into the idea that music is meant only to paint melodramatic subjects in glaring colors, or solve ethical problems with a hundred and twenty instruments. Be virtuous and you must be unhappy, according to the code of the dissonance-mongers; and a partial return to the simpler style is certainly welcome.

The great Liszt concerto, with its earnest opening and its serene beauty, afforded Mr. Ganz an excellent introduction to our concert. Liszt's fame as a composer is of comparatively recent growth, but rests upon a sure foundation. The excessive embroidery of notes in his piano solos and transcriptions drew attention first to his technical attainments, though it was part of a definite plan, which has been alluded to as the orchestration of the pianoforte.

The best of his larger works, however, remain monuments of expressive power, and grow by repeated hearing. Mr. Ganz is a young Swiss composer of some note, now settled in Chicago. He gave the Liszt work with excellent command of expression though inclined to over-sentimentalize a trifle at first. He showed himself possessed of the utmost technical facility, and displayed excellent discretion in making it a means rather than an end. The many recalls he received were no more than his due.

"Lancelot and Elaine" proved itself a masterpiece. If Macdowell rates it less high than his later works, because of its descriptive programme tendencies, the public may not agree with him. The symphonic poem has become the chief modern form, and its very essence depends upon the programme idea. This does not necessarily imply deliberate tone-painting, such as the "Don Quixote" variations of Strauss, but may mean a more general picture of moods and feelings suggested by a well-chosen title.

Music is the language of emotion, not of description, and the subject of this work gives ample scope for the portrayal of beauty and chivalry without the need of minute explanatory details. The many phases of the poem are depicted with a master hand, and the work will hold its rank with the very best of its kind in all lands.

Incidentally, the orchestra gave it a rendering that seemed absolute perfection. Mr. Gerlicke's long training has given the orchestra a technical proficiency that enables him to obtain the most exquisite effects of delicacy in shading. Such readings as that of the Macdowell work last Saturday, or the "Tod und Verklärung" earlier in the season, are veritable triumphs, and prove that mere blatancy is not the only method, nor even the best, in rendering the great modern works.

The eighth symphony, which brought the evening to a joyous conclusion, gave further evidence of orchestral excellence, and the clean-cut phrasing of the instruments brought fresh laurels to performers and conductor.

Arthur Elson.



*Symphony Hall.*

SEASON 1905-06.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.

XX. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, MARCH 31, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

BACH.

SUITE for ORCHESTRA, in D major.

- I. Overture,
- II. Air.
- III. Gavotte.
- IV. Bourrée.
- V. Gigue.

HANDEL.

AIR, "Oh, had I Jubal's Lyre" from the oratorio  
"Joshua."

BUSONI.

"GEHARNISCHE" SUITE: second orchestral  
suite, No. 2, op. 34. A.

- I. Prelude.
- II. War Dance.
- III. Funeral Monument.
- IV. Onset.

(First time at these concerts.)

MOZART.

ARIA, "The Pangs of Hell," from the opera, "The  
Magic Flute."

BRAHMS.

SYMPHONY No. 4, in E minor, op. 98.

- I. Allegro non troppo.
- II. Andante moderato.
- III. Allegro giocoso.
- IV. Allegro energico e passionato.

Soloist:

Mrs. MARY HISSEM DE MOSS.



## Symphony Concert

Music of lightness were a desideratum, certainly, at this end of a symphony season which Mr. Gericke has crowded with important works, that have piqued curiosity and excited interest and given pleasure, truly, albeit with some tax on the intellect. And lightness Mr. Gericke very properly sought, and achieved, with his programme of yesterday afternoon. Bach began it with the suite containing, for one thing, the Air, upon which everybody dotes, and much pleasant music else.

Bach, the man prodigiously fecund of ideas. If we could but borrow some of John Tanner's method with himself, how many of us might not be got to make some rather shocking confessions of what we really, in our very inmost souls, think of Bach. Would not many of us—emboldened to frank and fearless speech—put Bach down as a man who might well have kept better watch of his pen? It seemed never to rest with comfort to itself. It had mastered, with almost over-great completeness, the mechanism of music. Wherever it trod vegetation sprang up in its footprints—some of this flowers, and some of it—not. Whatever it wrote it preserved. It is we who listen who have to perform for ourselves as we hark, a service that a keener editorial sense in Bach might have saved us the performing. We have to weed Bach's garden for ourselves, so to say, and wade through wastes of vegetation sometimes, to arrive at the flowers. These are Tanneresque sentiments, and the Suite of yesterday provoked their utterance chiefly by differing from others of Bach's compositions that do invite such complaints of their composer. The Suite of yesterday was all brightness, sweetness, humor and grace. Light and sweet were the arias that Mrs. Hissem de Moss sang out of Handel and Mozart. And Busoni had loosed the rein on his powers of burlesque in the Suite we had of his making. Only Brahms, at the end, was permitted to be tender and grave, and a little downcast, in his Symphony in E minor, number four.

Mrs. de Moss has a voice and a method that are light and airy. She seems to be most at her ease in the things of lighter sentiment and manner, and she wisely indulges her instinct to cleave to such things mainly. The aria she sang from Handel's "Joshua," and the "Pangs of Hell" from the Magic Flute, are both in

this vein. And so all these matters came together yesterday afternoon to obliterate every flaw from her perfectly agreeable singing.

Busoni waxes very gay in his Suite—perhaps more spirited than refined. And there seem spaces in his merrymaking where he forgets the saving quality from which wit is reputed to obtain its soul. Here and there, just in spots, and for but a flash of a moment, the fun prolongs itself till it ceases to realize its intentions, and forgets that sweetness is the only quality that can endure being long drawn out. But Busoni's is droll music and quite gay enough all the while that it lasts.

But Brahms—Brahms the tender, the grave, and slightly melancholy in his Fourth Symphony. Time was when Brahms was thought an extreme and advanced man, exalted, cold, unreachably high on his pinnacles of mystery and speculation. It promptly became the fashion to roll the eyes toward the ceiling when Brahms was played. To dote on Brahms was to proclaim one's self an extremely superior person. By now Brahms has become how intimate and understandable! His chill and recondite daring has become how warm and simple!

This is because we have lived and learned to understand Brahms; we have come abreast of him and have mastered him. It is also because we have listened to Strauss and D'Indy, Debussy and Reger. The world has walked beyond Brahms, as it will walk beyond Strauss, and as we shall look back upon the tempestuous music of Strauss and think it as primitive and tame as the once revolutionary Wagner has become.

And what is all this but a testimony to the great minds we have today? The complaint is that we just now have no great minds in music or in anything else. But when did any present ever have any great mind? And were not Beethoven and Wagner in their time denounced for their abstruseness and eternal experimentalizing, even as Debussy and Strauss are berated for the self-same offences now? It may be no positive proof, but it affords at least grounds for suspicion, that the men we are sending out of our own day into the future may not there deport themselves so ill as many of us think they will.

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B. K.

## Concerts Next Week

César Franck, the first time this season when Mr. Gericke has been conducting, has a place on the programme for the twenty-first pair of Symphony concerts on Friday afternoon and Saturday evening next. Then the third and the fourth movements of his suite, "Psyche," will be played—the former for the first and the latter for the second time here. Originally Franck wrote "Psyche" as a symphony for orchestra and chorus. He did not follow the classic legend, but chose rather to regard Eros and Psyche as disembodied and idealized passions and aspirations. The first movement pictures the slumber of Psyche. Then in the second, the zephyrs bear her to the gardens of Eros. In the third the passion of the pair mounts and subsides. The fourth, which the orchestra



played under Mr. d'Indy last December, portrays the happiness of the lovers, now ecstatic, and now calm. "Eros and Psyche," says the programme book, "do not appear as individuals. The orchestra interprets their feelings, and for this reason; the two are in this poem not individuals. Franck, forgetting the legendary personages, looks on them as symbols of the human soul and supreme love. Music, absolute music without words, because its notes do not have a definite meaning, is of all the forms of art the most adequate expression of these immaterial realities. The orchestra translates the longings, the regrets, the final joy of Psyche, and it is easily to be seen that the whole work is charged with the spirit of Christian mysticism." The other new music on the programme is the introduction to the third act of "Der Pferfertag," an opera by Max Schillings, the young German composer, whose music is steadily making its way at home and abroad. The symphony in Schumann's fourth, and Mr. Gericke is at his best in Schumann's music. The concerto is Goldmark's for violin, with Jaques Hoffmann, of the first violins, to play the solo part.

For the orchestra's concert for the benefit of its Pension Fund tomorrow evening, at eight, comes the second Wagner programme of the year, and, thanks to the choruses of the Apollo and the Thursday Morning Clubs, two numbers appear on it that are seldom heard outside their place in their respective operas. The Apollo Club has given its services for the scene in the sanctuary of the Grail from the first act of "Parsifal," and the Thursday Morning Club is to assist in the spinning scene from the second act of "The Flying Dutchman." In it Mrs. Hissem de Moss is to sing Senta's ballad, and the concert begins with the overture of the opera. Mrs. de Moss will also sing Elisabeth's prayer from the third act of "Tannhäuser," and the orchestra will play the long introduction that pictures Tannhäuser's pilgrimage. The other excerpts from the music-dramas are Richter's arrangement of Siegfried's ascent to Brunnhilde's rock and his journey to Gunther's hall, and the prelude and closing scene from "Tristan." And it is very little of Wagner that we have heard in our theatres and at concerts this season.

Henry L. Higginson will tender a farewell benefit concert to Mr. Gericke in Symphony Hall on Tuesday evening, April 24. This will be done as a mark of appreciation for the long and faithful service of Mr. Gericke as conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and will give an opportunity to his many friends in Boston to testify to the high esteem in which they hold the eminent musician. While it is true that Mr. Gericke will conduct the Symphony concerts on April 27 and 28, this benefit concert will be his formal farewell to Bos-

ton, for his friends are by no means limited to the regular subscribers of the Symphony concerts. Full particulars regarding the program will be given later. The sale of tickets will open at Symphony Hall on Friday, April 13, but mail orders, accompanied by checks, may be sent to C. A. Ellis, Symphony Hall, from now on.

## SINGS ENGLISH WITH SYMPHONY

Mrs. De Moss Delights Audience  
With Old Classics—Freak  
Music on Program.

Mrs. Mary Hissem de Moss sang from Handel's "Joshua" the aria, "Oh, Had I Jubal's Love" and "The Pangs of Hell" from Mozart's "Magic Flute" at the Symphony concert Saturday night. She used the English word version and the result was satisfactory. She is a pleasing singer, although her voice is perhaps a trifle light for so large a hall.

Brahms' E minor symphony was presented to Mr. Gericke's most gracious mood, which expression may well be accepted as a synonym for perfection. A freak number was Busoni's "Geharnischte" suite for orchestra, played for the first time here. It is freakish throughout, with little to interest beyond the appreciation of the hard work of the players.

John Sebastian Bach's D major suite for orchestra opened the program.

## MRS. DE MOSS AT THE SYMPHONY

Sings for the First Time at  
These Concerts and De-  
lightfully—Not a Mere  
Disclaimer.

### NEW "GEHARNISCHE" SUITE BY BUSONI

Work Characteristic of the  
Author—Moments When  
He Almost Succeeds in Es-  
tablishing a Heroic Mood.

Herald — April 1, 1906

The 20th concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Gericke, conductor, was given last night in Symphony Hall. Mrs. Mary Hissem de Moss, soprano, sang for the first time at these concerts. The programme was as follows:

Suite in D major, No. 3.....Bach  
"Oh, Had I Jubal's Love".....Handel  
"Geharnischte" Suite (first time).....Busoni  
Symphony in E minor, No. 4.....Brahms  
Bach, Brahms and—Busoni! Here are three "B's" with a vengeance.

The wonder is that Busoni, a close student of Bach and a transcriber for the piano of many of his works, has not learned to lead the various voices in his own orchestral compositions with greater ease and with more effect.

This "Geharnischte" suite is characteristic of Busoni. The word means "armored," "in harness"; it also means "vigorous," "defiant." Busoni as pianist and composer suggests the defiant knight impatient to rush on the foe—and this foe, alas, is Beauty. The chief feature of his piano playing is aggressiveness. He does not coax, woo, persuade, charm. A piece of music composed for the piano interests him as long as it contains great difficulties to be mastered. He is happiest when he arranges for an audience a formidable, stupendous, time-defying programme. He has uncommon precision and accuracy in the dissection of a work; he can play very fast and with amazing loudness; he can be brilliant, but his brilliance is as coldly remote as that of the northern lights.

A recital by Busoni reminds one of

the verses in Nahum: "The noise of a whip and the noise of the rattling of the wheels and of the prancing horses and of the jumping chariots. The horse man lifteth up both the bright sword and the glittering spear; and there is a multitude of slain and a great number of carcases."

Not that he is for a moment a poseur. The pity of it is that he is terribly in earnest. He is profoundly unhappy because there are no technical problems for him as a pianist to solve, no difficulties for him to conquer. He is the Alexander of pianists.

And therefore he contrives transcriptions that may possibly baffle others; he unites a concerto for piano, orchestra and chorus, a work that consumes an hour or possibly an hour and a half in performance; he has the mania of composing.

Mr. Anatole France says of contemporaneous literature that it has two deadly sins, avarice and pride. "We are dying from pride. We know enough. We are skilful, curious, restless, bold. We still know how to write, and if we do not reason so well as our forefathers, we perhaps feel more keenly. But pride kills us. We wish to astonish, and this is all we do wish. There is only one praise that touches us, that which asserts our originality; as though originality were something desirable in itself; as though there were not bad as well as good originality."

These words of France may be applied to certain contemporaneous composers, and in part to Busoni. We remember Busoni's "Tone Poem," played at one of the Symphony concerts a dozen years ago, and we also remember the consternation of the hearers. The piece was scored for all the instruments of percussion, and also other instruments, and, as Mr. Apthorp used to say in the programme books, it defied technical analysis. Early this season Mr. Gericke produced a "comedy overture" by Busoni. It was as light as a boiled New England dinner.

In the "Geharnischte" suite, composed in 1895, revised in 1903, and first performed Dec. 1, 1904, at Berlin, we recognize certain characteristics of Busoni, the pianist, and the truth of Anatole France's saying. The suite is in four movements: "Introduction," "War Dance," "Funeral Monument" and "Onset." Each movement is dedicated to a musical friend in Helsingfors where Busoni once lived as a teacher.

When Mr. Busoni plays the piano he generally plays the thoughts of others. In this suite the thoughts are chiefly his own. It would be cruel to others even to hint that he had their thoughts in mind. What a poverty of melodic invention there is in this music! How weak the average phrase! And any phrase that gives promise is quickly tortured out of shape. Passing over the scrappy first movement, we come to the war dance. First there is an unmeaning unison; then comes a chromatic and wholly incongruous tune for the trumpet, and then there is music that is fit only for a tangle-tangle hall. Do such strains recall to mind the savage dance of old Finnish warriors? The music given to the Cambodgians in "Wang" has much more character.

In the third movement Busoni evidently had in his mind an impressive musical scheme. There are moments when he almost succeeds in establishing a heroic and sombre mood, but his thoughts are fugitive and scattering; he has not the skill to build his monument with scanty or abundant material.



And, pray, what could any one do, however great his constructive skill, with the foolish themes in the finale?

There is constantly the too evident desire to do something that is original and great, when the composer has not mastered the essential elements of technique. There is no more true color in his orchestral combinations than in his piano playing. The figures given at times to the strings when the other instruments are busy—and busy to no purpose—might come from some instruction book. It would be a waste of time to point out the lack of genuine thematic development, a lack which is not atoned for by any brilliant or beautiful or heroic impressionistic pages.

The "Geharnische" suite came between the works of two masters of musical architecture. It is true that with the flight of years only the first two movements of Bach's suite have vital interest today, and that the structural ability of Brahms far exceeded his emotional thought and expression. But it is not necessary to judge Busoni's suite by such works; it would have seemed equally futile and jejune had it been sandwiched between the overture to "The Bronze Horse" and a symphony by a lesser man than Brahms.

The air by Bach was finely read. The pace was a fortunate one and the interpretation was refreshingly free from sentimentalism. Mr. Gericke did all that was possible for the "Geharnische" suite, and he led the symphony in a musically eloquent spirit, not after the manner of an imported "Brahms specialist" who feels it his duty to instruct the audience.

Mrs. de Moss sang "Oh, Had I Jubal's Lyre" from Handel's "Joshua"—for Handel wrote other oratorios than the "Messiah" although the Handel and Haydn Society has apparently forgotten the fact. How pleasant it was to hear English sung at a Symphony concert, especially as enunciated by Mrs. de Moss! For after all English is the language that is spoken in business and at home by the great majority of the Symphony audience. It is the language in which the New Englander buys, sells, prays, quarrels, lies, makes love. It is the language of Marlowe and Shakespeare, Shelley and Keats, Collins and Poe, Tennyson and Swinburne. Poets in their singing-ropes have not disdained it.

Yet American-born singers seem ashamed to use it, possibly because nine-tenths of them have never learned to enunciate it clearly and pronounce it correctly in song. It is true that the Rev. Thomas Morell, who served more than once as Handel's librettist, was not an inspired bard. He preached sermons and Englished the classics; he sang a good song, told a good story, dressed shabbily and was always in debt, but he was not a "boss poet," to borrow Artemus Ward's phrase, and Morell's contemporaries flouted his verses. Nevertheless, Mrs. de Moss sang an air with English words, as Mr. Bispham recently sang "La Belle Dame Sans Merci" of Keats and Converse in English, so this season may well be set apart for this fact and for the extraordinary brilliance of many of the concerts.

Mrs. de Moss, one of the few highly accomplished American sopranos now on the concert stage, sang Handel's air delightfully, with the appropriate purity and fleetness of expression. She

was less successful as a whole in the bravura aria of the mysterious Queen of Night, yet for the most part she sang it well. It was a pleasure to hear once more a singer at a symphony concert, not a mere declaimer, not a woman of "dramatic intensity" and little vocal art, not a Wagnerphone.

*Journal Mch. 31, 1906*

Henry L. Higginson will tender a farewell benefit concert to Mr. Gericke in Symphony Hall on Tuesday evening, April 24. This will be done as a mark of appreciation for the long and faithful service of Mr. Gericke as conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and will give an opportunity to his many friends in Boston to testify to the high esteem in which they hold the eminent musician. While it is true that Mr. Gericke will conduct the Symphony concerts on April 27 and 28, this benefit concert will be his formal farewell to Boston, for his friends are by no means limited to the regular subscribers of the Symphony concerts. Full particulars regarding the program will be given later. The sale of tickets will open at Symphony Hall on Friday, April 13, but mail orders, accompanied by checks, may be sent to C. A. Ellis, Symphony Hall, from now on.

#### PENSION FUND CONCERT.

Rarely is a more attractive program of excerpts from Wagner's operas and music dramas arranged than that which will be played by the Symphony Orchestra tomorrow evening at the second Pension Fund concert. With the exception of the "Flying Dutchman" overture and the prelude and finale of "Tristan and Isolde" the selections are not often put on concert programs, and as Boston has had very little Wagner this winter since Mr. Conried has passed it by, this concert will be all the more welcome. "The Spinning Chorus," from the second act of "The Flying Dutchman," has been made possible through the generosity of the Thursday Morning Club in volunteering its services for the concert, and the same is true of the Grail scene from the first act of "Parsifal"—the more impressive of the two Grail scenes—for here the Apollo Club has given its services. In conjunction with "The Spinning Chorus" Mrs. Hissem de Moss, who is the soloist at this week's Symphony concerts, will sing Senta's ballade. The introduction to the third act of "Tannhauser," followed by "Elizabeth's Prayer," which Mrs. de Moss will sing, will make another attractive and unusual number, for the introduction, which contains some of Wagner's biggest moments, is seldom found on a concert program. The selections from "Siegfried" and "Gotterdammerung" have been on Symphony programs from time to time.

#### BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

The 20th Symphony program had for soloist Mrs. Hissem de Moss, who has been quite prominent in the local musical world of late, her singing with the Cecelia, Handel and Haydn, Apollo and other organizations being highly commended and her work giving great satisfaction because of the diversified abilities shown by the artist. She sang with the orchestra the soprano arias, "O, Had I Jubal's Lyre," from Handel's oratorio, "Joshua," and "The Pangs of Hell," from Mozart's "Magic Flute." Busoni's orchestral suite, "Geharnische," was played for the first time at these concerts and Bach's D major suite for orchestra and Brahms' fourth symphony completed the selections. Mrs. Moss has a high soprano voice, flexible, brilliant and light and admirably suited to bravura work, for her execution is very smooth and true, and she shows her artistic training by the skilful manner in which she uses the mezzo voice, an accomplishment that is all too rare even with some of our most famous singers. Handel's brief aria was delivered with considerable fervor, and although Mrs. Moss was lacking in dramatic strength to fully illustrate the text, the sweetness of her song was undeniably attractive. In the pyrotechnics of the Mozart aria she was excellent, with but a shade of deviation from the pitch in the high staccato phrases. Mrs. Moss was received with great favor.

The Busoni suite is in four movements, each one dedicated to a friend and titled in turn, "Prelude," "War Dance," "Funeral Monument" and "Onset." The name "Geharnische" conveys little meaning as to the character of the music or the relation of one part to the other, for the word has several synonyms. Despite its peculiar character the composition is quite interesting, in spots, the boldness and barbaric tone of the introduction being a capital example of instrumental juggling as a theme is passed about in the different choirs of the band. The brasses deserve particular praise for uniformly good tone. The "War Dance" has a chromatic motif that is rather odd in character, also a batch of unison phrases for strings in forte that is very effective. Both of these were played with splendid verve. The somber third part and the impetuous fourth received characteristic treatment. The brass instruments are very prominent in the score, and this part of the orchestra certainly maintained its high standard in every way.

The five movements of Bach's D major suite and Brahms' E minor symphony, straightforward good music, were played with the usual finish and interpretative skill expected of this great orchestra. In the Bach number the beautiful quality and unity of performance by the strings, which have the bulk of the work to do, again demonstrated the great proficiency of the body. The melancholy and passionate nature of the Brahms symphony was perfectly preserved, making its interpretation very impressive. Mr. Gericke's receptions of late have been exceedingly cordial, and yesterday and Friday were not exceptions.

This week's program will have for a novelty the introduction to the third act of "Der Pfeifertag," an opera by Max Schillings. Cesar Franck will be represented by two movements from his "Psyche," which have already been played here. The symphony will be

Schumann's No. 4 in D minor. Mr. Jacques Hofmann of the orchestra will be the soloist in Goldmark's A minor violin concerto. *George April 1, 1906*

#### A Benefit to Mr. Gericke

Mr. Henry L. Higginson has proposed a benefit concert to Mr. Gericke as an appropriate honor to the conductor and his work here before he finally leaves us. Mr. Gericke has accepted Mr. Higginson's proffer, and the concert will take place just before the end of the season, on Tuesday evening, April 24, in Symphony Hall. The programme will be announced in due course, but it is a small matter beside the opportunity that the concert will give us, who have made Mr. Gericke's audiences so many years, an opportunity to join in a benefit to him. When Mr. Higginson offered it he was speaking not only for himself but for the whole public of the Symphony concerts and for those outside it who know that the Symphony Orchestra is one of the glories of our city and that it is Mr. Gericke, with Mr. Higginson's steadfast support, who has made it such. The proposal was an expression of wide and genuine feeling that the conductor, with all his sincere modesty, could not refuse. When we applaud at the Symphony concerts, the composer, the orchestra, and the conductor divide our appreciation. At the concert for Mr. Gericke's benefit it will be all his own. A few weeks ago, when he took leave of the other cities that he has visited each winter, Philadelphia, Baltimore and New York all did him much honor. Then he was appearing in the regular course of the winter's concerts. Three weeks hence he will be appearing at a benefit of his own, in his own city, with the public that knows and appreciates him better than any other. And it is a public that has especial reason at the moment to honor him. Never in all the years of his work here have his powers seemed so large, supple and keen as they have through the present musical year. Never have they flowered into finer or ampler achievements, and never have his audiences been warmer or more sincere in appreciation of them. It is for us of the public to translate, at this benefit concert, all that we have said to each other of Mr. Gericke into open admiration that he may feel as warmly and genuinely as do we. His part he has been doing week after week, season after season. At last we are to have for the first time a particular and exceptional opportunity to do ours.

*Leans. Mch. 30, 1906*  
Soloist:

#### IFOR SALE—SYMPHONY REHEARSAL TICKET

For balance of season, on floor, Q 2, \$26. Address T.B.F., Boston Transcript. (A):



# MRS. DE MOSS ON SYMPHONY STAGE

Will Sing for First Time with the Boston Orchestra at To-day's Rehearsal—Revival of Bach Suite.

*Herald* — *March 30, 1906*

The 20th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Gericke, conductor, will take place in Symphony Hall this afternoon. The programme will include these orchestral works: Bach's Suite in D major, No. 3; Busoni's "Geharnischte" suite (first time here), and Brahms' symphony in E minor, No. 4. The suite by Bach—the one with the famous air played by all violinists and cellists—was first performed here in the seventies at a Theodore Thomas concert. It has not been played at a Symphony concert for several years. Mr. Gericke had much success with it on the recent trip. The suite contains an overture, air, two gavottes, a bourree and a gigue. One of the gavottes will be omitted at this concert.

Busoni's suite was first performed in Berlin at one of his orchestral concerts late in 1903, but the music was written some years before and then revised. The suite is in four movements, and each one is dedicated to a composer or musical friend in Helsingfors, where Busoni once taught, and where he married. The movements are as follows: Introduction, war dance, funeral monument and Onset. "Geharnischte" means armored, in harness, cap-a-pie; but it also means "defiant."

Mrs. Hissem de Moss will sing for the first time at these concerts. She is a Kentuckian by birth, and she studied chiefly in Cincinnati, where she lived until, in 1900, she went to New York. She has sung in Boston at concerts of the Handel and Haydn, Cecilia, Apollo societies and on other occasions. Her selections are: "The Pangs of Hell," sung by the Queen of Night in Mozart's "The Magic Flute," and "Oh, had I Jubal's Lyre," from Handel's "Joshua." Mrs. de Moss will sing at the pension fund concert next Sunday night Wagner's "Ballad of the Flying Dutchman" and Elisabeth's prayer in "Tannhaeuser."

The programme of the concerts on April 6 and 7 will be as follows: Prelude to act. III. of Max Schillings' opera, "Der Pfeifertag" (first time here); Goldmark's violin concerto (Mr. Jacques Hoffmann, violinist); two movements, "Cupid's Garden" and "Psyche and Cupid," from Cesar Franck's "Psyche," and Schumann's symphony in D minor, No. 4.

# MAHLER PICKED TO CONDUCT THE SYMPHONY

Boston Orchestra Said to Be After Director of Vienna Imperial Opera House to Succeed Gericke, but Latter May Remain.

*Journal* — *March 31, 1906*

New York, March 30.—According to advices received here today from Vienna, Gustav Mahler, now conductor of the Imperial Opera House in Vienna, is to be the next conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Mahler will not be at liberty, however, to come here until a year from next October. It has been announced that the orchestra's plans will not be divulged until after the farewell concert of Wilhelm Gericke on April 24.

It is probable that Fritz Steenbach, in spite of his denials, will come for this interregnum. The possibility that Mr. Gericke may still be engaged for another year is by no means excluded from some consideration. If Col. Higginson will accept his terms Mr. Gericke will be able to remain.

The decision of Felix Weingartner not to return to the New York Symphony Orchestra next winter is closely connected with Gustav Mahler's call to Boston. Mr. Weingartner will, in accordance with present plans, be called to Munich to succeed Felix Mottl at the Prinz Regent's Theater there. Mr. Mottl is expected to be the successor of Mahler in Vienna.

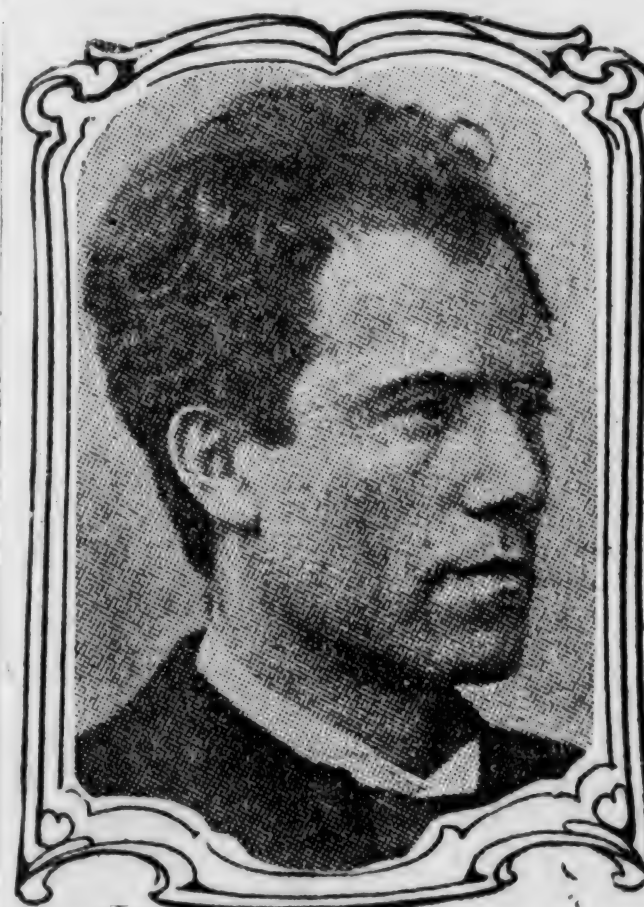
Gustav Mahler, who composed, among other well known works, the symphony in C sharp minor, studied in the schools of Iglau and Prague. In 1877 he went to Vienna to continue his general studies at the university of that city, and also to study music at the Vienna Conservatory, where he became a pupil of Anton Bruckner. In order to earn a living, he was obliged to leave Vienna, and in 1880 he began his career as a conductor of operas. He served in this

capacity in Hall, in upper Austria, at Laibach, at Olmutz, and he was afterward for some time at Cassel. He went to Prague and distinguished himself by performances of Wagner's "Ring," symphonies by Bruckner, and Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. At Leipzig Mahler

# GERICKE MAY STAY WITH SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

(Continued From First Page.)

and Arthur Nikisch were fellow opera conductors. In 1888 he was appointed opera director at Budapest and he soon made that opera house famous throughout Europe.



Gustav Mahler,

He was called to Hamburg to be the first conductor of the Hamburg City Theater, and there he remained from 1891 to 1897.

In 1897 he took the place of Wilhelm Jahn as conductor of the Vienna opera, and soon after his arrival he was also appointed a director of the opera. He still holds these positions. He succeeded Hans Richter as conductor of the

Philharmonic concerts of Vienna for a few years. He is the author of the opera "Die Argonouten," "Ruhezahl," a fairy opera, "Lieder eines Fahrenden Gesellen," and a number of songs.

# MUSICAL MATTER.

## THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

PROGRAMME. *Adv.*

Bach—Suite for Orchestra, in D major.  
Handel—Air, "O, had I Jubal's Lyre," from the oratorio "Joshua."  
Soloist, Mrs. Mary Hissem De Moss.  
Busoni—"Geharnischte" Suite: second orchestral suite, No. 2, op. 34. A. I. Prelude. II. War Dance. III. Funeral Monument. IV. Onset. (First time at these concerts.)  
Mozart—Aria, "The Pangs of Hell," from the opera, "The Magic Flute."  
Mrs. Hissem de Moss.  
Brahms—Symphony No. 4, in E minor, op. 98.

It was a hopeful sign that Bach and Brahms received the most applause in this concert, spontaneous and hearty applause that showed that the public still appreciates symmetry of design and melody. The Bach Suite had, however, one of the defects of the old school. The presentation of all the movements in the same key becomes irksome in these modulatory times. It is probable that this course was forced upon Bach by the avoidance of the tempered scale upon keyed instruments, inculcating a habit of restricted modulation which seems strange to the modern auditor.

We may remember, however, that it was Bach himself who broke these fetters, for his "well-tempered clavichord," presenting a free use of all the 24 major and minor keys (Part I.—1722, Part II.—1742), was the musician's Declaration of Independence.—"We hold that all keys are created free and equal!"

It was the beautiful "air" of this Suite that won the chief applause, causing the conductor to bow several times and finally to order his string orchestra to rise and join him in obeisances. And it is a noble tune. How any one who is familiar with this tune, or the air for the G string of the violin, or "Around thy tomb here sit we weeping," can say that Bach was unmelodic, passes comprehension. He had a loftiness of tune that no other composer achieved.

The suite was finely played and its three dances reminded the auditor that our symphony form is descended from dancing. Here is the genealogy:—a contrast of dances begat the partita, the partita begat the suite de dances, the suite begat the sonata and symphony. The cycle forms of music owe much to Terpsichore, and they also owe something to Spain (a debt which is not acknowledged in the musical histories), for many of the chief dances of the suite had their origin among the Moors and Spaniards, and the southern country sent its instrumental forms into France, and thence into northern Europe, in very early times.

Mrs. Hissem De Moss sang the Handelian



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selection with great agreement, with easy flexibility and with admirable phrasing. One might have demanded more breadth however. She was recalled at the close of the aria. In the succeeding number, "The Pangs of Hell," she was very brilliant in the staccato passages, although she flatted decidedly in the highest register. As this flattening, however, was exactly a semi-tone each time it may have been an intentional alteration of the passage to avoid the highest notes. Mrs. De Moss was recalled with much enthusiasm after this number.

After the Bach suite there came a suite of very different order. Mr. Ferruccio Busoni has proved himself such a great student of Bach that we may assume that if he adopts the ultra-modern vein in his compositions he does it from choice and not from any inability to work in the accepted shapes. We can only say therefore that we wish he had kept to the musical highway and not struck off through the brambles.

The suite was intended as a "Heroic" composition, dealing with military heroism much as Strauss and Beethoven have done, but the word "Heroic" having been over-used in music Mr. Busoni took refuge in the less usual term of "Harnessed," used in the sense that Shakespeare applies it in the last act of "Macbeth":—

"At least we'll die with harness on our back." It is a Mahleresque work. It employs a tremendous orchestra and Mr. Busoni shows great brilliancy in laying on his tone-colors. There are even glimpses of attractive melody, but they remain only glimpses, for these tuneful infants are promptly strangled after the most modern manner.

The war-dance might have applied to Ojibwa Indians quite as well as to armored knights, while at the beginning of the "funeral monument" the long rumblings of the contra-bassoon suggested a dissatisfied cow rather than the tomb. But here, too, there were some very strong contrasts and many dramatic touches. The final assault (and battery) was a finable offence, considering that Strauss had already achieved trouble enough upon the battlefield.

Sherman once said—"War is Hell"—and this sounded like it. Yet the galloping steeds in the beginning of the movement and the march-like themes were not altogether without their effect.

While we emphatically do not like the school, we demand for Busoni the same respect that is accorded to other modern dissonancists. The more we get of this rambling, difficult, "impressionist" school, the better, for the fever will have sooner run its course. By-and-bye, when most of the conductors have suffered nervous collapse, and all the musicians are killed by extra rehearsals, matters will quiet down again and Music resume her normal path.

We were delighted when the long Andante of the Brahms symphony received enthusiastic applause. That cool, calm opening phrase, in its peculiar "major-minor" mode, came like a lotion to bruised

ears. But we begin to believe that the final "Passacaglia" variations are too long in spite of their great ingenuity. Brahms (like Beethoven) had such tremendous skill in varying a theme that it often led him too far.

Oh, it is excellent to have a giant's strength, But it is tyrannous to use it like a giant.  
Louis C. Elson.

## SINGS ENGLISH WITH SYMPHONY

Mrs. De Moss Delights Audience  
With Old Classics—Freak

Music on Program.

Journal Apr. 2, 1906

Mrs. Mary Hissem de Moss sang from Handel's "Joshua" the aria, "Oh, Had I Jubal's Love" and "The Pangs of Hell" from Mozart's "Magic Flute" at the Symphony concert Saturday night. She used the English word version and the result was satisfactory. She is a pleasing singer, although her voice is perhaps a trifle light for so large a hall.

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John Sebastian Bach's D major suite for orchestra opened the program.

SUNDAY EVENING, APRIL 1, at EIGHT

1906

## Concert

by the

Boston Symphony Orchestra

WILHELM GERICKE, *Conductor*

In aid of its

## PENSION FUND



Assisting

Mrs. HISSEM DE MOSS

Miss LILLA ORMONDE

JOHN F. DANIELS

SULLIVAN A. SARGENT

THE THURSDAY MORNING CLUB

THE APOLLO CLUB



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*Journal* Apr. 2, 1906  
Mrs. Mary Hissem de Moss sang from Handel's "Joshua" the aria, "Oh, Had I Jubal's Love" and "The Pangs of Hell" from Mozart's "Magic Flute" at the Symphony concert Saturday night. She used the English word version and the result was satisfactory. She is a pleasing singer, although her voice is perhaps a trifle light for so large a hall.

Brahms' E minor symphony was presented to Mr. Gericke's most gracious mood, which expression may well be accepted as a synonym for perfection. A freak number was Busoni's "Gehornische" suite for orchestra, played for the first time here. It is freakish throughout, with little to interest beyond the appreciation of the hard work of the players.

John Sebastian Bach's D major suite for orchestra opened the program.

SUNDAY EVENING, APRIL 1, at EIGHT

1906

## Concert

by the

Boston Symphony Orchestra

WILHELM GERICKE, *Conductor*

*In aid of its*

# PENSION FUND



Assisting

Mrs. HISSEM DE MOSS

Miss LILLA ORMONDE

JOHN F. DANIELS

SULLIVAN A. SARGENT

THE THURSDAY MORNING CLUB

THE APOLLO CLUB



## .. Wagner Programme ..

Overture, "The Flying Dutchman."

Spinning Chorus and Ballade from Act II., "The Flying Dutchman."

Introduction and Prayer from Act III., "Tannhäuser."

Selections from "Siegfried" and "Dusk of the Gods."

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Grail Scene from Act I., "Parsifal."

Vorspiel and Liebestod from "Tristan and Isolde."

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### I. SPINNING CHORUS AND BALLADE, ACT II., "THE FLYING DUTCHMAN."

#### *Chorus of Maidens.*

Hum, hum, hum, good wheel, be whirling,  
Gaily, gaily turn thee round!  
Spin, spin, spin, the threads be twirling,  
Turn, good wheel, with humming sound!  
My love now sails on distant seas;  
His faithful heart for home doth yearn;  
Couldst thou, good wheel, but give the breeze,  
My love would soon to me return!  
Spin, spin, spin we duly,  
Hum, hum, wheel, go truly! Tra la ra, etc.

#### *Mary.*

Ah! duly, duly are they spinning!  
Each girl a sweetheart would be winning!

#### *Chorus.*

Dame Mary, hush, for well you know  
Our song as yet must onward go!

#### *Mary.*

Then sing, yet ply a busy wheel!

#### *(To Senta.)*

But wherefore, Senta, art thou still?



*Chorus.*

Hum, hum, hum, good wheel, be whirling,  
Gaily, gaily turn thee round!  
Spin, spin, spin, the threads be twirling,  
Turn, good wheel, with humming sound!  
On distant seas my love doth sail,  
In southern lands much gold he wins;  
Then turn, good wheel, nor tire nor fail;  
The gold for her who duly spins. Tra la ra, etc.

*Mary*

(to *Senta*).

Thou careless girl! Wilt thou not spin?  
Thy lover's gift thou wilt not win.

*Chorus.*

She has no need to work as we;  
Her lover sails not on the sea;  
He brings her game; he brings not gold;  
One knows the worth of hunters bold;  
Ha! Ha! etc.

(*Senta* sings softly to herself.)

*Mary.*

You see her still before that face!  
Why wilt thou dream away thy girlhood  
With gazing at that picture so?

*Senta*

(without changing her position).

Why hast thou told me of his sorrows?  
His hapless fate why did I know?  
The wretched man!

*Mary.*

God help thee, girl!

*Chorus.*

Ei! ei! what's that she said?  
Her sighs are for the ghastly man!

*Mary.*

I fear that she will lose her head!

*Chorus.*

'Tis brooding makes her look so wan.

*Mary.*

No use for me to chide each day!  
Come! *Senta*! wilt thou turn away?

*Chorus.*

She hears you not! She is in love! Ei! Ei!  
No anger pray it move!  
Erik has a temper hot,  
And, if he's hurt, will bear it not!  
Say nought! Lest in a rage he fall  
And shoot his rival from the wall. Ha! Ha! etc.

*Senta*

(starting up angrily).

Be still with all your foolish jesting!  
My temper are you bent on testing?

*Chorus.*

Hum! Hum! etc.

*Senta.*

Oh! make an end to all this singing!  
Your hum, hum, hum quite tires my ear.  
If me you would your way be bringing,  
Provide some better thing to hear.

*Chorus.*

Well, sing thyself.

*Senta.*

Much would I rather  
Dame Mary sang to us the ballade.

*Mary.*

I'd rather not attempt the thing!  
The Flying Dutchman, let him be!

*Senta.*

The song I oft have heard you sing  
I'll sing myself. Hark then to me!  
A tale of sorrow I select you;  
His wretched fate, it must affect you.  
Mark ye the words!

*Chorus.*

Well, let us hear, and we will rest.

*Mary.*

I'll spin away.



*Senta.*

Yo-ho-ho! Yo-ho-ho-ho! Yo-ho-ho! Yo-ho!  
A ship the restless ocean sweeps;  
Blood-red her sails and black her masts;  
Her spectral captain never sleeps,  
But watchful glances round him casts.  
Hui! The wind is shrill! Yo-ho-hey! Yo-ho-hey!  
Like an arrow he flies, without aim, without rest, without end.  
Yet this spectral man from his life-long curse may deliver,  
Find he a maiden, faithful and true, to love him forever.  
Ah! mightest thou, spectral seaman, but find her!  
Pray ye that Heaven may soon,  
At his need, grant this boon.

Against the tempest's utmost wrath  
Around the Cape he once would sail.  
He curs'd and swore a foolish oath:  
"Befall what may, I will prevail!"  
Hui! And Satan heard! Yo-ho-hey!  
He marked his word. Yo-ho-hey!

And condemned him to sail on the sea without aim, without end.  
And yet this wretched man from his curse may deliver,  
Would but an angel show him the way his bondage to sever.  
Ah! mightest thou, spectral seaman, but find it!  
Pray ye that Heaven may soon,  
At his need, grant this boon.

*Chorus.*

Ah! mightest thou, spectral seaman, but find it!  
Pray ye to Heaven!

*Senta.*

He goes on shore when seven years end:  
A wife he seeks the land around;  
But wheresoe'er his steps he bend,  
For him no faithful wife is found.  
Hui! Unfurl the sails! Yo-ho-hey!  
Hui! The anchor weigh! Yo-ho-hey!  
Hui! Faithless love, faithless troth!  
To the sea, without aim, without end.

*Chorus.*

Ah! where is she, to whose loving heart the angel may guide thee?  
Where lingers she, thine own unto death, whatever betide thee?

*Senta.*

I am the one who through her love will save thee!  
Oh! may the angel hither guide thee!  
Through me may new-found joy betide thee!

## II. INTRODUCTION AND PRAYER, ACT III., "TANN-HAEUSER."

O blessed Virgin, hear my prayer!  
Thou star of glory, look on me!  
Here in the dust I bend before thee,  
Now from this earth, oh, set me free!

Let me, a maiden, pure and white enter into thy kingdom bright!  
If vain desires and earthly longing have turned my heart from thee  
away,  
The sinful hopes within me thronging before thy blessed feet I lay;  
I wrestle with the love I cherish'd until its flame in death hath perish'd.  
If of my sin thou wilt not shrive me, yet in this hour, oh, grant thy aid!  
Till thy eternal peace thou give me, I vow to live and die a maid.  
And on thy bounty I will call, that heavenly grace on him may fall.

### Intermission

## III. GRAIL SCENE, ACT I., "PARSIFAL."

*Gurnemanz.*

From bathing comes the king again;  
High stands the sun now:  
Let me to the holy Feast then conduct thee;  
For—an thou'rt pure,  
Surely the Grail will feed and refresh thee.

(He has gently laid *Parsifal's* arm on his own neck, and, supporting his body with his arm, leads him slowly along.)

*Parsifal.*

What is the Grail?

*Gurnemanz.*

I may not say:  
But if to serve it thou be bidden,  
Knowledge of it will not be hidden.—  
And lo!—  
Methinks I know thee now indeed:  
No earthly road to it doth lead,  
By no one can it be detected  
Who by itself is not elected.

*Parsifal.*

I scarcely move,—  
Yet swiftly seem to run.

*Gurnemanz.*

My son, thou seest  
Here Space and Time are one.

Gradually, while *Parsifal* and *Gurnemanz* appear to walk, the scene changes imperceptibly from L. to R. The forest disappears; a door opens in rocky cliffs and conceals the two; they are then seen again in sloping passages which they appear to ascend. Long sustained trombone notes softly swell, approaching peals of bells are heard. At last they arrive at a mighty hall, which loses itself overhead in a high-vaulted dome, down from which alone the light streams in. From the heights above the dome comes the increasing sound of chimes.



*Gurnemanz*

(turning to *Parsifal*, who stands spell-bound).

Now give good heed, and let me see,  
If thou'rt a Fool and pure,  
What wisdom thou presently canst secure.—

At each side in the background a large door opens. From the R. enter slowly the *Knights* of the *Grail* in solemn procession, and range themselves, during the following chorus, by degrees at two long covered tables which are placed endways towards the audience, one on each side, leaving the middle of the stage free. Only cups—no dishes—stand on them.

*The Knights of the Grail.*

The Holy Supper duly  
Prepare we day by day,  
As on that last time truly  
The soul it still may stay.  
Who lives to do good deeds  
This Meal for ever feeds;  
The Cup his hand may lift  
And claim the purest gift.

*Voices of Younger Men*

(coming from the mid-height of the hall).

As anguished and lowly  
His life stream's spilling  
For sinners He did offer,  
For the Saviour holy  
With heart free and willing  
My blood I now will proffer.  
His body, given our sins to shrive,  
Through death becomes in us alive.

*Boys' voices*

(from the summit of the dome).

His love endures,  
The dove upsoars,  
The Saviour's sacred token.  
Take the wine red,  
For you 'twas shed;  
Let Bread of Life be broken.

*Boys*

(from the dome).

"Take and drink my blood;  
Thus be our love remembered!  
Take my body and eat:  
Do this and think of me!"

A blinding ray of light shoots down from above upon the cup, which glows with increasing purple lustre. *Amfortas*, with brightened mien, raises the "Grail" aloft and waves it gently about on all sides. Since the coming of the dusk all have sunk upon their knees, and now cast their eyes reverently towards the "Grail."

*Titurel's*

(voice)

Celestial rapture!  
How light now the looks of the Lord!

*Amfortas* sets down the "Grail" again, which now, while the deep gloom wanes, grows paler: the boys cover it as before and return it to the shrine. As the original light returns to the hall, the cups on the table are seen to be filled with wine, and by each is a piece of bread. All sit down to the repast, including *Gurnemanz*, who keeps a place by him for *Parsifal*, whom he invites with a sign to come and partake. *Parsifal*, however, remains silent and motionless at the side, as if quite dumbfounded.

(Alternative, during the Supper.)

*Boys' voices*

(from the height).

Wine and Bread the Grail's Lord changéd  
Which at that Last Meal were rangéd,  
Through his pity's loving tide  
When He shed for you His gore  
And His Body crucified.

*Youths' voices*

(from the middle height).

Blood and Body which he offered  
Changed to food for you are proffered  
By the Saviour ye revere  
In the Wine which now ye pour  
And the Bread ye eat of here.

*The Knights*

(first half).

Take of this Bread,  
Change it again,  
Your pow'rs of body firing;  
Living and dead  
Strive amain  
To work out the Lord's desiring.

(Second half.)

Take of this Wine,  
Change it anew  
To life's impetuous torrent;  
Gladly combine,  
Brothers true,  
To fight as duty shall warrant.

(They rise solemnly and all join hands.)

*All the Knights.*

Blessed Believing!  
Blesséd in Loving!



*Youths*

(from the mid-height).

Blessed in Loving!

*Boys*

(from the utmost height).

Blessed Believing!

During the repast *Amfortas*, who has not partaken, has gradually relapsed from his state of exaltation: he bows his head and presses his hand to the wound. The pages approach him; his wound has burst out afresh: they tend him and assist him to his litter; then, while all prepare to break up, they bear off *Amfortas* and the shrine in the order in which they came. The *Knights* and *Esquires* fall in and slowly leave the hall in solemn procession, whilst the daylight gradually wanes. The bells are heard pealing again.

*Parsifal*, on hearing *Amfortas*' cry of agony, has clutched his heart and remained in that position for some time; he now stands as if petrified, motionless. When the last knight has left the hall and the doors are again closed, *Gurnemanz* in ill-humor comes up to *Parsifal* and shakes him by the arm.

*Gurnemanz.*

Why standest thou there?  
Wist thou what thou saw'st?

(*Parsifal* shakes his head slightly.)

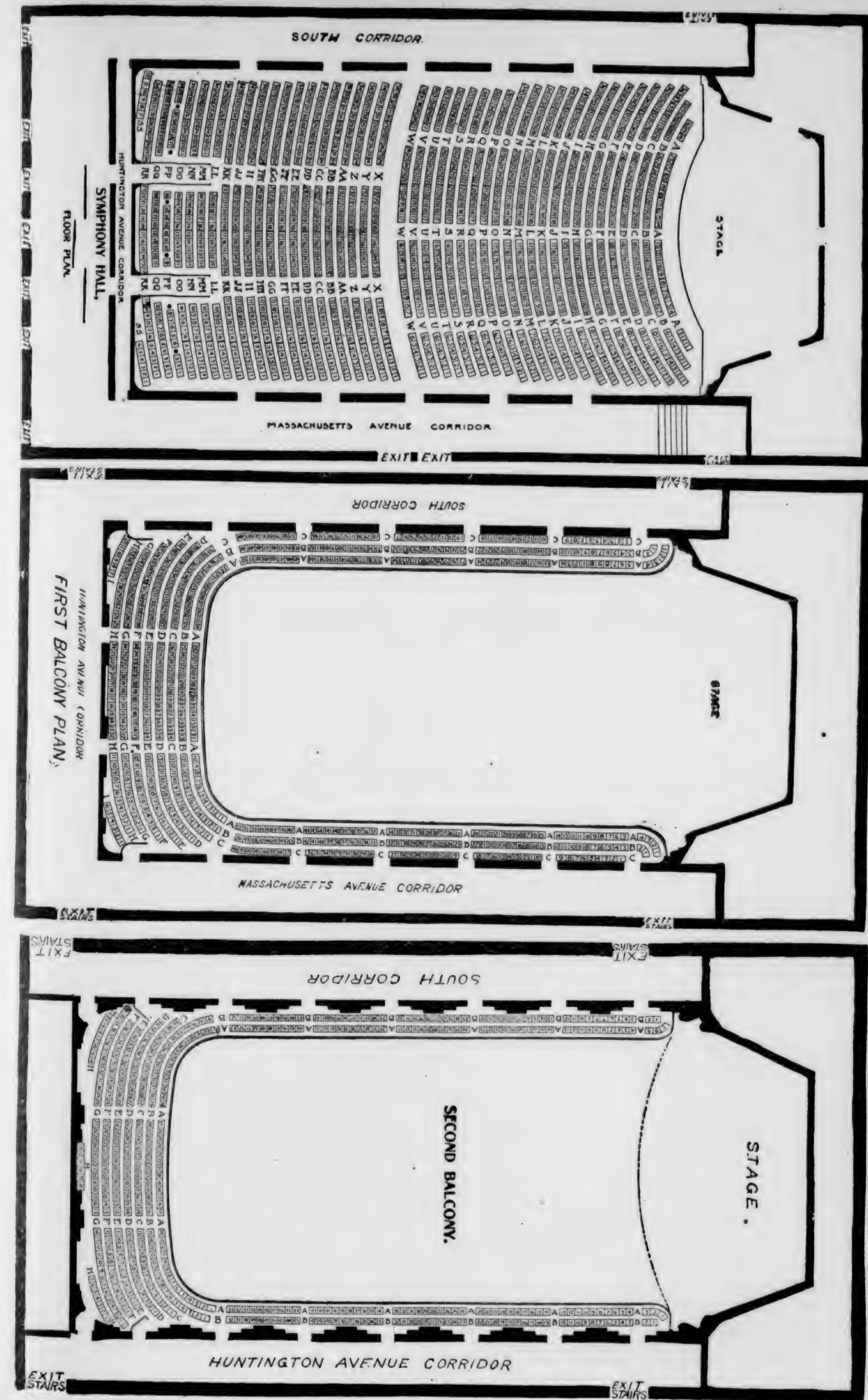
*Gurnemanz.*

Thou art then nothing but a Fool!

(He opens a small side door.)

Come away, on thy road be gone  
And put my rede to use:  
Leave all our swans for the future alone  
And seek thyself, gander, a goose.

(He pushes *Parsifal* out and slams the door angrily on him. As he follows the knights, the curtain closes.)





# SYMPHONY HALL

Tuesday Evening, April 24, 1906

## Benefit Concert

FOR

# Wilhelm Gericke

CONDUCTOR OF THE

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA



Tickets, \$2.50, \$2.00, \$1.50, \$1.00. On sale at Symphony Hall Friday, April 13.

Mail orders, accompanied by checks, addressed to C. A. ELLIS, Symphony Hall, will be accepted, and seats as near as possible to desired location set aside before public sale.

### A Wagner Concert

The more signs that we in Boston give of our liking for opera, the sooner and the more surely we shall have the Metropolitan company back again, and last night we were unusually clear and emphatic. There was a "Wagner programme" for the concert of the Symphony Orchestra for the increase of its pension fund. Except the overture to "The Flying Dutchman" and the prelude to "Tristan," every number on it was music of the scene—Senta's ballad and her dialogue with the spinning girls in the second act of "The Flying Dutchman," the introduction to the third act of "Tannhäuser" and Elisabeth's prayer before the wayside cross in the autumn twilight; Siegfried's ascent to Brünnhilde's rock, and his coming to Gunther's hall, the approach of Parsifal and Gurnemanz to the castle of the Grail and the eucharist of the knights; and for ending, Isolde's song of love and death. In the fragments from "The Flying Dutchman," "Tannhäuser" and "Parsifal," there were singers in evening coats and frocks for the music allotted to the characters of each opera. Elsewhere there was only the orchestra. Throughout it was Wagner "in concert form," with all its drawbacks and disillusion. Yet Symphony Hall was filled almost to the last seat. The audience listened intently eager, and its applause was quick and hearty. If we do these things for a "Wagner concert," would we not do as much and more for Wagner in his full and proper place, the theatre, and for opera in general? Last night we underscored the signs that we have been giving at every opportunity, the season through, of our liking for opera. They are so plain now that even Mr. Conreid might descry them afar off.

Orchestrally, however, it was Wagner such as neither the Metropolitan nor hardly any opera house in the world may give. Mr. Gericke and his men seemed to come to the music as eagerly as did the audience. It is an old story how Wagner gains in tonal beauty, in sheer musical power, in dramatic subtlety, when such a band and such a conductor plays his music. It is good to hear in absolute purity of tone the virginal quality of Senta's music in the overture to "The Flying Dutchman," and in such tone to follow the light that pours from the Grail. It is good to hear a Wagnerian climax rise in instrumental as well as in emotional proportion, for the two are more closely united than some of the thrashing "Wagner conductors" guess. It is good as well to hear every upper and under strand in the instrumental webs that he weaves and each in the adroitest euphony with the rest. But there were more than these things in the orchestra's performance last night. They were the perfect means to Wagner's ends. They gave the beauty which conductor and band made instinct with the power. There have been times when Mr. Gericke seemed to take Wagner's sea music in the overture to "The Flying Dutchman" tamely. Last night it pitched and curled. The music of Venus

and her train came like fiery beckonings through the fragment from "Tannhäuser." Siegfried mounted to Brünnhilde's rock more vividly through such tones than he does through all the steamy fire and gauzy mists of the stage. It was tonal splendor and not moving scenery that carried Parsifal and Gurnemanz into the hall of the Grail. The orchestra sung the fate of Tristan and Isolde and then made their passion leap and flame against it. For once it was not languorous as it is the fashion of many a conductor to make it in these days of slow pace. It was too hot for that and too heroic. Throughout the concert there was the union of entire surety and proportion of detail, and of the perfection of musical means, with largeness and intensity of feeling. Mr. Gericke united them in his "Wagner concert" last November. He fused and heightened them last night. Not once seemingly did his men fail him. Every impulse of the music touched them as with a spark. At moments we that listened heard the Wagner of our ideals—the Wagner that is not tingling neurotic sensation, but is the power and the beauty of sound made poignant because they are controlled.

H. T. P.

In other places Mr. Wilhelm Gericke is saying farewell. His "farewell appearances" are genuine and his audiences seem to so understand them. Everywhere there is an extra warmth in the applause that greets him, and from every audience he receives a laurel wreath. Then there are other ways in which his admirers show how sorry they are that he is going, and he must, one would think, discover a little sadness of his own. Somehow we have always thought that Boston owned Mr. Gericke, that the other cities he visits could not have and hold him as we did, but they do, apparently, since they are taking these last appearances to heart very much as we shall when our turn comes to say good-by in earnest. *Mch. 19, 1906*

Mr. Gericke's last evening in New York as leader of the Symphony orchestra called out a generous recognition from the audience and a friendly farewell from Mr. Krehbiel. It was a gracious thing to cover his desk with laurel, while his exquisite sense of euphony and the virtuosity of his musicians were duly honored. New York loves to make drives at Boston, but has always been nice to her own and only orchestra. *Herald-Mch. 18, 1906*

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(A)4t:

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## THE PENSION FUND CONCERT.

The critic has altered the old Latin proverb to his purpose: "Speak nothing but good of the beneficent concert." Yet even were this saying not in force it would be difficult to say anything adverse regarding a Wagner programme given by our symphony men. They have been bred up to Wagner by each of their conductors, and Mr. Gericke has continued the Wagnerian cult which Henschel, Nikisch and Paur began. There was a time when Wagner was considered difficult, but now he is only a half-way house between Haydn and Strauss, or Mozart and Mahler.

The programme:— *Adv. Apr 2 1906*

Overture, "The Flying Dutchman."

Spinning Chorus and Ballade from Act II., "The Flying Dutchman."

Introduction and Prayer from Act III., "Tannhauser."

Selections from "Siegfried" and "Dusk of the Gods."

Grail Scene from Act I., "Parsifal."

Vorspiel and Liebestod from "Tristan and Isolde."

Mrs. Mary Hissem De Moss and the choruses of the Thursday Morning Club and the Apollo Club assisted. One can imagine the charm of the "Spinning Chorus" from the "Flying Dutchman" as given by our orchestra and the sweet voices of the Thursday Morning Club and the clear tones of Mrs. Hissem De Moss. Mrs. De Moss was at her best in this and in the prayer from "Tannhauser," in both of which the delicate quality of her voice was especially appropriate.

The Apollo Club were a magnificent chorus for the "Parsifal" selection. There was the greatest enthusiasm over "Parsifal," and Messrs. Daniles and Sargent did excellently in solos. In the "Flying Dutchman" Miss Lilla Ormonde was an excellent foil to Mrs. De Moss. The occasion was a decided success in every way. There was a very large audience present, large in spite of the fact that concert-goers might be jaded from a long season and an important orchestral concert for the benefit of our departing conductor, Mr. Gericke, had been announced for the immediate future. The whole occasion was the most signally successful of any of the pension fund concerts ever given in this city.

## The Boston Post

### PENSION FUND CONCERT

The concert in aid of the pension fund of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was held last evening at Symphony Hall and proved a pleasing event in many ways. There was a gratifyingly large audience, which meant a goodly addition to the worthy cause, and it was also a farewell to Mr. Wilhelm Gericke, whose association with the orchestra will be severed at the close of the present season. Mr. Gericke will, of course, conduct at the remaining concerts, but last evening's affair was in the line of an adieu between the popular leader and his men.

Again the programme was composed exclusively of Wagnerian selections, and

in addition to the orchestra there were Mrs. Hissem de Moss, Lilla Ormond, Sullivan Sargent and John F. Daniels as soloists, and the Thursday Morning and Apollo clubs, all of whom volunteered their services.

The overture and a scene from the second act of "The Flying Dutchman" opened the programme. The latter number included the spinning song and the "Legend," sung by Mrs. de Moss. The introduction and prayer in the third act of "Tannhauser" followed, and there were also selections from "Siegfried," "Götterdämmerung," the Grail scene from the first act of "Parsifal" and the Vorspiel and Liebestod of "Tristan and Isolde."

It was a pleasing programme throughout and one of the most delightful of any given at these concerts. Mr. Gericke received quite an ovation and led his forces with even more than his wonted skill and artistry.

Mrs. de Moss' voice, although of great purity, was scarcely of sufficient volume for the Senta song, but was heard to much better advantage in Elisabeth's prayer from "Tannhauser." The chorus was adequate and the work of the orchestra in the "Parsifal" number a positive delight.

# PROGRAMME OF WAGNER OPERA

Mrs. Hissem de Moss Soloist  
at Symphony Orchestra's  
Second Pension Fund Con-  
cert Last Night.

BOSTON SINGING CLUBS  
ASSIST THE ORCHESTRA

One of Largest Audiences Ap-  
plauds with Delight Unusual  
Treat — Substantial Sum  
Added to Fund.

*Apr 2, 1906*  
The Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Gericke, conductor, gave last night in Symphony Hall its second concert this season in aid of its pension fund. The orchestra was assisted by Mrs. Mary Hissem de Moss, soprano; Miss Lilla Ormond, contralto; Mr. John F. Daniels, tenor; Mr. Sullivan A. Sargent, bass; the Thursday Morning Club and the Apollo Club. The programme was made up of excerpts from operas by Wagner, and it was as follows: Overture to "The Flying Dutchman," Spinning Chorus and the ballad from the same opera; introduction to act III. of "Tannhauser" and Elisabeth's Prayer; selections from "Siegfried" and "Dusk of the Gods"; the Grail scene from act I. of "Parsifal," and the prelude and love-death from "Tristan and Isolde."

There was a very large audience, the largest at the Pension Fund concerts with the exception of the one at which Mme. Melba sang. The programme of last night was a strong attraction, for excerpts from Wagner's music dramas are seldom given here in concert form with chorus and orchestra, and as Mr. Conried has passed Boston by this season in his stern displeasure, the citizen and citizenesses welcome operatic music in the paler form; hence the announcement of a performance of "Aida" later this month with the slave girl in her Sunday best and with Amonasro, the wild, barbaric king, in a claw-hammer coat of presumably faultless cut and lining.

Concerts in aid of a charity or a fund are by tradition exempt from discriminative criticism. The rule is wise and kindly. A singer and a player volunteer their services, and it surely is not a fit-

ting occasion if they err musically to point out the precise extent of their wanderings or to comment on their general or special incapacity. Furthermore, a benefit is often a serious injury to the recipient, who is obliged to pay expenses that swell as though with ironical glee, so that the last state of that man is worse than the first.

Fortunately there was no necessity of chorus or orchestra last evening seeking refuge behind the cloak of charity. The singers had been carefully drilled by Mr. Gericke and they sang with care and taste; the orchestra displayed the characteristics that have made it famous and apart from other bands, inimitable euphony, the finest sense of proportion, virtuoso, technic and artistic enthusiasm. The local singers to whom solo parts were allotted contributed to the general success.

Mrs. de Moss sang the Ballad of the "Flying Dutchman" and Elisabeth's Prayer. The Ballad demands a more powerful and dramatic voice if it is to be sung as we are accustomed to hear it from German sopranos, i. e., with intense and constant vigor, and with little or no attention to pure intonation and other fundamental elements of song. Mme. Gadski, as Senta, was a noteworthy exception. Yet it hardly seems possible that Wagner intended this ballad to be sung throughout with a hoot and a whoop, as though the dreamy Senta were a robust member of the shrieking sisterhood. As a matter of fact, Wagner indicated with care the various dynamic expressions. But if Mrs. de Moss' voice is hardly of the right quality for the ballad, it is the voice for Elisabeth's prayer, which she sang with virginal simplicity and pure devotion. Her interpretation of this difficult page, difficult as sustained music, with an accompaniment that seems as though it were deliberately contrived to confuse a soprano's intonation, was a performance of rare beauty.

The audience was highly appreciative of the merits of the concert. It is a pleasure to know that the players will add a substantial sum to the fund that is of vital interest to them, a fund that should appeal to every admirer of their orchestra, for it is of much assistance in maintaining the esprit de corps that is indispensable to such an organization. Mr. Gericke, the orchestra and the singers that generously contributed their services are indeed to be congratulated.

### PENSION FUND CONCERT.

Rarely is a more attractive program of excerpts from Wagner's operas and music dramas arranged than that which will be played by the Symphony Orchestra tomorrow evening at the second Pension Fund concert. With the exception of the "Flying Dutchman" overture and the prelude and finale of "Tristan and Isolde" the selections are not often put on concert programs, and as Boston has had very little Wagner this winter since Mr. Conried has passed it by, this concert will be all the more welcome. "The Spinning Chorus," from the second act of "The Flying Dutchman," has been made possible through the generosity of the Thursday Morning Club in volunteering its services for the concert, and the same is true of the Grail scene from the first act of "Parsifal"—the more impressive of the two Grail scenes—for here the Apollo Club has given its services. In conjunction with "The Spinning Chorus" Mrs. Hissem de



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### WAGNERIAN PROGRAM.

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Assist in Music Seldom Heard  
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True, many came partly to testify to the sterling worth of the orchestra and its leader, but there was undoubtedly a generous showing of those who were also out because it was Wagner night. These latter had a superb treat. For breadth and dignity—for exemplification of those qualities which show interpretation and keen, scholarly insight to massive themes often bordering upon mysticism—this concert has not had an equal in recent years. Masterly adequateness was as much as any other one thing the keynote of the event; and it will be remembered prominently among the many commendable things about the second regime of Wilhelm Gericke.

"The best there is!" Boston dearly loves the phrase, applied to any of its artistic possessions, transient or permanent. Herr Conreid may give it the cold shoulder in grand opera for a time, but it has still "the finest" in the realm of orchestral music. How great is the degree of its indebtedness to the 13 years of splendid endeavor on the part of conductor Gericke future annalists will willingly testify. Weingartner of Berlin, Nikisch of Leipzig, Steinbach of Meiningen, Mahler of Vienna or any other talked of eligible for the maestro's place will find an organization as nearly perfect as any; which was far from true when Mr Gericke began with it. This labor, when one pauses to think of it, has been little short of appalling. And through it all there has been the commendable catholicity which not only gave a hearing to every recognized school of composition, but which had the calibre of real genius.

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The assistance by the Apollo club was, of course, adequate, the attack and maintenance of volume in the "Knights of the Grail" chorus being given with Mollenhauer-like fidelity. The parts for boys' voices were here taken by the female chorus, and in this instance also the effect, with orchestral suggestions of harp and chime, was most effective. The reading given by Mr Gericke and his players to the lovely prelude from "Tristan," first given in Boston by the Thomas orchestra in 1873, was full of poetic and reverent power. The beautiful legend took on new meanings under such conducting, as it always will.

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## SUNDAY HERALD

### PENSION FUND CONCERT.

A Wagner programme played by the Boston Symphony orchestra is always sure to attract a large audience to Symphony Hall, and this in its connection with the second pension fund concert, which will be given on Sunday evening, April 1, will undoubtedly fill the house to overflowing. This will be Mr. Gericke's last pension fund concert. The orchestra will have the assistance of the Thursday Morning and Apollo clubs, and of Mrs. Hissem de Moss, soprano, and Miss Lilla Ormond, contralto. The purely orchestral numbers will be the overture to "The Flying Dutchman," selections from "Siegfried" and "Gotterdammerung," and the introduction and "Love's Death" from "Tristan and Isolde." Mrs. Hissem de Moss, with the Thursday Morning Club, will sing the spinning chorus and ballade from "The Flying Dutchman" (act 2), and the Apollo Club will sing in the grail scene (act 1) of "Parsifal." The sale of seats will begin at Symphony Hall on Friday, March 23. Mail orders should be addressed to Mr. C. A. Ellis, Symphony Hall.

## Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1905-06.

## BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.

## XXI. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, APRIL 7, AT 8, P. M.

### Programme.

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| MAX SCHILLINGS. | PRELUDE to Act III., of "The Piper's Holiday."<br>(First time.)  |
| GOLDMARK.       | CONCERTO in A minor for VIOLIN and ORCHESTRA,<br>op. 28.<br>I. Allegro moderato.<br>II. Air: Andante.<br>III. Moderato: Allegretto.                              |
| CESAR FRANCK.   | TWO MOVEMENTS from "PSYCHE."<br>III. The Gardens of Cupid. (First time.)<br>IV. Psyche and Cupid.  |
| SCHUMANN.       | SYMPHONY No. 4, in D minor, op. 120.<br>I. Ziemlich langsam. Lebhaft.<br>II. Romanze: ziemlich langsam.<br>III. Scherzo: lebhaft. Trio.<br>IV. Langsam. Lebhaft. |

### Soloist:

Mr. JACQUES HOFFMANN.

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## Concertos and Other Things at the Sym-

phony Concert Apr. 9, 1906

Goldmark's concerto for violin, which Mr. Hoffmann played at the Symphony concert on Saturday, needs the transfiguring and the animating power of a great violinist. It is monotonous in tonal color; it meanders and meanders and meanders. Not until the final movement does Goldmark once strike fire and then only in rare and fitful flashes. It is such a respectful concerto—respectful to the form, the instrument, and the orchestra. Mr. Hoffmann and Mr. Gericke played it as respectfully. The conductor wove Goldmark's orchestral background with minute and delicate care. There was not a loose or a rough thread in it. Mr. Hoffmann's clear, light, supple tone ran like a brighter strand across the web. At the end everyone concerned had done his full duty. Goldmark had written a concerto for violin as a composer ought to do. Mr. Hoffmann had played it with nice skill and received rewarding applause. Mr. Gericke and the orchestra had been polished discretion themselves, and the conductor loves his Goldmark. Nothing was lacking except the genuinely creative touch in the writing, the playing and the accompaniment. Outside of the classic concertos it seems more and more infrequent. The form is in eclipse. The composers of our own time take their exercise in it—it is a tradition of the art; the virtuosi ply their skill in it—they must be fed if they are not nourished; and sensitive listeners wonder why they are not as much interested as they ought to be. It is the fault of nobody in particular. It is the accident of the hour. Some day there will be composers again to whom the concerto will be a spontaneous and compelling form of expression. They will have something to say in it and say it impressively. They will reanimate the form and fill it freely. The virtuosi, who are as hungry as the rest of us for such concertos, will rise to the composers' hands, and we audiences will have the reward of all our dutiful listening. It is the way of musical forms when they seem dryest. Was there not just a hint and a forerunner of this rejuvenated, emancipated concerto in Mr. Dalcroze's that Marteau played last month?

On this very programme, though in another direction, there was such a sign of the times. Everyone knows the easy fashion of dealing with the less-known or the younger German composers. This one is "imitation Wagner"—longo intervallo. That one is heady with the new and highly fermentive wine of Richard Strauss. Often they have brought the fate upon themselves. The omniscient shook their heads when the introduction to an act of Schillings's opera, "The Pipers' Holiday," stood at the beginning of the concert. How short of new overtures or of anything like them Mr. Gericke must be, they said wisely. And lo! even out of its place in the

opera—and it is clearly music of the scenes that have passed and of the scenes that are to come—Schillings's prelude had interest, individuality and imagination. It was eloquent music in itself; with a clew or two from the opera it became pictorial. It strode to climax and the progressions were Schillings's, not Wagner's. Here and there it followed a simple way and walked sure-footedly and unashamed.

Mr. Gericke lavished his finesse and euphony upon Goldmark's concerto. He was as responsive as he was lucid in Schillings's prelude. He touched Schumann's fourth symphony with the re-creating fire that he always brings to that composer's music. Schumann must be the conductor's own romancer. He finds his intent, he grasps it, he proclaims it where Schumann himself, under any other leader, seems to halt or stumble. But poor Franck and the two fragments of his "Psyche" paid the price or bore the penalty for all these excellences. There were signs enough on Friday afternoon that Mr. Gericke was quickening the pace and overaccenting it until the long, gentle, tremulous sweep of the music was in jeopardy. It was as a wave of ecstatic sound that never breaks, but spreads itself wider and deeper with its own ecstasy. By Saturday evening Mr. Gericke had turned it into a choppy and rather strident sea. The tenderness and the tremor of it were gone. In Paris, where there is something like a Franck tradition they do not play it so. They follow the plain intent, as it seems to us, of the score.

H. T. P.



JACQUES HOFFMANN,  
VIOLINIST

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

PROGRAMME. Apr. 9, 06

Max Schillings—Prelude to Act III. of "The Piper's Holiday."  
Goldmark—A minor Concerto for Violin.  
Soloist, Mr. Jacques Hoffmann.  
Cesar Franck—Two Movements from "Psyche."  
Schumann—Symphony in D minor.



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It was a modern programme presenting two kinds of modernity. The work by Schillings was of one kind, those by Goldmark and Franck of another. The first point that impressed the auditor in the Piper's Prelude was the powerful orchestration. The world has progressed marvelously in this field in 50 years. A half century ago a Berlioz was a marvel; to-day we have a score of composers who can handle the orchestra as well or better than he did.

But many of these Schillings are bad pennies when it comes to melody. And all of this type of modern composers have a cuttle-fish habit of darkening the musical waters by great complexities and technical difficulties when their ideas run short. How long the brasses can stand this pace we do not know. One would think their lips pretty well blown off by this time.

Like most of the ultra-moderns, Schillings does not know when he has ended, but goes on for some time longer. Everybody knows the type of after-dinner speaker who has no ideas to express. How he rambles on and on in the hope that by some miracle he will stumble upon something by and by! But he never does, and he generally sits down at the weakest point of his speech. Thus it is with many a modern composer. Let no one suppose that we are of "the good-old-times" order of fossils, for we hold many works of Wagner and some of Richard Strauss among the greatest of musical achievements, but we certainly condemn the chromo reproductions of their striving imitators.

Schillings' introduction of the new instrument, the violetta (substituted by viola or cello almost everywhere) reminds us how many attempts have been made to invent an instrument between the viola and the violoncello. Bach invented the Viola Pomposa, which became obsolete; Ritter brought forth the "Ritter Viola," which could not come into use until men became of giant stature, and now Dr. Alfred Stelzner tries his hand at the violetta which will follow its predecessors down the path of obsolescence.

Yet the days of new instruments are not yet past. Besson's Pedal Clarinette may stand, and Massenet once spoke to the present writer of the chances of inventing deeper flutes, particularly a bass flute which should stand with the deeper clarinettes or the bassoon, yet have a totally different tone-color.

Goldmark's violin concerto is not a very grateful work for the soloist and lacks that sensuous glow which pervades much of that composer's music. The strict classical form does not sit easily upon Goldmark and in spite of the fugal touches by which he proves his contrapuntal knowledge there is more of attempt than achievement in this concerto. It ends showily enough with something that suggests Lalo and Boleros, but the work as a whole intimates less of inspiration than of padding.

But Mr. Hoffmann played it in such a re-

nable manner that there was much applause, which we imagine was meant rather for the artist than for the concerto. In the first movement his bowing was broad and his intonation in the difficult high positions remarkably pure. In his cadenza in the finale he gave a splendid exhibition of double-stopping without a suspicion of a flaw or inequality. He was recalled twice with abundant enthusiasm and certainly deserved the tribute.

The two movements from Cesar Franck's "Psyche" were noble music nobly played. Especially was the second, "Psyche and Cupid," a fine example of figure development. Some of Franck's pupils are developing figures with assiduous pedantry, but their teacher was able, like Beethoven, to demonstrate the poetry of such evolutions.

Franck knew what he wanted to do, when he was composing, and also knew how to achieve the end which he had in view. As a consequence he is not rambling and never diffuse. His disciples are generally both; they laboriously thresh out their figures without obtaining much grain. Each of these chickens, hatched out by the eagle, imagined that—

"These growing feathers, plucked from Cesar's wing, will make him fly an ordinary pitch."

Therefore just as Wagner has left a legacy of evil to music, Cesar Franck is responsible for a considerable amount of posthumous boredom.

In spite of the undeniable power of the last movement of this work one must confess that it does not speak the language of burning passion as Wagner could have voiced it. If there had only been a little streak of Bizet in Franck!

Schumann's symphony was by far the greatest music of this concert. Liszt once characterized Schumann as "The greatest music-thinker since Beethoven," but for a long time he stood in advance of his public. Now the public seem to have grown up to him and to appreciate him as never before. It was a great delight to have the symphony given continuously, as the composer desired, and not one of the audience interrupted by any applause at the end of the first three movements.

But at the close there was an enthusiasm refreshing to see. Yet all of the preceding works of the programme had been far greater in orchestration than this symphony. But in sweetness of melody, in poetry of musical thought, they paled before this older work. And how effective the syncopations seemed (Schumann was the master of syncopation) compared with the latter-day rickets! Only the finale seemed to have faded a little, for here the more modern and more sumptuous orchestration would have been an advantage.

But such a symphony may still teach the lesson that beauty of musical thought outweighs the most skillful technique.

Louis C. Elson.

## IN THE WORLD OF MUSIC

### FRANK — 4/27.06 CESAR FRANCK'S "PSYCHE" AT THE SYMPHONY CONCERT

Intimately Characteristic Music of the Finest Purpose—Mr. de Gogorza's Song Recital—Liszt's "Faust" Symphony for Next Week—Marteau's Recital—Other Concerts to Come—Musical News

"The day when Franck's pure soul, amorous of beauty, sang Psyche, the chosen one of the sensual Eros, it perhaps sang itself," said Mr. Jean Marnold at the dedication of a statue of the composer two years ago in Paris. Yesterday, when Mr. Gericke played two excerpts from that same "Psyche," it seemed the most intimately characteristic and expressive of all Franck's music that has found a place in our Symphony concerts. Originally Franck wrote the tone-poem for orchestra and a choir "of invisible beings" that sing in few words at some turning point in the mystical drama, and it was so performed before his death. Ten years afterwards four fragments of it were republished as an orchestral suite, with the one choral song in them omitted. It begins with "the slumber of Psyche." Then "the Zephyrs bear her to the gardens of Eros." The third movement takes title from those gardens, and the fourth, "Psyche and Eros," hymns the happiness of the lovers. Last December our orchestra, with Mr. d'Indy conducting, played the final fragment for the first time. Yesterday Mr. Gericke repeated it, and played the third excerpt, "The Garden of Eros," as well. The use of a choir makes the whole tone-poem impracticable at our concerts, though music by Franck may reasonably deserve a hearing in its entirety, but it was a pity not to play the four orchestral fragments. Mystery hovers through the prelude of Psyche's sleep—faint, shadowy, evanescent suggestion. The undulating breath of the Zephyrs in the second fragment has very delicate tonal imagination. But the whole suite, and, still more, the whole tone-poem, is long, and the pervading ecstatic mood and the persistently tremulous instrumental coloring become monotonous. To hear the two excerpts of yesterday by themselves is, perhaps, to hear Franck's music most sensitively.

Franck has in no wise sought to translate the classic legend into tones. Some day it may appeal to some composer—perhaps there have been ventures at it already—and we shall hear, or be asked to hear, the jealous rage of Venus, the tortures of Psyche, the passion that wakes in her as she lifts the lamp above the sleeping Eros, and all the rest. Franck has barely caught an idea here and there from

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the old myth, and labels for the divisions of his tone-poem. The rest, and it is nearly the whole of his music, is the prompting of his own soul. The passion is the passion for beauty, the longing is the pursuit of the ideal, the rapture is the solemn joy and the high ecstasy of its attainment. Thereafter in the omitted parts comes the fading of the vision and its return. For us, who listen to the two excerpts, the "gardens of Eros" are the abode of that ideal beauty, and the love of Psyche and Eros is the delight of it. Throughout, the music is summoning the intangible and spiritual things that no other art may allure so poignantly. It is exquisitely delicate and sensitive music. The melodies rise and fall, enlase and separate in gentle and tremulous undulations. The modulations are of a subtle and almost impalpable fineness. The instrumental coloring shimmers as with a clear remote light.

Others have sought to command beauty, to attain it by earnest striving, to seize and hold their ideal. So Schumann seems to be laboring in his symphony that ended the concert. Franck's spirit was too gentle to command the beauty that it sought. He would woo it to him and to his music, as the soul of his Psyche sought the soul of his Eros. His ideal should come for the eager tenderness of his pursuit. He would enter into its house all trembling expectancy, as Psyche comes into the gardens of Eros, and for the moment the brightness should caress him. Then should come the pure ecstasy of attainment, the exquisitely penetrating delight of beauty face to face; of longing, hesitating at the moment when it touches the ideal it seeks, and last the solemn joy of it all.

Of such in Franck's tones is the music that labels and analysts call the happiness of Psyche and Eros. It is the music of dreams and visions of the beauty that hovered before Franck's imagination. He had contemplated it so long, he had pursued it so eagerly and tenderly, that at last he could put the reflection of it into his tones. No wonder that reflection takes musical form in evanescent melodies, subtle cadences and sensitive modulations. To touch it with more than the fingertips were to dull and blur it, till it fade and vanish. And yet there was the glow of it, and the calm rapture of it. They, too, are in Franck's music of this Psyche and Eros, that mask so thinly the quest of ideal beauty. Purer, loftier music it would be hard to imagine. It is the music of disembodied things made poignant, of impalpable things made real. It invokes not the passion of Eros and Psyche, but the spiritual ardor of the ideal. Other composers are making music summon and picture material things or burn hot with specific emotions and sharply outlined moods. There are other arts that serve the first purpose better, and they may share as well in the second. Franck—and that is the deepest source of his power—held music to the immaterial essences and



to the spiritual passions that it can fathom and express as can no other art. In none of his music does the bond seem closer or the expression more searching than in these fragments of "Psyche." As Mr. Marnold said, "his spirit sang itself," and yesterday it had the shimmer and the euphony of the string choir of our orchestra and the limpid beauty of tone in our woodwinds for its song. Our band and our conductor can be precision itself when the music demands. In Franck's they melted into his grace. Until Monday the rest of the concert may wait upon the memory of it.

H. T. P.

APRIL 9, 1906.

## SYMPHONY GIVES TWO MUSICAL NOVELTIES

Schilling's Prelude and Franck's "Psyche" Played for First Time Here—Hoffmann the Artist in Goldmark's Concerto.

The twenty-first Symphony concert began with a novelty from a man who is just now one of the famed apostles of "new Germany" in music, the prelude to Act III. of Max Schilling's "The Piper's Holiday." It is pleasant and piquant writing, heavily, yet not murkily orchestrated and rather more spontaneous than most of the work from the men who are now trying to uphold and perpetuate Teutonic art. Given some inkling as to the story of the opera, and it is easy to find in this prelude effective tone-pictures of the events that are to come. Melody is not scorned and simple, beautiful harmony is often given to ears that now and then weary of colossal effects and the "big noise." The work was played with extraordinary loveliness in every respect.

Jacques Hoffmann, the well-known teacher and member of the orchestra, was the soloist, choosing Goldmark's violin concerto in A minor, a graceful and poetic composition in the field where good things are none too plenty. Mr. Hoffmann's clear and flawless technique, his refined style and his artistic feeling were admirably adapted to the concerto and his success was undoubted. The player never sacrificed beauty to a striving after large effects, which,

after all, are not specially demanded by the work.

Another novelty was furnished in the shape of "The Gardens of Cupid," one of the four movements of Cesar Franck's "Psyche." This is romantic music with the tinge of that asceticism that is never wholly absent from the great Frenchman's style. It glows with subdued color, so to speak, and suggests passion always tempered with nobility. It was played with richness of tone and technical perfection, and yet Mr. Gericke did not seem wholly at home in it, for it did not make quite the impression that had been expected of it. The other excerpt, "Psyche and Cupid," has been heard here before.

After all that had gone before, Schumann's exquisite tonal poem, the Symphony in D minor, seemed more enchanting than ever. Here is, if anywhere in the world, deathless music. The still fresh and lovely melody is as fascinating as ever, the variety of inspiration and form as marvelous and the romantic spirit of it all as compelling as the quality of any symphony of any age or time. The performance, while perhaps lacking a little of the abandon that might have been given to it, was nevertheless a thing of pure delight.

### SYMPHONY IN FITCHBURG.

Jacques Hoffman Soloist at Concert of Boston Orchestra Arranged by Smith College Club.

[Special Dispatch to the Boston Herald.]

FITCHBURG, April 5, 1906. In City Hall tonight the Boston Symphony orchestra gave a concert under the auspices of the Smith College Club. The young ladies who are graduates of Smith took up this concert as their annual spring event and soon after the announcement the entire seating capacity of the hall was sold—fully 1000 seats. Members of the club acted as ushers.

The programme was: Overture to "Der Freischuetz," Weber; concerto in E minor for violin, op. 64, Goldmark; Theme and variations from suite No. 3 in G minor, Tchaikovsky; symphony No. 5 in C minor, op. 67, Beethoven.

The soloist was Jacques Hoffman, who will play in the rehearsal and concert in Boston Friday and Saturday.

### ROOSEVELT FAMILY HEAR BOSTON ORCHESTRA

Washington, March 13.—President and Mrs. Roosevelt and Representative and Mrs. Nicholas Longworth today attended the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the National Theater.

## SYMPHONY HEARD IN NEW NUMBERS

A Prelude by Max Schillings and Cesar Franck's "Gardens of Cupid" Heard Here for the First Time.

### SCHUMANN SYMPHONY GIVES MUCH PLEASURE

Mr. Jacques Hoffmann, Solo Violinist, Gave a Careful and Polished Performance of Goldmark's Work.

The Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Gericke conductor, gave its 21st concert last night in Symphony Hall. Mr. Jacques Hoffmann was the solo violinist. The programme was as follows:

Prelude to act 3 of "The Piper's Holiday" Schillings  
Concerto for violin.....Goldmark  
"Cupid's Gardens" and "Psyche and Cupid,"  
from "Psyche".....Franck  
Symphony in D minor.....Schumann

The prelude to act III. of Schillings' opera was performed here for the first time, but the composer's name is not unknown to the Symphony audience. The prelude to act II. of his "Ingwelde" was performed here nearly 10 years ago, and his prologue to Sophocles' "Oedipus Rex" was played at a symphony concert early in the spring of 1902. These pieces did not commend the composer to us. The "Ingwelde" prelude heard without any reference to what had preceded in the opera, heard as purely absolute music, was a fair example of the "Kapellmeister Musik," industriously manufactured by the followers of Wagner. The prologue to Sophocles' masterpiece did not breathe the spirit of the antique. There was neither classic intensity, frozen passion, nor modern tragic fury and despair. Even the introduction of a gong did not save this music.

When Mr. Bispham was engaged to sing at a recent Symphony concert, he wished to recite Ernst von Wildenbruch's ballad, "The Witch's Song," to the accompaniment of Schillings' melodramatic music, but Mr. Gericke made reasonable objection. No doubt he had heard and seen Mr. Bispham reading

"Enoch Arden" to Richard Strauss' music.

The prelude played last night contains thematic material that has been used in the preceding acts and will be used in the third act; but it may be judged fairly as music without any thought or knowledge of the opera itself. Nor did the absence of a violotta probably make a material difference in the general effect of the prelude. The music is entitled "The Minstrel's Joy and Woe." There is an attempt to characterize in tones the career of a mediaeval piper, to sum up his life as in a discriminative funeral oration.

This prelude has more interest and general significance than have the other pieces of the composer that have been played here. The themes have more individuality and substance, the developments are more eloquent, there is a warmer, more poetic expression. The opening section is picturesque with its suggestion of the mediaeval piper; the climax of the middle section is well worked up, and the close is effective by reason of its shifting modes and true simplicity. All in all, this prelude, which was well played, is one of the most favorable examples of the ultra-modern German school that we have heard.

Mr. Henri Marteau, the violinist, a Frenchman by birth and musical education, spoke slightly some weeks ago of the music of his own land. He said in a fine burst that Germany is today the centre of music. "When I go to Paris I do not spend any time at the Opera or at the Opera-Comique or in any music there. I see my friends, I talk of literature or politics. That is all." Claude Debussy, Gabriel Faure, Vincent d'Indy do not exist. Mr. Marteau finds true music only in Germany. Let us leave Richard Strauss out of the question, for the fiercest dispute over his talent or genius is in Germany. There is Reger, Mr. Max Reger, an exceedingly industrious person who counts that day lost on which he has not begun and completed an important work. Mr. Reger who lately announced his intention of rewriting much of Bach's music.

There is von Hausegger; there is young Mr. Boehe who has endeavored to put "the surge and thunder of the Odyssey" into music. There is Klose, of whom we know nothing; there are Siegfried, Wagner, d'Albert, Roessler, Humperdineck, Busoni, a German by adoption, and other earnest men of pith of whom we know too much. Then there is Schillings, who is ranked among the leading German composers of today. Does Mr. Marteau contend seriously that these men, however well trained musicians they may be, are to be compared for a moment with the Frenchmen just named for originality and subtlety of thought, for poetic fancy or high imagination?

It is a pity that Mr. Gericke did not see his way clear to produce Cesar Franck's whole suite taken from his "Psyche" music. "Psyche and Cupid" was first played here at the concert led by Mr. d'Indy. "The Sleep of Psyche" was played last month at a concert of the New England Conservatory. Last night "Psyche and Cupid" was repeated and "The Gardens of Cupid" was played for the first time. The latter has much charm, but its character resembles so closely the movement "Psyche and Cupid" that either one of the other two movements would have formed a more striking contrast. When the whole suite is



well serve as a rounded step in the crescendo of passion.

Mr. Gericke took "Psyche and Cupid" at a faster pace than is suggested either by the composer's indication or by the character and treatment of the themes. The reading was injurious to the effect of the music, for there was no longer the long sweep of the phrases constantly rising in majestic intensity, and there was no time for the full expression of the noble sensuousness and ecstatic passion. The nervous, feverish spirit due to the undue speed was not in keeping with the spirit of Franck's lovers, and this movement, one of the most eloquent and at the same time serenely majestic pages in the literature of music, lost sadly in beauty and grandeur.

Mr. Hoffmann played for the first time as a soloist at these concerts. Goldmark's concerto needs an interpreter of strong individuality if the attention of the hearer is to be fastened and riveted. Mr. Hoffmann gave a careful, smooth and polished performance that was highly respectable, but never engrossing, never appealing. He was warmly applauded.

It was a pleasure to hear Schumann's symphony again. It is the one of the four that is most romantic and dramatic. The tender beauty of the romance and the melancholy grace of the trio in the scherzo will not soon fade away. We should have liked more dramatic fervor in the first movement and a little more elasticity in the trio, which is an expression of the thought of days that are no more—an expression the more singular for the music was composed when Schumann was peculiarly happy.

## MUSICAL MATTERS

*Globe*  
*Apr. 8, 06*  
**Jacques Hoffmann,**  
**Symphony Soloist.**

**Handel and Haydn Concert—**  
**Mr Gericke's Benefit.**

**Recitals and Concerts of**  
**the Current Week.**

Mr Jacques Hoffman, the soloist at last week's Symphony rehearsal and concert, has been prominent in the musical life of Boston for the past 15 years, having joined the orchestra in 1890. Since 1892 he has been the leader of the

orchestra. For his debut as a soloist with the Symphony orchestra he selected Goldmark's A minor concerto for violin and orchestra. The other program numbers were the prelude to the third act of "The Pipers' Holiday," by Max Schillings; two movements from Cesar Franck's "Psyche," and Schumann's fourth symphony. The scheme of the Schillings opera relates to a "joke" by a minstrel who feigns death in order to win the hand of his lady love and to abolish a tax levied by her father on the guild of pipers. The minstrel is supposed to be killed in a storm, but comes to life at the touch of his sweetheart's hand. The ruse is successful and "all ends happily." It is very clever descriptive music, the contrasting episodes in the story giving opportunities for suggestions which make the musical picture easily understood. The opening, which indicates the grief of friends for the death of the minstrel, was played with splendid dignity by the heavier instruments.

The tender motif by the solo violin and violas and the wood-winds in the mournful phrases gave a somber color of great effectiveness, soon relieved, though, by the sprightly measures given the horns and lighter strings. The alternations of joy and grief, doubt and happy anticipations are admirably shown in the instrumentation, and each phase was vividly illustrated under Mr Gericke's guidance.

Mr Hoffman played the difficult Goldmark concerto in a way to win him prompt recognition as a violinist of great technical skill, whose tone, though not very large, was pure, and who impressed an auditor very favorably by reason of the absence of mannerisms and by the serious and conscientious style of his performance. The long first movement, though physically taxing, was admirably played throughout, the several brilliant episodic passages being managed deftly and easily by the soloist. In the canonical form of the second part Mr Hoffman's legato was beautifully sustained, and the unaccompanied cadenza in the closing movement also deserves commendatory mention. His associates provided adequate accompaniment to Mr Hoffman's work, which was received with favor by the audience.

The excerpts from Franck's "Psyche," two dainty little love episodes between Psyche and Cupid, were fantastic bits, charming in orchestral treatment and equally delightful in interpretation. The first one, "Gardens of Cupid," was played for the first time here. The Schillings prelude also was a novelty at these concerts. Schumann's grand symphony, the four movements played without a break, was given with splendid effect.

Next Friday being Good Friday, according to the custom of past years, the public rehearsal of the Symphony orchestra will be moved forward one day and given Thursday afternoon, the concert taking place as usual Saturday evening. The season will be commemorated by the performance of the "Good Friday Spell" from the third act of "Parsifal." There will be two soloists, and in one number, the opening one, the orchestra will take no part. Mr Wallace Goodrich, the organist, will play Bach's Toccata in F major. The other soloist will be Mr Ben Davies, who will sing "Through the Woods."

from Weber's "Der Freischütz," and "Onaway! Awake!" from Coleridge-Taylor's "Hiawatha." The Faust symphony by Liszt will close the program.

## Symphony Hall.

SEASON 1905-06.

## BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.

## XXII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, APRIL 14, AT 8, P. M.

### Programme.

BACH.	TOCCATA in F major, for ORGAN.
WEBER.	ARIA, "Through the Forests," from Act I of "Der Freischütz."
WAGNER.	"Good Friday Spell," from "Parsifal."
COLERIDGE-TAYLOR.	"Onaway! Awake, Beloved" from "Hiawatha's Wedding Feast."
LISZT.	A FAUST SYMPHONY in C minor.
	I. FAUST: Lento assai: Allegro impetuoso—Allegro agitato ed appassionato assai.
	II. GRETCHEN: Andante soave.
	III. MEPHISTOPHELES: Allegro vivace ironico.

### Soloists:

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Mr. WALLACE GOODRICH.



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### Soloists:

Mr. BEN DAVIES,

Mr. WALLACE GOODRICH.

from Weber's "Der Freischütz," and "Onaway! Awake," from Coleridge-Taylor's "Hiawatha." The Faust symphony by Liszt will close the program.



## BOSTON TRAVELER

### ORGAN SOLO GIVEN AT THE SYMPHONY

Wallace Goodrich and Ben Davies  
Both on Programme.

A programme more diversified than usual was given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra at its 22d concert, Saturday night. It was: Bach, toccata in F major, for organ; Weber, aria, "Through the Forests," act 1 of "Der Freischütz"; Wagner, "Good Friday Spell," from "Parsifal"; Coleridge-Taylor, "Onaway! Awake, Beloved," from "Hiawatha's Wedding Feast"; Liszt, Faust symphony in three character pictures. Wallace Goodrich was the organist, and Ben Davies, English tenor, the other soloist.

The organ solo, a novelty this season, was played excellently by Mr. Goodrich. It was one of the most enjoyable numbers on the programme.

The "Parsifal" excerpt, chosen with reference to the season, was assured a hearty reception by reason of its association, aside from its value as beautiful music.

The Liszt symphony, which has been the cause of widely differing surmises as to the composer's meaning, did not gain in clarity.

Mr. Davies, whose voice has been heard at Symphony concerts in Boston before, sang in his best style, that of the traditional English singer, who delights in those pieces that give him opportunity to use an agreeable voice lustily.

## ORGAN SOLO WAS SYMPHONY TREAT

Wallace Goodrich's Playing of  
Bach's Toccata in F Major  
at 22d Orchestra Concert  
Proves a Delight.

"PARSIFAL" EXCERPT  
ESPECIALLY APROPOS

Liszt's Faust Symphony Pre-  
sented with Continuity of  
Thought, Despite Barren  
Stretches and Repetitions.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Gerike conductor, gave its 22d concert last night in Symphony Hall. Messrs. Ben Davies, tenor, and Wallace Goodrich, organist, assisted. The programme was as follows:

Toccata in F major for organ.....Bach  
Max's aria from "Der Freischuetz".....Weber  
"Good Friday Spell" from "Parsifal".....Wagner  
"Onaway! Awake!".....Coleridge-Taylor  
A Faust symphony.....Liszt

It is a good thing to hear occasionally the organ as a solo instrument at these concerts. Organ recitals are considered by many as a bore unless there be music imitative of a thunder storm or some other phenomenon of nature or a transcription of the overture to "William Tell" or the gavotte from "Mignon." A long work for solo organ with orchestral accompaniment is seldom successful as music or as a piece for display. Mr. Widor has taken pains to protest against the well known opinion of Berlioz to this effect, but Berlioz's statement remains true, as do many other statements of the creator of modern orchestration, whose instrumentation is still wonderful and the despair of his would-be imitator, in whatever country they play the part of the sedulous ape. Bach's toccata is good music and at the same time a brilliant virtuoso piece, and it was a pleasure to hear it as it was written and not as a transcription by Esser for the orchestra. Mr. Goodrich played as a musician-virtuoso and greatly to the pleasure of the audience.

The excerpt from "Parsifal" was chosen, of course, with reference to Holy Week, but the beautiful music

may be heard gratefully at any time. Some point to this music in answer to the charge that Wagner was a tired man when he sat down to compose "Parsifal"; that the vein of his invention was wellnigh exhausted. They that bring forward this charge smile a superior smile and say: "This Good Friday music that you justly admire was written near Zurich 20 years or more before Wagner began to sketch the third act of 'Parsifal' on the Christmas of 1878." But did Wagner in the fifties sketch the music as it exists today? Is it fully established that he wrote near Zurich, in the cottage put at his disposal by Otto Wesendonck, both the music and the poetry of the scene? The Good Friday music appeals strongly to those who may say with Tschalkowsky: "I cannot understand how any one can listen without laughter, or without being bored, to those endless monologues in which Parsifal or Kundry and the rest bewail their misfortunes. Can we sympathize with them? Can we love or hate them? Certainly not; we remain aloof from their passions, sentiments, triumphs and misfortunes."

But here Kundry has washed the feet of Parsifal, anointed them with precious oil and dried them with the hairs of her head. There is inevitably the thought of the Saviour and the woman that was a sinner; the thought of the supreme tragedy of all the ages. Nor is there any doubt that Wagner whose head in the fifties was full of a music drama in which the Saviour should be loved with an earthly and passionate love by Mary Magdalene, wrote the music of this scene then or afterward as though his Parsifal and Kundry were in very truth those characters.

Liszt's "Faust" Symphony has not been played so frequently at these concerts that the music suffers from familiarity. When the work was first performed in this country, at New York in 1863, it was dismissed with scanty attention by the Tribune reviewer, not because the concert was in war time, for the same reviewer wrote long notices of the first performances in the city of Verdi's "Aroldo" and Gluck's "Orpheus," with Vestvali as the chief singer. No, the reviewer dismissed the "Faust" contemptuously and had something to say about the chirping of birds and the grunting of swine.

But what has not been written about this music? Liszt's stanchest admirers differ as to his intentions. One commentator says that the composer abstained rigorously from any musical allusion to a particular scene or episode of the drama. Another finds several episodes, as though the music were a row of pictures. Another names the motives in the first movement Doubt, Longing, Love, Pride, etc. Still another prefers to believe that Liszt presents his symphony as though it were in a bottle neatly labelled "Extract of 'Faust.'"

Now Liszt himself refused to give even a short motto to any one of the movements; the titles, "Faust," "Gretchen," "Mephistopheles," were enough, he thought, and so they are. His music may be psychological, as some of his partisans insist, but surely it is better that the hearers should be left to their own psychological ingenuity in listening and determining. It is enough to be reminded by the music of Faust's conviction of the emptiness of art, of his doubts and questionings, of the conflict in his breast between rebellious and meditative feelings; of the touching simplicity, purity and passion of Gretchen; and as for Mephis-



topholes, he is the mocking spirit that denies, not an amusing pantomime devil, not an affable person who chuckles Martha under the chin and uses the latest electrical device concealed in a flower bed to aid Faust in his awkward task of overcoming Gretchen's innocence.

The question, then, is this: Does the music impress, charm, move, thrill? Even if for the most part it should excite a feeling of repulsion, it would have a positive quality.

Liszt is slowly coming into his own kingdom as an acknowledged ruler. Long overshadowed by Wagner, who owed much to him, musically as in other ways, he was looked on chiefly as a piano virtuoso who had written much for his instrument. As the years go by he is more and more understood as a composer who created forms and moods. There are some who still object to this symphony because, forsooth, there is "little or no development." Thus they prove that they do not see any salvation for Faust, Gretchen and Liszt outside the strict sonata form. They are no doubt estimable persons in family life and social relations; they would serve with dignity as pallbearers, and would no doubt be impressive on a platform seated near the presiding officer and the orator of the evening; but they are unwholesome companions in the orgies of the Muses, nor would any person sensitive to impressions of art seek them out to crush a cup of two with them.

The performance last night had been carefully studied and prepared, and in spite of one or two trifling slips—even trifling slips are rare at these concerts—it was generally effective and often eloquent.

Surely there can be no dispute over the beauty of the "Gretchen" movement. This is, indeed, the music for Gretchen. As Mr. Newman once said, Gounod's music, charming as it is, is not peculiarly characteristic of Faust and Marguerite; it is for any Edwin and Angelina. Marguerite as depicted by Berlioz is more picturesque, more mediaeval than the Gretchen of Liszt, and yet it is hardly fair to compare the vocal-orchestral with the purely orchestral. Liszt never was more emotionally sincere and poignantly emotional than in this movement, and the apparition of Gretchen in the "Mephistopheles" movement is a fine feat of imaginative expression.

Yet it must be confessed that although Mr. Gericke succeeded in giving a convincing continuity of thought to the "Faust" movement, there are exasperating and barren stretches and futile repetitions of ideas. Faust is at times a bore. Probably the philosopher himself was one. The two chief themes are happily imagined, and the Love Theme is a haunting one, but the grandiose motive is inherently cheap and Liszt, when the endeavors to be grandiose, falls easily into circus pomp.

It matters not whether Liszt borrowed his idea of Mephistopheles parodying and mocking the themes of Faust from Berlioz's finale of the Fantastic Symphony. His task was a greater one in strict parody, and he performed it with much cleverness. The final chorus, however, is needed for the full effect. Mephistopheles does not have the least word in this world or the next, and the mystical chorus restores the balance and completes the work in all its fulness. The symphony should be heard at closer intervals of time. Mr. Scheel conducted it here two years ago

at a Richard Strauss concert, but he pattered in detail and much of the first movement sounded worse than it really is.

Mr. Ben Davies is well known to the Symphony audience. He sang at one of these concerts for the first time 10 years ago this month. Inasmuch as he sings with unfailing good nature, in a breezy, manly way, with infinite gusto, the people hear him gladly. He reminds us, however, of Charles Incedon as described by Hazlitt: "He is a true old English singer, and there is nobody who goes through a drinking song, a hunting song, or a sailor's song like him. He makes a very loud and agreeable noise without any meaning."

#### SYMPHONY CONCERTS. Globe

The performance of the "Faust" symphony, Liszt's great work, was the feature of the 23d Symphony program; a performance that was glorious in every way and aroused the audience to such an unusual amount of enthusiasm at the close of the concert that Mr. Gericke was obliged to return to the platform before the plaudits ceased. The program opened with Bach's toccata in F major, for organ, Mr. Wallace Goodrich being the soloist. Mr. Ben Davies sang an aria from "Der Freischütz" and Coleridge-Taylor's "Hiawatha's Wedding Feast," and the orchestral selections were the "Good Friday Spell" from "Parsifal" and the Liszt symphony, the latter without the solo and choral in the third part. The organ toccata was given admirably by Mr. Goodrich, the skilful use of the pedals probably showing his well-known abilities in a more prominent light than did his straight "finger" manipulation of the key banks.

Mr. Davies sang his two arias most acceptably, although the shades of expression in the "Der Freischütz" selection might have been better observed, his vocalizing running rather too evenly for the contrasts indicated in the score. So far as his tones are to be considered they were as pure and vibrant as ever, and the sentiments of the "Onaway" number enabled him to appear to great advantage. The audience expressed great delight at Mr. Davies' work and recalled him several times.

The orchestra interpreted the "Good Friday" music from "Parsifal" very beautifully, following Mr. Gericke's masterly reading in perfect accord, and with a sympathetic harmony of execution that gave to the composition that suggestion of religious import which makes this scene, when properly done, so impressive. The "Faust" symphony was exquisite in its entirety, for all three movements, "Faust," "Gretchen" and "Mephistopheles," were each characterized so clearly that no one could fail to comprehend the tonal pictures. Every theme was significantly set forth and in the "Mephistopheles" finale the haunting mockery of the instrumentation was something uncanny, as given by the orchestra in one of their greatest interpretations of the season. The men played as if inspired.

This week's program, the last but one of the present season, will have Mme Olga Samaroff for soloist in Grieg's A minor concerto for piano. The other selections will be Mendelssohn's "Italian" symphony, the symphonic poem by Richard Strauss, "Thus Spake Zarathustra" and Weber's "Euryanthe" overture.

#### ARTHUR NIKISCH,



Former conductor, who is negotiating for return to Boston Symphony Orchestra.

## NIKISCH SEEKING TO RETURN TO THE SYMPHONY

Journal Apr. 10, 1906  
Berlin, April 9.—Arthur Nikisch, who has given up his position as conductor at the Leipzig Opera House and intends to settle in the United States, is negotiating with the Symphony Orchestra of Boston.

#### WAS CONDUCTOR

#### HERE FIVE YEARS

Arthur Nikisch is one of the best known orchestral conductors living. He was third conductor of the Boston orchestra, Georg Henschel being the first, Wilhelm Gericke second, Nikisch third, from 1891 to 1896 inclusive. Emil Paur fourth, he giving way to Mr. Gericke five years ago.

Since Mr. Gericke's resignation, to take effect the end of the present sea-

son was announced, several prominent conductors have been mentioned to succeed him, but nothing official has been said. Mr. Higginson and the others in authority in the orchestra making no comment as the various names were suggested.

#### Conductorship Gossip

In spite of statements to the contrary in New York and in Berlin no arrangement has been made with Richard Strauss to conduct at a pair of Symphony concerts here next season. Strauss is planning to visit New York next winter to supervise the performance of his operas "Feuersnot" and "Salomé" at the Metropolitan Opera House. He would like to conduct at a few concerts with the chief orchestras of other American cities, but so far as ours is concerned no arrangements have been made with him.

Nor is there any mysterious significance in the announcement yesterday that Weingartner wishes to cancel the contract that would bring him to America next winter to conduct at several concerts of the New York Symphony Orchestra. He complained of nervous fatigue when he was in America in January. It has increased since he returned to Europe. He has been advised, accordingly, to lessen his engagements for next year and so he has asked Mr. Damrosch to release him from his contracts. His action, to the best of any one's knowledge, has no relation to the conductorship here. No more has Nikisch's resignation from the opera house at Leipzig. He, too, had undertaken more than he could do and not overtax himself.

Here is more comment on Steinbach's conducting at the Philharmonic concerts in New York on Friday and Saturday. The Globe of that city says of him: "Although the medium through which Mr. Steinbach worked was not so sensitively responsive to his intentions as might have been desired, he did raise the playing of the orchestra to a higher level of accuracy and finish than is its custom. Brahms's second symphony he took at a moderate pace, not only in the opening 'slow' allegro, but in the two following movements. In all three he discovered a wealth of beautiful cantabile, and secured a balance and precision from the different choirs that helped in its faithful presentation. The finale he led with great spirit. In Elgar's fourteen variations on an original theme he showed a fine sense of their rhythmic variety and orchestral richness that kept them interesting throughout their somewhat excessive length. Beethoven's third 'Leonore' overture came at the end of an extended programme, and for that reason, no doubt, was taken in parts at a dangerously quick pace, but it was read with vigor and incisiveness."

The reviewer of the Evening Post adds: "As a programme maker Mr. Steinbach does not excel; but his conception of the Beethoven 'Leonore' overture was good, and he conducted the Brahms symphony with authority and with a



comes like an orchestral slap or an instrumental prick. It is the glory of these "romantics" like Liszt and Berlioz and Wagner, that they saw great visions; that they burned with the intensity of their sight and feeling; and that they tried to put them as hugely and as intensely into tones. No wonder expression sometimes failed them; no wonder they had their corresponding moments when imagination went stale and expression turned hollow. Wagner's invention flagged least often, and his blank moments are fewest. Berlioz stumbled and limped and halted many times. No powers of expression perhaps could match what his superhuman imagination saw and felt. Liszt stands between, and he is nearer to Wagner than he is to Berlioz. Romantic music could hardly be sharper or bitterer in imagination or in expression than it is through the Mephistopheles "picture" in this "Faust" symphony or of a more intense and searching beauty than it attains when it mirrors the heart of Gretchen. It is in the Faust "picture" that the shortcomings of the romantics most appear. Moreover, and everywhere, it is by purely musical means that Liszt gains his imaginative and expressive ends. Perhaps even, the transformations, the contrasts, the interplay of his melodies, and the upbuilding of the Mephistopheles "picture" from the travestied shreds and tatters of them, make the most remarkable imaginative feat of the whole symphony. Here is "programme-music" that commands the mood and the picture and needs no scheduled promptings. H. T. P.

#### Concerts Next Week

As next Friday is Good Friday, the twenty-second Symphony rehearsal has been shifted to Thursday afternoon, with the concert following, as usual, on Saturday evening. On the programme, too, stands the "Good Friday Spell" from "Parsifal"—music of the coming of spring, if ever there were such, and music of Wagner's prime that he wrote years before the opera in which he finally placed it took shape in his imagination. Thus, perhaps, it makes the most spontaneous and sensuously beautiful pages in it. The singer for the two concerts is Ben Davies, the English tenor, who is paying another visit to America, and his numbers are Max's air, "Through the Forest," from Weber's "Der Freischütz," and "Onaway! Awake," from Coleridge-Taylor's "Hiawatha." Rather exceptionally Mr. Wallace Goodrich is to play on the organ Bach's Toccata in F major, the first composition without orchestra to appear on Mr. Gericke's programmes this season. For a symphony come the three "character pictures" after Goethe—Faust, Gretchen and Mephistopheles—that Liszt drew in tones. The fourth movement of the "Faust" symphony, as he called the whole, is necessarily omitted, since it requires a male chorus. Mr. Gericke intended to play the symphony last autumn. Then the programme upon which it stood gave place to another in memory of Mrs. Josephine Shaw Lowell.

Next week he is fulfilling his original purpose. The "Faust," and the "Dante" symphony, which is still more seldom played, are the most considerable of Liszt's orchestral compositions. Perhaps it is worth while to quote what Weingartner writes of the one that we are to hear in his book on the symphony since Beethoven:

"The 'Faust Symphony' is not intended to embody musically Goethe's poem, but gives, as its title promises, three character sketches—'Faust,' 'Gretchen' and 'Mephistopheles.' The third movement shows us with what art and imagination Liszt has used and developed the dramatic psychological variation of a theme (the inventor of which I have already designated as Berlioz). Mephistopheles is 'the spirit that evermore denies;' for the principle of his actions is, 'for whatever has come into life deserves to be reduced to naught again.' Hence, Liszt could not give him a theme of his own, but built up the whole movement from caricatures of previous themes, particularly from those belonging to 'Faust.' For this reason ignorant critics have been even more ready to reproach Liszt than they did Berlioz for lack of invention. I ask, if our great masters have built up long movements by manifold variations of themes of a few bars, why should not a composer today do the same, if a perceptible poetical thought is his guiding principle? Is there no invention in these characteristic variations, and, forsooth, invention of the same degree that the old masters possessed? And just the last movement of the 'Faust Symphony' best reveals to us Liszt's deep insight into the true nature of music. When the infernal, diabolical spirit has risen to its most brilliant power, there appears, as if soaring in bright clouds, the main theme of the Gretchen movement in virgin beauty. By this motive the power of the demon is shattered, and it sinks back into nothingness. The poet could let Gretchen perish, and even become a transgressor: the musician, in accordance with the ideal, subtle nature of his art, preserved for her the exalted, heavenly form. Mighty trombone sounds are heard through the discordant hell-music as it dies away: a male chorus softly intones Goethe's sublime words, 'All that is transitory is only illusion;' and in the clearly recognizable notes of the Gretchen theme, continues a tenor voice, 'The Ever-Feminine draweth us on.' One can identify this tenor voice with Goethe's Doctor Marianus, and imagine Gretchen transfigured into Mater Gloriosa. . . . So in great pieces of music golden threads, spun from sunshine, are woven lightly and airily, between the music and the inspiring poetry, making both more beautiful, but confining neither. . . . In both these works [the "Faust" and the "Dante" symphonies] Liszt has given the highest art of which he was capable. They can be compared only with the creations of the great masters. They mark not only the highest point in Liszt's work, but also, with Berlioz's symphonies, are the ripest fruits, thus far, of artistic programme music."

#### Symphony Hall: Symphony Concert

By annual exception the afternoon concert of the Symphony Orchestra was shifted yesterday from Good Friday to Holy Thursday, and Mr. Gericke, who is rarely heedful of occasions, put "The Good Friday Spell" from Wagner's "Parsifal" on his programme. Perhaps it is music of the pity and the aspiration that make the passion of the music-drama, and to hear it in its place in the play is more to associate it with Parsifal, Kundry and Gurnemanz, standing in reverie on the stage, than with the background of flowering meadow, spring sunshine and moist soft air that scene painter and "light man" are trying to suggest. Heard apart from the theatre and by itself, as it was yesterday, it becomes music of the spring and of a mood that no other composer has put so imaginatively and so persuasively into tones. Through one of Schumann's symphonies that the orchestra played last winter runs the restless elation of a spring time that sweeps, in the composer's fancy, down upon the world. In Goldmark's overture, "In the Spring," that Mr. Gericke chose for his first concert, there is the freshness of the springtime and the little pleasures of it. And everyone knows those tumbling, bustling "spring songs" of the minor composers that male choirs shout with swelling shirt-fronts. Wagner's music is subtler and finer than Schumann's or Goldmark's. It is music, if the listener may let fancy run a little, of the creeping of the spring over the meadow grass and the little flowers of the glade where Gurnemanz has hidden himself. It is insinuating music, as of a spring that comes hesitatingly and light-footed. There is the softness of young greens and of misty lights in it, of sunshine that it not too hot, of winds that are not too strong. There is the tenderness of the new leaf in it, and the timid brightness of the new flowers. Wagner has poetized the creeping of the spring in his tones until it spreads softly and clearly over Gurnemanz's meadow, over the mood of the three that stand and look upon and over us that listen and forget the four walls that shut us in. Once and again, yesterday, it was not so easy to forget, for our orchestra has often woven a finer and more transparent web of tone than it did yesterday with Wagner's long-drawn harmonies.

Perhaps, too, the occasion, from another point of view prompted the toccata of Bach for the organ, that began the concert, and that Mr. Goodrich played with lucid, proportioned, and steadily curving and amplifying sonority. Mr. Davies's two airs, however, were neither here nor there. One, Max's long scene from "Der Freischütz," is a well-tried and somewhat war-worn steed of the concert room, and Coleridge-Taylor's "Onaway, Awake" is one of the busiest and serviceable of the younger battle-horses of the tenors. Mr. Davies sang them as he

always sings, with entire surety and aplomb, with a voice that keeps all its masculine tenor quality, and in tones that have many a musical trait and that lack chiefly the finer power that summons moods and emotions, that changes with them, and that quickens the listener into response to them. Contrast, for example, the straightforward evenness of Mr. Davies's singing of Max's scene with all the variety of feeling, all the sharply pointed details that Weber has wrought into the orchestral part. The dramatic and musical sensitiveness that calls these into being and makes them keen is precisely the quality that is lacking in Mr. Davies's singing. Better for him the tranquil British swain that sings in Coleridge-Taylor's glorified ballad, if his name is Onaway and he does come out of "Hiawatha's Wedding Feast."

Liszt's "Faust" symphony, or rather the purely orchestral version that omits the "mystical chorus" that gives it completeness, made the rest of the programme, and in a performance that was one of the glories of our musical year, to stand with that of Strauss's "Death and Transfiguration" or of Tchaikovsky's "Francesca," or Mahler's symphony. The band knew no difficulties, though Liszt has asked all things that would serve his imaginative ends. Everyone of its perfections leapt to Liszt's commanding hand, and seemed to receive from his gesture something of his own intensity of imagination and expression. For the hour that intensity seemed to possess Mr. Gericke himself as well. The power of the music—and it is Liszt at his fullest—caught up conductor, band and audience with it and into it. At the final chord the whole room—and it contained a "rehearsal" audience—seemed to come back suddenly to itself and to recall Mr. Gericke—the rarest of things at the end of a concert—in applause that was as the breaking relief of emotional tension long stretched. The conductor had unrolled the musical structure of the symphony before us—the poignantly significant play and contrasts of themes and development in which Liszt's purely musical imagination runs highest. Mr. Gericke is often clearest when most stirred. So he wrought the warp and woof of the huge tonal tapestry that Liszt has designed for his "three character pictures." The composition was done; coloring and the play of light and shade, the power of line and the poignancy of tint remained. They came at Liszt and Mr. Gericke's bidding with a band of kindred virtuosi to do it. The wistful or woeful beauty of the Gretchen music held the listener breathless. Conductor and men wove into it every long-drawn thread of her passion or her sorrow. The Mephistopheles music was a splitting whirl of tonal mockery and tonal irony. The Faust music was as a shadowy and restless train of tortured, crowding, slipping phantoms. It was not merely the music of Liszt played. It was the visions that he saw and seized in tones. H. T. P.



# ORGAN RECITAL IN SYMPHONY CONCERT

Journal

An organ solo, unusual at these concerts, formed a notable part of the twenty-second Symphony offering on Saturday evening. Wallace Goodrich was the performer and Bach's Toccata in F major the thing played. It is good of its kind, full of the regulation Bach cut-and-squared formality and characteristically dry as to melody, but earnest, dignified and well calculated to display an organist's real ability. Mr. Goodrich played it with keen sympathy and a technical skill that was wholly satisfying.

Ben Davies, that stout warhorse of many a musical campaign, was the vocal soloist. Like the laws of the Medes, he seems to change not from year to year. The same robust tenor, with its rather unmusical upper tones, is his, the same honest, manly style of expression, the same practised skill in making his equipment count. He gave the now old-fashioned sounding aria of Max in Weber's "Freischütz" with considerable dramatic effect, and later he sang Coleridge-Taylor's lovely "On-awake! Awake, Beloved" with an approach to sensuous beauty.

After a superb performance of the noble "Parsifal" "Good Friday Spell," the orchestra launched impressively into the long, and it must be admitted, occasionally, tedious "Faust" symphony. Liszt here displays his strength of technique and his bigness of conception, but he also reveals his partial poverty of melodic invention, his inability to hold the supreme attention of the hearer in any long work. His music here flashes brilliantly, then sputters and is nearly extinguished, only to be revived and go through the same process again. As a whole the work is not vitally interesting. It was played with virtuosity by the orchestra, yet it is certain that a man of more fiery temperament than Mr. Gericke would have gotten more out of it.

## NIKISCH WANTS \$50,000.

Berlin, April 10.—Money is the sole difficulty in the way of the Boston Symphony Orchestra securing the services of Professor Arthur Nikisch as conductor. He demands a salary equal to his possible aggregate earnings in Europe, which he places at \$50,000, and the purchase of insurance on his life to the amount of \$125,000. It is expected that Mr. Higginson will aid in securing him.

## Liszt's "Faust" Again

At the Symphony concerts last week, Liszt's "Faust" music was more impressive on Thursday afternoon than it was on Saturday evening, but Mr. Davies sang better at the second concert than he did at the first. So particular numbers have gone at the pairs of concerts the season through. Rarely does the same music by the same player sound the same at both. But the balance keeps singularly even. One virtuoso is a more interesting pianist on Friday. Another is a better violinist on Saturday. This symphony seems a little more alive in the afternoon, but that tone-poem glows the brighter in the evening. Often neither conductor nor virtuosi are conscious of any difference in their work and the listener of no difference in mood or readiness. Yet the varying impressions remain. Take Mr. Davies's singing, for example. Thursday afternoon he went dutifully through Max's scena from "Der Freischütz." The music, perennially fresh and dramatic as it is even after eighty years, seemed to signify nothing warmly to him, and no more to his audience. He sang it, as we said on Friday, with the even competence of long routine. Saturday evening he was more alive to the musical and emotional variety of the scena, and his tones bent to each change of feeling and took a touch of color from it.

Probably Mr. Davies himself could not tell the reason of the difference. He might give the old explanation that a singer, being a person of nerves, is more "on edge" at the end of the day than he is in the middle of it. Sometimes, though not always, that distinction between the moods of the afternoon and of the evening does hold. But conductors are also nervously sensitive beings, and our orchestra is a nervously responsive body. Yet they played Liszt's "Faust" symphony more eloquently and with more steadily sustained power on Thursday afternoon than they did on Saturday evening. There are moments, for example, in the "character picture" of Faust, wherein Liszt's imagination dulls, or at which he halts to indulge his love for the pomposity of sonorous sound. On Thursday Mr. Gericke and the band were so eloquent that the listeners barely felt these moments. On Saturday—and it was not altogether the effect of repetition—they began to take thought of them. The "Gretchen" music also lacked a little of the piercing, quivering beauty that conductor and band found in it on Thursday, and the tang of Mephistopheles's (and Liszt's) tonal irony and mockery was not quite so sharp.

Yet in any performance—and Mr. Gericke's at both concerts was remarkable—the symphony stands firmly as one of the great things of romantic music. It has some of the obvious shortcomings of such music—its descents, for example, from exalted eloquence to mere rhetorical bigness, its tendency to inflated lengths, and its love of the "effect," for the effect's sake, that

sympathetic insight into its content. His tempo for the first movement was slower than Weingartner's, and brought out the songlike qualities effectively. Altogether, Mr. Steinbach deserves high praise for his work at this concert. His interpretations were emotional in the best sense of the much-abused term, giving life to passages in themselves scarcely worth the magnificent Philharmonic machinery employed to present them." At both concerts the audience, which was of fair quality and discrimination, received Steinbach warmly but not enthusiastically. Several Bostonians, among them Major Higginson, heard the conductor.

Mr. Gericke has sent the following letter of thanks to Mr. Harold Randolph and the other gentlemen of Baltimore who gave him a loving cup at his final appearance there, ten days ago, as conductor of our orchestra: "Ever and anon the scenes of last Wednesday come crowding again upon my memory and I am overwhelmed anew with a consciousness of the great honor done me and the utter inadequacy of the effort which I made then to give expression to my appreciation and gratitude. I wish it were in my power to speak my thanks in person to every one of the hundreds who joined themselves together to give me so great a happiness, but that is impossible. May I not, therefore, ask you to put this utterance before the many who could neither hear my voice nor find in my words an echo of the deep sense of obligation which I feel toward the people of Baltimore who have approved my services and those of the Boston Symphony Orchestra so highly. Their overwhelming kindness toward me and their cordial appreciation of the labors of the orchestra have been of incalculable value in the attainment of the artistic results which, more than anything else, were celebrated by their applause. I shall carry the memory of that kindness and consideration with me ever, and it, no less than the beautiful gift, shall tell me as long as I live how greatly I am beholden to the kind, generous, music-loving people of Baltimore."

## MR. GERICKE'S RETIREMENT

To Leave Our Orchestra in the Spring

He Declines to Renew His Present Contract

His Work for Thirteen Years in Boston

The Field from Which His Successor May Be Chosen

Trans. Feb. 23, 1906

By his own decision, Mr. Gericke will leave the Symphony Orchestra at the end of the current season. His present contract as conductor expires at the close of the musical year. Major Higginson proposed to him to renew it for the season of 1906-1907 on the existing terms. A few days ago Mr. Gericke declined the proposal, and yesterday he made public his decision. He remains with the orchestra until the end of the present series of concerts on April 28. Soon thereafter he returns to Vienna. For months past there has been much likelihood that Mr. Gericke would leave the orchestra at the end of the musical year, and of late his friends have spoken freely of his return to Europe. So far as Major Higginson and the management of the orchestra are concerned, the course of the negotiations has been that just stated.

## HIS WORK IN BOSTON

For thirteen years in all Mr. Gericke will have been the conductor of the Symphony Orchestra, and he is leaving it, when his powers have seemed at their highest. He came first to it from the Opera House in Vienna in 1884, and remained with it through the spring of 1889. When he took the band, it was struggling into its place as a permanent orchestra for Boston. When he left it, he had made it the best orchestra in America and one of the notable orchestras of the world. For a while he gradually raised it to what at that time it most needed—technical efficiency. Then he lifted and refined efficiency into virtuosity. To him more than to any other of its conductors the orchestra owes the symmetry, the pliancy, the adroit proportioning and the perfect euphony of its tone. Gradually assembling virtuosos in each group of the orchestra, he made the quality of that tone almost as perfect. Side by side with this work went the training of the orchestra in the classics of music, and no permanent conductor of any orchestra in America has had Mr. Gericke's ability to recreate such music and make it sound almost new. Thus during his first conductorship, he laid the foundations that make the orchestra what it is today and began to build upon them. It was work that required endless labor and discipline in the small things of routine for the sake of the great excellences that were to flow from them. If Mr. Gericke did not spare his men, he spared himself still less.

When Mr. Gericke returned to the orchestra, seven years ago last autumn, he had for a time to retrain it in its virtuosity and in its classic repertory. After he had brought it to his own pitch of excellence he began to make its programmes with a catholicity beyond that of most conductors. Where he had personal predilections, he



sunk them in his desire that his audiences should hear whatever new music was of interest, importance or significant individuality. He was the first conductor in America to make known the "new" French composers. He gave Richard Strauss and the innovating Germans down to Mahler, whose symphony he is playing today, due place on his programmes, and he kept them there till their music began to be familiar. He burrowed among the obscure Russians that they might have such hearing as they deserved. He was hospitable to the music of American composers if it had worth, and he would stretch a point in its favor. If his own men showed ability as composers they had a hearing. Yet in no way did he neglect the classics or the unfamiliar music of eminent composers. The programmes of no conductor in America and of few in Europe have matched his in catholicity and balance, in the just mingling of the new that is interesting or important with the old that is enduring.

To the playing of this music Mr. Gericke, especially in the last two or three seasons, brought qualities that had been hitherto unsuspected in him. He had been depreciated unfairly as an orchestral drill-master. Yet from this industry, this passion for exact perfection, came the virtuosity that enabled the orchestra to master the most intricate modern music until technical difficulties vanished and conductor and men could give themselves to the composer's musical design, ideas and emotions. He had been reproached as limited in his best powers to the classics. Now he brought to ultra-modern music the breadth, the warmth and the keenness of imagination that it requires. Recall for such music the performances of Strauss's "Death and Transfiguration" and of the same composer's "Don Juan," of Tschalkowsky's "Francesca," of Chausson's and of Mahler's symphonies during the current season, and they equal in every essential quality, even those of such classics as Schumann's "Spring" symphony or Brahms's second. Now as he is leaving us Mr. Gericke's powers have been broadest, warmest and finest. In greater or less degree, almost every quality that makes an eminent conductor is in him, and the whole on the intellectual, the emotional and the technical sides is very justly balanced. Always he has been all for the music in hand and the playing of it—never for the obtrusion of himself.

#### THE CHOICE OF A SUCCESSOR

No successor to Mr. Gericke has yet been chosen, and none will be in all probability for some time to come. Conductors (or their friends) have suggested themselves for the post. It is one of the most distinguished, as conductorships go, in the whole musical world. Rumors and gossip have assigned it to many and will assign it to more. For the present, as for some time past, Major Higginson and his advisers have been examining the field thoroughly. There for the present the matter rests. Action could not come until Mr. Gericke had decided whether he

would continue. To no one and in no quarter has Major Higginson intimated even the direction of his choice.

The field is not so wide as it seems at first glance. No conductor in America is of sufficient rank for the post. In England there are Richter and Henry Wood. Richter is an elderly man absorbed in his concerts at London and Manchester and in his work with the opera at Covent Garden. Mr. Wood, whose powers are robust in some directions and slender in others, has set himself to the upbuilding of a new orchestra in London. In France Colonne and his orchestra are an established institution of Paris, and Chévard, who inherited Lamoureux's band and wishes to keep his inheritance, is not a conductor of the first rank. There is none such either at the Conservatory or at the State opera houses.

In Germany and Austria, Weingartner, Nikisch, Richard Strauss, Mottl and Mahler are all genuinely eminent conductors. The conditions in tours and in number of concerts that our orchestra requires are not those that Weingartner seeks, if he were disposed to take a permanent post. Nikisch, in recent years, has declined every proposal to visit America for a series of concerts as a "star" conductor. He pays such visits to European cities, but in the main his regular work at Berlin and Leipzig occupies him. With Weingartner, he is now the first conductor in Europe. Richard Strauss is one of the conductors at the Imperial Opera in Berlin, and he goes often to other capitals as a conductor of his own music. Of late there have been reports that he was about to leave the Opera because of differences with the director and even with the emperor himself over the performance of his new music-drama, "Salomé." More than once Mr. Conried has sounded him as to the conductorship at the Metropolitan Opera House, but without result. From his tour a few years ago Strauss at least knows something of American conditions. Mahler's contract with the opera in Vienna expires soon, and there have been reports that he wished to leave the theatre and become the conductor of a concert orchestra. Mottl is under a long contract with the opera at Munich, and his year's experience in New York did not please him.

Among the less distinguished German conductors, Steinbach of Meiningen and Cologne is distinctly the rising man. He has begun to go about Europe as a "star" conductor, and next month he comes to New York. By all accounts he resembles Mr. Gericke in some respects and praise of him has been warmest in "absolute" music and the classics. Fiedler of Hamburg, a younger man, made an individual and favorable impression when he conducted at the Philharmonic concerts in New York not long ago. Kunwald, Pranzner and others of the new generation seem at this distance hardly more than thoroughly competent men without much distinction. There are able conductors of opera in Germany like Muck at Berlin and Schuch

at Dresden, but they are not disposed to exchange the theatre for the concert hall. Two other eminent conductors remain outside Germany, Mengelberg at Amsterdam and Safonoff at Moscow. Both have appeared in New York this winter. Mengelberg with much praise in the music of Strauss, which he read with more power than does Strauss himself. Safonoff is all fire and fury in the music of his own countrymen. No conductor indeed plays it with such sympathy and intensity, until it becomes as heady as their own vodka. In the music of other composers, Safonoff is tame in comparison.

#### A Voice from the Symphony Audiences— Their Due to Mr. Higginson and Mr. Gericke—The Impressions of a Manager— Virtuosi and America—The Lottery of Concerts *Trans. Apr. 14, 1906*

It is so seldom that any of those who make the audiences week after week, and season after season, at the Symphony concert will testify publicly to their appreciation of Mr. Gericke's work at them, and of Mr. Higginson's generous devotion in maintaining them, that it is good to receive and print a note from one such. Reticence is our New England—even our Bostonian—way; and the approaching change in the conductor, and the fact that the concerts have never been so catholic and so excellent as they have this season, have not unsealed our lips. Our correspondent who has happily broken the habit speaks—or rather writes—for many besides himself:

"On April 24 comes the benefit concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra for Mr. Gericke. This is an opportunity for us to express anew to Mr. Gericke our appreciation of his careful, artistic and successful services as conductor during the last eight continuous years. Under him the orchestra has improved each year—until today it is one of the most perfect in the world, all parts playing together as one mighty instrument responsive to a single touch. With the orchestra, made up as it is of picked artists many of whom are not to be excelled by individual artists anywhere, Mr. Gericke has developed into a truly notable conductor. It is this which we all recognize—and for which we wish to do him honor.

"It is also fitting for us to recognize the great achievement of Mr. Henry L. Higginson in creating and maintaining this orchestra for more than a quarter of a century. A private citizen, a lover of music and, even more, a lover of his fellowmen, with faith in their ever-increasing power to appreciate beauty and high ideals, he founded the Symphony Orchestra that all might hear the best orchestral music under the best conditions. Freely he has given from his daily labors at his office, his money, his time, his sympathy, his constant care, his skill in selecting men. Few of us realize that otherwise this great orchestra would not be possible. Nor do we

realize the immense tact and discernment needed to select and secure the various artists to make up this orchestra, and particularly the conductor; the great sympathy and wisdom needed to explain to the members—of differing nationalities, experiences and talents—how to work harmoniously together; how to adjust themselves to this Western world so different from continental Europe, and how to understand the undemonstrativeness of American audiences.

"We Americans are appreciative, and particularly so of this very Boston Symphony Orchestra, as witness our constant attendance through these twenty-five years, our ever-increasing pride in it, and our feeling that it is ours almost by right. Yet we are singularly reserved in expressing our admiration, both for the orchestra and for Mr. Higginson. At this time, when he is brought face to face with greater responsibility than ever before in maintaining the orchestra and finding an eminently qualified conductor, let us renew our allegiance and, as opportunity serves, express our gratitude to Mr. Higginson."

Once in a very long while, say between seasons or at the end of a prosperous one, the manager of singers and virtuosi—the impresario, as we used to call him—will talk of his work, his "artists" and his public. Mr. Wolfsohn, the ablest and busiest manager of the pianists, the violinists and the concert singers who come to us from Europe or that make their way in their own country, did speak of these things the other day in the New York Sun, and sometimes interestingly.

"I have been asked many times," he said, for example, "if I had any difficulty in getting these world-famed artists to come to America, and I have to laugh whenever I answer. In the experience of a quarter of a century there are only two names that occur to me as belonging to celebrities who even hesitated. Both of these were afraid of the long ocean voyage. One was Joachim and the other Hans Richter. Distances in Europe are short; an artist can travel from one city to another and fulfil his engagements without loss of sleep and without becoming irritated by the thousand and one little things that rasp the nerves here. Considering what they have to endure, even now, and what they used to put up with here twenty years or so ago, it is a marvel that the American dollar has proved so potent.

"Rubinstein was one of the first European celebrities that ever came to this country in my day. Naturally when he returned he was asked that ever original question as to how he had enjoyed his tour, and he replied that the best thing about it was the knowledge that he had made so much money that he would never have to come back. He lived up to the privilege gained. There is no doubt that the pioneers, like Rubinstein, looked on coming to America as a pilgrimage, an exile, something to be endured for the sake of future peace. Many



of them, not finding it as bad as it was painted came back, and today the American tour is looked forward to eagerly."

And this again, further on in Mr. Wolfsohn's talk:

"In engaging stars, many things have to be taken into account. An artist's personal appearance goes for a great deal. He must know how to come on a stage, how to leave, for he must appeal. If he sets his audience on edge in the beginning, no matter how well he plays or sings, he will be a failure. I have had that experience over and over. Engaging stars is a gamble. You have absolutely nothing to work on. You cannot depend on press notices, you cannot depend on hearsay, you cannot even depend on the audiences of the past, for they are notoriously fickle. I have made many blunders, not so many now as I used to, but when I was more inexperienced I took greater chances. Besides, the musical taste of the public at large has steadily increased and the difficulty has become proportionately great of making successful tours with any but the best-known talent.

"Nearly all cities of any size have a series of orchestral concerts, and for these season tickets are largely sold. At these concerts the most celebrated singers appear, and when an artist attempts to travel on his own account he has that competition. We have today the best artists and the most appreciative audiences in the world. My own experience has been that we are more critical and just in our criticisms than any other country."

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Symphony Leader and His  
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Given Reception by Thurs-  
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Receiving with the guests or honor was Miss Frances Thompson French, who has been president of the club since its beginning.

Presiding at the urns were: Mrs. Langdon Frothingham, Mrs. Charles L. Scudder, Miss Alice R. Cole, Mrs. William F. Whitney, Mrs. Nathan Mathews, Miss Katherine Lincoln, Miss Josephine Martin, Miss Edith Jewell, Mrs. S. Henry Hooper, Mrs. Wilbur Quincy, Miss Phillips and Mrs. Albert Thorndike. The ushers were: Arthur Hyde, Clayton Johns, S. Henry Hooper, Albert Thorndike, Courtney Guild, Malcolm Lang, B. L. Whelpley and E. M. Farnsworth.

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It was a new departure to open a symphony concert with an organ solo, but all the circumstances justified it; the religious instrument fitted well at this religious season; the organ itself is a noble-sounding instrument in Symphony Hall—in spite of one stop that wheezed a little, and Mr. Wallace Goodrich is one of the best Bach players in America. Therefore, this number was thoroughly effective and was greatly applauded, Mr. Goodrich being recalled twice.

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It is interesting to see what a quarry later composers have made of this symphony. Wagner's "St. John's Day" figure, which Pognier uses so copiously in the "Mastersingers of Nuremberg," is clearly discernible, and Gounod has helped himself liberally to Gretchen's music. All through the work Liszt shows his power in working up grand climaxes, but in the first movement, which is the military rather than the amative Faust, he does not stop at the best climax, but continues unnecessarily.

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## MUSICAL MATTERS

### THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

#### PROGRAMME.

Bach—Toccata in F Major, for Organ.  
Mr. Wallace Goodrich.  
Weber—Aria, "Through the Forests."  
Mr. Ben Davies.  
Wagner—Good Friday Spell.  
Coleridge-Taylor—"Onaway, Awake Beloved."  
Mr. Ben Davies.  
Liszt—Faust Symphony.

Adamowski was concert-meister, as he has been since the famous Hessian retreat, and the orchestra played with a fervor

that demonstrated their appreciation of their conductor. The audiences, too, in these latter days take every opportunity to show their affection for Mr. Gericke, and at the end of each orchestral number he was recalled with fervor.

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*Symphony Hall.*

SEASON 1905-06.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.

XXIII. CONCERT.

SATURDAY, APRIL 21, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

MENDELSSOHN.

SYMPHONY in A major, "Italian," op. 90.

- I. Allegro vivace.
- II. Andante con moto.
- III. Con moto moderato.
- IV. Saltarello: Presto.

GRIEG.

CONCERTO in A minor for PIANOFORTE, op. 16.

- I. Allegro molto moderato.
- II. Adagio.
- III. Allegro moderato molto e marcato.

RICHARD STRAUSS.

TONE POEM, "Death and Transfiguration," op. 24.

WEBER.

OVERTURE, to the Opera "Euryanthe."

Soloist:

Mme. OLGA SAMAROFF.

The Pianoforte is a Steinway.

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**OLGA SAMAROFF. Pianist.**  
She will tour the United States next season  
(Photo by Burr McIntosh)

## MISS SAMAROFF AT THE SYMPHONY

Pianiste, at Orchestra Concert,  
Plays with Coolness and  
Ease, but None the Less  
Irresistibly.

### ILLNESS PREVENTS THE TRUMPET SOLO

Strauss' "Death and Trans-  
figuration" Substituted—  
Mendelssohn's "Italian"  
Symphony on Programme.

Herald — Apr. 22, 1906

The Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Gericke conductor, gave its 23d concert last night in Symphony Hall. Mme. Olga Samaroff was the pianist. The programme was as follows:

Symphony in A major, "Italian".....Mendelssohn  
Concerto in A minor for piano.....Grieg  
Tone Poem, "Death and Transfiguration".....Strauss  
Overture to "Euryanthe".....Weber

The spirit of the first movement of the "Italian" symphony is stimulating for a time and the finale is a plausibly brilliant piece for a virtuoso orchestra, but the second and third movements are fine examples of Mendelssohn at his worst. How smug this music is, how exasperatingly respectable, how nobbishly genteel! It is like the picture of Mendelssohn that Aubrey Beardsley drew for the last number of the Savoy. Hearing the two middle movements, you can see the irreproachable cravat, the precisely cut quill, the self-complacent air of the last of the great formalists.

There is another Mendelssohn, the composer of the "Hebrides" overture, of the overture to the "Midsummer Night's Dream" and of some of the music in the "Walpurgis Night," but this charming landscapist is not the man of the "Italian" symphony. The latter has the irritating self satisfaction, the mincing neatness of mediocrity. No wonder that he could not understand Hector Berlioz and considered him an extraordinary person. How could the man of polished talent comprehend the flaming genius? You might as well think of E. P. Roe enjoying the society of

Henry Fielding. Yet Mr. Gericke and the orchestra gave admirable interpretations of the widely dissimilar symphony of Mendelssohn and the tone-poem of Strauss. "Thus Spake Zarathustra" had been announced for performance, but Mr. Kloeppel, the excellent first trumpeter, is sick and no other trumpeter was willing to play the difficult passage that is famous both for its effect and a stumbling block. Therefore, "Death and Transfiguration" was substituted, although it had already been performed this season. To us it is one of the composer's greatest compositions; it is surely the noblest.

Unlike "Zarathustra," "Heldenleben" and "Don Quixote," it may stand as absolute music; for in "Zarathustra" the composer gives to various sections headings from Nietzsche's book; and the other tone-poems just named are largely dependent on a programme for full appreciation; but in "Death and Transfiguration" the title is enough. Let the commentators make their ingenious discoveries; let Mr. William Mauke note a nice distinction between fever-theme No. 1 and fever-theme No. 2—a typhoid fever chart might possibly be helpful, unless a still more acute glossarist should discover that Strauss' sick man died of cancer of the liver. "Death and Transfiguration"—are not these two words a sufficient clew to even the hearer of slight imagination?

We remember Mr. MacDowell saying after he heard one of Strauss' more radical compositions for the first time: "This is undoubtedly art, and it is great and overwhelming art; but whether it is music, is another question. Perhaps it is a new form of art." He would not have queried today the musical art of "Death and Transfiguration," but an admirer of the modern school might with good reason question the high artistry of Mendelssohn's "Italian" symphony. Strauss succeeded in his endeavor, but how much of Italy is in Mendelssohn's music? Compare the andante of the symphony with the slow movement "On the Heights" in Charpentier's "Impressions of Italy" and mark the difference in poetic thought and expression.

In the finale Mendelssohn put into music what he had experienced in the Corso in Carnival times. Some young ladies threw confetti at him. A young English woman was equally rude. Mendelssohn wrote that he "became desperate" and he, too, flung confetti. "My blue coat was soon as white as that of a miller." Remember that this was all highly proper. The young ladies were of good families and Mendelssohn had met them at select balls and receptions. His carnival music is most discreetly gay. He brushed his coat before he sat down to compose, brushed it and no doubt sponged it.

How inconsequential such music seems when a composition of true dramatic force, of imaginative power follows it. There are some who object to Strauss' subject. Like the poisoned man in Webster's "White Devil" they wish no one to mention death to them; the terrible word, death. They are reminded of unpleasant things by this music. The grand, consoling ending brings to them no peace. They cannot lift their eyes from the sick bed to see the flight of the delivered soul. But there is nothing mean, nothing fearful in this tone-poem of Strauss. There is the struggle with death; and in this struggle the poorest clown is as heroic a figure as Pope or Emperor. There is no cross or





**OLGA SAMAROFF. Pianist.**  
She will tour the United States next season  
(Photo by Burr McIntosh)

## MISS SAMAROFF AT THE SYMPHONY

Pianiste, at Orchestra Concert,  
Plays with Coolness and  
Ease, but None the Less  
Irresistibly.

### ILLNESS PREVENTS THE TRUMPET SOLO

Strauss' "Death and Trans-  
figuration" Substituted—  
Mendelssohn's "Italian"  
Symphony on Programme.

The Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Gericke conductor, gave its 23d concert last night in Symphony Hall. Mme. Olga Samaroff was the pianist. The programme was as follows:  
Symphony in A major, "Italian".....Mendelssohn  
Concerto in A minor for piano.....Grieg  
Tone Poem, "Death and Transfiguration".....Strauss  
Overture to "Euryanthe".....Weber

The spirit of the first movement of the "Italian" symphony is stimulating for a time and the finale is a plausibly brilliant piece for a virtuoso orchestra, but the second and third movements are fine examples of Mendelssohn at his worst. How smug this music is, how exasperatingly respectable, how nobbishly genteel! It is like the picture of Mendelssohn that Aubrey Beardsley drew for the last number of the Savoy. Hearing the two middle movements, you can see the irreproachable cravat, the precisely cut quill, the self-complacent air of the last of the great formalists.

There is another Mendelssohn, the composer of the "Hebrides" overture, of the overture to the "Midsummer Night's Dream" and of some of the music in the "Walpurgis Night," but this charming landscapist is not the man of the "Italian" symphony. The latter has the irritating self satisfaction, the mincing neatness of mediocrity. No wonder that he could not understand Hector Berlioz and considered him an extraordinary person. How could the man of polished talent comprehend the flaming genius? You might as well think of E. P. Roe enjoying the society of

Henry Fielding.

Yet Mr. Gericke and the orchestra gave admirable interpretations of the widely dissimilar symphony of Mendelssohn and the tone-poem of Strauss. "Thus Spake Zarathustra" had been announced for performance, but Mr. Kloeppel, the excellent first trumpeter, is sick and no other trumpeter was willing to play the difficult passage that is famous both for its effect and a stumbling block. Therefore, "Death and Transfiguration" was substituted, although it had already been performed this season. To us it is one of the composer's greatest compositions; it is surely the noblest.

Unlike "Zarathustra," "Heldenleben" and "Don Quixote," it may stand as absolute music; for in "Zarathustra" the composer gives to various sections headings from Nietzsche's book; and the other tone-poems just named are largely dependent on a programme for full appreciation; but in "Death and Transfiguration" the title is enough. Let the commentators make their ingenious discoveries; let Mr. William Mauke note a nice distinction between fever-theme No. 1 and fever-theme No. 2—a typhoid fever chart might possibly be helpful, unless a still more acute glossarist should discover that Strauss' sick man died of cancer of the liver. "Death and Transfiguration"—are not these two words a sufficient clew to even the hearer of slight imagination?

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squalid realism. The sick chamber is the world; the fight of the lone and disappointed sufferer assumes epic proportions. Humanity, worn out, defeated, struggles with the last foe, and conquered, rises victor.

With the noble hymn of the transfiguration the concert should have closed. It would have been well for the hearer to go out into the night with such music filling his soul.

Mme. Samaroff played for the first time at these concerts, and gave an engrossing and impressive performance of the concerto by Grieg. There were moments in the first movement when she accentuated too sharply in the reading of a long phrase, accentuated in a temporal rather than rhetorical manner, and thus checked the melodic flow. This trick, for trick it is, with many pianists of the ultra-modern technic, was not so apparent toward the end of the movement, and with the second it disappeared. Mme. Samaroff played with full appreciation of the contrasting, jostling moods of the composer. She was romantic, fiery, brilliant, capricious, poetic. She played with a cool head, without futile motions, without any unnecessary nervous or physical strain; she worked her spell without apparent endeavor, but her spell was irresistible.



OLGA SAMAROFF,  
PIANIST.

## MORE HONORS FOR MISS SAMAROFF

Young Pianist Very Effective as  
Soloist at Saturday's Sym-  
phony Orchestra Concert.

Journal — Apr. 23, 1906

Mendelssohn's prettily genteel "Italian" symphony, with which Saturday's concert by Mr. Gericke and his men began, is manifestly dying, fading away in a pleasant but no less effectual decline. What once seemed the height of "elan" and captivating beauty is now a rather empty tune that wears its welcome out long before the first movement is ended. There are bits of true and fine writing in the third part, and the saltarello is still clever and entertaining, but as a whole the work has outlived its age and style and will be heard less and less as time goes on. It was played not so perfectly as usual.

Olga Samaroff, the young Texas pianist with a Russian name, was the soloist. She has appeared in Boston several times in smaller concerts and the brilliancy and charm of her playing are well known. She interpreted Grieg's A minor concerto as one would expect—with rare poetic fervor, with elegance of technique and with a fire and abandon, when called for, that made her performance fascinating and immensely effective.

Richard Strauss' great tone-poem, "Death and Transfiguration," heard at these concerts only a short time ago, lost nothing by repetition. The nobility of its thought and the rich splendor of its expression make it one of the composer's finest and most absolutely sincere pieces of composition—inspiration is the better word. The orchestra gave to it all their power of fine virtuosity and splendor of tone. The "Euryanthe" overture, coming after, sounded unusually weak and ineffective by comparison.

A despatch from Berlin to the New York Sun today says that the negotiations with Nikisch over the conductorship of our orchestra have come to nothing. The more the pity.

Y, APRIL 23, 1906

## MUSIC AND DRAMA

### Mme. Samaroff at the Symphony Concerts

Not even in her recitals here has Mme. Samaroff shown the fineness of her traits and powers so persuasively as she did in her playing of Grieg's concerto at the Symphony concert of Saturday. It is highly fitful music that springs from contrast to contrast, and stops at no technical difficulties or formal rule and custom in the making of the leap. Throughout, it is the music of individual mood and not of sustained and closely developed ideas, and throughout it utilizes piano and orchestra almost impartially in the expression of the fancy or the emotion that is uppermost, for the moment, in the composer. Yet this very freedom and fitfulness tax the technical resources of the player. She must not—somehow it is oftenest a woman that plays Grieg's concerto—make the music a means to technical display; she must never force it or seem to labor with it. The concerto must come from her hands, mood by mood, as it came from the composer's imagination and invention. It was precisely this impression of unsought and unlabored spontaneity that Mme. Samaroff's playing gave. Her mastery and her artistry served their full purpose in the most persuasive of ways—they hid themselves in expression. The listeners felt not the means but the moods.

It is as easy to chop and force these moods and fancies and make Grieg seem like an emotional jumping-jack, all twitches, as we once heard a cavilling German reviewer call his music. The concerto must have its air of poetic caprice, of swift-coming inventions, of youthful and romantic sensitiveness—Grieg was only twenty-five when he wrote it, and the merest prick of feeling set him to quivering music-making. There must also be the saving touch of soft brilliancy in the performance that shall keep the listener always warm to it. In a word the concerto must sound like a very large, varied and highly romantic impromptu. So Mme. Samaroff and the imagination behind her skill made it sound. She played with steady brilliancy, but not even in the tempting cadenza did she harden it. She kept the large moods of the music running warm and deep. She wove Grieg's lesser fancies as so many lyric interludes. She mused without mawkishness and her sentiment had a northern cleanliness. She answered Grieg's youthful fire with her own, and kept it at a clear and glowing heat. Above all, she threw over the music the romantic glamour that transfigures it, and that hides the thinness and the poverty of idea that even then was beginning to beset Grieg. Sometimes it was Mme. Samaroff, more than the composer himself, that gave his moods and his fancies the fuller and more penetrating utterance.

H. T. P.

## SYMPHONY CONCERTS.

The 25th season of the Symphony concerts is fast drawing to a close, one more program terminating the present series, and also concluding Mr. Gericke's conductorship of our symphony orchestra. The 23rd program introduced Mme. Olga Samaroff as soloist for the first time at these concerts. She played Grieg's A minor pianoforte concerto. The orchestral selections were Mendelssohn's "Italian" symphony, "Death and Transfiguration," Richard Strauss, and the overture to Weber's opera, "Euryanthe." Mme. Samaroff is a young pianist who has achieved a favorable reputation in the local musical field within the past year, for she has displayed abilities of a high order at several concerts, and her musical equipment appears to be based upon solid grounds, and not merely something with which to dazzle the auditor by reason of phenomenal technical dexterity. Of the latter she has aplenty and her other attainments are such that she can command respectful consideration in interpretations covering a wide and varied repertory of compositions. Mme. Samaroff is a very attractive artist in her style of work and she acts like a thorough musician to "the finger tips."

In the cantabel passages of the first movement Mme. Samaroff's tones were delightfully melodic, the "conversations" with the different instruments harmonized perfectly in expression and tempos, and the fortissimo measures showed that the pianist was well equipped physically. The florid bits and arpeggios of the second part were as crisp and brilliant as could reasonably be wished for, and all the different themes in the final movement were skillfully contrasted and developed. Mme. Samaroff's reception was very cordial.

The orchestral association in the concerto was thoroughly effective. Mendelssohn's "Italian" symphony made a delightful introduction to the long but interesting program. The performance calls for no special criticism aside from the fact that the pendulum-like second part went smoothly in its rhythmic swing and the somewhat refined "saltarello" was played with becoming dash and brilliancy. The Strauss tone-poem, which was played here earlier in the season, Mr. Gericke directed with his usual impressive effect and appreciation of the greatness of the composition. Weber's "Euryanthe" overture received just consideration in the hands of the orchestra.

No soloist is scheduled for the last program of the Symphony orchestra next Friday afternoon and Saturday evening. Mr. Gericke's last appearance in Boston. All available seats for Saturday evening have long since been sold and the demand for the "rush" seats for Friday afternoon will undoubtedly be much larger than the supply. The program will be as follows: Perloz, overture, "Carneval"; Bach, prelude, Adagio and Gavotte; Tschalkowsky, overture-fantasy, "Romeo and Juliet"; Beethoven, symphony, No. 5, in C minor.

### MR. GERICKE'S BENEFIT.

In many respects the most interesting concert of the season will be that given in Symphony hall next Tuesday evening for the benefit of Mr. Gericke, the retiring conductor of the Symphony orchestra. The program is a most interesting one and the soloist will be Mme. Gadski. But in addition to the musical



## TIGHT BINDING

interest will be the sentimental element which enters into it. During his years of service in this city Mr. Gericke has made a wide circle of friends, not limited by any means to those who know him personally.

The high ideals which have always actuated his work, his painstaking conscientiousness and his willingness ever to labor in the cause of his chosen art have had a profound influence on the musical life not only of Boston, but of the country at large.

The announcement of his retirement has caused lively regret, and this has been displayed in a manner in the response of the public to this concert, which will be a substantial testimonial to his worth as a man and an artist. The program, which is complete save in the question of the first aria which Mme Gadske will sing, will be as follows: Beethoven, overture Leonore, No. III; Cesar Franck, symphony in D minor; aria, to be announced; Goldmark, overture "Sakuntala"; Wagner, finale to "Gotterdammerung," with Mme Gadske as Brunnhilde.

### THE POP CONCERTS.

One week more and the regular musical season of 1905-1906 will end, the last Symphony concert coming next Friday afternoon and Saturday evening. Then come the "pops," which this year will begin Tuesday evening, May 1, and continue for eight weeks. As in past years, the orchestra will consist of 55 musicians, chosen from the ranks of the Symphony orchestra. The labor of conducting will be divided among three men, who have done so much to make the concerts popular. For the first four weeks, the conductor will be Mr. Timothee Adamowski, and the remaining four weeks will be divided between Mr. Max Zach and Mr. Gustav Strube.

There will be the usual "special nights" and some unusual ones. "Tech" night is set for Tuesday evening, June 5. Thursday of the same week, June 7, the evening will be dedicated to the American medical association, which will be in session in Boston at that time. "Graduates" night, the 10th of its kind, will come Monday evening, June 25, and "Harvard night" on the preceding Monday, June 18. The date of "Tufts" night has not yet been finally settled.

One innovation which Mr. Adamowski will introduce will be a "Wagner" night, once a week, when the major portion of the program will be devoted to excerpts from Wagner's works. And he will also give several "one composer" nights, devoted largely to the works of composers of popular music.

The first program Tuesday night, May 1, is as follows: "Rakoczy March," Berlioz; selection, "Rigoletto," Verdi; overture, "Mignon," Thomas; waltz, "Harlequin en Voyage," Zach; intermezzo, "Verilbet," Strube; selection, "Mlle Modiste," Herbert; fantasy from "La Boheme," Puccini; "Italian Caprice," Tschalkowsky; selection, "Carmen," Bizet; "Grubenlichter," waltz, Zeller; "American Fantasy," Herbert; march, "Lorraine," Ganne.

Wednesday will be "Wagner" night, Thursday "Herbert" night, Friday "operatic" night. There will be the usual arrangement of tables and refreshments may be had for the ordering.

## MR. GERICKE'S DEPARTURE

### HIS WORK, HIS QUALITIES AND HIS ACHIEVEMENTS

The Raising of Our Orchestra to the First Rank and the Means by Which the Conductor Accomplished It—The Range and the Skill of His Programmes—The Singular Blending in Him of Many Qualities and Their Result in His Conducting—The Artistic Honesty and Modesty of the Man

*Trans. Apr. 21, 1906*  
The quality of the orchestra that Mr. Gericke leaves behind him after his three final concerts next week; the quality of the programmes that he has made in all the years of his conducting in Boston; and the quality, in general and in particular instances, of the performance of the music he has chosen make the reward and the memorial of the work that he is now ending. Our Symphony Orchestra was a local band when he became its conductor twenty years ago. In the first term of his service he re-created it. In the second, he has made it the finest orchestra in America, and one of the two or three finest in the world. Its quality has set a standard in our own country. In every musical capital in Europe, it is one of the titles of America to artistic consideration and achievement. And nearly all the traits that have made it such it owes to Mr. Gericke. Search the programmes year after year of the notable orchestras in America—in Chicago, in Philadelphia and in New York. Con those of the eminent European conductors—in the cities of Germany, in Paris, and in London. Not a list shows such catholicity of view, so just a balance between the classic, the unfamiliar, the neglected, and the new, such variety of matter, and uniformity of quality and interest, as have Mr. Gericke's programmes in recent years. The distinctive quality of his performances has been due to the singularly just blending in him of traits that rarely in a conductor are so balanced. He has been capable of tireless labor in preparation. Yet in performance he seemed often to be spontaneously re-creating familiar music. He polished minute details; he adjusted very delicate proportions. Yet to his hearers he gave almost always largeness and wholeness of impression. To classic music he brought in his later years the energy and the suppleness of imagination, and the emotional and the suggestive insight that are the imperative necessities of ultra-modern music. To it, in turn, he gave the clarity, euphony, finesse and purely sensuous beauty that are like necessities to classic. Other eminent conductors excel Mr. Gericke in single commanding qualities. Very few unite so many that contribute to the fullness of the

conductor's art.

The distinctive quality of our orchestra is its tone. Transparency, flow and rhythmic vibrancy, euphony and finesse, variety of weight and tint and texture, precision and pliancy, unite in its playing to give that tone a sensuous and expressive beauty as of instrumental song. Unless it were a band of virtuosi, it could not have developed and maintained these excellences; but it was Mr. Gericke that first made it and that has since kept it such a band. Unless it had endured almost tireless labor with an unflagging zeal and patience, it could not have attained these virtues. In Mr. Gericke is the passion for perfection. From the beginning he has imposed it on his men. To the end he has never relaxed it. Virtuosi are only human, and humanly they have sometimes resented his unsparing insistence. But he has long infused something of his own passion into them by sheer dint of authority and example. If they must labor hard, he himself has worked yet harder. Between them conductor and men, at their best, have made the orchestra a complete and perfect medium for the expression of the music they might have in hand. The players in an orchestra are unaware of the whole effect of its playing. They ply their technical skill, their musical intelligence and imagination. The conductor hears all and adjusts all. In Mr. Gericke are the ear, the instinct and the understanding for every trait of tone that distinguishes our orchestra. Long experience and increasingly fine perceptions have strengthened all three. He has the conductor's distinctive and baffling power that imposes his will and his feeling upon the sensitive human instruments before him. Thus he has made the orchestra what in quality it is. He has made it the creator of flawless, beautiful, ordered and moving sound. His is a genius as well as a passion for perfection of expression. He has taught his audiences, almost equally, the worth, pleasure and necessity of it.

There is the music that is deservedly classic, or that bears such a reputation; music that is neglected and unfamiliar; music that is making its way, or that is new and bold; music that entertains or taxes or thrills; music that one or another part of weekly audiences expects to hear in a series of concerts. Programme-making has indeed become one of the most delicate of the conductor's arts. He must keep not one but many balances even, and he must be steadily interesting. Recall Mr. Gericke's lists for any recent season. Note the careful adjustment in them of the classic and the ultra-modern, of the familiar and the unfamiliar, of the music of many sorts, schools and men. The academics and the romantics, the established masters and the most individual innovators, Frenchmen and Russians, Englishmen and Americans, Germans of many kinds, all find a due place. Seldom has Mr. Gericke repeated a classic or pursued a composer to excess. As seldom has he played new

music that had not some title to hear.

He has kept his audience in even pace with the new things, men and tendencies of music. Yet he has kept them familiar with the music that makes the standards and the history of the art. Scarcely a conductor devises programmes freer from personal idiosyncrasies and prejudices. Consider single programmes, and there is the same skill of arrangement and adjustment. Very seldom does Mr. Gericke overtax his men or his hearers. Very seldom does he fail to interest them. By the range of his programmes he has made the audiences at our Symphony concerts the most musically intelligent, the most catholic of taste and appreciation, the best informed musically in America. Year after year Mr. Gericke has read new music with his passion of thoroughness. We have heard what he picked from it. We have scarcely thought of all over which he has labored to no purpose, or of the perpetual watch that he has kept for our knowledge and our pleasure.

So Mr. Gericke has trained his orchestra, and so he has chosen the music it plays. To the playing of it, especially in the last two years, he has brought a unique blending of qualities. He has seemed to conceive the duty of a conductor to impart the music that the composer wrote in the mood or the passion and with the intent that it was written. He has not sought to interpret it through himself, but to enter into it and to transmit it. Impersonal conducting if one chooses to call it so; but conducting that has been very individual in its traits. It has been as catholic as its material. Yesterday it was transmitting with equal understanding, sympathy and fulness the Mendelssohn of the Italian symphony and the Richard Strauss of "Death and Transfiguration." In concert after concert it has ranged as widely and completely. To seize and to impart the distinguishing qualities, the peculiar essence, of each symphony, overture, tone-poem, what you will, has been its aim. Every "star" conductor has his "specialties" and tried battle-horses, with which he excels all his rivals. Mr. Gericke has been a conductor without "specialties" and without battle-horses. He has done all things, so to say, more well or less well. He has been the conductor that fifty concerts each season in a single city require. The "star" conductors come and go. Through thirteen musical years, and for six months of each of them, Mr. Gericke has been a fixed and steady "star." It is the human way of audiences to chafe and weary under high-pitched and clamorous individuality. They do not under impersonal work that maintains its even excellence, and rises on due occasion above it. Mr. Gericke has done such work, and the steady interest of his audiences has been the result and the reward of it.

This even excellence has sprung from a highly individual mingling of qualities. Never in recent years has Mr. Gericke played his classics dryly in dutiful routine. Never has he rested content with a technically



perfect performance, and no more. He has seemed to come freshly to them, with an impelling energy of insight and of feeling, with an eager responsiveness and a genuine passion to give them the fullest musical and emotional expression. He has never sought to inflate or distort them. His fine discrimination for each thing in its kind has protected him from that. Seemingly his aim has been to rekindle them with the ardor that burns through much of the music of our own generation. So he has recreated them each according to its nature. But with similar discrimination, he has understood that ardor alone will not suffice for more modern music. With all its appeal to passionate, poetic, pictorial and emotional utterance, and all its reliance upon rhythm, the playing of it must have clarity and structural substance, musical contour as well as tonal color, euphony, proportion and finesse, the insinuating beauty as well as the compelling power of sound. As Mr. Gericke has recreated his classics with the ardor he has caught from the moderns, so he has illumined his moderns with the formal perfections that his classics have demanded and cultivated. Thus he has heightened each in its kind. In the discernment that prompted him and in the union of qualities that he achieved lies one of his justest titles to eminence.

One trait in Mr. Gericke has crowned all these—his full, constant and unobtrusive sense of artistic honor. Whatever he has done, he has done to the best of his ability. He has left nothing to chance. He has slighted nothing. There has never been need to make allowance or excuses for him. Whatever his mood, he has subdued it to his task. Whatever the fatigue, he has held himself to his work until it were done. He has talked little, and seldom of ambitions and ideals. He has preferred to pursue them tirelessly. He has kept his artistic standards and held his band and his audiences to them. He has never obtruded himself. His work, to his public, has been the man.

H. T. P.

*Trans.* Here in Boston Apr. 23, 1906

A few days ago we printed a letter from a correspondent in which he took the audiences at the Symphony concerts gently to task for lack of appreciation of Mr. Higginson's work for the orchestra. Another correspondent, "Kay," now writes us on the same subject, and with a word of plausible explanation. The letter runs: "I would like to state what seems to me the true condition regarding the musical public's appreciation of Mr. Higginson's wonderful and long continued generosity to us. On every hand I hear gratitude expressed and the realization that without Mr. Higginson's help we could not have an orchestra, much less such an orchestra. But nine-tenths of the audiences are women, and women without a leader to show them how to express their gratitude to Mr. Higginson, who is so modest,

who keeps so out of reach, when do we have an opportunity to show our feelings towards him. We would one and all have such an opportunity. As it is, I rarely

leave Symphony Hall of a Friday afternoon that I do not wonder anew and gratefully at his generosity and wish he could know of our appreciation. I am only one 'weak sister' to speak up, but there are hundreds with the same grateful sentiments."

## IN THE WORLD OF MUSIC

### THE FINAL WEEK OF A LONG SEASON

A Note on the Symphony Concert—Mr. Gericke's "Farewells"—Recitals Next Week—The "Pops" Again—Of Singers as They See Themselves

*Trans.* Apr. 21, 1906  
For the day, since Mr. Gericke's final appearances here are so near, the usual review of the Symphony concert of Friday afternoon may properly give place to an article upon the larger aspects of his work with our orchestra and the distinctive qualities of his conducting. Naturally with the public of the Symphony concerts, the conductor and his leave-taking transcend the music on his programmes, the composers that wrote it, and the singers or the virtuosi who may assist in the playing of it. The hour is Mr. Gericke's and of right. Moreover, there was little in the programme of yesterday to invite fresh or minute comment. Of necessity Strauss's "Zarathustra" had been withdrawn, and "Death and Transfiguration," the most familiar of his tone-poems, substituted. For the third time in the current season, conductor and orchestra were playing it and with no whit less of searching and vivid musical detail at the beginning or of large eloquence at the end. Played as it was yesterday, there is no questioning Strauss's music. Conductor and men brought it to full expression and to the particular expression that the composer sought. Their playing of Weber's overture to his "Euryanthe" was as complete, illuminating and re-creating in its kind; and to Mendelssohn's "Italian" symphony, Mr. Gericke brought the animated elegance and the sensitive play of light and lyric fancy of the composer himself. No composer ever wrote, consciously or unconsciously, with so much air of the cultivated gentleman who finds music the readiest means of expression. When he composed the "Italian" symphony, the gentleman was in very high spirits. The new wine of Italy had mounted to his head and was running out of his fingers to his music paper. It has kept the symphony the most alive after these seventy years of all Mendelssohn's music. Yesterday it was almost as heady to hear.

H. T. P.

## MUSICAL MATTERS

### THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Programme, Apr. 23, 1906

Mendelssohn. "Italian" Symphony, A major.  
Grieg. Concerto for Piano, A minor.  
Soloist. Mme. Olga Samaroff.  
Strauss. Tone Poem. "Death and Transfiguration."  
Weber. Overture to "Euryanthe."

A good and healthy programme from first to last. "What?" asks the ferocious reader, "is such a subject as 'Death and Transfiguration' a healthy one?" Decidedly so. In its place the Death-feeling is as normal as that of Life, and this work is a triumph over the King of Terrors. "O Death where is thy sting! O Grave where is thy victory!" is not to be considered as a very morbid sentiment, and these words might stand as a motto for this masterpiece.

It is a very different matter with our modern composers who do not deal at all with euthanasia, but desire us to live in a charnel house. They wish us to sleep with corpses and carouse with skeletons. To set something like the following picture is their cheerful idea of the chief function of Music:—

A ghoul sits in the cypress gloom,  
Above a dank and mouldy tomb,  
Within the cemetery's mazes,  
Where vampire bats are thick as daisies.  
A dismal pool with fetid breath  
Whispers of murder and of death.  
Above the pool the screech-owl wings;  
In it are slimy, crawling things.  
And to the muttering midnight skies  
The steaming white miasmas rise.  
A weird sound sighs from yonder tree,  
On which a horrid fruit I see;  
The wind the tightened cords is twanging,  
From which three suicides are hanging.

We offer to furnish whole cart-loads of this stuff (which might be called "Maeterlinck made easy") to the modern horror-mongers, should their material run low; but we wish them to understand that Richard Strauss was not of their tribe until this present year and his "Salome."

The performance of the Strauss work was very effective, in spite of the absence of the whilom concert-melster (for Achilles still sulks in his tent), and aroused an enthusiasm that was not quelled until Mr. Gericke had bowed again and again and the orchestra had risen and joined in the salaams. The number was substituted for "Zarathustra," which would have been given but for the illness of the trumpeter, Mr. Kloeppel.

We can scarcely wonder at the illness and growing nervousness of musicians. At present the composers are demanding superhuman things of all of them. Mr. Kloeppel's work in the Mahler symphony, for example, was much more difficult than anything existing in the trumpet repertoire of a generation ago.

Could any of the great tone-soloists of today, who have utterly surpassed Mendelssohn in their scoring, write such a bit of musical sunshine as his "Italian" symphony? Could any of them make such a

perfect display of the violas as is given in its second movement? These instruments were gloriously played in the Andante and all the strings were at their very best in the work. There is also a word of praise to be spoken for the horns in the next movement, and for the brilliancy of the Saltarello which ended the work. We wonder whether the giant composers of the present will hold as well 60 years after their death as Mendelssohn has done. The symphony was applauded to the echo. Nevertheless one must not seek in Mendelssohn the modern strength, and one may miss the grander moods once in a while; but one ought not to seek for a frieze ulster when examining a lace mantilla. It was very comfortable music.

Mme. Olga Samaroff made a triumph in Grieg's concerto. We had this composition a year ago, played most prosaically by a celebrated pedagogue; at that time its poetry evaporated. But at this concert all its subtlety and charm was revealed. There was abundant power in the interpretation, but no forcing; beautiful romance, but no mawkishness; and the cadenza of the first movement became a very brilliant display of technique, chiefly in octave and heavy chord work.

The work wears better than one had thought; we now prize it higher at each repeated hearing. Yet we find its chief beauty in the short Adagio. Here we have that brooding melancholy of the North of which Grieg is such a poetic exponent. One can also praise the national flavor which is in the composition; the hearty jump of the Halling, the hop of the Spring-tanz, are in the brisk measures of the finale. Yet it is not a great concerto in the sense that Brahms' two, and Beethoven's last two concertos, are masterpieces; it is not a symphony with an interwoven thread of piano obbligato running through its warp and woof. It is rather an effective piano solo with an orchestral accompaniment and orchestral interludes.

The reminiscence-hunter may find "I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls" translated into Norwegian, in the finale, and some of the sharp contrasts are overdrawn by the composer, but just these points displayed Mme. Samaroff splendidly. She is evidently a master of the art of contrasts and of working up climaxes. Therefore the performance aroused unbounded enthusiasm. The artist was recalled so many times that we lost the count of her reappearances. She was obliged to come back to the platform some half-dozen times to acknowledge the unceasing applause. And the exquisite performance merited this unusual tribute.

The concert was remarkable for the keen interest displayed by the public from beginning to end. We do not recall an occasion where the "symphony" audience was so constantly enthusiastic and applaudive. But the climax of it all was in the work first described, the great composition of Richard Strauss. We were sorry to hear even the "Euryanthe" overture after this, although it was also excellently performed. It was the theatrical



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After the poetic, and one did not desire  
the footlight flavor after that death-bed  
scene. It was a distinct case of anti-  
climax.  
Louis C. Elson.

#### SYMPHONY CONCERTS.

The 25th. season of the Symphony concerts is fast drawing to a close, one more program terminating the present series, and also concluding Mr Gericke's conductorship of our symphony orchestra. The 23rd program introduced Mme Olga Samaroff as soloist for the first time at these concerts. She played Grieg's A minor pianoforte concerto. The orchestral selections were Mendelssohn's "Italian" symphony, "Death and Transfiguration," Richard Strauss, and the overture to Weber's opera, "Euryanthe." Mme Samaroff is a young pianist who has achieved a favorable reputation in the local musical field within the past year, for she has displayed abilities of a high order at several concerts, and her musical equipment appears to be based upon solid grounds, and not merely something with which to dazzle the auditor by reason of phenomenal technical dexterity. Of the latter she has aplenty and her other attainments are such that she can command respectful consideration in interpretations covering a wide and varied repertory of compositions. Mme Samaroff is a very attractive artist in her style of work and she acts like a thorough musician to "the finger tips."

In the cantabel passages of the first movement Mme Samaroff's tones were delightfully melodic, the "conversations" with the different instruments harmonized perfectly in expression and tempos, and the fortissimo measures showed that the pianist was well equipped physically. The florid bits and arpeggios of the second part were as crisp and brilliant as could reasonably be wished for, and all the different themes in the final movement were skillfully contrasted and developed. Mme Samaroff's reception was very cordial.

The orchestral association in the concerto was thoroughly effective. Mendelssohn's "Italian" symphony made a delightful introduction to the long but interesting program. The performance calls for no special criticism aside from the fact that the pendulum-like second part went smoothly in its rhythmic swing and the somewhat refined "saltarello" was played with becoming dash and brilliancy. The Strauss tone-poem, which was played here earlier in the season, Mr Gericke directed with his usual impressive effect and appreciation of the greatness of the composition. Weber's "Euryanthe" overture received just consideration in the hands of the orchestra.

No soloist is scheduled for the last program of the Symphony orchestra next Friday afternoon and Saturday evening, Mr Gericke's last appearance in Boston. All available seats for Saturday evening have long since been sold and the demand for the "rush" seats for Friday afternoon will undoubtedly be much larger than the supply. The program will be as follows: Berlioz, overture, "Carneval"; Bach, prelude, Adagio and Gavotte; Tschalkowsky, overture-fantasy, "Romeo and Juliet"; Beethoven, symphony, No. 5, in C minor. *Globe Apr 22 1906*

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It will be interesting to read the parting remarks in the Boston press when Gericke leaves that intellectual city. THE MUSICAL COURIER has always stoutly asserted that Gericke was not the proper man for the place he occupied. Under his moribund guidance the Boston Symphony Orchestra has lost in virility, in authority and in brilliancy. He will not be missed vitally in this country. It now remains to be seen what post of importance Europe will offer Gericke when he gets there—for he has already announced his intention of leaving America, which supplied him for thirteen years with the only real fame he ever achieved, and with the only real salary he was ever paid for conducting. Of course, he got money for conducting somewhere or other in a corner of Germany or Austria, but the pittances paid there to leaders do not pass here as salaries. THE MUSICAL COURIER will report faithfully all the fine offers to be made to Gericke from now on by London, Berlin, Paris, Vienna, Dresden, Prague, Leipsic, Munich, Madrid, St. Petersburg and Leopschütz.

SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1906

#### Programme.

MENDELSSOHN.	SYMPHONY No. 4, in A major. (Italian.)
GRIEG.	CONCERTO for PIANOFORTE.
RICHARD STRAUSS.	SYMPHONIC POEM, "Thus spake Zarathustra."
WEBER.	OVERTURE, to "Euryanthe."

Soloist:

Mme. SAMAROFF.



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WEBER.	OVERTURE, to "Euryanthe."

#### Soloist:

Mme. SAMAROFF.



SYMPHONY HALL

Tuesday Evening, April 24, at 8 o'clock

.....A.....

BENEFIT CONCERT

.... FOR ....

WILHELM GERICKE

Programme

BEETHOVEN . . . . . Overture, "Leonore," No. 3

CÉSAR FRANCK . . . . . Symphony in D minor

- I. Lento : Allegro non troppo.
- II. Allegretto.
- III. Allegro non troppo.

WEBER . . . . . Aria, "Wie nahte mir der Schlummer," from  
"Der Freischütz"

GOLDMARK . . . . . Overture, "Sakuntala"

WAGNER . . . . . Closing scene from "Götterdämmerung"

SOLOIST,  
Madame GADSKI.

After the symphony there will be an intermission of ten minutes



## BIG FAMILY PARTY.

*Glbe* — *Apr 25/06*  
Magnificent Tribute to  
Wilhelm Gericke.

### High Enthusiasm at Benefit Concert in Symphony Hall.

To judge by the enthusiasm with which he was greeted, and the reluctance with which the audience finally permitted the occasion to come to an end, last night's benefit concert in Symphony hall to Wilhelm Gericke was in no way intended to speed the parting. It was in a sense a family party; by far the majority of the people present were regular Friday afternoon and Saturday night attendants; everybody knew everybody else. Everybody was there who should have been there, and it was lucky that nobody tried to come who shouldn't have been there, because the hall was full to the last seat as it was.

It was an audience as brilliant as often appears at opera nights, in color; the "dressing" was less showy, but in every way regal and magnificent and handsome—and noticeably white and black.

Mr Gericke was given the customary wreaths of laurel, thick wheels of laurel, four feet or more across, tied with great streamers of red ribbons. There was one at the beginning, and he leaned it against the conductor's stand; there was another at the close of the first number, and he leaned it against the other side of the stand. And when he had to make room for Mme Gadski, he could hardly lift his laurels.

Hearts were very near the surface, unusually so for Boston; there seemed to be a deliberate effort to say in articulate, frantic applause that the people recognized what Mr Gericke's work with the orchestra has meant for music and for music lovers in this country, and a real affection for the man of the music. For after all, it is the conductor's personality and feelings that get most expression in the playing of a great band like this; his is the spirit that speaks, interpreting the thoughts of the masters through his many-voiced instrument.

It was symbolical that Maj Henry L. Higginson should enter almost the instant that the storm of applause grew, when the conductor appeared. Disdaining evening dress, simple, unaffected, seated in an inconspicuous place, and yet the mainspring of the whole situation—hardly anybody saw him; all eyes were on the righthand bank of the violins, round which Mr Gericke was to come. And, when he came, players and hearers received him standing.

Timothee Adamowski left his place at the head of the first violins, and disappeared as the conductor came on. He was back in a moment, tugging the great wreath of laurel. Amid tremendous applause he handed it to Mr Gericke, and the players beat applause with their bows on the backs of their addles. Mr Gericke bowed and shook hands with his concertmeister and the program was begun.

It would have been hard to select a series of works better suited to the occasion, and it would have been almost impossible to get any band to play them as the Symphony men did last night. They seemed inspired.

First was the Beethoven No 3 "Leonore" overture; then the Cesar Franck symphony in D minor, with its screaming unisons, that lift one clean into the exaltation of a dream, the unexpected intimacies and caresses of the melodies in its wonderful second movement, and its moving end—and then, Mme Gadski, singing Weber's best aria, "Wie nahte mir der Schlummer" from "Der Freischuetz." She was in splendid voice, and delivered the number with all possible feeling and consummate art.

The bracing Goldmark "Sakuntala" overture allowed her breathing space, and then came the music of the closing scene of the "Goetterdaemmerung," with the walls of Valhalla crashing down and Brunnhilde singing in the middle of it. It seems hard to believe, but the scene is more impressive on the concert platform than with the necessarily unimpressive fire scene before one's eyes. It is hard to forget that the fire one sees is safe, though within a theatre where fire is feared if it is big enough to reach to a single chorus girl; forced to visualize the fire and destruction through the music, one gets a far greater blaze.

There were roses for Mme Gadski, and recalls, and more recalls. She prettily insisted that the applause was for Mr Gericke, and he in turn, with perfect gravity and an eloquent gesture, turned all the admiration of the audience over to the orchestra. He made them stand up to acknowledge it; they had risen before, on his entrance and in recognition of the applause which was intended for him.

## BOSTON PAYS NOBLE TRIBUTE TO MR. GERICKE

Entire Audience Rises With Symphony Orchestra When He Is Presented Upon Entrance With Huge Wreath.

*Journal* — *Apr. 25, 1906*

A crowd of musical enthusiasts filled Symphony Hall last evening. They had come to show their admiration for Wilhelm Gericke, the conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra for the past five years, and for five other years now quite long ago, but who is soon to leave the fine organization of which he has been so great and powerful a part. The occasion was a testimonial to him and for his benefit, and in this practical way the people of this city showed how warm a place the great leader has in their regard, never more warm than at the present moment.

At Mr. Gericke's entrance the orchestra rose and Mr. Adamowski stepped forward with a huge wreath of laurel. Some women in the middle of the hall rose, too, and the infection of enthusiasm spread to the whole audience and it sprang to its feet amid tremendous clapping of hands, while the modest gentleman who was the cause of the remarkable demonstration bowed and smiled—a bit sadly it seemed. Another wreath came from an usher later on, and at the close of the concert the conductor was recalled several times, but was not prevailed upon to speak. It was not his official farewell.

The evening was one to be thoroughly enjoyed, for splendid musical fare was offered. The "Leonore," No. 3 overture, is always sure of its effect, and it was nobly played. Cesar Franck's magnificent D minor symphony has now thoroughly established itself as one of the supremely great works, while Goldmark's fascinating "Sakuntala" overture is never made stale by repetition. All of these things gave great delight.

Mme. Gadski presented her services as soloist, and her singing was a notable part of the fine concert. She was heard in the familiar "Freischuetz" aria and in the colossal last scene of "Gotterdammerung."

## GIFTS CROWN MR. GERICKE'S FINALE

Vase, Salver and Check for \$1200 Presented the Symphony Conductor at His Last Boston Concert.

IN APPRECIATION OF  
HIS 13 YEARS' SERVICE

## Famous Leader Makes His Formal Farewell at Last Performance of the Sym- phony Season.

*Herald* — *Apr. 29, 1906*

The Boston Symphony orchestra gave the 24th and final concert of its 25th season last evening in Symphony Hall, and Mr. Wilhelm Gericke then made his last appearance as the conductor of these concerts after 13 years of most honorable service (1884-89; 1898-1906).

The programme was as follows:

Overture, "The Roman Carnival".....Berlioz  
Prelude, Adagio and Gavotte...Bach-Bachrich  
"Romeo and Juliet," overture fantasia....  
Tschalkowsky  
Symphony in C minor.....Beethoven

These compositions are well known here and they do not demand on this occasion extended discussion, though an essayist might find pleasure in analyzing the different methods of three great romanticists, Beethoven, Berlioz and Tschalkowsky—for the Beethoven of the fifth symphony is surely a romanticist, even as the term is understood today.

But the feature of last night's concert was one of a peculiarly sentimental interest—the presentation of a vase, salver and a check for \$1200 to Mr. Gericke, tokens of appreciation and affection.

The vase and salver are the work of Mr. Arthur J. Stone of Gardner, Mass., of the Society of Arts and Crafts, from drawings by Mr. C. Howard Walker. The vase, which is 10 1/4 inches in height, is of simple form, with a delicate scroll decoration upon the shoulder of the vase, in the centre of which is the small figure of a winged Love conducting with a baton. Around the neck of the vase in fine gold letters is the following inscription: "To Wilhelm Gericke in grateful appreciation from friends and admirers, Boston, April 28, 1906." The salver has as a border a wave pattern of laurel branches with the berries in gold upon the lines of the musical staff.

After the performance of the symphony, Mr. Henry M. Rogers addressed the audience as follows:

"Ladies and Gentlemen—I have been requested to present to Mr. Gericke on the eve of his departure an expression of our grateful appreciation of all that he has done for us and for music in Boston during his residence among us. We have come to the close of the 25th season of the Symphony concerts. For more than one-half of that time Mr. Gericke has striven to make good the ideals of the founder of the Boston Symphony orchestra, who has made this occasion possible. Without further preface, I ask your sympathetic co-operation with me in the presentation of our gift.

Mr. Rogers then read to Mr. Gericke from the scroll designed by Mr. I. M. Gaugengigl which bears the names of the contributors: "We ask your acceptance of our gift as an expression of our gratitude, our esteem, and our affection. In these simple words we would attest our recognition of your measureless service and the attendant brilliant results; of your consistent uplifting and upholding of the ideal; and of your widespread influence for good."



that will gather strength as time goes on. For years you have given entire devotion to the Boston Symphony orchestra; its noble record of achievement is at once the history of its past and the inspiration of its future. You carry with you the affectionate regard and best wishes of this community, and the heartiest 'God speed' that can be uttered."

Mr. Gericke had been deeply moved by the heartiness of the welcome when

he came on the stage to conduct the overture by Berlioz. After Mr. Rogers' short address he was evidently overcome by his emotions, but he made a few remarks. He expressed his thanks to the founder and maintainer of the orchestra, to the public, to the critics, and to the players. Recalled again by the audience, which stood and cheered him, he bowed, but could not speak.

Thus ended the most brilliant season in the history of the Boston Symphony orchestra.

## Vase and Salver Presented as Parting Gifts to Retiring Symphony Conductor



*Globe*  
When Wilhelm Gericke, leader of the Boston symphony orchestra, mounted the conductor's stand to direct last evening's program he saw by the bouquets of red and white roses, tied with red, white and black ribbons—the Austrian colors—which hung from the stand, and the festoon of laurel which bordered the stage, that his last appearance in Boston, barring this evening's benefit for the San Francisco sufferers, was thoughtfully remembered. There

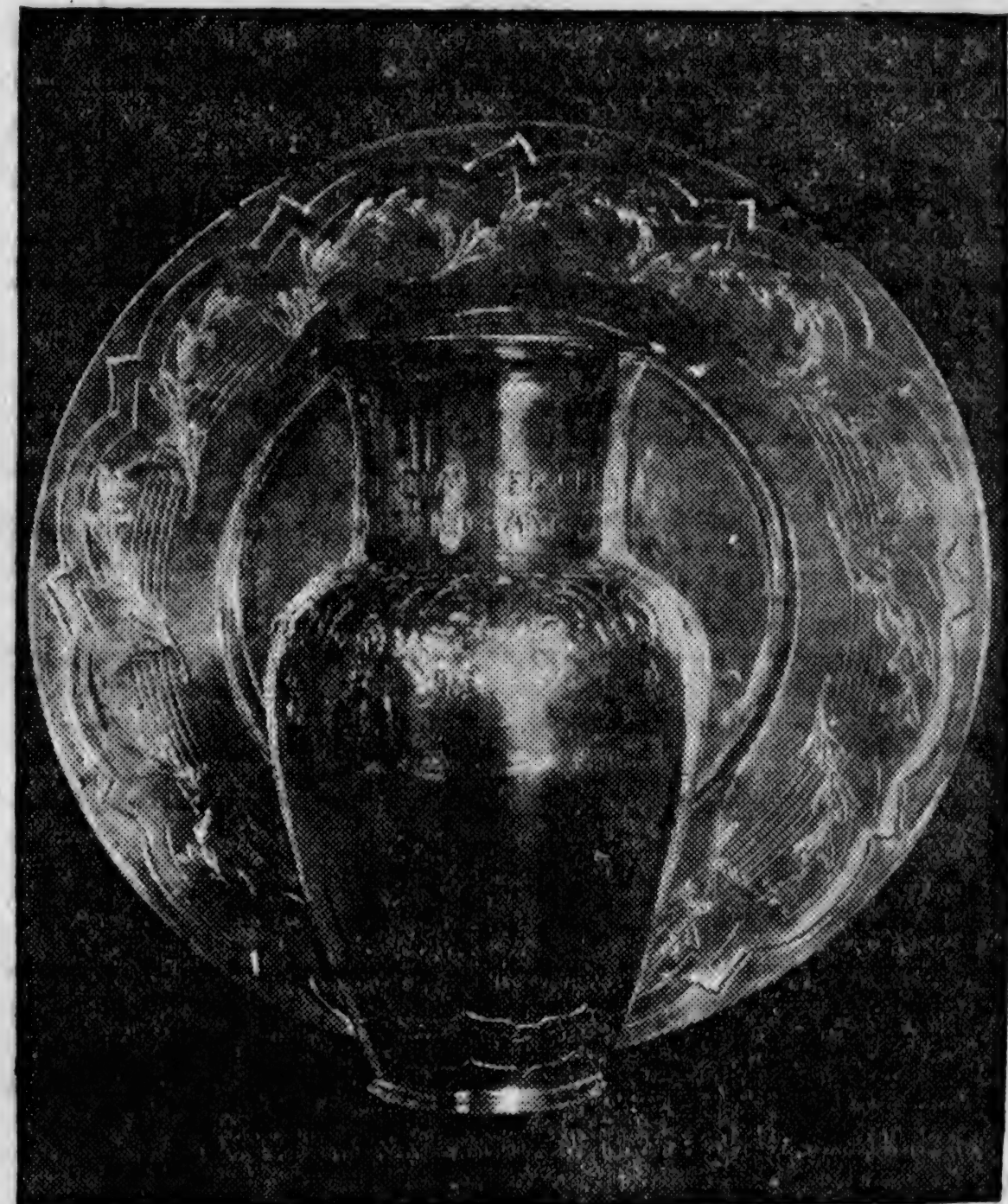
was no idea, however, in his mind of what was to follow.

The final number was, like all concluding selections, applauded enthusiastically, and the hand-clapping was continued while Mr. Gericke bowed several times. The demonstration did not cease even when he left the stage, and then it must have been clear to him that it was more than impersonal. Once again did he come forward and bow and then return "off stage."

But the applause had not been interrupted or diminished, and for a third time he stepped to the front. By this

# VASE, SALVER AND \$1200.

## *Globe Apr. 29, 1906* Gifts to Conductor Gericke, Who Is Leaving Boston.



SILVER VASE AND SALVER PRESENTED TO WILHELM GERICKE, LEADER OF THE SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA, FROM HIS BOSTON FRIENDS.

time the silver vase and salver which his friends and admirers had prepared for him had been placed in the center of the stage. There, too, stood Henry M. Rogers, who was then ready to make the presentation speech. Not until Mr

Rogers' first word did the audience stop applauding. Mr. Rogers said: "Ladies and Gentlemen—I have been requested to present to Mr. Gericke on the eve of his departure an expression



of our grateful appreciation of all that he has done for us and for music in Boston during his residence among us. (Applause.)

"We have come to the close of the 25th season of the Symphony concerts. For more than one-half of that time Mr Gericke has striven to make good the ideals of the founder of the Boston Symphony orchestra, who has made this occasion possible. (Applause.)

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At this point Mr Rogers read to Mr Gericke from the scroll, designed by Mr Gaugengigl, as follows:

"Mr Gericke—We ask your acceptance of our gift as an expression of our gratitude, our esteem and our affection. In these simple words we would attest our recognition of your measureless service and the attendant brilliant results; of your consistent uplifting and upholding of the ideal and of your widespread influence for good, that will gather strength as time goes on. For years you have given entire devotion to the Boston Symphony orchestra; its noble record of achievement is at once the history of its past and the inspiration of its future.

"You carry with you the affectionate regard and best wishes of this community, and the heartiest God Speed that can be uttered." (Applause.)

When Mr Rogers finished there was a renewal of the applause and it was continued while Mr Rogers walked over to Mr Gericke and shook his hand warmly and patted his shoulder several times. Mr Gericke bowed to Mr Rogers and then hopped upon the conductor's stand in much the same way he does at the beginning of a concert. Turning directly to Mr Rogers, he made an acknowledgment of the gifts. What he said, however, was lost to most of the audience, for as he spoke his head was turned sidewise. He said he fully appreciated the honor and took the opportunity to pay a high tribute to Maj Higginson who, he said, was deserving of greater credit than any one else. In conclusion he thanked his audience and the members of the orchestra and then bowed again.

The gathering of admirers was not satisfied to let it drop at that, but continued their applause until Mr Gericke placed his right hand on his heart and bowed five or six times more.

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The check, which is made in addition to the silver tribute, amounted to about \$1200.

## GERICKE TESTIMONIAL.

*Gercke* — *Apr. 22, 1906*  
Substantial Token of Boston's Esteem  
Will be Tendered the Retiring  
Leader of the Symphony.

Wilhelm Gericke, who with the end of the last season of the Boston Symphony orchestra, resigned as leader of that renowned organization, is soon to leave this country.

In all Mr Gericke has held the responsible position as leader of this musical organization for 13 years, and in that time has done much to fortify the reputation of Boston as a musical center in this country, in addition to giving enjoyment to the thousands who have heard the concerts given under his direction.

He has endeared himself to every music lover in Boston, and they in their turn now desire to present him some token of the great esteem in which he is held here. A committee of nearly 150 of the leading men and women of Boston have sent out a circular letter asking for subscriptions, not exceeding \$2 each, from those who desire to share in this testimonial of esteem and affection.

The letter states that subscriptions may be sent to Henry M. Rogers, 309 Beacon st., who has consented to act as treasurer of the fund. It is intended to have the name of every subscriber appear on a scroll to be presented Mr Gericke.

Those who signed the circular letter are as follows:

Mrs Louis Agassiz	Mr & Mrs L C Elson
Mr & Mrs S R Anthony	Mr & Mrs A Foote
Mr & Mrs T Allen	Prof & Mrs W G Farlow
Mrs Josef Adamowski	Miss Elsie Fay
Mrs T Adamowski	Miss Frances Thomson
Mrs Ole Bull	French
Mr & Mrs Bradlee	Mrs James T Field
Mrs Joseph Bell	Gov & Mrs C Guild Jr
Dr & Mrs H H A Beach	Mrs John L Gardner
Mr W P Blake	Mr & Mrs W Goodrich
Mr A Pierson Beebe	Mr Heinrich Gebhard
Mr & Mrs F E Converse	Mr I M Gaugengigl
Mr & Mrs Ralph Adams Cram	Mr E Howard Gay
Mr & Mrs C P Curtis	Mrs H H Gallison
Mr & Mrs Samuel Carr	Mr & Mrs John C Gray
Mr & Mrs E H Clement	Mr & Mrs G A Goddard
Miss Emma Cary	Mr & Mrs H L Higginson
Mr & Mrs R M Cushing	Mr & Mrs F L Higginson
Mr & Mrs R C Dixey	Mr & Mrs E B Hill
Miss Louisa Dresel	Mr & Mrs S H Hooper
Miss Ellis L Dresel	Mrs Edward C Pickering
Mrs F. Gordon Dexter	Prof J K Paine
Mr & Mrs E Hubbard	Mr & Mrs J Quincy
Mr & Mrs Philip Hale	Mrs William Barton
Mme Hopekirk	Rogers
Miss Hunt	Miss Catherine Russell
Mrs Julia Ward Howe	Mr & Mrs H M Rogers
Mrs George Howe	Mrs M S Russell
Miss Higginson	Prof & Mrs T W Richards
Miss B Higginson	ards
Mrs J H Hecht	Prof & Mrs B L Robinson
Mrs Richard J Hall	Prof & Mrs J H Ropes
Mr Clayton Johns	Mr & Mrs W Sargent
Miss Sarah Orne Jewett	Mrs George R Shaw
Mrs Phoebe A P Jenks	Mr & Mrs O C Stevens
Mrs F W Jones	Mr & Mrs G H Stoddard
Mr & Mrs B J Lang	Mr & Mrs C S Sargent
Miss Margaret Lang	Mrs Glendon Scull
Miss Alice Longfellow	Prof & Mrs C H Toy
Mr & Mrs T Loring	Miss Edith Thayer
Miss M C Loring	Mr & Mrs J G Thorpe
Mr C M Loeffler	Mr & Mrs S L Thorndike
Miss Lena Little	Mr & Mrs A Thorndike
Mr W A Locke	
Dr & Mrs S W Langmaid	

Dr & Mrs S J Mixer	Miss Mary A Tappan
Mr & Mrs N Matthews	Mr & Mrs F P Vinton
Dr & Mrs H L Morse	Mrs Roger Wolcott
Mr & Mrs Frank Galt Macomber	Mr & Mrs H M Whitney
Miss F P Mason	Dr & Mrs W F Whitney
Mr & Mrs J B Millet	Mr & Mrs O H Walker
Mrs E C Moore	Mr & Mrs A F Wadsworth
Prof C Elliot Norton	Dr & Mrs O F Wadsworth
Mr & Mrs H Parkman	Mr & Mrs S D Warren
Mr & Mrs F E Peabody	Mrs Andrew Weeks
Mr & Mrs W L Parker	Miss Mary May Winthrop
Mrs John C Phillips	Mr William F Winch
Mrs Ellerton Pratt	Miss Mary May Winsor
Pres & Mrs C W Elliot	
Dr & Mrs J W Elliot	
Mr & Mrs R D Evans	

# SOCIAL LIFE.

*Herald* — *Apr. 29, 1906*

There was a splendid audience at Symphony Hall Tuesday night for Mr. Gericke's benefit, and many in the hall were warm personal friends of the orchestra leader. The great and evidently very genuine demonstration must have been exceedingly gratifying to Mr. Gericke. Musically, the concert was of highest order. Two immense laurel wreaths were handed up to Mr. Gericke during the evening. Mme. Gadschi, the soloist, wore a Paris gown of pale blue, embroidered in silver. In the audience, largely representative of the best social and musical element, were Mr. and Mrs. F. I. Amory, Mrs. Amory wearing black lace; Mrs. John C. Gray, black jetté lace over white; Mrs. Oliver Ames, in white lace; Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Abbott, the latter wearing a gray princess gown with white lace; Mrs. John C. Phillips, in black, and Miss Anna Phillips, pale blue accordion plaited liberty; Mrs. F. S. Watson, pearl-gray voile; Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Goodrich, with Mr. T. Dennie Boardman, Mrs. Goodrich in black jetté net and lace; Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Converse, the latter all in black; Mrs. Eben D. Jordan, in gray silk; Miss Dorothy Jordan, pale blue chiffon and lace; Miss Rosamond Saltonstall, white Valenciennes lace; Miss Sally Lawrence, pale blue silk; Mr. and Mrs. Henry M. Whitney and Miss Laura Whitney, Mrs. Whitney wearing pale blue silk with white lace; Mr. and Mrs. Dudley Fay and Miss Rosamond Fay, Mrs. Fay in green brocade silk and lace; Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Luce, Mrs. Luce in cream lace, and Mrs. Matthew Luce, Sr., in black satin; Mrs. Pierre Severance, in black

lace over white, and Miss Emily Severance, in mode volle. Others there were Mrs. Gericke, with her daughter and mother; Mr. Robert M. Cushing, with Mrs. Andreas Andersen and Mr. Grafton Cushing; Mr. Horatio Lamb, Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Higginson, Mr. and Mrs. Richard C. Dixey, Miss Rosamond Dixey and Miss Mary Tappan, Mr. and Mrs. DeFord Bigelow, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Carr, Mrs. William P. Fay, Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Bradlee, Dr. and Mrs. Henry Lee Morse, Mr. B. J. Lang and Miss Rosamond Lang, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. P. Weeks, Miss Dorothy Bolles, Mr. and Mrs. James R. Poor, Mrs. B. P. Cheney and Miss Elizabeth Cheney, the Rev. Dr. and Mrs. William H. Lyon, Dr. Hall Curtis and his daughter, Mrs. Robert Heaton, Mrs. Adamowski, Mr. and Mrs. Boylston Beal, Mr. and Mrs. Francis R. Allen and Miss Dorothy Allen, Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Vinton, Mrs. Charles M. Clapp and Miss Clapp, Miss Fanny French, Mrs. Francis H. Peabody, Mr. and Mrs. Henry M. Rogers, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Young, Miss Kate Folsom, Mr. John P. Lyman and Mr. Gaugengigl, Mrs. John B. Osborn, Mrs. Roger Allen and Miss Rosamond Allen, Mrs. S. B. Field, the Misses Mills, Mrs. Arthur Mills and Miss Anna Mills, Miss Annie and Miss Abby Manning, Miss Katrine Coolidge, Miss Dorothy Fay, Mrs. Philip Hale, Miss Marlon Pierce and Mr. Johnson Morton. Last night after the concert, which ended the season and for which there was a tremendous audience, Mr. Henry M. Rogers stepped on the platform and presented Mr. Gericke with a vase valued at \$600 or more, made by the Arts and Crafts Society, and a check for a large amount from a number of his personal friends, which act of course brought enthusiasm to boiling point. The benefit, by the way, Tuesday night, made for Mr. Gericke about \$3500.

## SILVER CUP FOR WILHELM GERICKE

Great Conductor Bids Farewell to  
Boston and the Symphony  
Orchestra.

*B Journal* — *Apr. 30, 1906*  
The closing of the Symphony season on Saturday evening was an occasion



of both interest and regret. It marked the completion of a quarter of a century of these world-renowned concerts, and it was also the official and real farewell of Wilhelm Gericke, the conductor who has been the guiding spirit of the orchestra for more than half that time, and has, more than any other, made it great. The immense audience showed in no uncertain way its appreciation of his work; unusually hearty applause greeted the leader's appearance and this swelled and grew as piece after piece of the noble program was played until, as the last triumphal chords of the immortal "Fifth" symphony died away, it became an overwhelming tumult of hand-clapping and shouts.

#### A Gift of Silver.

At this point Henry M. Rogers stepped to the front of the stage bearing a beautiful silver cup and salver, the gift of a large number of Symphony-goers. A check for \$1200 was concealed somewhere about the vase's classic depths, and there was a parchment scroll reciting the reason for the tribute.

With deep earnestness Mr. Rogers made a little address of presentation, to which Mr. Gericke responded in almost voiceless emotion, thanking his friends, the orchestra and the musical writers. A final burst of applause and there passed from these concerts a great conductor, a man of all-around and satisfying ability, whose equal in respect of evenness and steadily likable qualities it will be hard to find.

#### Music Secondary.

For once the music was of secondary importance, and yet the brilliant charm of the Berlioz "Roman Carnival" overture, the placid beauty of the Bach pieces, the hot and eloquent passion of the Tchaikowsky "Romeo and Juliet" tone-poem and the classic romanticism of the "Fifth" Symphony were each full of enjoyment in turn.

It was a true Gericke program, played, for the most part, with customary elegance and spirit.

—Mr Gericke received a splendid ovation on Tuesday evening at his benefit concert, when a very brilliant audience completely filled Symphony hall. As Mr Gericke appeared upon the stage the orchestra rose and the whole audience followed, applauding for some minutes. Mr Adamowski, who has been taking the place of Mr Hess as concert master, then presented an immense laurel wreath tied with broad red ribbons, the years of their leader's service stamped in gold upon them. Mr Gericke came forward and bowed again and again, and there was no end to the enthusiasm of the audience, which manifested itself after all the selections of the program had been played. After the Leonora overture, a symphony by

Caesar Franck was played and then Mme Gadske, who had kindly proffered her services to Mr Gericke, sang an aria from "Der Freischütz." She was charming in a pale blue satin gown trimmed both skirt and bodice with lace, and wearing one red rose at the front of the corsage. A large bouquet of American beauty roses was handed her over the footlights. After the Sakuntala overture, there came the closing scene from "Götter Dämmerung" played gloriously by the orchestra and sung by Mme Gadske. Both Mr Gericke and Mme Gadske were several times recalled, but the audience were insistent that Mr Gericke should appear alone, which he did amid unbounded applause. A few in the house were Mr and Mrs Leverett Tuckerman, Mrs William P. Fay, Miss Katherine Fay, Dr and Mrs Frank Harrington, Mr and Mrs Richard C. Dixey, Mr and Mrs Elliot Hubbard, Mrs Thomas Allen, Miss Allen in pale gray and gray cloak; Mrs John C. Phillips, Miss Anna Phillips, in pale light blue striped satin, with lace trimmings; Mr and Mrs Frederic S. Converse, the latter in black velvet and lace; Mr and Mrs Henry L. Higginson, the latter in black Spanish lace; Mrs Phoebe Jenks, Mr and Mrs James Lowell Putnam, Mr and Mrs Boylston Beal and Mrs Gordon Dexter formed a party in the balcony; Mrs Dexter in emerald green velvet, Mrs Putnam in pale gray with lace and Mrs Beal in light blue with pink roses; Mr Robert M. Cushing with his daughter, Mrs Edward James, in black crepe de chine with transparent yoke of cluny lace; Mr Grafton Cushing, Mr and Mrs Gordon Abbott, the latter in an exquisite princess gown of gray crepe de chine, the sleeves of heavy lace the same shade; Mrs John L. Gardner, Miss Rosamund Saltonstall, in white valenciennes lace; Miss Barbara Higginson, in white lace with flounces trimmed with pale blue ribbon; Mrs Timothee Adamowski, in pompadour silk muslin with touches of blue at the bodice; Mr and Mrs Winthrop Sargent, Mrs Sargent, in pale gray silk and gray cloak; Mrs Francis Watson, in ecru voile and wearing a superb Persian silk wrap; Mr and Mrs Wallace Goodrich, Mrs Goodrich, in black velvet; Mr T. Dennie Boardman, Mr and Mrs Lang, Mrs Francis H. Peabody, Mr W. P. Blake, Miss Anne Dehon Blake, Mr and Mrs Henry M. Rogers, Mrs Bernard C. Weld, Mrs Seth Sprague, Miss Hooper, Dr Frederic Jack, Dr and Mrs Henry Lee Morse, Mrs George Rice, Mrs Wheatland, Mrs James P. Stearns, Mme Szumowska; Mrs Parkman Blake and Mrs Gericke, with her little daughter and her mother. *Globe Apr. 29, 1906*

#### A Letter from Mr. Gericke to His Friends

The following letter from Mr. Gericke, which we owe to the courtesy of Mr. Henry M. Rogers, explains itself and is its own excuse for publication:

Brookline, Mass., April 30, 1906.

My Dear Mr. Rogers—I should like to express my heartfelt appreciation and gratitude through you to all whose names are signed on the scroll that accompanied the beautiful and truly artistic vase presented to me, together with a most generous token of goodwill, and, if I may say it, of affection.

During my life in Boston, I have often been made happy by assurance of private friendships, and I have often been deeply moved by the more than friendly disposition of the Symphony audiences towards me; but I was wholly unprepared for the tribute paid me last week, a tribute of which I wish I could feel I were more worthy.

When I received the gifts in public, my feelings overcame me, and I knew that my few words were an inadequate expression of my thoughts. There were many things I wished to say, but even now I hardly know how to say them. Believe me, I am truly grateful. The knowledge that the musical community and the public at large were so kindly disposed toward me will be a deep and abiding pleasure during my remaining years. Yours faithfully,

Wilhelm Gericke.

#### GERICKE GRATEFUL.

Former Symphony Conductor Expresses Thanks for Magnificent Scroll and Vase Given Him.

The following letter from Mr. Gericke explains itself and is its own excuse for publication:

Mr. Henry M. Rogers, Boston:

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WILHELM GERIQUE.  
Brookline, April 30, 1906.

## GERICKE RETURNS THANKS FOR GIFTS

Expresses His Deep Gratitude to  
Symphony-Goers for Their Recent Kindly Remembrance.

*B. Journal May 3 1906*

Henry M. Rogers, who, in behalf of a large number of Symphony-goers, presented Conductor Gericke with a silver vase and salver last Saturday evening, on the event of his retirement from the orchestra, has received the following:

My Dear Mr. Rogers—I should like to express my heartfelt appreciation and gratitude through you to all whose names are signed on the scroll that accompanied the beautiful and truly artistic vase presented to me, together with a most generous token of goodwill, and, if I may say it, of affection.

During my life in Boston I have often been made happy by assurance of private friendships, and I have often been deeply moved by the more than friendly disposition of the Symphony audiences toward me; but I was wholly unprepared for the tribute paid me last week, a tribute of which I wish I could feel I were more worthy.

When I received the gifts in public my feelings overcame me, and I knew that my few words were an inadequate expression of my thoughts. There were many things I wished to say, but even now I hardly know how to say them. Believe me, I am truly grateful. The knowledge that the musical community and the public at large were so kindly disposed toward me will be a deep and abiding pleasure during my remaining years. Yours faithfully,  
WILHELM GERIQUE.

Mr. Gericke left Boston yesterday going to New York whence he sails for Cherbourg on Tuesday. He intends to spend a month in Paris and then to go to Switzerland for the summer. In the autumn he will settle at Vienna. *May 7 1906*

The board of directors of the Boston symphony orchestra pension fund wishes to acknowledge the gift of \$300 made to the fund by Mr Gericke, the retiring conductor of the orchestra.

When William Gericke leaves Boston he will take with him the portrait of his daughter, Maïda Gericke, which has just been finished by Miss Annie B. Shepley, well known as a painter of children.

MAROFF.



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*Symphony Hall.*

SEASON 1905-06.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor.

XXIV. CONCERT.

(Last of the Season.)

SATURDAY, APRIL 28, AT 8, P. M.

Programme.

BERLIOZ.

OVERTURE, "The Roman Carnival." op. 9.

BACH.

PRELUDE, ADAGIO and GAVOTTE, in Rondo form.  
(Arranged for Strings by SIGISMUND BACHRICH.)

TSCHAIKOWSKY.

OVERTURE, "Romeo and Juliet," Fantasia after Shakespeare.

BEETHOVEN.

SYMPHONY in C minor, No. 5, op. 67.  
I. Allegro con brio.  
II. Andante con moto.  
III. Allegro: Trio.  
IV. Allegro.

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# BADE GERICKE GOOD-BYE IN TRIUMPH.

*Bata American 1906*  
Vase, Salver and Check Presented to Retiring Conductor at Symphony Concert.

FESTAL AUDIENCE  
GAVE HIM CHEERS

*By Kent Perkins.*

Although the final concert of the season in Symphony Hall last night took the form of a farewell to Wilhelm Gericke, the retiring conductor of the orchestra, there was no note of sadness in the great audience that crowded the hall or in the brief ceremony of good-bye that followed the last number on the programme.

There was plenty of regret at parting from the leader who has guided the artistic steps of the organization for more than half of the twenty-five years of its existence, but all sadness was overwhelmed and submerged in the outpouring of ardent esteem and respect that made the evening one of festal triumph rather than of sorrow.

**Greeted With Hearty Applause.**

The conductor's stand was garbed in wreaths and decorated with ribbons. Mr. Gericke was greeted with a great outburst of applause when he appeared, and for many minutes the insistence of his admirers would not let him begin the concert.

In the presentation of the programme, one of the greatest of the season in the noble elevation of all the numbers, the orchestra caught the spirit of the occasion and worked with a unity and enthusiasm that were inspiring.

The music was as follows: The "Roman Carnival" overture; Bach's Adagio and Gavotte in rondo form, arranged for strings by Bachrich; Tschalkowsky's "Romeo and Juliet" overture and Beethoven's splendid fifth symphony. At the close of the symphony and after Mr. Gericke had retired amid the applause and cheers, a handsome silver salver and vase were brought forward and placed on a stand beside the conductor's platform. The vase contained a handsome bunch of

orchids. Then Henry M. Rogers stepped upon the stage and waited till Mr. Gericke was brought back, evidently a bit dazed by the unusual aspect of affairs on the Symphony platform.

**Scroll Went with Gift.**

Mr. Rogers, in a few simple but eloquent words, explained that the gift was an expression of grateful appreciation from Mr. Gericke's friends, not forgetting a tribute to Major Higginson, the founder of the orchestra, and read a scroll that was designed by Mr. Gaugengigl and accompanied the gift. The scroll said:

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## Symphony Hall.

Twenty-Sixth Season, 1906-1907.

# The Boston Symphony Orchestra

Opening Concert,

SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 13, 1906.



# BADE GERICKE GOOD-BYE IN TRIUMPH.

*Boston American 7/12/29*

Vase, Salver and Check Presented to Retiring Conductor at Symphony Concert.

FESTAL AUDIENCE  
GAVE HIM CHEERS

*By Kent Perkins.*

Although the final concert of the season in Symphony Hall last night took the form of a farewell to Wilhelm Gericke, the retiring conductor of the orchestra, there was no note of sadness in the great audience that crowded the hall or in the brief ceremony of good-bye that followed the last number on the programme.

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Symphony Hall.

Twenty-Sixth Season, 1906-1907.

## The Boston Symphony Orchestra

Opening Concert,

SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 13, 1906.



## Closing Concert of the Symphony Season.

### "Pops" Begin Tuesday Night--- Frisco Fund Benefits.

### Sousa Tonight — Other Events of the Week.

Globe — Apr. 29, 1906

The closing program of the 25th season of the Boston symphony orchestra contained no solo numbers. It was wholly orchestral and comprised the overture to "The Roman Carnival," Berlioz; prelude, adagio and gavotte in rondo form, Bach; the overture fantasia, "Romeo and Juliet," Tschalkowsky, and Beethoven's Fifth symphony. Since Mr Gericke's resignation as conductor has become known, patrons of the symphonies have begun to express their appreciation of his high abilities by an unusual amount of applause, just as if he was a soloist, and the former lethargy so marked at the rehearsals and concerts has apparently been supplanted, temporarily at least, by real honest and hearty plaudits for conductor and men. Last week the demonstrations were specially enthusiastic, and after nearly every selection Mr Gericke was obliged to bow many responses to applause and also, in the Bach number particularly, the men came in for their share and rose from their seats to make acknowledgments.

And the last program made the performances seem so "homelike," as it were. Just the regular magnificent orchestra and the regular audiences to enjoy the beautiful interpretations. The delicately fantastic "Carnival" by Berlioz went with a swing and verve that fairly set one's feet a-tripping its delightful measures. All the brief responses by the basses and wood winds were played in perfect time, despite the rapidity of the tempos.

The quality of the string contingent of the orchestra was displayed in splendid form in the Bach prelude, adagio and gavotte, which frequently serve as solo pieces for violinists. In the arrangement for string orchestra there is but little change from the original form and so each player practically becomes a soloist. The unanimity of the orchestral work was seemingly perfect and the wonderful smooth and harmonious interpretation made the piece the gem of the interesting program. Mr Gericke insisted that his men deserved the applause, not he, so they stood up once or twice and bowed to the auditors.

The Tschalkowski overture and Beethoven's grand symphony were given with splendid effect, as if Mr Gericke and his associates, being in thorough sympathy with the occasion,

determined to make the closing of the regular season under his guidance a memorable event. The enthusiasm which ran through the whole performance culminated in a very pleasing finale, an account of which will be found in another part of the Sunday Globe.

In the regular summary for the season printed in the program it appears that 48 composers were represented on the 24 weekly programs and just 100 different works were played. Beethoven led with eight, Wagner followed with seven to his credit, then came Liszt with six. Bach, Mendelssohn, Mozart, R. Strauss, Tschalkowsky and Weber had four each. Eighteen compositions were performed for the first time in Boston, three symphonies, six symphonic poems, five overtures and preludes, one suite and three concertos.

Twenty-four soloists appeared, pianists and violinists occupying first place, seven each. Mr Vincent d'Indy, the celebrated French composer, conducted two concerts by invitation, and Mr Hess and Mr Strube of the orchestra also led performances at various times.

### SYMPHONY CONTRIBUTION.

Boston's Famous Orchestra Raised  
\$2485.50 for the Aid of the  
California Sufferers.

*Herald* — May 1, 1906  
The following letter has been sent by F. G. Roby, cashier of the Boston Symphony orchestra, to Kidder, Peabody & Co.:

Dear Sirs: I have the pleasure of sending you a check for \$2485.50, which represents the gross receipts from the concert given last evening by the members of the Boston Symphony orchestra for the benefit of the San Francisco relief fund, to which please apply it. At the same time, we desire to acknowledge the services of Mr. Wilhelm Gericke, conductor; of Mme. Olga Samaroff, soloist, and of all the others who have enabled us to turn over the entire receipts of the concert. Inclosed you will find a box office statement showing the receipts in detail. Very truly yours,

CHAS. A. ELLIS, Manager.  
FRED R. COMEE, Asst. Manager.

Received and sold 564 at \$1.50....	\$846.00
Received and sold 772 at \$1.00....	772.00
Received and sold 392 at 75c.....	294.00
Received and sold \$41 at 50c.....	420.50
And sold 306 admissions at 50c....	153.00

Total.....\$2,485.50  
F. G. ROBY, Cashier.

Boston, April 30, 1906.

### Good-By to Gericke

*Journal* — May 8, 1906

Today Mr. Wilhelm Gericke, for so many years and for two separate periods conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, sets sail for Germany, quite likely to return no more. Mr. Gericke is now in the sixties, and his homeland will strengthen her hold upon him as the years go by. It is worth noting that he is in far better physical condition than when he left Boston before, some fifteen years ago, but for all that, the chances are against his returning to America. We say it with regret, for even if Boston is not disposed to require his

services again, there are other orchestras in the country to which he would be of inestimable value. It is, of course, not yet impossible that some one of them will be wise enough to secure him.

Mr. Gericke has been a good citizen and a gentleman of high purposes, as well as a great musician, during his residence in Boston, and all who have come under his influence will wish him long life and much prosperity as he retires from the post he has done so much to adorn.

## MUSICAL MATTERS

### THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

PROGRAMME. *Globe* 30/4/06  
Berlioz. "Carnival Romaine," Overture.  
Bach. Prelude, Adagio and Gavotte, for String Orchestra.  
Tschalkowsky. "Romeo and Juliet," Overture.  
Beethoven. Symphony in C minor, No. 5.

The symphonic season is done and already Mr. Adamowski, Mr. Comee and the "Pops" loom upon the horizon. The concert of Saturday was in some degree a landmark, an epoch. It rounded out the quarter-century of orchestral work of the organization, and it ended the term of service of the great conductor, Mr. Gericke. As we intimated, last Wednesday, the real farewell was spoken by the Symphony audience at a Symphony concert, and not at the extraneous "benefit" performance. It was a scene of remarkable enthusiasm from first to last. The applause at the appearance of Mr. Gericke was very prolonged. Every number was punctuated with abnormal fervor on the part of the audience.

In spite of its being wholly an orchestral concert (and the public loves a soloist) every seat was occupied. The programme was typical of Mr. Gericke's moderately conservative taste. Having presented, with the most pains-taking care, many compositions with which he was not in perfect sympathy, the conductor evidently made up the two last programmes to suit himself, and brought in some of those old classics which he loves best. The public seems to begin to share these tastes.

There are signs that the ultra-modern fever has almost run its course and that the "unearthly beauty" of D'Indy, and the "intangible perfume" of Debussy, the eccentricities of Mahler, and the fetid morbidity of the later works of Strauss and Loeffler will soon give way to a healthier atmosphere and more easily discerned charms. Our Boston symphony concert audiences are certainly not below the average in intelligence and quick perception, and they show unmistakably how much they prize the older school above the modern strivings. If only a Genius would now arise whose tendency should be melodic the

reaction would be quickly accomplished. The "Roman Carnival" overture was beautifully performed in every part; its tender English horn melody, its chromatic whirlwinds, its wild dance rhythms, were all perfectly caught up.

The Bach selections showed the brilliancy of our string orchestra—if that needed demonstration—and was the most attractive feature of the concert. The melody of that grand Adagio was as serene as an Athenian frieze, and as lofty. Not only was the conductor obliged to bow his acknowledgments of the applause after the Bach work three or four times, but the whole orchestra of strings rose twice in response to the unceasing enthusiasm.

Tschalkowsky's great overture came in excellent contrast, for this composer is most modern in orchestration and in emotional power, yet always coherent and often melodic. There is more made of the Montague-Capulet feuds than of the lovers. In this work, yet an English-horn Romeo and a muted-violin Juliet can be identified. But there was also something like the following:—

Bassoon (tauntingly)—"Do you bite your thumb, at us, sir?"  
Clarinet (yelling)—"I do bite my thumb, sir."

Whereupon would follow "alarums and excursions" and a general melee. It is singular that the highest musical expression of Shakespeare's play has been on the instrumental side, for Berlioz's Balcony Scene, from his symphony, and this overture, outweigh all the tenor and soprano warblings that have clustered around the subject.

We somewhat doubt the statement of the symphony programme book that this overture was played by the Philharmonic Orchestra under Listemann in Boston, Nov. 16, 1890.

Beethoven's fifth symphony was nobly played and was a fitting finale of the Gericke regime. In its time this was considered very advanced music. The trombones had never been used in symphony before this, and the figure development of the first movement and the furious work of the contrabasses in the Trio of the Scherzo were far in advance of their epoch. We have never heard the contrabass phrases so clearly given. We fancy that the difficulty of this portion of the work was intended by Beethoven as a reply to Weber who had satirized the difficult contrabass passages which end the fourth symphony.

When the symphony had ended the climax of the remarkable enthusiasm of the evening was reached. Of course this was intended for the conductor personally. In the midst of this tumult Mr. Henry M. Rogers was seen upon the platform with a vase and salver of silver. Mr. Gericke at first was unaware of his presence, but was finally corralled and made to hear his own praises. Mr. Rogers spoke eloquently of his services and of their appreciation by the community, nor did he forget the "Deus ex Machina," the founder of the



orchestra, our most public-spirited Bostonian.

There has never been a voice heard in Symphony Hall that was clearer or more easily followed than that of Mr. Rogers. His address was a keen delight to all and was often interrupted by applause.

Mr. Gericke was evidently touched by the heartiness of it all and could scarcely respond in studied phrases, but there was evident sincerity in every word of his thanks to the public, to the donors of the gift (and there was a large check added to the silver ware), to Mr. Higginson, to the orchestra, and to the critics. The audience and the orchestra stood up and cheers and "bravos" filled the hall.

Thus was the "VALE," and now—**QUIS VENIT?**  
Louis C. Elson.

### The Last Symphony Concert

Of courtesy and of right there was no "assisting" singer or virtuoso to divide with Mr. Gericke yesterday the honors of his last afternoon concert. Of wisdom he had put familiar compositions on his programme—Berlioz's overture, "The Roman Carnival" (the first and last of the Frenchman's music to be played at the Symphony concerts this season); the little suite for strings that the Viennese pedagogue, Bachrich, arranged from Bach; Tschlakovski's fantasia, "Romeo and Juliet," and Beethoven's fifth symphony. Conductor and band have many times glorified Berlioz's overture. The suite has served before as a mirror of the virtues of our string choir, and its playing has reflected as clearly the beauty and the vivacity of Bach's musical line. Each alternate year Mr. Gericke and his men have recreated Beethoven's C-minor symphony. Only for Tchaikovsky's tone-poem—for in spirit, in not in strict form, his "overture-fantasi" is such—was the audience at all unprepared. It could give its mind as freely as it chose to Mr. Gericke and to the leave-taking for which it had come.

Though the elect ladies of the afternoon concerts filled the parquet and the lower balcony, it was really the farewell of the "rush seats." They have been the faithfullest of Mr. Gericke's auditors week upon week and season upon season, and they have proved their faith by their works of patience and endurance, in sunshine and storm, in cold and wind, on the bleak steps of Symphony Hall. The 525 who were eagerest and most forehanded filled the second balcony yesterday. The belated, the careless and the disappointed were many; but for them, as well as for themselves, the 525 broke into very warm applause when Mr. Gericke stepped upon the stage. The parquet answered to the spur, and for the first time in years an afternoon concert did not begin "at 2.30 precisely." Three minutes—and that is long time for clapping—went to applause, and there were four minutes more of it at the end of the concert. To a man—or oftener to a woman—

the 525 stood in their places and recalled the conductor time and again. Parquet and lower balcony kept pace with them and even pressed and clustered toward the stage. The white of handkerchiefs twinkled here and there. The men of the orchestra lingered and watched, and before them and before the clapping house stood Mr. Gericke with the familiar gesture half of sincere acknowledgment, half of as sincere deprecation, that he has used so often of late. Again, as on Tuesday, face and bearing spoke more clearly and deeply for him than words. It was a pity, for the moment, that the "rush seats" were not nearer. At least he looked straight toward them. There must have been the telepathy that understands.

Rarely, the season through, has an afternoon concert gone with such fire. Only in Tchaikovsky's fantasy did this ardor cool, and at best the Russian's music in this particular tone-poem is not very heating. Recall the consuming longing, the absorbing sensuous feeling of the lovers' music in his "Francesca da Rimini," and the tremulous background, as of the amorous rustle of the garden, against which it flows. Contrast with it this earlier music of Romeo and Juliet, and their passion with the fluttering chords behind like the murmurs of the Italian night. In "Francesca" Tchaikovsky wrote with inspiration. In "Romeo and Juliet" there is only imagination, and barely enough to lift the music of the warring houses above very energetic commonplace. Tchaikovsky held no compelling pen as he wrote. There is more thought as one listens, of orchestral virtuosity than of Shakespeare's lovers.

Elsewhere the mood of the hour was stimulating conductor, orchestra and audience to reciprocal responsiveness. Berlioz's overture seemed to leap from the band. The romantic energy of the music told as it seldom tells. The dance tune was as "devilishly vivace" as Berlioz himself could have wished. The music seemed to gather ardor and brilliancy as it sprang forward. For once Berlioz was striking home almost with every phrase and every figure, and it is such a performance that his music needs, if it is to touch half the height of his imaginings. Conductor and orchestra must drive it to the hilts. Then, as it did yesterday, it stabs. There was similar quick spirit in the string choir through Bach's suite. The prelude was luminous musical line that seemed by a kind of tonal magic to be ever curving into some new arabesque of beautiful sound. The adagio was as the melting of one of those curves. The gavotte seemed as magical in its rhythm. This eagerness and responsiveness broadened and deepened into a passion of power as conductor and men swept through the fifth symphony. The impact of the opening measures was electrical to the ear and the imagination. Beethoven's music rose and fell, parted and united, whispered or stormed, struggled or spoke full as though it were a sea of impassioned sound. The

pellucid flow of the andante, with the reiterated phrase throbbing underneath with insistent grace, was a delight to the ear and the fancy. Never once did the curve waver or harden. The leap from the scherzo to the triumphant finale was a tonal flash and then to the end the great chords smote. Not often has Mr. Gericke given us so mighty a Beethoven, even in this symphony. Throughout his was sustained power of understanding and expression. There were moments when it rose very close to grandeur.  
H. T. P.

### Here in Boston

On account of the illness of the first trumpeter of the Symphony Orchestra, upon whom much depends in "Zarathustra," Mr. Gericke has been obliged to take Strauss's tone-poem from the programme of the concerts of Friday and Saturday. For it he has substituted the same composer's earlier piece, "Death and Transfiguration," most familiar and best liked of all Strauss's music and eloquently played at a pair of concerts last October. Unfortunately "Zarathustra" must be abandoned for the season, as the programme for the final pair of concerts for Mr. Gericke's last appearances here is to consist of familiar music. It will include Beethoven's Fifth Symphony and Tchaikovsky's "Romeo and Juliet," and there will be no soloist.

## THE END OF THE SEASON

### AGLANCE BACKWARD AND A GLIMPSE FORWARD

The Last Symphony Concert—The "Rush Seats" and Mr. Gericke—The Beginning of "The Pops"—A Concert of American Music—The Miracle of a Self-Supporting Orchestra—Musical News

Except for a few belated recitals, our musical year is ending tonight with the final concert of the Symphony Orchestra. It were easy, with patient diligence, to compile the statistics of the season. Our orchestra, for example, has given fifty-two concerts; the Kneisel Quartet, ten; and so forth and so on. This eminent pianist has appeared on such a day, and that distinguished violinist has taken leave on such another. We have heard this new symphony on the fourth day of the third month, and that new piano piece on the eighth day of the fifth month. But it is not by "tabular views" that most of us recall a season. We may have quite forgotten that Mahler's fifth symphony was played here for the first time between a quarter past three and a quarter past four on the afternoon of Friday, Feb. 2, 1906, the weather being clear, but we do recall

the deep pleasure of power and beauty, of individuality, mastery and passion that many of us received from it. Most of us would have to consult the tables of the programme book to remember how many compositions by Schubert or Schumann, Mr. Gericke has played since last October, but there is no forgetting his re-creation of two of their symphonies. We may not enumerate the quartets that Mr. Kneisel and his brethren and Mr. Hess and his have played for us, but we do remember the pleasure, each in its kind, that they have given. The eminent singers have come and gone—Sembrich, Eames, Calvé, Gadski, and others less distinguished. The virtuosi have passed with them—Marie Hall, Heermann, Kubelik and Marteau for violinists; Bauer, Pugno, Reisenauer, Miss Aus der Ohe and Mme. Samaroff for pianists. Our choral societies have given their usual concerts. The Sunday Chamber Concerts have taken root. There has been new music that was interesting and impressive, and new music that was barren and disappointing.

In most respects the season has been much as other seasons. Unfortunately the company of the Metropolitan Opera House has paid us no visit, but we at least brought forth a highly creditable opera of our own in Mr. Converse's "Pipe of Desire." By way of especial distinction so eminent a composer as Mr. d'Indy and so remarkable a conductor as Mr. Weingartner have come to us. For the fifth time in the history of our orchestra we are parting with its conductor and with the conductor who beyond any other man has made the band what musically it is. The audiences at many concerts, outside the regular series of the established societies, and sometimes with them have been exceptionally small, and there has been less interest than usual in the visits of the virtuosi. There are such seasons in the life of every musical capital. They come and they go. When the virtuosi and their managers find us so indifferent that they will not come to us, then we shall cry to have them back again. It is the way of human nature.

It is pleasanter, at the end of a season, to look forward to the next, though it be six months away. In the interval a new conductor will be chosen for our orchestra. He may be already distinguished in his art. Or he may be one of the younger men with the promise of such distinction in him, as Mr. Gericke and Mr. Nikisch were when they first came to us. In either alternative, his coming and the qualities he may disclose in his work will make the Symphony concerts, next year, unusually interesting. There is much likelihood, also, that we shall have our fortnight of opera from one or the other rival houses in New York, perhaps from both. Mr. Conried has shown signs of recovery from his plique against Boston. The Western tour of his company this spring hardly prospered. A year hence it is likely to stay nearer home, and in it at last, if it does visit Boston,



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Hardly had THE MUSICAL COURIER nailed the first Sun story before this far more amazing mess appeared in the same paper, issue of March 31:

### TO HAVE GERICKE'S PLACE. 1906 GUSTAV MAHLER, OF VIENNA, MAY CONDUCT BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

According to advices received here yesterday from Vienna, Gustav Mahler, now conductor of the Imperial Opera House in Vienna, is to be the next conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Mahler will not be at liberty, however, to come here until a year from next October. It has been announced that the orchestra's plans will not be divulged until after the farewell concert of Wilhelm Gericke, on April 26.

It is probable that Fritz Steinbach, in spite of his denial, will come for this interregnum. The possibility that Mr. Gericke may still be engaged for another year is by no means excluded from consideration. If Colonel Higginson will accept his terms Mr. Gericke will be able to remain.

The decision of Felix Weingartner not to return to the New York Symphony Orchestra next winter is closely connected with Gustav Mahler's call to Boston. Mr. Weingartner will, in accordance with present plans, be called to Munich to succeed Felix Mottl at the Prinz Regent Theatre there. Mr. Mottl is expected to be the successor of Mahler in Vienna.

Again THE MUSICAL COURIER wired its Boston man to go to the very highest official source for corroboration or denial. This was the telegraphic answer received:

Boston, April 2, 1906.

To The Musical Courier:

Ellis denies arrangements with Steinbach and Mahler, and styles newspaper stories fakes. Says Gericke leaves close of this season, as already announced. Says as soon as new conductor found, facts will be made public. No contract closed with anybody as yet. Says nobody knows who will be appointed.

BENNETT.

It is a mystery to sensible persons how the music man of the Sun can afford to print such stuff. People used to say, "When you see it in the Sun it's so." Now they say—well, the Sun management deserves everything that is said, for the lack of journalistic and editorial supervision over its music department.

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Journal May 23, 1906

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policy of "let alone" in art. It is absolutely certain that had Maj. Higginson not enjoyed the most complete freedom to act as he saw fit, regardless of "rules" and "cards" and schedules of prices and what not, the Symphony Orchestra would not today be anything like what it is, if, indeed, it were in existence at all.

There is just now some complaint that the Symphony management does not hire "native players of equal ability." Well, we can all be pretty good Americans and at the same time freely admit that the foreigners are vastly better performers than are our own countrymen. There is every reason why they should be. As a rule, they have a deeper musical instinct, and they certainly have the advantage of training in the great orchestras with which Europe is filled. Recruits

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Bostonians of all sorts and varieties take pride in their Symphony Orchestra. They realize that it is Boston's one great claim to fame in the musical world, and the majority of them would prefer it to continue in its artistic course undisturbed by any conflicts of any sort.

## On Gericke's Resignation

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trably as he thought. And now? THE MUSICAL COURIER news bureau is vindicated again, and this paper has proved once more, and most brilliantly on this occasion, that it is the only medium in the world which has its ear to the musical ground at all times, and, like the famous seismic indicator of the Paris Observatory, is able to foretell ructions a long while before they occur and to warn those most concerned to get out from under before the crash comes.

And this is the time and place for another confidence and another warning. Don't believe anything you read for the next month or so in Boston and New York dailies about the question of Gericke's successor. THE MUSICAL COURIER is in a position to say that no one has been definitely selected as yet by Col. Higginson. Vincent d'Indy has as good a chance as anyone else, but beyond discussions on the subject with the owner of the Boston orchestra, nothing final was determined upon by them, and nothing exists in the shape of a contract or any other binding agreement. Col. Higginson has all summer in which to make his choice, but the probabilities are that he will make up his mind late this spring and announce his decision then.

The report that Weingartner would go to Boston is idiotic, for he is under contract to Walter Damrosch for two years more and under the terms of that arrangement would not be permitted to lead any other orchestra than the New York Symphony. Safonoff has just signed with the Philharmonic, and so of course he is not under consideration either for Boston. A Nikisch rumor traveled into town on Sunday and Monday, but the Leipsic leader stated emphatically to a MUSICAL COURIER representative abroad that he was not considering a return to Boston, and would not consider it even if he were approached on the subject by Col. Higginson. Nikisch leads his brilliant series of ten concerts each season in Berlin (the premier symphony concerts of Europe), and makes numerous appearances in other cities with the Berlin Philharmonic and the leading orchestras of Paris, London, and in fact most of the music centers of Europe. In addition to his outside activities, Nikisch is also conductor of the world famous Leipsic Gewandhaus Orchestra, director of the Leipsic Conservatorium, and managing director and occasional conductor at the Leipsic Opera. Aside from the enormous sum which Nikisch earns each year, his prestige is such that no monetary consideration could compensate him for its loss—and with all due respect to the orchestra of Boston, a conductorship there would mean a serious drop in Nikisch's artistic importance compared to his present exalted position. However, Nikisch is the arbiter of



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As usual on the first night, Symphony Hall was filled to the last corner and the atmosphere was rather societified. Active members of the set who toil not, neither do they spin; the ubiquitous collegian and the blushing bud; the clubman, visitors from "beyond," and the nondescripts, occupied the floor, and in the galleries were those who had not learned that "the Muses smell of wine," or had been too tardy in pursuit of table tickets. A display of feminine finery rivalled "Farmer" Doogue's flowers in the Public Gardens, a conglomeration of hues defying the analysis of man. The peace pipe was not smoked in the industrious fashion dear to German hearts, but cigar and cigarette—O Indiana!—furnished material for the fleecy clouds which go so well with a pleasant popping sound. Bock beer or champagne, Burgundy or Pilsner, it is all the same with Bacchus to loose "each weak and faltering knee."

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**The "Pops" Begin**

Farewell, dignified Symphonies! Welcome, jocund "Pops" The first have gone, the second are with us. The all too brief season, the twenty-first, opened in Symphony Hall last evening, and with more pomp and circumstance than is customary. Time was, in the days of the old Music Hall, with its gloomy walls, its murky lights and its Bohemian atmosphere, when lovers of music of all classes dropped in to hear their favorite airs played to the accompaniment of clinking glasses of light beverages, and the smoke of cigar and pipe. The clinking glasses and Madame Nicotine we still have at Symphony Hall. But the genial unconventionality, the slight regard for dress, are missing. Last evening's gathering was gowned, for the feminine portion, like an Easter parade; the majority of the men were in evening dress. The demeanor of all was more amiable than enthusiastic, and circumspection ruled the place. The applause was hearty, frequently insistent; but if the bald truth were told, were not the ladies more intent on studying the costumes and millinery of their neighbors than on the beauties and the glories of the music?

When Mr. Adamowski stepped briskly to his conductor's stand, the hall was one-third filled. To be sure many loyal patrons of the "Pops" were there; but it was not until half the programme had been played that it became a "full house," in the theatric sense only. This is not the way of "Pop" concerts, for as a rule those who attend at all like to be in at the start and to stay for the finish. It was apparent that dinner parties or other social engagements detained many, which was a pity, for they missed much that was admirably played. Berlioz's impetuous "Rakoczy" march was the first number, and showed instantly and almost conclusively the capital form in which this season's orchestra is playing. The "Rigoletto" excerpt met with perfunctory attention, but the "Mignon" overture brought out real enthusiasm and scored the first encore of the season. Two compositions by Messrs. Zach and Strube, future conductors at these concerts, followed. Mr. Zach's "Harlequin en Voyage" is familiar, but Mr. Strube's dainty, pathetic intermezzo, "Verliebt," exquisitely played won too scant recognition. Why will people wax delirious over the "Carmen" number, which they have heard from time immemorial, and turn a cold shoulder to such a gem as "Verliebt"? Herbert's "Mlle. Modiste" and "American Fantasy," Puccini's fantasy from "Bohème," Tschalkowski's "Italian Caprice," Ziehrer's drum-dominated waltz, "Herrenspaciert," and Ganne's "Lorraine" march, completed the programme. The "first time" number was that of Ziehrer. And here arises a question which may be a matter of personal taste, but which seems worth consideration: Do those—the greater part of them—who attend the "Pops," which supposedly dispense light music, as

they do light liquid refreshments, care for as much classical music as figured on last evening's programme? We get such music in the regular Symphony season, but with the coming of summer we lay off heavy, substantial garments, and don so light airy raiment. Why should we not be likewise served in our musical menus?

#### Here in Boston

The programme for the "Pop" concert tonight—a "Wagner night"—is:

March, "Tannhäuser".....	Wagner
Ballet Music, "Coppélia".....	Delibes
Overture, "Tannhäuser".....	Wagner
Serenade.....	Chabrier
(First time.)	
Viola Solo, Mr. Zach.....	
Selection, "Aida".....	Verdi
Romanza.....	Wagner
Solo Violin, Mr. Hoffmann.	
Ballet Music, "Gloconda".....	Ponchielli
Prelude to "Parsifal".....	Wagner
Selection, "Faust".....	Gounod
Overture, "Rienzi".....	Wagner
Serenade, "Contes d'Hoffmann".....	O. Benbach
Ride of the Valkyries.....	Wagner
March, "Black Bess".....	Strube

Mottl is replacing Nikisch in the gossip of the hour as a "likely" successor to Mr. Gericke as the conductor of our orchestra. At present Mottl is the chief conductor of the opera at Munich, where he has served since he returned from New York after hard experiences during Mr. Conried's first season at the Metropolitan. Before that he had gradually made the little opera at Karlsruhe one of the most interesting in Europe. His experience has lain rather in opera houses than in concert halls, but at Karlsruhe he conducted at an annual series of symphony concerts and as a "star" conductor he has appeared often in European capitals. He has in him much of the blending of the disciplinarian and drillmaster and the conductor of imagination and power that distinguishes Mr. Gericke. He is as catholic, too, in his musical likings.

Summer has officially arrived, for the familiar "Pops" sign is blazing nightly aloft over Symphony hall. And if last night's opening is to be the criterion they are to be dressier for the women-folk, brighter in color, less formal for the mere men, and jollier in the music than ever before.

As a matter of record, it should be stated that after this season the Pops should be considered fullgrown in Boston's esteem, and as such entitled to a vote, for this is their 21st year.

Nothing was changed last night, except for a fresh, shiny coat of varnish on the tables. Timothee Adamowski conducted; he will divide the eight weeks of the season with Max Zach and Gustav Strube.

The music was just the same—even to having one "first time" number—a new waltz by Ziehrer. The program led off with the good old Rakoczy march, just as any popular program should; it followed this with a selection from "Rigoletto," and somewhere in it were a fantasy from "La Bohème," and selections from "Carmen." Nothing was

BOSTON GLOBE—WEDNESDAY, MAY 2, 1906.

## MERRY OPENING OF THE POP CONCERTS.

Brilliant Scene in Symphony Hall—Well-Known Bostonians There—Beginning of the 21st Season.



OPENING OF THE POP CONCERTS IN SYMPHONY HALL.

missing but the "Largo," and that is of course reserved for a later concert, with the "Dernier Sommeil." It wouldn't do to put all the gems into one coronet. Even the personality of the audience was not changed in the least. People bowed on all sides to friends; Maj Higginson was there, and Robert Saltonstall, and the Isagis, and the Blakes, and the Motleys, and the Estabrooks, and all the people whom everybody in Boston knows. It wasn't for style, and it wasn't for show—the Pops have long ago found their mission as places where one hears good music without cramping one's knees against the seat in

front, and where the men have permission to smoke and to get a drink without sneaking out over other people's discomforts for it; where the music is neither so cheap as to be tiresome, nor so learned as to be forbidding.

The programs were in exactly the well-known form—even the menus stuck to last year's brands, and the waiters had a familiar look.

There was much color and a striking originality in the hats and gowns. The dead whiteness of the shirtwaist audience was noticeably lacking; yet there was neither horse show dressing



nor opera gowning. There was much of tint, and a noticeable amount of solid color effects among the tables. One especially striking dress was fastened up the back—it was apparently all in one piece—with large pink bows like a row of buttons, and was gathered every inch from waist to knees. A brilliant greenish-blue straw hat was nothing more nor less than a basket with the handle removed, trimmed with roses and lace.

So far has tradition gone that even the time to get one's drinkables has become fixed. Nobody orders till the second number is well along; then the first tray of draft beer goes across the hall synchronously with the first pop of the more carefully chosen bottle.

Every table was used to its utmost capacity; by the way, there are no tables in the rear balcony again this year.

There was a subdued gayety in the occasion that hinted that the restraints of a town season were now being flung away. Even the orchestra played with more dash than has been sometimes observable in Pop concerts. Altogether, the season of 1906 started off with a snap.

## GLASS TINKLES MID POP MUSIC STRAINS

Queenly Women and Escorts  
Fill Symphony Hall at First  
Concert of 21st Year.

ICED LIQUIDS VIE IN  
COLORS WITH GOWNS

Initial Pop Conducted by Adamowski—Zach and Strube  
Will Also Officiate.

B. Herald May 2, 1906

The great sprays of white light bulbs that hang in the lofty ceiling of Symphony Hall like bursting skyrockets looked down upon a strange and yet familiar scene last night, when the orchestra opened the 21st annual series of Pop concerts and gave the 1042d performance. There were at least 1200 people in the hall.

Throughout the stately auditorium were tables at which sat queenly women and fashionable men, who sipped beer and puffed cigarettes, laughed, chatted and listened to the music that floated out above the tinkle of thin glass

and the trill of feminine laughter. Waiters in neat aprons flitted to this table or that, listened respectfully, said "Yes, sir," hurried away, and presently returned with tall glasses filled with wondrous-colored iced liquids.

Overhead in the double-tier galleries were the lovers of real music. For them no waiters juggled tinkling tumblers. It was theirs to see and hear.

The concert was conducted by Timothee Adamowski, who gained the sympathy of the audience in the first number and carried out the excellent programme amid progressive enthusiasm. Mr. Adamowski will direct one-third of the concerts this season and will be followed by Messrs Max Zach and Gustav Strube.

Even before the 55 artists beneath the gilded pipe organ had breathed forth the first note of the Rakoczy March jolly couples began to fill the table-strewn hall. It was a light-hearted, holiday host, bent on enjoying one another and the scene as an entity, fully as much as the music.

When Conductor Adamowski, having made his triumphal entry, began waving his arms as if in a vain attempt to hold in check the exquisite sounds from the instruments before him, the hall was one mass of color. In the fashion magazines it might be said that "Alice blues and rose pinks" predominated, or that the chic, slender woman in the wonderful gown was wearing a "Johnny Jones sailor set on a bandeau of tulle with the latest New York fad in peacock feathers"; but in the general beauty of the scene all such ideas were lost.

And while the music of Verdi and Puccini and Herbert rolled forth in such master fashion as is surpassed nowhere in the world, the murmur of gay voices and the tinkle of glasses mingled and the lights gleamed blurry through a haze of smoke.

Some of Boston's best known society folks were sipping beer and eating pretzels. To the student of human nature never were such rare opportunities offered. At one table tucked in among the others and yet with an air of aloofness, sat a man of stone and a woman of marble. They were companions and yet they spoke seldom and laughed never. Neither the gay scene about them nor the charm of the music in its most alluring passages affected them visibly. They sat stiffly with their eyes on the back of the sinuous conductor, through two numbers, and then in the middle of a throbbing tender passage in "Mignon," when even the last tinkle and the softest chatter had bowed to the appeal of the music, the man ostentatiously called a waiter and thereafter he and the woman complacently munched sardine sandwiches.

The programme included the Rakoczy march (Berlioz); selection from "Rigoletto" (Verdi); overture from "Mignon" (A. Thomas); waltz, "Harlequin en Voyage" (Zach); intermezzo from "Verliebt" (Strube); selection, "Mlle. Modiste" (Herbert); fantasy from "Boheme" (Puccini); Italian caprice (Tschaiikowski); selection, "Carmen" (Bizet); waltz, "Herrenschneider" (Ziehrer); American fantasy (Herbert), and March "Lorraine" (Ganno).

The Pops this season will be conducted as in past years, with a change of programme nightly.

## SYMPHONY HALL

SUNDAY EVENING, APRIL 29, AT EIGHT

### CONCERT

BENEFIT OF THE

## San Francisco Fund

By the Members of the

## BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

WILHELM GERICKE, Conductor

SOLOIST

Olga Samaroff

### PROGRAMME

ROSSINI	Overture, "William Tell"
BERLIOZ	{ Menuet of Will-o'-the-Wisps } Dance of the Sylphs } from "The Damnation of Faust" Rakoczy March }
LISZT	Concerto for Pianoforte, in E-flat major
HANDEL	Largo
TSCHAIKOWSKY	Variations from Suite No. 3
WAGNER	Overture, "Tannhäuser"

Popular prices, 50 cents to \$1.50. Tickets now on sale at Symphony Hall Box Office



# GREAT THRONG APPLAUDED

## Symphony Concert for Relief Fund.

All Artists Volunteered and  
About \$2400 Was Raised.

Hall Crowded and Some  
Were Turned Away.

*globe* Apr. 30, 1906  
The public responded nobly last evening to the San Francisco relief benefit concert given by the members of the Symphony orchestra in Symphony hall.

No such crowd was ever seen at a Symphony concert in the regular season, for the simple reason that the rules ordinarily in force at those concerts would not allow the sale of tickets for standing space, several hundred of which were represented last night by men and women who crowded the standing room till not another could have found entrance edgeways. In fact, applicants for tickets had to be turned away because of the exhaustion of the standing room as well as the seats.

The general relief fund from this concert will benefit to the amount of \$2400, for not a single individual, from conductor Gericke to the boy who distributed programs, but gave his services gratuitously, including the 96 players.

It was not at all a typical Symphony audience, although on the floor were many regular patrons; but the real tone was given the event by an element that probably knows very little of Symphony concerts, but may be seen oftener at the downtown Sunday evening concerts. It was a great event for them and there was no question of the enjoyment they got out of it.

The program, which had been announced as a popular one, did not signify ragtime airs, but only high-class works, with a little more of what one might term "melodious swing" to them than the ordinary Symphony selections.

The overture to the opera, "William Tell," made a fine beginning; and the suite from Delibes' ballet, "Sylvia," delighted everybody. But the triumph of the evening was won by Mme Olga Samaroff, the brilliant pianist, who gave her services. Her dainty and rippling execution in Liszt's concerto in E

flat earned her six recalls, which the audience manifestly intended should be construed as a wish for an encore. Although the stage was cleared of all the musicians and a portion of the audience had retired to the lobbies to promenade, the artiste was finally obliged to respond with an encore, which was no less rapturously applauded than her first selection.

The other numbers on the program were a largo from Handel, in which the orchestra was assisted by Wallace Goodrich, organist, and by Mrs John Bowers of Portland, Miss Gertrude French of Buxford, Miss Genevieve Harvey of San Francisco and Miss Raymah Dowse of Boston; a selection from Tschalkowsky and Wagner's ever-grand overture from "Tannhauser."

## SYMPHONY PLAYS FOR THE 'FRISCO FUND

Full Band, With Mr. Gericke at the  
Desk and Mme. Samaroff Soloist,  
Earns \$2400 for the San Francisco Sufferers.

An immense audience turned out last night to attend the benefit concert, of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the entire proceeds of which are to be turned over to the San Francisco sufferers' fund. The program was of a more popular nature than is usually given by the Boston Symphony, and was well calculated to attract a great throng of music lovers. It was likewise the last appearance of Mr. Gericke at the head of the organization, as he sails for Germany this week.

The soloist was Olga Samaroff, and she was heard in the famous Liszt concerto for pianoforte in E-flat major.

The program opened with the noble but overworked William Tell overture, which the orchestra played with wonderful effectiveness. The beautiful suite from the ballet Sylvia of Delibes followed; then Tschalkowsky's variation from Suite No. 3; then Handel's Largo, and the concert closed with the great overture from Tannhauser, magnificently played. Mme. Samaroff was in splendid form and was recalled again and again after a superb performance of the concerto. The audience was a very enthusiastic one, and at the close of the concert tendered an ovation to Mr. Gericke.

The audience arrived early and the house was all sold out before 7.45. At the box office last night it was said that the Symphony Orchestra would be able to contribute \$2400 as a result of the concert.

ANY, APRIL 30, 1906

## MUSIC AND DRAMA

*Transl.*

### Symphony Hall: The San Francisco Benefit

Almost every seat in Symphony Hall was occupied last night at the concert of our orchestra for the San Francisco relief fund. Quite every seat had been sold, and Mr. Gericke, Mme. Samaroff, the ninety-six men of the band, doorkeepers, ushers—every one concerned in fact—gave their services. Thus there was not a penny of expense, and today the full receipts of \$2485.50 go to the fund. Throughout the concert was brilliant, and some of the numbers were music of a sort in which we rarely hear the Symphony Orchestra. There was a suite of ballet music, for example, Delibes' from "Sylvia," and conductor and band played the slow waltz and the pizzicato fragment with an exquisite softness of tone, a grace of melodic line, and a delicately pointed fineness of rhythm that made ballet airs what, at their best, they really are—the beauty of the dance idealized into tones by a composer who has something of the poet in him. It is easy to wish that there were a little of such ballet music on the regular programmes of the Symphony Orchestra. Our band can idealize it to the very fancies that the listening imagination sees and feels, as it very seldom does before the actual dancers in the theatre. And ballet airs so transfigured are as truly of the art of music as "Thus Spake Zarathustra"—perhaps more truly.

It was keen pleasure also to hear the overture to Rossini's "William Tell" with all the rhythmic vivacity that our orchestra, when it is "on edge," as it was last night, can give to it. In turn, too, our strings, with Mr. Goodrich to aid at the organ, and three additional harps to reinforce Mr. Schuecker's, glorified Handel's "Largo." The broad curve, the unbroken sweep and the mellow and vibrant depth of their tone vitalized the hackneyed music. So Handel might have heard it as he wrote. The public of the Symphony concerts knows the ease of virtuosity with which the band tosses off Tchaikovsky's variations like quick-coming, fiery or gentle fancies, and the rhythmic zest and tonal glow it brings to the dance with which it ends. There was the brilliancy that makes Liszt's first concerto seem like a magnificent improvisation, wherein expression leaps to imagination and each spurs the other in Mme. Samaroff's playing of the music. And it was brilliancy that was warm with changeable feeling and pliant with responsiveness. The lyric passages, alike at the hands of the pianist and the lips of the wood winds, was of remote and wooing beauty, and the little dialogue between the piano and the triangle was fancy tinkling. Nor is there in the sheer

intoxication of the concerto any of the deeper things that for the moment lie beyond Mme. Samaroff. Finally, came the overture to "Tannhauser," and in a performance that lifted it to epic dimension and power. In twenty performances in as many opera houses under as many conductors it would hardly touch such a height of tonal splendor and impassioned power. It was good to take final leave of Mr. Gericke so.

H. T. P.

## SYMPHONY PLAYS FOR FRISCO FUND

Mme. Samaroff Performs  
Liszt Concerto—Idea  
Player's Own.

*Herald* Apr. 30, 1906

The Boston Symphony orchestra, led by Mr. Wilhelm Gericke, gave a concert last night for the benefit of the San Francisco fund. There was a very large audience, as large as the hall could hold. The programme was as follows: Overture to "William Tell," Rossini; suite from Delibes' ballet, "Sylvia"; Liszt's concerto in E flat major, No. 1, for the piano (Mme. Olga Samaroff, pianist); Handel's Largo; variations from suite No. 3, Tschalkowsky; overture to "Tannhauser," Wagner.

The idea of giving this concert was wholly spontaneous with the members of the orchestra. They arranged the matter among themselves, and the original intention was that one of their own number should lead, but Mr. Gericke, hearing of the proposed concert, at once volunteered to conduct. Mme. Samaroff, at the end of a long and fatiguing season, was quick to offer her valuable services. The public evidently appreciated the generous and humane spirit of all that took part in adding to the fund on this occasion.

The programme of itself would have drawn many to the hall by reason of its musical interest. The overture to "William Tell" remains a masterpiece; the suite from "Sylvia" is one of the finest examples of ballet music which serves not only in the theatre, but graces a concert hall; Tschalkowsky, the self-torturer, who had doubts about the value of many of his compositions, was pleased with his variations, and with good reason; the overture to "Tannhauser" is always a favorite, and there are hundreds who are delighted by the effective perversion of Handel's simple tune.

Mme. Samaroff had thought of playing Liszt's concerto when she appeared here recently at a Symphony concert, but Mr. Ganz anticipated her. She



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At the last Cambridge concert and with extraordinary success. Last night she gave a superb performance, superb in dash and brilliance. Nor was this performance merely one of glittering pomp. Romantic tenderness and sentiment were poetically expressed. Passages of bravura were performed with an elegance that was never heartless. The whole interpretation was one of rare beauty and vitality. All in all, it was by far the broadest and most spontaneous performance of Mme. Samaroff this season. Recalled again and again by stormy applause, she at last played an etude by Chopin.

In Handel's Largo the orchestra was assisted by Mr. Wallace Goodrich, organist, and three women harpists in addition to Mr. Schuecker.

The audience was enthusiastic throughout. The net sum to be handed to the relief fund will be nearly \$2500.

#### Mr. Gericke's "Official" Farewell

The interest in the Symphony concert of Saturday evening was personal, rather than musical, and of the familiar music that made the programme enough has already been said in this column. The audience had come with one intent—to express to Mr. Gericke at his last appearance at a regular Symphony concert, the esteem in which it holds his work here, and the memory of it that it will cherish many years. As the conductor who has made our orchestra one of the first bands in the musical world, his reputation, our appreciation, and the endurance of both are as secure as such things can be. But even when we would describe the details of that leave-taking, the Sunday newspapers long since anticipated us. Suffice it to say, that the audience was unusually gay of aspect and expectant of manner; that a green garland decked the front of the stage, and flowers, greenery and ribbons in the Austrian and the American colors the conductor's stand; that the applause throughout the concert was very hearty and that at the end came the little ceremony that crowned the occasion. On a table stood a silver cup, appropriately wrought with a fanciful design suggesting its purpose and duly inscribed. In a few direct and sincere words about Mr. Gericke's work, Mr. Henry M. Rogers gave it to him as the token of the appreciative honor in which his audiences hold him. On an accompanying scroll was further token of that deep and abiding regard. Emotion that ran still deeper made Mr. Gericke's reply almost inaudible. The listener caught the feeling rather than the words he was uttering. But, through them and around them, the work that he has done in the thirteen years of his command of our orchestra was speaking—trumpet-tongued. H. T. P.

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APRIL 18 1906

WILL MR.

*Brown*

JOIN US IN A DINNER TO BE GIVEN IN HONOR  
OF MR. GERICKE ON TUESDAY EVENING, MAY  
FIRST?

THE COST OF THE DINNER (WITHOUT  
WINE) WILL BE THREE DOLLARS. THE PLACE  
WILL BE DESIGNATED LATER.

IF NO REPLY IS RECEIVED WITHIN TWO  
DAYS, IT WILL BE UNDERSTOOD THAT THIS  
INVITATION IS DECLINED.

F. S. CONVERSE  
CARL FAELTEN  
ARTHUR FOOTE  
WALLACE GOODRICH  
CLAYTON JOHNS  
B. J. LANG  
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Arthur Nikisch.

It is said that he would not accept the leadership of the Boston Symphony Orchestra for less than \$50,000 a year and a \$125,000 life insurance policy.

# WORKS PERFORMED AT THE SYMPHONY CONCERTS DURING THE SEASON OF 1905-1906.

Works marked with a double asterisk were performed for the first time in Boston.  
Works marked with an asterisk were performed for the first time at these concerts.  
Works marked with a dagger were performed for the first time anywhere.  
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DEBUSSY	1	PAINE	1
DUKAS	1	RUBINSTEIN	1
DVORÁK	3	SAINT-SAËNS	1

ELGAR	1	SCHILLINGS	1
FAURÉ	1	SCHUBERT	3
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GLAZOUNOFF	1	SINDING	1
GOLDMARK, CARL	3	SMETANA	1
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ELGAR: "In the South," Op. 50.	December 30, 1905.
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Concert in honor of Mozart's birthday, January 27, 1906.

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Mr. Vincent d'Indy, of Paris, conducted, by invitation, the concerts of December 1, 2, 1905, and those of the following trip.

Mr. Strube led the performance of his violin concerto, December 23, 1905.

ERRATA: Addition to d'Indy's works in Boston (484), 593; correcting date in E. d'Harcourt article (1367), 1569.















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